

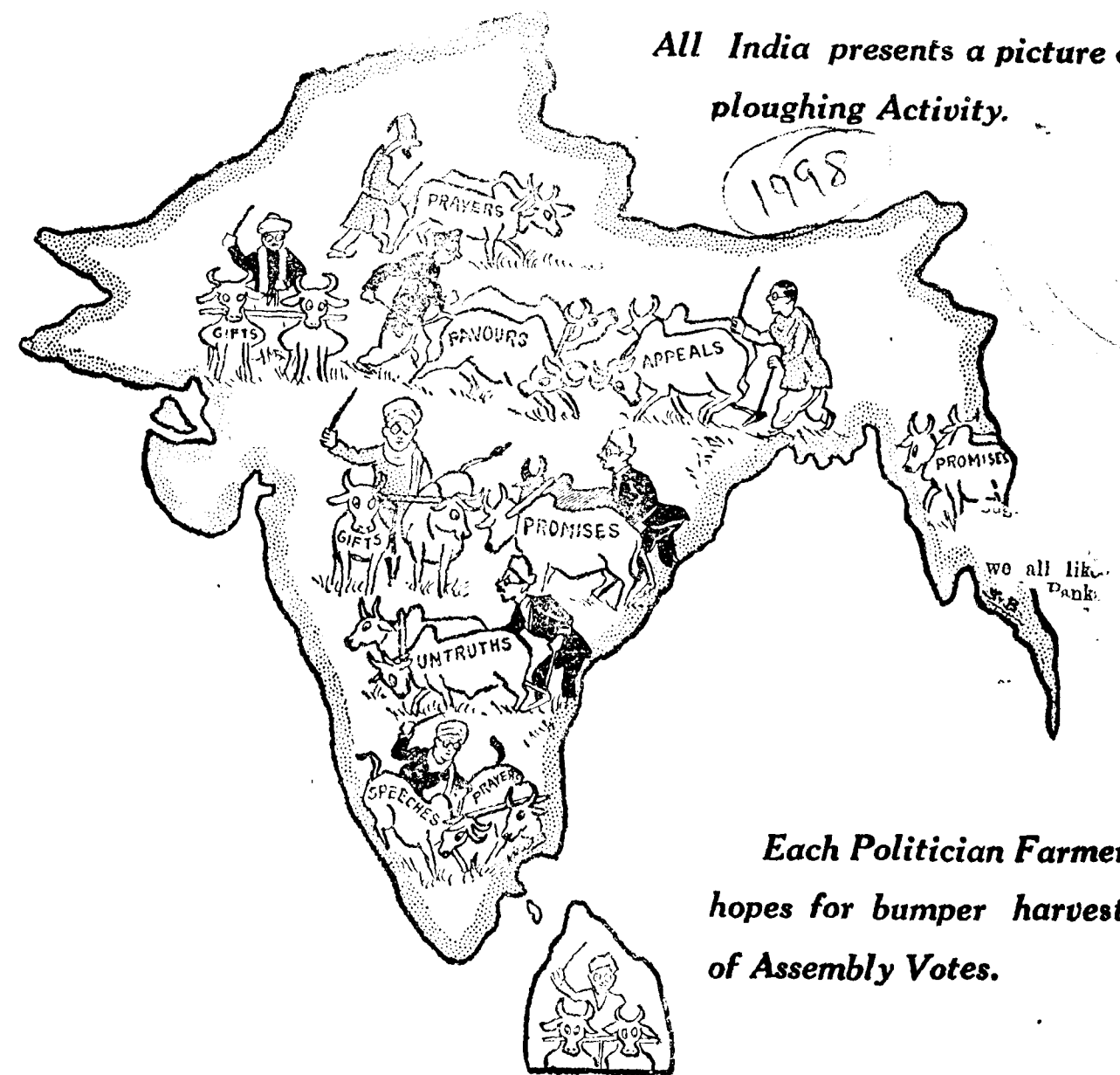


PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II. | MADRAS, 20th OCTOBER, 1934. | No. 6.

INDIA EVER REPUTED TO BE A VAST AGRICULTURAL LAND

*All India presents a picture of
ploughing Activity.*



*Each Politician Farmer
hopes for bumper harvest
of Assembly Votes.*



A man recently got married on the result of a bet.

No gambler, of course, can expect to win all the time!

'Lightning struck a barrel of beer in Muthu Gramani's Arrack shop.'

What a bitter blow!

'All women make mistakes' says a Reader.

Yes. And diplomatic husbands ought to 'digestion and yet eat it' he has cooked.

A house in Kilpauk recently collapsed in course of erection.

A house that collapses before it is sold, denotes sheer carelessness on the part of the builder.

'Man does not shop so well as a woman' says a business-man.

The reason is evident. The man is aware that he is spending his own money!

Sometimes it so happens that a woman has nothing to say.

But does that stop her? Oh married boy!

Some burglars recently entered a house and stole some valuable pictures.

Evidently the silent picture craze still exists!

'Boys should be taught sewing at schools', says a reformer.

Of course. After all somebody's got to do it in our home.

'At the conclusion of the Poona Arab stakes the owner of the winning horse threw his arms round the neck of the animal in a fond embrace, we hear.'

Many people do this when they are first learning to ride a horse.

'American's exaggerate,' says a Britisher.

But there's no doubt about the truth of their tall storeys!

On a new planet recently discovered the year lasts 330 times as long as ours does.

What a paradise for people who buy things on the instalment system!

Comment is made on the unpronounceable names bestowed on Arab horses.

What about the unprintable names given to race horses by their unsuccessful backers?

FUNNY MAGAZINE

'Members of my staff never watch the office clock', brags a boss.

Perhaps it is because they have wrist-watches!

A doctor declares that standing on the head promotes good health.

Head over.....heals, eh?

'What is the first thing I must do to become a successful writer?' a correspondent asks.

Learn to hit the right keys on the type-writer.

An electrical expert says that a severe shock may be given through a single hair.

The first grey one for instance!

A meeting of the American Congress to abolish about 37 laws is said to be contemplated.

This does not necessarily mean that the rest of the laws will be kept.

A critic says that Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to have a bone to pick with everybody.

Well, well, and we all along thought that he was a strict vegetarian!

A famous scientist predicts that within a century the population of India will become stationary.

With the alarming increase of motor vehicles this statement seems to be too optimistic!

According to an Archaeologist the early cave-men, wrote letters in stone!

An enterprising Madras landlord wants to know if any of them could be obtained at reduced rates for they would come in handy for building a house or two!

OCTOBER 20, 1934

POOR MR. PANKAJAM!



MR Pankajam was a very fine gentleman and was the high light amongst us. By saying fine, I mean that Mr. Pankajam was a chummy sort of individual, who could entertain any one for hours and hours together with his bracing talk. All of us in the village thought highly of him and as is the case under such circumstances, no function could go on in the village without Mr. Pankajam being given a leading part in it.

So it was that it happened that Mr. Pankajam was invited to speak upon something on the occasion of the anniversary day of the village school. Mr. Pankajam responded to the invitation and chose a subject which, one else would have thought appropriate for such a function.

"I am going to speak about wives and husbands," announced Mr. Pankajam, and he did speak about it to the

great consternation of all that were assembled there. For full two hours Mr. Pankajam dwelt on the iniquitous way in which modern girls were being brought up, the way in which Western education was spoiling them and of the grave danger to which every household was exposed on account of such reckless upbringing.

BY
G. S. RAO.

Mr. Pankajam condemned the way in which modern husbands let their wives run loose and strongly criticised the attitude of some people who were even willing to be tyrannised over and ordered about by their better halves. According to him, such people had no right to be called human beings.

"Henpecks" said Mr. Pankajam, "are rats and they ought to be drowned like rats."

Though out of place, we all liked the spirited way in which Mr. Pankajam dealt with his topic. We liked it all the more, because we knew that there were some henpecks among the assemblage, who were hard put to keep an unruffled countenance. Another reason why we liked the speech was, because Mr. Pankajam was married but recently and his speech was evidence enough for us to believe that he at least would never become a henpecked husband.

But facts are stubborn things: and so was Mrs. Pankajam, as we found to our cost one day. Mr. Pankajam had invited us for a tea-party at his house. Truth to say, the invitation was forced out of him and we have to thank only ourselves for the unpleasant scene that was enacted in Mr. Pankajam's house that day.

Mr. Pankajam made us all sit up huddled in the verandah of his house, while he went in to order his spouse to prepare the necessary things. He went in with the air of a monarch, and many of us envied the swaggering way in which he walked about inside his house. Most of us there, would not have dared to go swaggering like that into the presence of our wives. But Mr. Pankajam was evidently a he-man and one who would stand no nonsense from anybody, much less from his own wife.

From inside the house, we could hear Mr. Pankajam roaring at his better-half and the 'thud thud' of blows reached our ears. Five minutes passed by: but the drama inside continued unabated. Mr. Pankajam's voice grew louder and louder every second and the repetition of blows increased in intensity. We all felt sorry for the poor girl and decided to go inside the house and request Mr. Pankajam to restrain his fury.

We went in and got the shock of our lives. Mr. Pankajam was on his knees and it was the wife who was raining down the blows. Smarting though he was beneath his wife's merciless beating, Mr. Pankajam kept on abusing her, as loud as he could, so as to give us, fellows outside, the impression that he was the aggressive party all through. Poor fellow! he never saw us, standing in the doorway, as living witnesses of his plight.

But she, Mrs. saw us and made Mr. Pankajam face over side. The poor chap uttered one shriek of dismay and fled from the spot. That was the last we ever saw of Mr. Pankajam.

Being prepared.

During a banquet in Milan the guests were sprayed with perfume. Then, we perfume, the gorgonzola was brought in.

Couldn't 'Face' 'it.

Mrs. Muggins was smiling broadly, and a neighbor commented on her cheery demeanour.

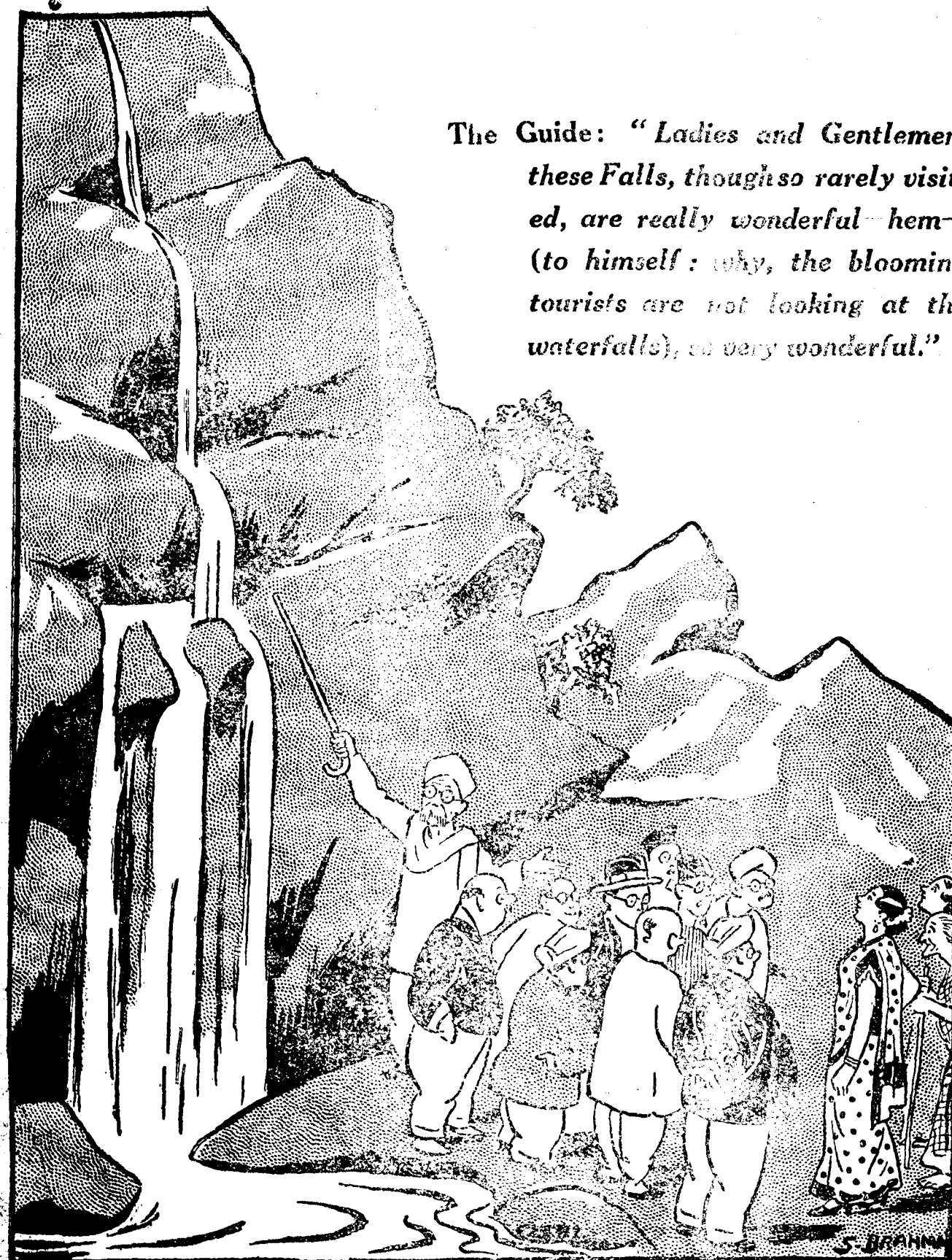
"It's like this," she explained. "Mrs. Griggs insulted me yesterday. She said I ought to be ashamed of myself, lettin' me 'usband knock me about like 'e does."

"Well," I says, 'me 'usbands is a man, and I'd rather be knocked about by a man than boss it over a hineseet like you've got for a 'usband."

"At that she slapped me face which made me lose me temper, and when I'd finished with 'er, 'er own mother wouldn't 'ave knowed 'er."

"And now she's afraid to show 'er face outside 'er own front door, because all the neighbours 'll think 'er old man's turned on 'er at last!"

The Guide: "Ladies and Gentlemen, these Falls, though so rarely visited, are really wonderful—hem— (to himself: why, the blooming tourists are not looking at the waterfalls), so very wonderful."



THE FUNNY MAGZIN SEPTEMBER LUCKY NUMBERS ARE YOU A PRIZE WINNER? RS. 5 WILL BE PAID

For the return of each copy of the FUNNY MAGZIN
bearing one of the following numbers.

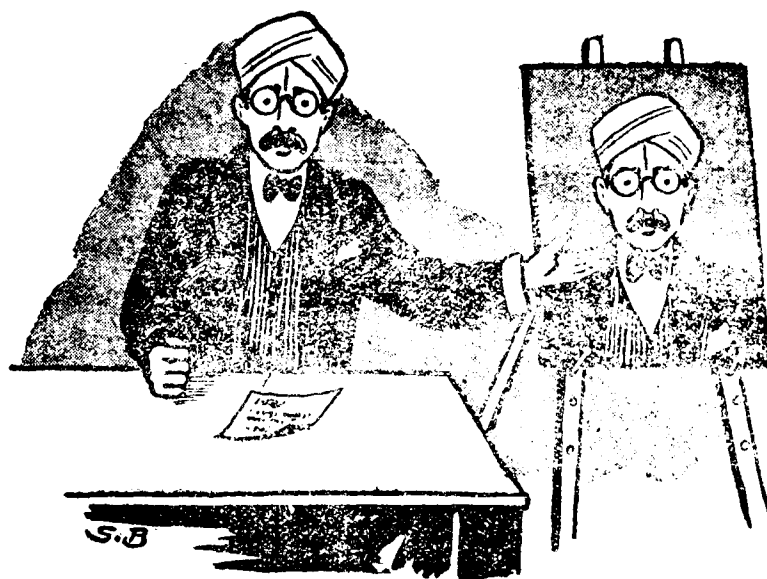
75597	78600	81000	86100	89104
75931	79599	82872	87400	89313
76555	79999	84000	87450	90765
77242	80275	85887	88888	91300

Copies of the FUNNY MAGZIN bearing the September Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, FUNNY MAGZIN Office by Registered post. The copies must reach the office not later than 30th Oct. 1934. Copies must be intact. Mere forwarding of the wrapper containing the number alone or the copies received in the FUNNY MAGZIN office after 30th Oct. 1934, will not bring a prize.

Note: Removal of Competition Coupons alone is allowed in the prize winning copy of the Lucky Number Scheme.

KUPPU'S REVENGE

A COLLEGE STORY
BY "ENADUM."



Ramaswamy was undoubtedly the most popular student in the Pendham College. He was the guiding spirit of the College Dramatic Society, which under his able direction had earned for itself the leading place in the amateur theatricals. Besides, Ramaswamy was a born actor and a past master in the art of make-up. He was veritably "a man with thousand faces" and could depict with equal success any person of either sex.

Such popularity as Ramaswamy's, is sure to evoke jealousy in at least a few. Kuppu was one of these. He was a classmate of Ramaswamy's and the brightest boy in the College. And it made Kuppure sore that in spite of his scholastic abilities he walked alone while a crowd followed Ramaswamy.

All might yet have gone on well and Kuppure accepted his fate with philosophic resignation, but for an untoward incident. It happened thus. The College Dramatic Society was in the middle of the performance "Diana the Damsel," when, Good Heavens! the luxurious hair of Diana was seen to slide and fall at her feet.

The audience burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter, while the curtain was hastily lowered.

There and then Kuppure swore a terrible vengeance on Ramaswamy, for it was he who had made Kuppure look like a fool in the public, though inadvertently. For Ramaswamy had adjusted the hair on Kuppure's head and in his haste had forgotten to tie the strings.

As the end of the term approached Ramaswamy and his classmates decided to present the College with an oil painting of the principal. The task of painting the portrait was entrusted to Subban, the artist of the class. But as luck would have it, Subban could not get the portrait ready on the date of the presentation. This was a terrible blow to the students who had drawn up a grand programme for the day and had issued invitations to several prominent ladies and gentlemen of the town.

The students called for a hasty meeting. They were at their wits' end to find a solution. It was too late now to cancel the function. In a few hours time the guests would arrive, and they would look like a bunch of dummies.

The students looked up hopefully as Kuppure rose. Perhaps he had a solution to offer.

"Why worry, comrades," he said, "Here is an idea for you. I beg of you to consider it carefully and though at first it may sound a bit fantastic, you will find it nevertheless feasible. Here it is, see it for yourselves. We have got Ramaswamy, 'the man with a thousand faces,' and surely it is not difficult for him to impersonate our Principal for a little while. We shall have subdued lights on the stage and in a corner we shall place an empty frame. Let Ramaswamy stand behind it, his face made up as the Principal's."

The class was at once plunged in a deep discussion of the matter. And in the end, and after much difficulty, Ramaswamy was persuaded to fall in with the scheme.

The eventful afternoon came off. Guests gathered in the audience hall after lunch and the principal and the 'Conspirators' took their seats on the dais. In a corner, amidst ferns and blossoms, stood the portrait to be unveiled, its face covered by a damask of a brilliant hue.

Phoenix, the orator of the class, made a brief speech eulogising the many qualities of the Principal (which of course, he never really owned) and wound up by saying that the 'memorable and long to be cherished day on which they had the unique honour to present a portrait of their beloved principal' had at last dawned. He then drew the red damask aside, exposing to public view a marvellous likeness of the Principal's features.

A round of applause went round the audience. The clapping continued for some time.

Presently the principal rose to reply, beaming with pleasure at the supposed signal honour done to him. After adjusting his turban and straightening his bow, he began after a few usual preliminary coughs.

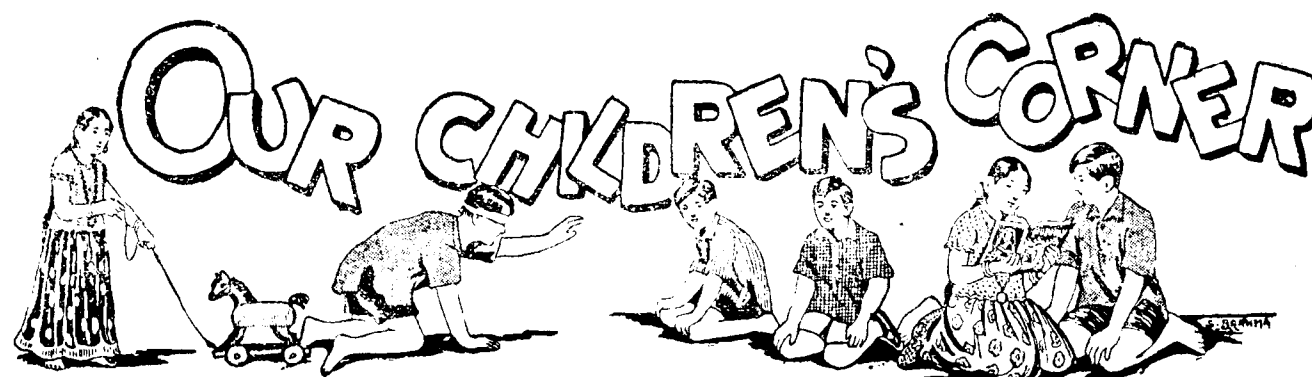
"Ladies, Gentlemen and my beloved students. I am highly thankful for you for — — —"

But, hark! What was that? A sneeze? The audience gazed astonished. Hark again! Another sneeze: The Principal turned round and gazed like one demented at his own portrait sneezing!

We will draw a curtain over the rest of the affair. Suffice it to say that Kuppure walked home jubilant, for had not the chilli powder worked miracles?

FUNNY MAGAZIN

OCTOBER 20, 1984



Dear Kiddies,

Well, judging from the number of letters I receive I am inclined to believe that the children's corner is very very popular. Those of you who want pen-friends, send in your addresses please.

But remember, I will give free advertisement for four or five children only every fortnight. I have received over 100 entries for Puzzle No. 1. I will announce the winners' name in the next issue.

Meanwhile, I have increased the prize amount. Remember no entrance fee, but only coupons!

Cheeri-ho.

Address all Entries and Correspondence to:—

COUSIN 'EDDIE.'

C/o. THE FUNNY MAGAZIN.

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathamby Mudaly St.,
Sowcarpet, Madras.

the alarm and opened the door. The heat was terrific and the smoke choked him but he was a brave boy and he



went inside and brought both the children out. Sundar was slightly burnt and had to be taken to the hospital. But he soon recovered, and when he came back to the village, all the people arranged a big Party for him, and at the conclusion the men presented him with a gold medal.

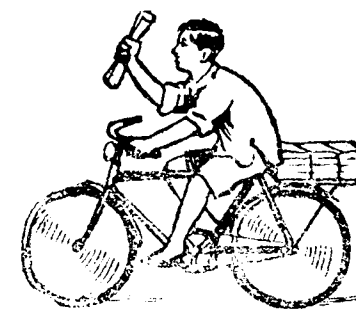
THE Brave Boy

In the little village of Melur, almost all the grown-ups had gone to the big Fair in the neighbouring town, leaving the young children behind. In a little cottage two little children were playing with a match-box. "Let's pretend it's Deepavali and that this box of matches is Bengal Matches," said little Natarajan to his sister Parvati, as he lit a match stick and threw it up high. "Whizz" went the stick and fell upon a Veshtie, hung up to dry. The Veshtie caught fire and in a few seconds the fire began to spread. The little children were trapped, for the fire was just above the door-step and it was impossible to run out that way. So they began to scream. Meanwhile

the fire reached the roof. Sundar who was playing marbles outside, saw smoke coming out of the closed door



of the hut. Soon he saw fire issuing out of the roof. He knew that there were two children inside. So he raised



Mother thinks a bicycle
Too dangerous for me
Though I am sure I'd manage it

As safely as can be.
If mother didn't keep on saying
I'm her only joy,
I'd run away to-morrow and
Become a news-paper boy!



Boy: "Mother, won't you please speak to baby? She's sitting on the fly paper and there are a lot of poor flies waiting to sit on!"

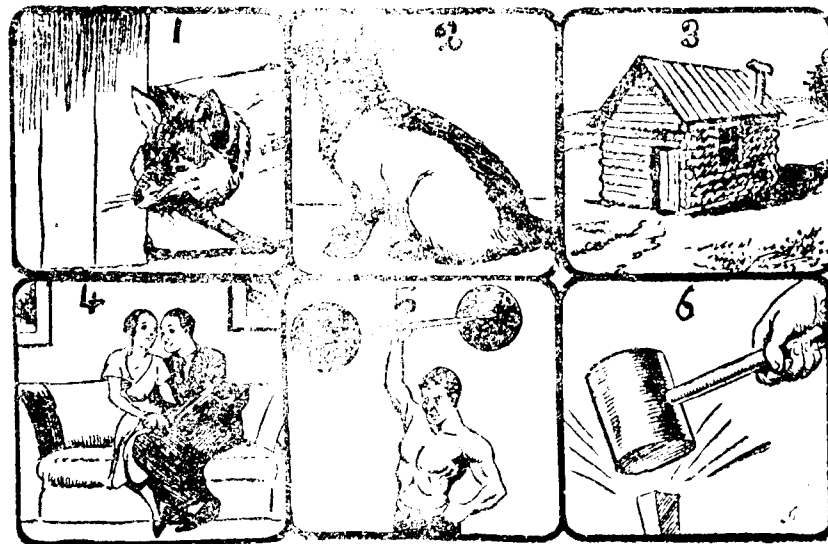
CHILDREN'S PUZZLE No. 2

1st Prize Rs. 15

2nd Prize Rs. 10

3rd Prize Rs. 5

Below you will find an easy picture puzzle. Each picture denotes an apt title. For instance the first picture is Fox. For easier reference all the answers are given in the clue-words. Remember: only children below the age of 16 can compete. And remember only answers sent in the coupon will be valid. Any number of entries may be sent, but only in coupons. Now go ahead.



CLUES

FOX
COTTAGE
STRAIN
CAT
KNOCK
ARMSTRONG
SANDOW
SHACK
WHITESIDE
BLISS
MALLETT
LOVE
WOOD HOUSE

Children's Puzzle No. 2 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 10TH NOVEMBER 1984

1. FOX

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

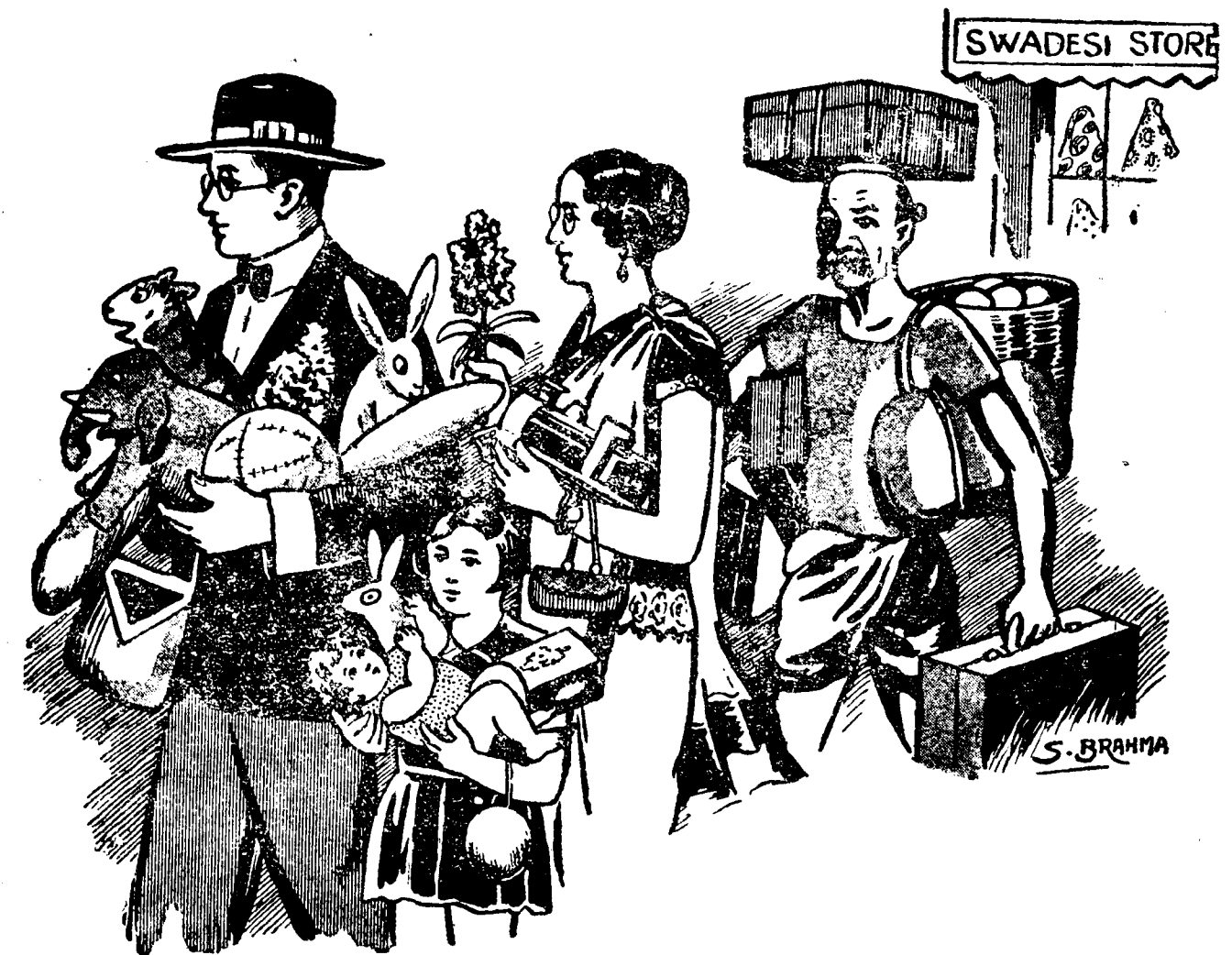
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OCTOBER 20, 1984

NAINA THE GOOD.

— By "RUBIKON" —

(Is it good for young Men and young Women to be very good?
Read Rubikon's Answer—Ed.)



Biswa smokes; but he is a good fellow. His authority is Rev' Father Honeyman whom he has never seen divorced from his cigar.

Arjun takes beer in the sly; but he is a good fellow. He quotes the German student—or the German nation—for his support and argues that but for their beer the Germans would not have achieved so much.

Ganesh keeps up a secret correspondence with Miss Ranjit; but then he is a poetic fellow with the outlook of Shelley, Kalidas, Keats and Byron. But, surely we like him.

Not so Naina.—M. A.

Neither the German intellect nor the poetic romance, nor even the learned fathers of Sacred orders could induce Naina Ram to indulge in any habit not stictly in accordance with

the injunctions of his parents. As a Master of Arts he was the same mild and meek Naina that he was in his simple school days.

He sat at his work; went to play, dined and dressed just as his father directed.

"I should like to see you a Master of Arts," said his father Rao Bahadur Ragho Ram. And Naina, true to the paternal command, picked up a subject

worked away at it, sacrificed his sleep and the proverbial midnight oil, and, to the immense satisfaction of the paternal heart, took his M. A. degree, and his diploma from the Chancellor as his father and uncles sat in the Senate Hall clapping away as lustily as the wrong side of sixty would permit them.

Nor is a full cup of joy as good as some other full cups that have proved the ruin of the children of Eve.

Rao Bahadur Ragho Ram called Naina to his side one day, "Naina, I think I feel that I am going to meet your revered mother; I hear her call; not that she wants to deprive you all of my company and my counsel; but, these nearly ten years of separation she endured only for your sake. But she feels the parting. You know how she would not hurt even a fly. May be she feels that I am a burden to our benign Government which has been paying me a handsome pension all these score of years. I used to tell her that when a fat pension man leaves us, the Finance Member used to send up a prayer of thanks and a sigh of relief. Perhaps your mother had the careworn Finance Member in view when she desired that I should join her over There.

"Well, whatever be the motive that induces the call, I feel it is there, I have to answer the call,

"Yet, I and your mother will continue to look after you, my dear Naina, I did mean to get you married to a decent young lady; I do not mean one of those terribly learned manly girls who look like powdered bears let loose from Dandaka. Take to wife a comely nice looking young woman; if she must use glasses, let her. But you know I am not for young women using spectacles just for the show of it. After all you will have to pay for it. You know your own mother was free from such frailties. By all means let her be well-favoured: for, a good and good-looking wife is the best ornament for a home. Let her be one with brothers and sisters; she will then know the value and love of children. You have my blessings now; and when I go to your mother, be sure, beloved Naina, you have blessings both from me as well as your revered mother."

It was not many hours after this that Rao Bahadur Ragho Ram started on that mysterious journey which was to take him to his beloved wife of revered memory.

"Take to wife etc." was the command of the Father.

Naina thought carefully over the matter; he took counsel with his uncle and found that Miss Champaka came very near to the description which his father had given of the lady that Naina might wed.

Luckily Champaka was not over learned though she had a fair acquaintance with her mother-tongue and English; she could sing and play on the Veena; she knew rattan work and could decorate with beads the door ways and windows, and one or two things besides which go to make up the catalogue of accomplishments of young ladies of respectable families.

Only one difficulty there was, About using glasses, Naina had clear instructions from his father. She should not rather, could not—wear glasses unless there was a real necessity for them. To use glasses is the vogue; if Champaka took to the fashion of the day needlessly that would constitute a true disobedience, which Naina would never endure.

Naina induced his uncle to get Champaka's eyes examined and she was, thanks to Providence found to possess defective vision which immediately needed glasses to be worn always.

The needs of fashion and the command of his venerable Father both being satisfied by Champaka using glasses, nothing remained in the way of Naina getting married. Naina and Champaka became man and wife.

And Jaya Ram, the stripling of five years was just the image of his grandfather Rao Bahadur Ragho Ram. Whatever the young Jaya Ram desired, his parents got him without the greatest joy.

"Father, our Sankar is going out with his father for a holiday. But you have not taken me out. Why not we go out too, father?" asked young Jaya Ram.

Naina always thought that his own revered Father had come back again in the shape of Jaya Ram. For, asked Naina to himself, was not Jaya born after Father had gone? Well that proved the point to Naina's satisfaction; and if others may not be satisfied with the solution, Naina was not concerned.

So, to satisfy young Jaya's desire, Naina and Champak had laid down plans. They had their monthly income from all that his father had left him.

Naina and Champak felt that Jaya should not want anything nor should he be made to feel that he was away from the home of his revered grand father.

Naina and wife and boy started out; they bought clothing, toys for the way, toys for the holiday and toys for the return trip. Nor did they stint themselves. Silks, shawls, rugs and ribbons in plenty, suit cases and suits for the journey and holiday were all bought with a marvellous completeness—just as would suffice for a year's voyage.

Anything that Jaya might want was thought of by Champaka: and Naina immediately ordered for it. For, among many things that Naina had read, one thing was that a cultured man never disagrees with his wife. In the absence of his revered Father to guide him, Naina, good as he was every-way, immediately thought of the Books he had read and recollected what they said about he should do, and did likewise.

And when he recollected the rule about a cultured man, surely Naina did as his wife desired.

"Well, Champaka, now that we have all that we need for our trip, when do we start?" asked Naina.

"I don't suppose there is anything to detain us, is there?" wondered Champaka.

"Nothing is there to detain us, Champak, but we shall need money for our journey. Don't you think so?"

"How can you doubt that, dear," asked Champaka.

"You see, Champak, we have laid out all we had on what Jaya Ram might want or think of wanting. As it is, we have nothing to run our home with," explained Naina.

"Then how are we to live here?" asked Champak.

"That is why we had better start on the trip," suggested Naina.

"But how to go.... But you did not tell me that we had come to the end of our purse, dear."

"Champak, I do not know what our Father would have said. But the Books I have read say that it is not quite dignified to deny a lady. And, when it is all for Jaya, I could not object to your purchases," answered Naina.

Jaya's journey might have met with disaster. But Naina remains a good, very good son and a good and very good man and husband and father.

THE UNTOWARD END.

— By "SOCKS." —



William and George were discussing one evening the greatest of the greatest problem—marriage. William was in favour of marriage while George was against it. William said, "The life of a married man is one thousand times better than that of a bachelor."

"No. It is vice versa. The life of a Bachelor is one-thousand times (even one-thousand and one times) better than that of a married man," replied George.

"What a pleasure you will have when you put your left arm round your wife's shoulders and your right round her waist and give her a perfect kiss. You will see all the stars in heaven."

"You won't have that pleasure when your wife finds that her purse is not full or when you don't buy her the saree or the jewellery she asked for," George remarked.

"What a happiness it is to find your wife awaiting you when you return home from office."

"Yes, something else will await you when you come home late."

Thus the two friends were discussing the merits and demerits of marriage. George said that he would be a confirmed bachelor. He asked William when he would get married and the latter replied, "I will marry even now—at this very moment—if I want."

"You never told me that you are in love with a girl," grieved the other.

"I never told you because I am not in love," William said.

"If you are not in love, how can you marry at this moment?" queried George.

"Oh! I can easily find a girl at any time."

"No. That is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible with me," William said in a haughty manner.

"Don't be so proud as that. I can wager that you won't succeed in this instance."

William's pride was wounded. He said, "Well! You have a very poor opinion of me. I will show you what I can do. I will marry the first girl I meet in the morning."

Thus the discussion came to a conclusion.

The following morning a figure could be seen leaving its house as early as possible and bent on reaching its destination regardless of its surroundings and as fast as possible. This figure turned out to be a young and pretty girl of sweet twenties and neatly dressed. Her destination was William's house. She sauntered round the corner of the house as if waiting for somebody to come out of the house. When the door was ultimately opened, she moved across the door. William, coming out of the house arrogantly attired, cast his eyes on this beauty of beauties. He went to her and said, "Excuse me, Miss. Can I have a word with you, please?"

The young girl, seeing the young man, fell in love with him; but according to the customs of the fair sex,

she didn't want to give in easily. So she said, "How dare you, an utter stranger, ask me to have a word with you?"

"Please, Miss, don't misunderstand me. I took a bet to take the first girl to tea. Won't you please come with me for tea and save my honour?" William spoke in a very pathetic voice. He even begged. The girl gave in at last and went with him. He heard that the girl's name was Grace. "What a graceful name!" thought he. Their conversation went on smoothly. By the time they finished their tea they were friends—great friends. They made an appointment for the next meeting. At this meeting their friendship reached the point of intimacy. The third meeting was at the beach and the moon was shining brightly. The breeze from the sea was sweet while the moon inspired a hope in the hearts of the young lovers. Under these favourable circumstances the young man proposed and was accepted. Let us now leave them to drown themselves—not in the sea but in their dreams.

William, the bridegroom, arrived in pomp and grandeur. After an anxious delay, the bride came with her maids, but there was no sign of George, the best man. The solemn hour arrived and another man took his place as best man.

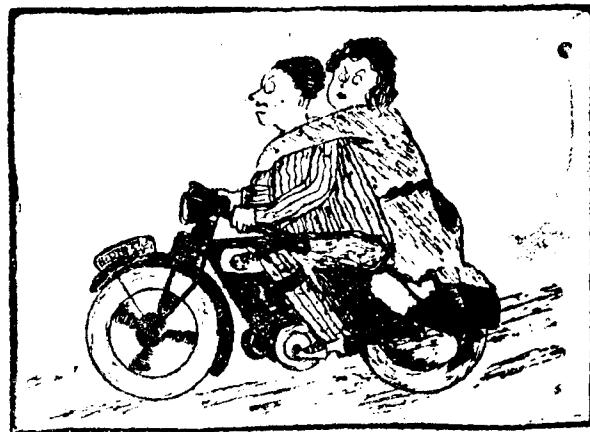
The bride and groom stood at the altar facing the priest and the holy ceremony was duly conducted.

When the priest asked the bride whether she would take the bridegroom as her lawfully wedded husband, she said that she would not. Everybody present was aghast. Grace, the bride, removed her veil and took off her wig, thus revealing that she was not a woman but a man; and the man was none other than our friend George, the confirmed bachelor. He told the whole story of the wager and its consequence. There was a great commotion and the end of the commotion—I heard—was that our Bhai Funzin, who was present at the time, was mistaken for the bridegroom and was punched and pinched on all sides.

Is that so, dear Bhaijee?

On the eve of the day fixed for the wedding, the bride and bridegroom didn't have a wink of sleep. They were probably thinking of the time when they would be united in holy matrimony.

The day dawned and the hour of the wedding approached. Relations and friends gathered at the church. There was a large gathering.



Girl: "Don't drive too fast, my dear, it is the first time I have been on a motor-bicycle."

Helpless youth: "So it is my dear. It is for the first time I drive a motor bicycle!"



Judge: "You committed the theft actually as I just described; isn't it?"

Accused: "Unfortunately no; but I will follow your methods accurately next time, Sir."

Week's Wise Thought.

It requires great philosophy to take things as they come. It requires more to part with things as they go.

Definition

A "Confidence man" is one whose assets are the result of his liabilities.

'ear 'ear!

The doctor remarked to the patient, "I fear the trouble you're having is caused by this ear."

The patient looked up with a frown from his oot

And feebly demanded. "By this 'ere wot?"

"The cookery 'book says 'Beat the eggs till stiff.'"

"Are they stiff?"

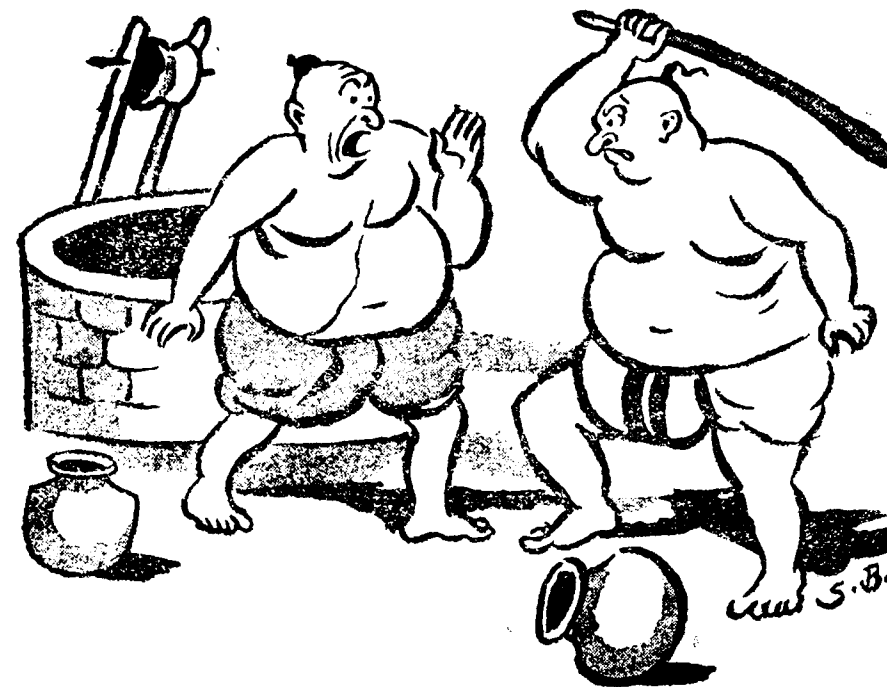
"No, but I am."

"Trade is all upside down," says an economist. Inverted Commerce, so to speak.

"Women follow the fashions closely," says a writer. Yes, but some of them never quite catch up.

ALL ABOUT A TANK

BY
"DHALO."



The villages of Pandipalayam and Kallarpet were only 3 miles apart. Both the villages had only one tank between them for irrigation purposes. It was slightly nearer to Pandipalayam than to Kallarpet. It might be said that having a common tank and consequently as a result of constant meeting, the inhabitants of both the villages would be very friendly. But in this case quite the contrary was the effect and curiously enough the Caus belli was the common tank. The Pandipalayam people, afraid of drought, always accused the Kallarpet ryots of taking more water than was allowed for their purposes. And Kallarpet men returned the compliment by charging the rival villagers with the same mis-demeanour.

The over-worked Revenue Inspector in charge of that Firka was helpless in the matter. His attempts to settle the dispute failed miserably. Each party accused him of having taken bribes from the other side and the suspicious atmosphere only aggravated the situation. Consequently petitions were addressed to the Collector of the District with a variety of prayers, ranging from a request for a simple warning of the delinquents to preventive action under the criminal law.

But it took time for these petitions to reach the district head and before he could ease the position by a decision worthy of the heaven-born service, a few months had elapsed. During

this interval the tenseness of the dispute continued unabated. It looked as if the people were standing on a powder magazine which might blow up any moment. The villagers went at it hammer and tonga. No Pandipalayam man could meet a Kallarpet wallah without exchanging abuse. Even the woman folk joined the fray and indulged in wordy warfare with the peculiar adaptability of their tongues and even clawed one another in the frenzy of the fight. So the tank and its neighbourhood became the forum of many fights, the details of which formed the subject matter of complaints in the Sub-magistrate's Court of Lingumpatti.

Pullathoor Puppasami Iyer, High Court Vakil and Mirasdar, known among the villagers as 'Lawyer Iyer' owned most of the lands in and around both the villages. He also practised in the Sub-magistrate's Court of Lingumpatti. This lawyer-landlord could have easily settled the dispute as the prominent disputants of both the villages were his tenants. But as long as he got his rent and amassed money by either prosecuting or defending cases begotten of the tank dispute, he would not move even his little finger towards this end. An orthodox brahmin of the religious type and of noble girth he boasted that he had a conscience as big as his external dimensions, clear, true and unwarped. So while he was feeding fat on the canker of disruption among the villagers, he

would not let interest and conscience come into conflict ever justifying his non-interference by saying that acting as a buffer between two contending parties as often as not ended in disaster to the buffer itself. So this 'rubber-oid' fleshy buffer while not interested in getting jammed, knew it would not be fair to his ever filling cash box to skim the cream of the tank dispute.

But the Gods that dwelt in the local temple Vinayagar where the villagers worshipped dispensed otherwise.

One fine morning, Kichohu Iyer, the never-do-well son of Puppasami Iyer happened to be at the tank when a fracas was going on and on his interference, he was pushed by the nape of neck by a Kallarpetite. This pricked Kichohu's pride and his blood was up. In retaliation, he pulled out a fence stake and belaboured the offending villager. The Pandipalayam men finished the job by thrashing Kichohu's victim till he became senseless.

Kichohu was aghast. Cold waves of appalling realisation went through him. He had heard his father speaking of murder cases. He knew he was a murderer. The muscles of his face twitched spasmodically and his lower jaw dropped like the swing door of a steamer. He looked at his victim, shivered and bolted home for all he was worth.

Not seeing his father at home he made for the Magistrate's Court.

Lawyer Iyer was in the witness shed engaged in the tricky art of squeezing the last rupee out of his parsimonious client who while pleading extreme poverty only promised future payments and continuing briefs. Kichohu tugged at the weather-beaten black coat from behind.

"What's the matter" snapped the father, displeased at the interference.

In answer Kichohu pulled his father by his coat sleeve to draw him away from the crowd and whispered and news to him. But Puppusami Iyer jerked his hand free. "What is it" he growled.

"P—P—P—Please C—Co—Come this side" wailed Kichohu, pale of countenance and perspiring like an over-worked jutka-hack. The father sensed that there was something amiss and followed Kichohu perplexed.

"Anything wrong? Tell me quick" he croaked.

Kichohu who had entirely lost his bearings and who was frothing at the mouth out of ravishing fright braced to a degree when he saw that his father was sympathetic.

"I have murdered a man" he confessed almost inaudibly.

Lawyer Iyer paled. Chanda Sahab could not have paled more when he heard that Ensign Olive had captured his capital, Arcot. His ponderous bulk sagged like an air-filled toy suddenly pricked by a pin.

"Murdered whom? When?" he questioned in quick succession.

Kichohu narrated the facts with faltering words interrupted by spells of repentant weeping. While the humiliating possibility of his son being hanged for murder buzzed like an over-busy bee in his brain pan the acute mind of the lawyer worked quickly.

"How do you know that the man was killed" he asked.

"Yes. He is dead" answered Kichohu with conviction.

"Could not be. We shall go and see" said Kuppusami Iyer.

But proceeded to the village of Kallarpet. There they heard that the man though bruised considerably was not only alive but had come to, soon after. This relieved the lawyer. But he knew that unless the whole tank

dispute was settled immediately the day's occurrence would be complained about in the Magistrate's Court and that his son would be a co-accused with the erring Pandipalayam men. He immediately called for a council of elders of both the villages. Very soon settlement was effected to the satisfaction of both the parties and oil was poured over the troubled waters.

That the Kallarpet—cum—Pandipalayam tank dispute has been finally settled and that the credit of such an achievement was due to the Lawyer Iyer was duly communicated to the Collector of the District through the headmen of the villages at the sly suggestion of Puppusami Iyer.

The District Head was pleased at the agreeable turn of affairs. His tranquil official atmosphere had very much been upset by the constant flow of petitions regarding this dispute. Therefore when he camped for Jema-bandi at Lingampatti he suggested to the sub-magistrate that Pullathoor Puppusami Iyer may be requested to meet him some time during his stay at Lingampatti so that as the Head of the District he might as a matter of official solicitude thank the peace-maker in person.

When the Sub-Magistrate's letter asking the Lawyer Iyer to meet the Collector was read by him, mingled feelings of pride and fear overtook him. He clicked his tongue as if he had a very sour piece of pickled lime in his mouth.

In trying to guess the object of this summons his upper lip curled up to hold communion with his nose and both his shaggy eye-brows met in consultation over the bridge of his nose and parted upwards soon after to gather wisdom from their friends on the head. His ruffled mind worried him with the make believe that he might be questioned as to the part played by his son in the recent rioting. He read the Sub-Magistrate's letter over and over again but it failed to convey anymore news than the Collector's wish to meet him that day. He stroked his chin in perplexity and a week's growth of stubble that adorned his face reminded him that if he must keep the appointment he must hurry up and have a shave. But orthodoxy had to grapple with decency and orthodoxy won as the superstitious mentality would not tolerate a shave on an inauspicious day. He would make up by changing his usual dress to meet the Dorai.

Out came the old blue marino coat, the special muslin turban and the antiquated and frayed stiff collar, a relic of the convocation day on which he took his degree. He tied the turban carefully and added a junior knot at its apex after the Mysore style and gave it an extra bulge to accommodate his unruly tuft. The pure white turban on his head looked like a shovel-ful of ice-cream placed perilously on a gate post. The collar choked him a bit by pressing on his billowy dew-lap and its frayed edge chafed here and there.

Driver Rangan's ramshackle jutka was commandeered and Puppusami Iyer wobbled to the Court compound in all glory. From the gate of the Court House he saw the Collector doing office work seated at a table in the shade of a tree outside his tent. The sight of the Dorai caused a sort of inferiority-complex in the mind of the visitor and he called out to Rangan to stop the cart, so that he may not disturb the Collector. But Rangan did not hear and drew on. The horse seeing the unusual sight of a tenant in the compound took fright and bolted. The jutka in its crazy career went over a tent peg and overturned near the Dorai's table. Puppusami Iyer made an involuntary exit and landed on all fours before the table. The ice-cream on his head left its perch and found rest under the table. The imprisoned tuft freed from bondage spread out in all directions. One of his sandals shot out, as from a catapult and volplaned down to the earth near the turban.

The Collector's duffadar ran up and helped the visitor to get up. The sandal and the turban were retrieved to do their legitimate duties.

"You, you, h' h' honour, I am sorry" apologised Puppusami Iyer.

"Glad to meet you" said the Collector suppressing laughter with great effort.

"Please sit down."

Puppusami Iyer respectfully sat on the edge of a chair and adjusted his turban. He clicked his tongue and stroked his stubby chin in complete disruption of mind.

"Your honour" he began.

"That's all right" interrupted the Collector. "Your..."

"My son" pleaded the lawyer "was not—"

"Oh! was it your son who did it then?" asked the District Head.

"Your honour, my son was dragged into it."

The Collector was perplexed. He thought that his visitor was not Puppusami Iyer.

"Am I addressing Mr. Puppusami Iyer who settled the tank dispute," he queried.

Puppusami Iyer regained his lost balance. He understood the subject matter of the interview.

"Yes, your honour. I am proud to have helped the poor misguided villagers," said the Lawyer Iyer preening himself with extra pride like a fat he-turkey among his harem of she-turkeys.

"I am very thankful to you. I wanted to thank you in person" said

the Collector with the best official smile he could command.

"I am honoured," beamed the visitor.

After the usual talk about the crops, the weather conditions and the strength of Congress activities in the villages Puppusami Iyer took leave of the Collector with a low but stiff bow.

That day in the Sub-Magistrate's Court of Lingampatti, Pullathoor Puppusami Iyer, High Court Vakil and Mirasidar put on a unusual mien, for had he not that very day had a *tete-a-tete* with the District Head?

An Edinburgh man has been a bell-ringer for 60 years. Isn't it time he tried another restaurant?

"I cannot understand why people enjoy the modern sex-soaked film," says a critic. Perhaps they prefer IT that way.

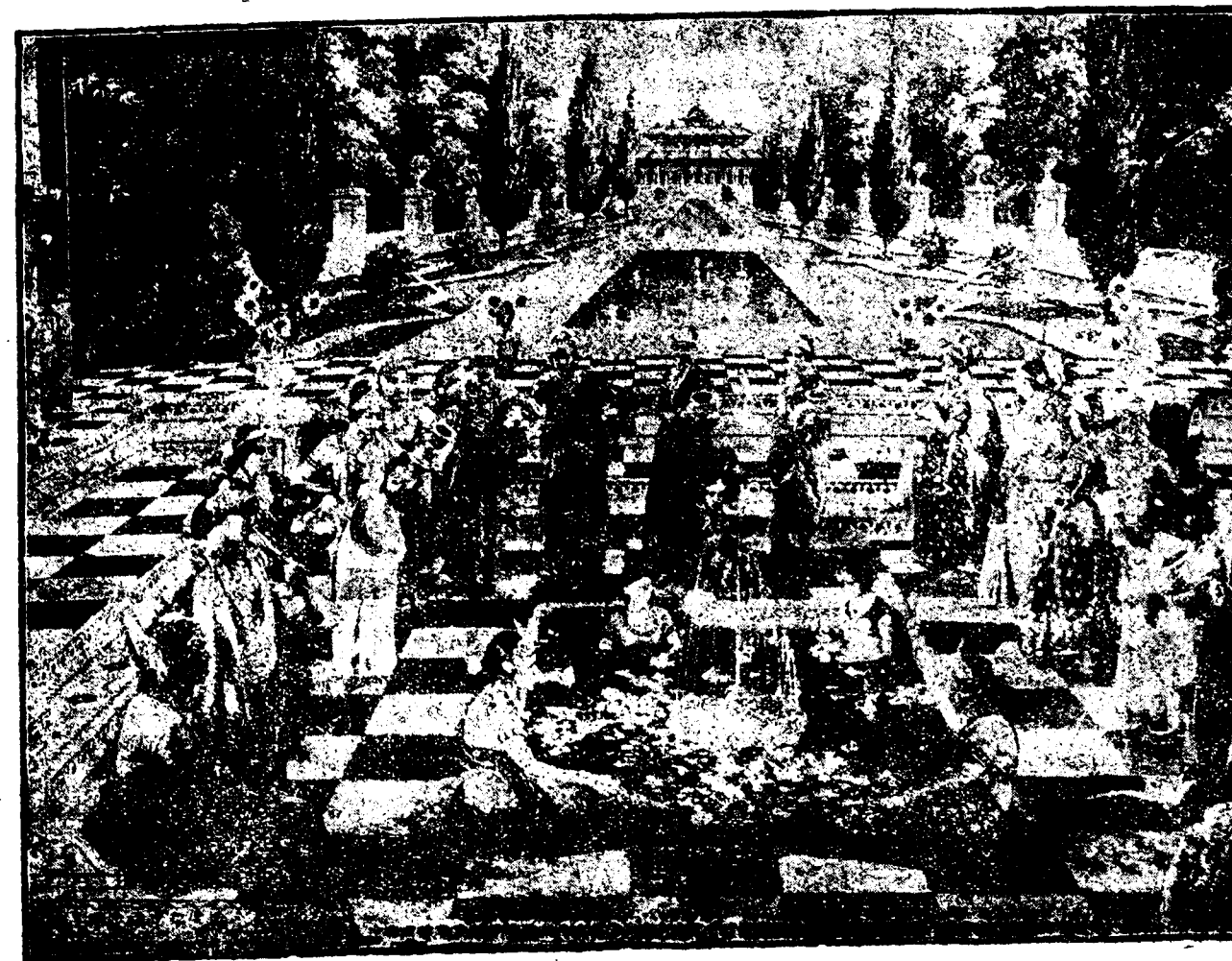
HE AND SHE

BY

K. R. SESHADRI.

The short well-built youth in the very loose and buttoned-up coat cast critical glances around him and finally chose a spot near which a beautiful girl in a blue frock was seated. He went over and inclined himself in a graceful pose, facing her in an angular fashion.

She was alone, a film magazine spread on her lap, and her silk-stocked legs extended on the sand. A good complexion (aided no doubt by toilet), a graceful figure, a delectably waved bob and a handsome face aroused in the youth proper admiration. Neither did she pretend not to



All Indian Stars in a rare Indian Setting.

have noticed him—as most girls are so proficient in doing. She took in in one roving glance his superb chest which even the loose coat could not fully conceal, his proportionate body, his neat crop and his beautiful, almost feminine face. A fine feller, sure to be lucky with the ladies, she thought.

Then it all began. Glances starting at one point, glancing off to several directions, then coming back to the original point. Glances meeting, then holding each other. Slow but nice, soft but encouraging smiles. Preliminary and discreet coughs. Then, conversation!

"Finest beach in the world!" he declared, moving nearer, in a somewhat weak tone, weak in that it was incongruous with his muscular body.

"No," she said, looking shyly at him, "they say it is the second best."

"The first being?" (still nearer.)

"That of Rio de Janeiro," she replied.

"What a fine, enviable tone," remarked the youth to himself.

"What magazine is that?" he enquired.

"The picture-goer," she replied, and held it out to him. The ring on her finger twinkled.

He scanned it (I mean the magazine) quickly and returned it to her. Then he consulted his watch—a cheap affair.

"It is almost six. I have to go all the way to Broadway. Where do you come from?" he asked her.

She smiled at the adroit fashion in which he was buying to find out her address. But she said mischievously, "56, Myth Ike Street."

"Myth Ike Street? Never heard of it! Where is it?"

"Near Mount Road."

"May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" He asked her, a little daringly.

But her reply took his breath away. It was so unexpected and disillusioning. For she said, "Not unless you first take me to Bosotto's."

"O.K.," he said, for he didn't like to beat a retreat.

"And another condition. We must walk the whole distance!" she added.

He assented. And if she had added an amendment that they should walk

on their heads, he wouldn't have been surprised. For he had never thought a girl relished walking. He didn't, himself.

Then they started. Arm in arm, they strolled through Pyeroff's Road, Bell's Road, and turned at the Chepauk corner, chatting smoothly on several common-place things. Suddenly, he became personal and popped out: "Are you married?"

She blushed and replied: "I am. Are you?"

"Y—es," he admitted, a trifle reluctantly. Abruptly, they both halted near the Paragon and without noticing that they were both doing it, scanned the entrance of the cinema at the same time. Then she asked: "What's time now?"

"It is curious," he replied, looking closely at her.

"I was about to look up the watch myself. It is seven-fifteen now."

"May we tarry here for five minutes more?" she asked, eagerly.

"Say, there is something very funny happening here! I was about to suggest the same. Look here, tell me why you want to wait here for five more minutes."

"First tell me why you wanted to suggest the same!" she returned.

"I—well—er—you see—, dash it, you squeal it first!" he retorted.

"All right, then, here goes. But you must first promise not to be offended with me."

"O.K. Go ahead," he assured her.

"I am not a girl!" she sprang on him, dramatically.

"What!" he fairly shouted, startled. "you are not a girl? What are you prattling about? Go and tell it to the marines!"

She smiled, sympathetically. "Why do you refuse to believe me? Do I look so much like a real girl?"

"Look like a real girl!" he voiced, in a pained tone. "What do you think I am? A Horlicks-milk baby? Look like a girl! Why, you are a girl!"

A laugh of resonant triumph came hurtling out of her. She shook with mirth. "That's exactly what I set out to achieve. Believe me, I am very serious and truthful. As a matter of serious fact I am not a girl. I am a man. My wife and I had an argu-

ment and a bet this morning. We are both dramatic actors and we both started quarrelling as to who was the better actor. Then we had a bet. I told her I would go about disguised as a girl and book up some worm—I beg your pardon, I mean some man—and stroll up with him this way. She said she would do something else to prove she was better at acting and that she would be here at 7-15 and that if I failed to spot her, or if she failed to spot me, the defaulter was to obey the other slavishly in future. If both failed to recognise each other, we were never to quarrel in future or try to overlord each other. Do you understand me?"

"I do," he answered, "but blow me if I believe you. You say you are not a girl!"

"I am no more a girl than you are!" she asserted, a trifle impatiently, and making to remove her wig of bobbed hair.

"There you are too fast and mistaken. You may not be a girl, but I am!"

"What!?" she said, taken aback.

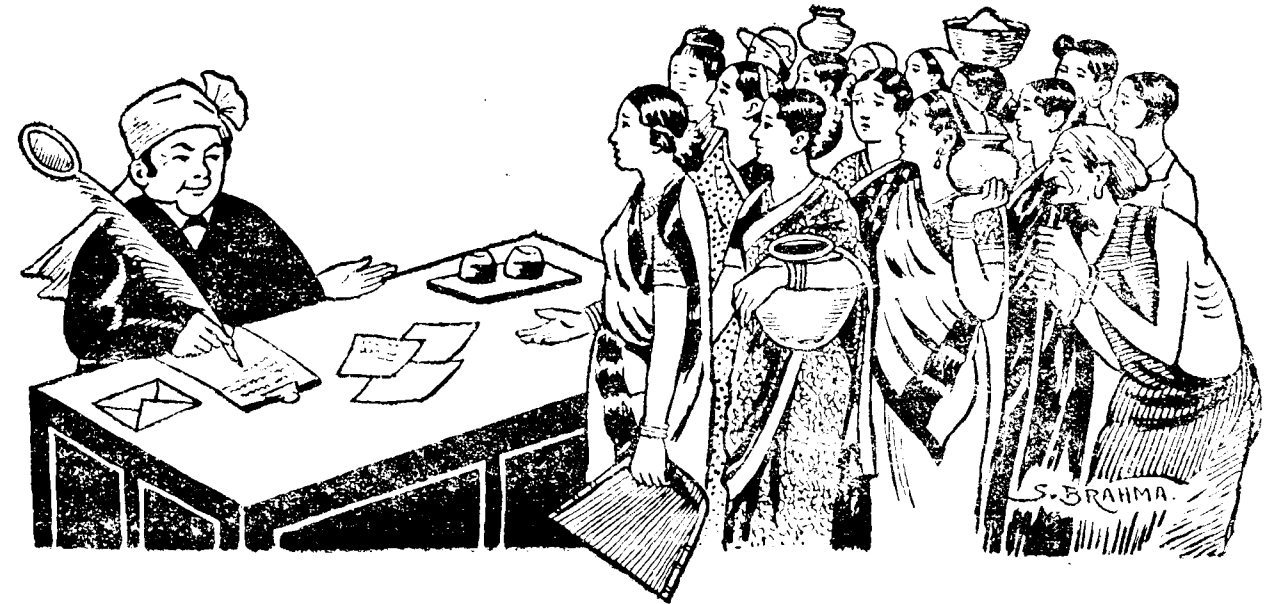
"Yes, darling," flung back the youth, "I am your wife. And fancy we both meeting at the beach and walking and talking all this distance and none suspecting each other! Well, so we have both lost the bet—or won it, rather!"

The blue-frocked lady closely scrutinised the youngster's face. There she was once more shaken by convulsive laughter. All she could say was, "Fancy!"

They both went to the Bosotto's and made certain each was what he or she represented himself or herself. Till each took off his and her external disguising aids neither was really sure the other was not pulling off a joke. The disguise and affectation was so perfect.

They celebrated this remarkable event with a fine supper and a finer—(The dash represents a word that rhymes with 'his'. I am sure you can find what it is if you tried a little. And most girls may willingly help you find it.)

Anyway, don't you think the long arm of coincidence was working overtime that day?



Well, Well, Worried Wives!

Well, Mrs. Nalini Bai, Washermanpet, I have developed high-blood pressure as a result of the old heart not merely beating but sledge hammering itself away in sympathy for you. I don't see why your husband shouldn't buy a new saree for you. I suggest you talk to him most enthusiastically about the nudist movement.

Ah, Mrs. Papayya, Perambur, you are a fortunate woman though you don't know it. You complain your husband is rather too fond of you and hence, too jealous. As to what you should do under the circumstances, —I would recommend to your careful perusal lines 14 to 22 of the 3rd Vol. Sec 2 of the 'Psychology of Married Life' by Prof. Reno Di Vorear, A. X. K. H. I. M., etc, wherein are suggested the most excellent reference books on the topic. Busy yourself reading them all, and, when, after a couple of centuries you have completed them—ahem!

"I have a very handsome son," writes Mrs. Satya, San Thome, "through myself and Mr. Satya aren't good lookers. Can you explain?" Have you ever heard, Mrs. Satya, of heat versus heat producing cold, etc?

Mrs. Mayoora Bai of Mylapore is indeed in a sorry plight. She informs us she isn't keeping in best of spirits and that the doctor advises change, but her husband doesn't countenance it; Mrs. Mayoora, make it explicit to your suspicious hubby, it's only a change of place that's recommended.

"I'm not married," writes Miss Test of Triplicane, "but supposing I am, can you fancy anything more horrid than being childless?" Yes, delivering twins.

Mrs. Devi, if you really feel you must find out what keeps him so late in the city in his office, suggest to him you have an efficient but plain-looking and aged lady friend of yours whom he ought to employ in place of the present typist in his office.

Mrs. Punniyam of Puraswalkam is anxious to learn the best method of getting the better of her husband's opposition in everything. Our admirable and revealing publication; "The True Aims of Household Utensils and Mastery over them" costs only 5 annas.

"Grass widow" of Gangimpet, if your husband has written to you now after a separation of ten years: "I'm coming home—have not been idle all these years—have made a lac for each year," and you want to show off to him your own powers, wire to him: "Have not been idle myself. Ever praying for your luck."

Mrs. Daisy Sop of Basin Bridge asks: My husband drinks beer all the time, for he has no work as he is rich. Can you recommend a better way of employing his time than drinking beer?" Oh, glad to be of service, Madame—I suggest champagne.

SUNDERASAN'S AFFAIRS!

BY

Mrs. Sakuntala Gajapathy.

[A Story from this delightful writer is always welcome to Readers—Ed.]



[All the characters and events described in this story are imaginary. No reference is made to any student either of the University or Judson College, Rangoon.—S. G.]

It was the October Holidays! Both the Colleges in Rangoon were closed for about a fortnight. The Indian and Burmese students—especially the girl students—were extremely joyful, for they could now take some rest and resign

themselves from cramming their lessons and thereby excelling the male students in their respective class examinations. Besides, they were also happy for going home to see their kith and kin, play with their brothers and sisters and kick up a row with their neighbours, who generally had a poor opinion of college girls, that they were this and that, mixing freely with men and all that sort of narrow-minded, suspicious conceptions.

Of all these girl-students, Parvathy was all the more happy, because her friend, Sunderasan, was going to

spend the holidays in her residence.

Parvathy, though not naturally charming, made herself quite attractive with the aid of face cream, toilet powder and other requisites, which she borrowed from Ma Ma Glay and had forgotten to pay for. Not only this, before going to bed daily she also applied to her face *thanaka* (sandal paste) which improved it marvellously. Thus, besides learning her lessons, she also beautified her complexion to a very great extent.

Again, Parvathy was not at all frank like other girls. Under the cover of seriousness and reservedness, she always worshipped the picture of Sunderasan, which she stole from him and ever swore to him that she had not come across it and that she cared a tuppence for it, when he went round asking every one of his class-mates for it. So secretly did she love Sunderasan that she did not even breathe a word about it to him at any time. She took so much liking for him that even though poor Hari Raj, a more brilliant student than Sunderasan, went on his knees expressing his passionate love for her, she ignored him because he was poor, and loved Sunderasan as he was wealthy.

Sunderasan had at first so many Anglo-Indian girl friends

OCTOBER 20, 1934



... she felt somebody tugging at her sarae ...

swarming about him, because of the fact that he had a nose like Rudolph Valentino's, gleaming eyes like George Raft's, pearl teeth like Norma Shearer's, a handsome face like Romon Navaro's, strong constitution like Max Baer's and a swelling purse like Henry Ford's. Gradually, he changed his mind and admired and adored Parvathy. But, he was afraid to lay bare his heart to her, as he still remembered the punishment which he had imposed on Hari Raj, when he one day tried to insult her for not accepting his love—Poor chap! Still he had that ugly cut on his forehead—To avoid such mishaps at the very outset, Sunderasan moved towards her like a gentleman and gradually won the privilege of talking to her at least once a week for a few minutes. These few minutes' talks consequently grew into hours, when Parvathy told him all about her riches, big bungalows, gardens and what not. Some

times, just to test his mind, she said that her parents had already selected a B.A., B.L. as her husband and that she would be married to him shortly after taking her B.A. degree. Though dejectedly he felt at heart on hearing this piece of unhappy news, Sunderasan did not show his weakness to her. But in silence he shed his precious tears in his room about it. However, he made up his mind to murder her fiancée and then slowly try for her hand....The holidays—three cheers for the fortnight's holidays!—came, and he had voluntarily requested her to allow him to spend the vacation in her bungalow, if she and her parents had no objection. For, during this time, he thought of slowly inducing her to change her mind about marrying that cursed B.A., B.L. Fortunately, Parvathy agreed to entertain him in her place during the vacation.

SUNDERASAN and Parvathy travelled to Pegu—their destination—by a Reserved First Class compartment—of course, at the cost of Sunderasan! She had fruits of different kinds, cold drinks and assorted cakes to keep on munching whenever she liked. Thus with Parvathy in the First Class compartment of the Burma Railways and a wide stretch of paddy-fields, trees here and there, agriculturists at work and such picturesque scenery passing before him, Sunderasan felt himself to be some where in wonderland—of course not like the immortal Alice! Parvathy was also overjoyed for travelling alone with the man of her heart and soul. She expected him to crack jokes with her. But he did not, as he feared that if he had done so, she would throw him out of the window or pull the 'stop' chain and thereby bring the guard and

other travellers running to her rescue. Therefore, nothing romantic happened. Besides, as Parvathy was an Indian girl, she could not voluntarily say to Sunderasan, "If you were to be alone with a woman like me, what will you do?" as did the Queen to her lover in the "Love Parade." Instead, they talked about foot-ball matches, the partial referees, the foul games, Marjorie's stolen lip-stick and several other amusing local topics in order to kill time. As they travelled by the 1 Up, Mail train, it was heading straight to Pegu without stopping at intermediate stations.

By five o'clock in the evening, they reached Parvathy's place—a big bungalow in the middle of a beautiful garden with different kinds of sweet smelling flowers and other plants.

At the entrance, the *mali* with a dozen and a half children met them—all the kiddies rushing towards Parvathy.

"Oh! what a pity, your mother is ignorant of 'Birth Control'!" said Sunderasan carelessly.

"Nonsense! they are not my brothers and sisters, but they are the children of our servant."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

Parvathy laughed at his stupidity and led him into her bungalow.

She was there met by her mother, who embraced her and wept as if her daughter had just come out of a great danger. Sunderasan shrugged his shoulders and wondered what was the matter. But, he hoped that the old lady did not weep for his accompanying her daughter. Then came a fat man from the kitchen, Parvathy's father, with charcoal marks here and there on his face. He was at that moment helping his wife in making *pulao* for his daughter. Seeing his darling girl he was overjoyed. Then his eyes met Sunderasan's. Suddenly, the old man changed colour. Sunderasan, fearing that something unpleasant was passing in his host's mind, trembled. Fortunately, Parvathy came to his help.

"Appa, he is my class-mate. He will be our guest during these holidays."

"What a pity there is no room vacant for him here. Anyway, I will give an hour's notice to our *mali* asking him to shift his things somewhere else temporarily, so that we can lodge our friend in it."

"Why, Appa? What about Amma-kannu, that troublesome woman, who was not regular in paying us rent? Why not ask her to quit her room, if she is still.....?"

"Oh, my daughter? Don't you know our position.....?" Understanding within a twinkling of an eye that the Chetty, to whom her father owed some thousands of rupees in connection with his Rice Mill, had taken possession of the bungalow, she suddenly turned the conversation into another channel and winked at her father, meaning that her friend should not know anything about their miserable position.

"All right, Appa! Even though we are rich, we are suffering hell on account of these wretched tenants. Why not we shift to some other place?"

"That's better, I think, for I am not used to sleeping in *mali's* dingy little room and in cow-sheds!" suggested Sunderasan.

"Don't take things so seriously to heart. Mr. Sunderasan, we are not going to lodge you in the *mali's* room. My father meant it only as a joke, as he is, by nature, very jovial" replied Parvathy.

At last, on the following day, they shifted to another building, which was not so decent and spacious as Parvathy's bungalow. However, Sunderasan was quite satisfied with it.

For the first two days after their arrival, they were quite happy, but suddenly there came disgraceful news. The Chetty, misunderstanding that Subramany, for that was the name of Parvathy's father, had absconded without settling his dues, had a warrant of arrest against him. The constable, mistaking Sunderasan for the wanted-man, caught him by his short collar and dragged him out of the house. Meanwhile, the old man concealed himself behind his chimney. This unpleasant incident would not have happened if the Chetty was not assaulted on a previous occasion while serving a similar warrant on the old man. He was very much afraid to step into the house but he instructed the police to wallop the cheat as much as they liked should he offer any resistance. Poor and innocent Sunderasan paid well for the old man's trickery—He received three blows on his head, four kicks on his back and a slap on his right cheek. Soon discovering the mistake, the Chetty asked the police to lay off their hands on the stranger, but to find out the right person. Without offering even an apology to Sunderasan, the police went into the house and with great difficulty dragged out Subramany, while his wife followed him to the doorway, beating her breast and calling the Chetty all sorts of names.

Sunderasan was bewildered! Parvathy was ashamed. At this moment the land-lord of the house, a friend of the Chetty, after listening to the insinuations against Subramony, had also come to demand house-rent from Subramony for the past two days and then ask him and his people to vacate the house immediately. Parvathy went inside to get some money. Meanwhile, Sunderasan paid a month's rent in advance to the landlord, who quietly pocketed the amount and went away with regrets.

Learning Subramony's miserable plight from the Chetty, Sunderasan promised to pay him the old man's debts at the rate of Rs. 20 per month in addition to the interest, which came to Rs. 30. In this connection, the guest also executed a pro-note on behalf of Subramony and thereby settled the matters amicably—He had

to do all this for the sake of the queen of his heart, Parvathy.

For several days Sunderasan was under the treatment of a doctor for the injuries he had sustained at the hands of the police. Though he lived in the same house with Parvathy but in a different room, she was ashamed to see her friend for obvious reasons. Her friend too did not misunderstand her in this respect.

Parvathy was not to blame in this direction. In fact, she was not at all aware of her father's straitened circumstances. Since she was getting money regularly from him, she thought everything was well with him, and hence she exaggerated about her wealth, bungalow and other things to Sunderasan. If she had only known matters as they were, she would have kept quiet and not even brought her friend with her to Pegu. She was indeed frightened about Sunderasan—as to what he would say for all that had happened to him on account of her father's folly. So remorseful she became that she was bent upon committing suicide.

It was midnight. The moon was shining in all its brilliancy, and the wind was blowing pleasantly across the city. Every thing was silent except for the occasional barking of the watch dogs. Just then Sunderasan heard some one descending the stairs. He listened attentively until the foot steps became lighter and lighter and then died away suddenly. Presently, the door was slowly thrown open and then closed at once.

Parvathy was leaving her house. Sunderasan saw her going out hastily. At once it struck him that she was going to commit suicide. Without delaying and making any noise, he stealthily followed her. She went past the bazaar, bridge, crossed the Railway lines and then entered a winding path. Fearing that he might miss her, he closely kept up on her trail.

Reaching a well, she peeped into it. She saw in it the reflection of the majestic moon and of her own self. Now, she shuddered at the very thought of suicide. Suddenly, she felt some one tugging at her saree. Thunderstruck, she turned to look

who had done it. To her surprise, she beheld Sunderasan, who appeared much worried. Parvathy hung down her head and remained mute for some time, when her friend broke the silence:

"What's the matter with you, Parvathy?"

There was no reply.

"Speak out my friend."

Tears rolled down her soft cheeks. He pulled out his handkerchief from his pocket and offered it to her. She did not receive it. He was afraid to wipe away her tears himself, because he still remembered the unpleasant adventure of Hari Raj.

"I can't bear to see you so miserable dear" (the word 'dear' escaped his mouth subconsciously). She raised her head and looked at him. Sunderasan trembled, for he thought that she was looking daggers at him. But, she was not! Instead, her face revealed utter misery and inward torture.

"Come on, let's go back, Parvathy. It's not good to end your life here in the well..... Well, what more are you worried about? I thought your troubles should have been over with the chetty? Well, have you anything more.....?"

Parvathy wept bitterly.

"Oh! Oh! please don't cry! I really can't bear to see any one of the fair sex crying..... I am already moved", so saying Sunderasan also shed crocodile tears.

Understanding her position, Parvathy started wiping off her tears...

Then they proceeded homewards.

"I thank you," began Parvathy.

"Thank me for what? For having received the blows from the police?"

"So, you mock at me?" queried the unhappy girl.

"No, no....."

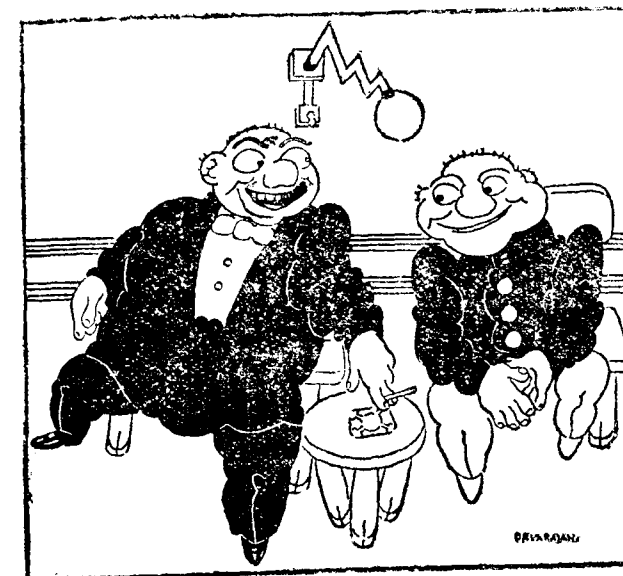
"Then, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only cracking jokes with you. Are you annoyed?"

A short pause.

"Well, Parvathy, our college re-opens on Monday next and we are supposed to be at our respective

A CREDIT TO THE DENTIST?



"How did you bag in that burgler?"

"When I had bitten him with my false teeth they stuck fast into his skin. As I couldn't extricate myself, try I might or he might, I got pinned to him. I weigh two hundred pounds. Thus I bagged him."

hostels by to-morrow evening. Let's leave this place by the morning mixed train. What do you say about it?"

"I am so sorry. You know that my father is already broke. How can I prosecute my studies?"

"Don't you worry about it. I will see to that!"

"You have already helped us a lot, and, I think it is not fair on my part to put you to further unnecessary expenses on my behalf."

"Never mind that..... There are only five more months for our final examination to take place, and, I am sure, if you continue your studies, you can easily get through the B. A. examination. So, think it over, my friend. As for me, I am always ready to help you."

Parvathy kept quiet. "Look here, don't you hesitate! We are definitely leaving this place to-morrow morning."

By this time, they had reached their house. Parvathy asked him to stay out a little longer, as she desired to say something more to him.

"Very well, what more have you got to say?"

"Please tell me whether you have already taken me for a mean liar. You should know....."

"No, I don't. Please don't worry yourself about it. After all, as I understand, fortune is just like a tide—to-day it will rise and to-morrow it will fall..... So, it has fallen in your case..... Fortunately, your fiancé, that B. A. B. L. was not here in my place at the time when the constables, pounced on me, as if I was a mountain of sweet!"

Despite her misery, she could not but laugh at this juncture.

"So, you enjoyed the costly fun?" put in Sunderasan.

"Oh, my.....!" she controlled her tongue from uttering anything absurd.

"What did you say?"

"I said, I was sorry that's all."

"All right! Now, let's go upstairs. Otherwise, your parents will misunderstand us."

"They are fast asleep. Don't you worry about them." Sunderasan immediately understood her language of love, and shiveringly threw his left hand about her shoulder. Parvathy removed it quickly but calmly and said, "I am going back to the hostel

with you. Please see that you help me regularly with my tuition and boarding fees. That's all I wanted to get assured from you. Thank you! Good morning!" so saying she went up to her room.

* *

On the re-opening day, Ma Ma Glay demanded payment from Parvathy for face cream, scent, toilet and for other requisites, which she bought from her brother's shop for credit and supplied to Parvathy during the past three months. The bill came to Rs. 40. Then came Marjorie asking the Indian girl to replace her fountain pen, which she lent to her and which Parvathy had lost. Sunderasan paid for all these articles and requested his friend to lead on economical life in future.

The B. A. results were out after a few months and both Sunderasan and Parvathy got through their test creditably.

Shortly afterwards Sunderasan secured a clerk's post in the Secretariat, and Parvathy married him with great pomp and show, and also with the consent of her parents and parents-in-law.

* *

Six years after their married life, Sunderasan said to his wife that he was going to renounce the world since

he felt it very difficult to look after his five children. Scrawling his ear, his wife asked him to put the fifth child to sleep, bathe the fourth one, dress the first boy, teach the second girl her lessons and get change for a ten rupee note for paying school fees to the third son. Further she continued, "Since you are going to renounce the world, you will have nothing to do with rice from to-day onward. After attending to what all I have said, you get me $\frac{1}{2}$ viss of mutton and $\frac{1}{2}$ viss of nice fish for myself and children. Do you get me?"

"Yes, your Majesty!"

"All right, go ahead."

* *

"Somebody said that my husband, Sunderasan, B.A., has published a book called 'Confessions of A Husband.' I tried to get a copy of it from all the booksellers of the world, but to no avail. If you happen to come across it dear Editor, please pass it on to me as I want to see who he has written anything against me.

"By the way, I find a copy of your 'Funny Mag' in my house. If my husband sends you any article under any pen-name regarding myself, please don't publish it, as he is a liar and a

lazy loon. If you do so, I am sorry, I shall not only have to charge you with libel but also with.....Bah!", wrote Parvathy to the Editor, Funny Magzin, Madras, a few months later, when she suspected her husband for having posted a long envelope to the said Magzin without showing it to her.

"How does that clock go that you won at the sports the other day?"

"Fine. It does the hour in fifty minutes!"

* *

Proud mother: Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eighteen months old."

Bored Visitor: "Really? He must be awfully tired."

* *

Fond mother: "Will the photograph be anything like him?"

Fed Up Photographer: "Yes, madam, but we can easily alter that."

* *

The boss: "Why did you leave your last situation?"

Applicant for secretarial post: "I left because my employer tried to kiss me."

The boss: "That's a pity, because otherwise your references are excellent."

MADHAV'S DILEMMA

— BY A. NATARAJAN. —

—One of the Solutions to our Puzzle Story, "Ganga the Grim."—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear.—Thomas Gray.

Even so is true love. It is a gem hidden in the heart. It is radiant with purity. The heart of a woman is like an ocean unfathomable, and genuine love lies embedded in its deep recesses. And as ocean-like, its surface surges with foaming waves, while its bottom is calm and serene. It is not he who goes by the exterior can see but it is he who dives deep could find.

Ganga is like the ocean, grim on the surface and at bottom she is all love for Madhav. She is not like those who have been trained in stylish Girls' schools, nor is she accomplished in the art of modern love-making. Hers was a home education that had taught her everything useful.

Ganga's love for Madhav is romantic. As the only daughter of Raja Shekar, she was to inherit all the lakhs of her father and who would ever have thought that an underpaid clerk in her father's employ would have become the object of her love and yet Madhav was destined to possess her in spite of his lowly position. He may find in Ganga an unmitigated tyrant. His friends may mock at him. He may spend his evenings alone. Nevertheless his friends have rightly smelt

the game even at a distance but have sorely mistaken Madhav for an Hypocrite. Madhav is not the sort his friends contemplated him to be. He is simple in the sense that his education like that of Ganga was confined only to the useful.

Perhaps he is not even that. The consciousness of his humble position might have been the cause of his failure to divine the heart of Ganga, and may more, his position as a trusted servant in the family might have perhaps been the reason to read in Ganga anything but love. That is why he would only see Ganga handling him roughly. She might sit by him for hours together under the pretext of checking accounts, she might drag him into conversation and she might even hint at his absent-mindedness. All these never for once awoke in him the thought of love. There was, however, in him an inexplicable feeling of separation whenever Ganga left him and there lay the seed of love in Madhav. Although his friends would try to nurture this in him he stifled it by self-condemnation.

Ganga, true to her sex, had already fathomed the mind of Madhav. That he was love-sick was apparent to her. He betook to solitude, plunged in musings and got drowned in dreams of love for Ganga. Look at Ganga chastising him. How cleverly she divines his mind. To her his solitude in a lonely place is a sure indication of his fancy for a girl. There is nothing lacking in her observation and that is reflected when she says that as she was checking the accounts Madhav looked at

her in a way that a brother would not towards his sister. That was a look of love.

Madhav is timid. His pauses and perplexities confirm Ganga of her view that Madhav is all for love. She urges him for an answer. Poor Madhav is helpless. She is his in his joy and woe and HIS ANSWER IS, "I am for ever yours."

Judge: "What were you doing in that place when it was raided?"

Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

* *

A girl bather who got into difficulties was washed ashore by a large wave before anyone could go to rescue. Nature, she considers, can be very cruel.

* *

Young women offenders, according to a solicitor never find it pays them to make eyes at the magistrate. Although, of course, it is only natural for them to do their best to get off.

* *

A London man has a pet owl that always accompanies him in his car. The animal was recently reprimanded by a policeman for a hooting in the silence zone.

* *

"British leaves lead the world," declares a oaker. They're in the van, of course.

* *

Ninety-nine convictions is the record of a thief. If he scores again, the authorities are determined that his total shall read: 100 not out for a considerable time.

* *

A Hollywood star lost her diamond necklace and offered a reward of \$ 10,000 for its recovery. The smallness of the sum is explained by the fact that she has worn the trinket once or twice.

* *

"Many householders, on receiving bills, simply crumple them up," remarks a tradesman. And bills very often do the same to householders.

* *

Rs. 100 Given Away IN OCTOBER LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME FOR 20 Lucky Numbered FUNNY MAGZIN COPIES

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during Oct., dated 5-10-1934 and 20-10-1934 have unduplicated numbers printed on the Front Page of the wrapper. Twenty of these numbers have been selected at random and kept in a sealed envelope in the Manager's possession. A week after the publication of the issue of the 20th Oct. '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th November, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

The Red Letter day. OR A Strange coincidence.

— (By SIMHADRI) —

The night was almost still but for the hooting of an owl in the distant woods or the clatter of the leaves in the trees near by. The moon was shedding her pale rays on the still world beneath.

Priyamvada had been relieved of her duty at the hospital only two hours ago. Her room was scantily lighted by a wall lamp and she was struggling for the past one hour with confused thoughts of her young husband; for she could not retire into a peaceful sleep. Still another hour passed away in this manner. The cool breeze played gently with the curtains that half-covered the window. But, as the clock announced the hour of midnight she had settled into an apparent sleep.

Now, Priyamvada was the daughter of a schoolmaster in Lukrow. She had lost her dear mother long before she was able to remember her. When she grew up she was married to Bepin Chaudar, an obedient and intelligent student of her father. But, soon after, her father also died, thus leaving young Bepin to carve his own future. He was then a medical student; and having finished his course, he sailed for England for higher studies in medicine and surgery.

Left alone, Priya found life very monotonous. She wanted to be active. So, she managed to obtain the position of a nurse in the Lukrow Hospital, so that she might be useful to Bepin when he set up practice.

It was a pleasant night. Priya sat near the window reading a book. Though it was time she slept, she kept reading since she found it very interesting. Presently, she heard the sound of approaching footsteps; she turned and saw something very strange. An old Sadhu was standing in the doorway. His long grey beard covered the whole of his breast, his face wrinkled and pale, his eyes sunk and watery. He stood there motionless and his finger pointed to something on the wall. Mechanically, she stood up, the book fell down her hands, and, bowing, she began to speak. But, her tongue refused to act, and what sound came from within, died at her throat.

At this time, the lips of the old man moved, "Beware" she heard him say. She was sure she heard the word; and when she turned to see what it was he was pointing to, she found the calendar showing the 24th of June in big red letters. Well, what of that? Before she could turn back and question him, he had vanished.

"Beware", the word still rang in her ears. And it was this that made her start and sit up in her lonely bed. She looked around her to see whether what she had witnessed was a reality. But she was disappointed; for it was only a dream—a dream that left a livid mark in her life. Was there anything evil to come upon her on the 24th? Of course it was the 4th that day. Perhaps there might be some truth in it; for she believed in dreams. She dreaded to think of that day. She feared lest any misfortune should befall her beloved Bepin, in an alien land thousands of miles away. And to prevent this, she resolved to offer prayers at the Temple of Durga, who, she had heard, was generous in granting boons.

The next day, she reported to duty half an hour late. She did everything unsatisfactorily. The Superintendent advised her a fortnight's rest and she obtained leave till the 25th. of June.

A week before the Red Letter Day, for she considered it as such—she devoted herself to constant prayers. At last, the 24th. dawned. She fasted the whole day, and in the evening, she repaired to the Temple of Durga and knelt before the image. Her eyes closed in peaceful contemplation as her thoughts were slowly concentrated on Durga. So lost was she to the outside world that she was not even aware of the furious storm that raged, until a crash—that loud thunder woke her up. And as she looked around her in wonder and amazement, something struck her on the head. And lo! There was neither the trace of the temple of Durga nor the pious devotee; but in that place was a shallow pool of muddy water, rippling with the still falling hail! Poor soul! The lightning had struck and buried her deep into the Earth.

The Red Letter Day had indeed been the 24th. Of June. The remarkable prediction of the Sadhu of the dream had come true.

"Some Flashes"

BY "ENJAY."

"There are only two kinds of campers in the world"—(says a paper) of course they are encampers and decampers.

"I will assume that you have pitched your tent near the sea"—I have assumed the second best thing and pitched it into the sea.

"A really reliable confidante is an unspeakable boon"—(a paper) of course it does not suggest a wife.

"If the shackles of convention were easily slipped, I would have addressed myself to strangers"—(a paper.) Thank God! nothing about medium.

"The trouble with most people is, that they are too self-conscious"—and the trouble with the others, is, that they are too un-conscious.

"Health and beauty are the birth-right of every woman"—of course, they claim it, and it is their husbands who settle their claims.

"A just thinking beauty will go a long way"—it depends on how long it will take for the husband to be completely broke.

"The importance of a good eye"—(a heading)—Blinking—winking and ogling, no doubt.

"Why not add two or more long inches to your height"—says a height increasing advt. We see, even the inches themselves have become long by exercises.

"Look the world straight in the face"—(advt.) Most people are looking only for that face.

"If the river and sea attract you"—We are not prepared to drown ourselves now.

"The joy of comradeship"—(advt.) But marriage may spoil it.

"What kind of man are you"—(advt.) Of course, The kind that is made of flesh and blood.

"Sound advice"—(advt.-heading) Declined with thanks. My wife always gives it to me free.

"The walking stick method of self defence"—(advt.) Is it a match against broom sticks and flying flower-pots.

"Nature's great restorer"—(advt.)—Bald head and old age surely.

"Why be thin?" (an advt.) Laugh and grow fat says Bhai Funsin.



If a wife wants to extract two new sarees from her calculating husband, let her study this exciting tale—(Ed.)

Mr. Vithiyasakar the wellknown C. I. D. Inspector, called aloud for breakfast seated at the dining table with all the aspects of a man that had a decent morning appetite. Presently Mrs. Vithiyasakar emerged out of the kitchen door with a couple of dishes. A certain change of heart in the expressions on the face of that noble principal of the domestic government, was observable at the very outset.

Mrs. Vithiyasakar, walking like a military general, all straight lines and no curves, with an upper cast of the head that indicated to the world at large, that she was a superior personality to a hundred C. I. D. Inspectors alive or dead,—stooped too low in mock reverence to her husband, and slipped the dishes on the dining table in a jerk that amounted to a stunt. Mr. Vithiyasakar pathetically looked at the hot and steaming dishes, under the strongest suspicion that they must have disintegrated into one million and odd pieces according to strict mathematical principles. He was not the man who could stand the trial of really favourite preparations go without any use to deserving humanity. Achieving the stunt, Mrs. Vithiyasakar announced to the husband: "Now, eat your hay". Mr. Vithiyasakar ignored the announcement having discovered that the rudimentary atoms that went to make up those porcelain plates were quite intact. He attacked the preparations with a gusto—his own dear favourites.

Mr. Vithiyasakar was not able to swallow the Iddilis, the contents of

one of the plates. Though Mr. Vithiyasakar's twenty years experience as a C. I. D. always taught him to take an optimistic view of things in life, positively he could not work his imagination into belief that this Iddili served to him was not very far from possessed of the qualities claimed for the India Rubber. Out of sheer despair he abandoned the steaming Iddili. He turned to the Vadai next. In all his distinct memory he could not recollect that he ever mistook a Vadai for a large iron nut. But now there is no mistaking of the bare aspect.

Mr. Vithiyasakar now deliberately looked at his wife—raised his stunned gaze towards her face. In fact he was the man who, for all his dominating capacity and emulated detecting career, who wouldn't ever lose his balance and wander about whispering negative answers to his wife. But when it comes to a question of one losing one's breakfast,—well, well, there is always a limit to things. Deliberately he addressed his wife. "Well, I say, yes, yes", he began ominously, "what the devil and the dickens of a—" and ended stalely,



Mr. Vithiyasakar with all the aspects of a man who had a decent morning appetite.....

what the matter with the Iddilis and Vadais? Can't you see I die of hunger?"

In reply Mrs. Vithiyasakar made a murmur that at once reminded one of a road-roller caught red-handed in the act of Macadamising. It was always the way with her. It made plain to Mr. Vithiyasakar that the forecast of the weather was distinct storm. It discouraged any idea of an olive branch. War must be fought to a finish. "You blinking Jack", she burst forth, "Why don't you go to her house and eat her hay instead of mine?" Certainly he did blink. The idea of going to a certain woman and eating her hay, marvelled him. He simply asked her who she was that kept hay and welcomed people to dine.

"You onion of a chilli" she cried, "how dare you smile? Do you think you could go on fooling me about, at the same time flirting away with fopdoodles and grin before me like the monkey and the veritable skull?" Mr. Vithiyasakar interrupted her. His appetite was working him into a certain rage. His opinion was, a man could murder a woman under the spell of concentrated appetite. "Now, now, don't be blabbering", he said to her "Lay bare before me your complaint. Get me coffee".

Mrs. Vithiyasakar plunged into a fury. She opened her innings by seizing upon a tea-cup and sending it crashing on the dining table. The action was a demonstration enough to gall and then stifle the rising appetite of any husband on earth. "Now that you have grown to cheat me," she cried out, "perhaps you might explain to me who the cox-comb of a jilt and jade, whom you have looked up in your bed-chamber yesterday night at nine O'clock and let her go out at only eleven O'clock. How I hate you, you cheat! You thought I was dozing. Let your head understand that I was not. Oh, you wicked man, let me go to my mother's and drown myself in the backyard well or the temple tank. She closed her innings by calculating mentally at what an angle she must aim Iddili and a Vadai so that they might just land at exactly at that



Mr. V. was not able to swallow the Iddilis...

portion of his head where no hair grew. But the contemplated jeopardy to the bald region, did not take place, when the waiter-woman thrust out her head

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calculating mentally at what angle to aim at...

at the door way of the dining room and announced the advent of a mysterious visitor in the visiting room, who wanted to see Mr. Vithiyasakar immediately.

To put it in a nutshell, Mr. Vithiyasakar's anger crossed the wonted limits. He was overcome by a morning appetite. Decided action was

lit on his face. There was no time for him to explain, or think about half measures. He swooped on Mrs. Vithiyasakar, caught hold of her and bodily carried her along with him tenderly away from the dining room.

He took her to the visiting room. There was the mysterious visitor there. He had all his body covered

with a Kashmir Shawl from top to toe. "Take off that mantle," cried Vithiyasakar to the visitor. As the visitor removed the shawl completely the plain form of the woman whom he looked himself with in the night, was visible. "Now take off that mantle", again cried Vithiyasakar, triumphantly. The apparent woman removed her feminine costumes. It may not be imagined, that she stood, quite nude, after that. Only it was the fully dressed Mr. Shanker, the well-known detective constable that was in the feminine apparel.

That Mr. and Mrs. Vithiyasakar laughed to their hearts' content and that the former finished twelve soft vadais and softer Iddilis under the latter's beaming patronage, is not now our point.

Mr. Vithiyasakar paid as penalty Rs 200/- the cost of two sarees, which his wife was quarrelling with him about for several days to buy for her, and which he stoutly refused, for having almost squeezed her like lemon while carrying about.

Mr. Vithiyasakar alone know the trick. She knew it was Shanker and not a woman that her husband looked himself within the room. But obviously she could not miss an opportunity of bagging two sarees, cheaply by accusing the honour of a harmless husband.

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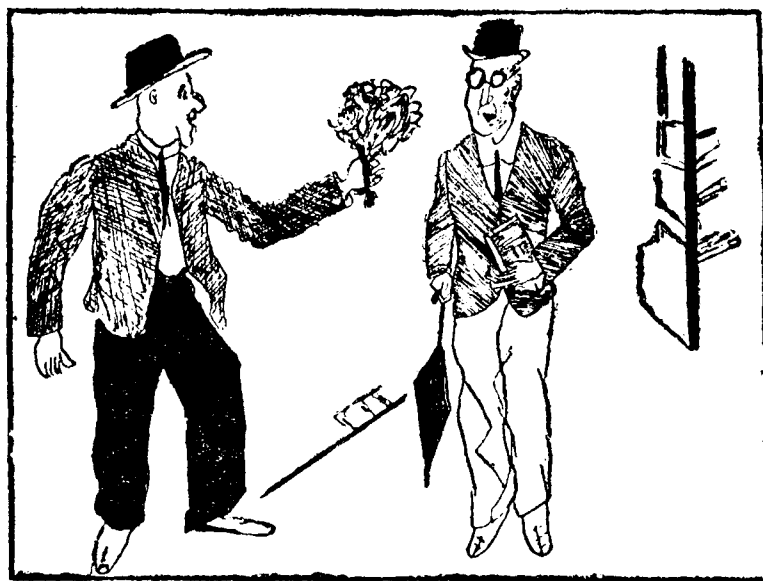
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"Prachanda Vikatan" Office, Madras.



Carnation Seller: "Penny each sir. Twelve for a shilling!"

Absent-Minded School Master: "Correct! Sit down."

JIVA SPINS A YARN.

— (BY VISHAYA) —

The Humption Club.

Unlike other clubs this was a big affair. It was so popular that it groaned under the weight of its membership.

Jiva was a beau-ideal of the town and the heart of society. He was social and sociable and always the centre of a crowd of admirers. He could spin the best yarn so thrilling as it was eerie, which only he was capable of.

He was seated in his accustomed corner, lazily lounging in the comfortable depths of an easy chair and smoking his cheery cigar. We, his pals, sat around generally behaving as men do, when there are no women about to distract us. I had asked him for a story and with a smile he took the bait.

I could tell you heaps of them - I was a bit of a devil then - Just like everyone else, perhaps. Well, did you ever hear of how I met Nalini. No? I was looking round town for comfortable rooms and I chanced to call at No. 37 James Street a beastly job, you know, on the watch out for "To let" boards, knocking at doors and answering awkward questions.

"A pretty mess, to be sure" Chari said in wickedly.

"Not so bad" Jiva smiled, "quite nice rooms and I took on to the surroundings and the lady who showed me about the portion to let, was NALINI. She was sweetie 20 and a jolly little thing. The young wife of a crusty old man, the owner of the house and on the wrong side of 55.- beauty and the beast, eh! She liked my breezy youth and cottoned on to me instantly. We got on splendidly and she offered me coffee and I was not in any particular hurry.

"Poor chap, you got hit badly" broke in Chari again.

"I had been sitting in a chair for about five minutes enjoying a good cup of coffee and the sight of beauty when the maid rushed in and spoke in confidence to Nalini. I gathered, there was some trouble about a bill. To cut a long story short, I paid that bill. Nalini gave me another cup and a marron glace and showed me one of her latest photos. I quite decided to take the rooms at the terms offered by that time - but laughed if another bill didn't turn up.

"You did not pay it" I chimed in.

"I was getting sympathetic by that time and I did. The poor girl seemed distracted about it and I know what it felt to have people after one, having a tailor after me myself and the bill overdue."

Next day when I called I was shown into the same room but a man greeted me this time.

"I believe you called yesterday" he told me "but I am sorry for the portion is let and the tenant has paid a year's rent in advance. My wife was very keen you" should have it but I had already arranged the thing".

"Did you see Nalini again"

"No" Jiva said "but it was not my fault".

"And you never got the money back" I enquired.

"Oh! it wain't that," said Jiva with a sigh regretfully. "You see at the end of the year, I called again and Nalini's husband was there.

"Nalini?" a voice asked eagerly.

"She had run off with the tenant" said he "just my luck".

Recipe for long life.

Never hurry,
Never scurry,
Let the other
fellow worry.

Do it well.

Little Jimmy was cramming his food into his mouth in big lumps, when his mother seeing it, asked,

"Jimmy, dear, why are you cramming that food into your mouth?"

"Because," Jimmy replied, "the motto of our class is, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'"

C. R. Firth, Colombo.

He got the job.

A stockbroker was very keen on having proficient clerks in his employ. Before a clerk could enter his office he was required to pass a written examination on his knowledge of business.

At an examination one of the questions was: "Who formed the first company?"

A certain bright youth was a little puzzled at this, but he was not to be fazed. He wrote:

"Noah successfully floated a company while the rest of the world was in liquidation."

He passed.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT BY "Teesike."



If your wife objects to your smoking, "Teesike" gives you a stratagem to get over the trouble—Ed.

"I fed her on cigarettes".....

"Tup, tup"—A door slammed somewhere inside the house.

"Gr-r-r..."—A chair was pushed with undue violence.

"Shipt, shipt"—The duster lashed some bit of furniture.

"Gl-gl-gl-gl..."—The rattle of crockery.

The sounds were tell-tale. My wife was on the war-path. I knew the symptoms. It was the advance guard exchanging shots before the actual battle.

I wondered what it was for. I cleared my desk for action and put on

my armament in the shape of a newspaper spread out before me, pretending a fictitious calmness. It was on such occasions that I longed for my bachelor days. With a tinge of remorse I slid back the barricade of years and pictured to myself the absolute freedom and complete abandon of those sunny days. Yet, the fault was mine. I had succumbed to the charms of the hoyden who, unmarried, appeared as gentle as a lamb and fanned my infatuation, till I had burnt my bachelor boats and made the inevitable plunge. The ante marriage lamb had unbelievably changed into the post marriage amazon. Immediately after the event, she had tactfully put my head through the

collar and gradually shackled me with the other bits of harness. She had then taken up the whip with such avidity that under her reins I almost lost my will-power. In short, I was more manacled than married.

"Tup—.....Gr-r-r...., Gl-gl-gl...." The fighting had reached the citadel. My newspaper armament spread out wider.

I lit a cigarette to create a smoke barrage.

"Nice time you are having, comfortably smoking and reading," boomed Gowie's voice firing the opening salvo.

"What's the matter?" I asked with due caution.

"Everything is the matter." She fired the return shot. "What do you, men, know about the troubles of house-keeping? Reading and smoking, smoking and reading. That's all you know."

"What's it, Gowrie?" I queried in a low tone trying to pacify her.

"You pretend not to know. All is topsy-turvy in the house. Our groceries have run out. I have told you that the monthly allowance is not enough. And do you know, the morning when I wanted to change after my bath, there was not a single untorn sari in the cabinet. I cannot endure all this. I am going home to-day" she groused with all the feminine adaptability for grousing.

I laid down the newspaper and taking another cigarette from the tin smoked with simulated sang-froid.

"Smoke, smoke! How much you do waste on smokes every day. Last month's bill was for Rs. 32. If only that money is available I could run the house so well. Let me see how you smoke." She nagged taking away my full tin of cigarettes and walking off with it.

I confess I am a heavy smoker and finish a tin a day, if not more. But I don't drink, don't gamble or even go for the races. Yet, to Gowrie with her unthrifty ways, this weakness of mine was a fitting handle for her blatant nagging. Her own shortcomings she refused to see. I knew even a child could manage our house with great grandeur with the big allowance that I gave her. Yet she left the whole household to the wasteful and dishonest servants so that things took a disagreeable turn towards the end of every month. My arguments to her to be more careful in the management of our house were as the bleatings of an understudy to the dissatisfied audience hissing and booing in a theatre. She did not accept my point of view and expected me to be a catpaw to her chestnuts. She pictured herself such a martyr that she expected me to hand over the world to her on a salver. These, my smoking and her unthriftiness were the two big wasps in the unsettled bonnet of our domestic life.

Well, my cigarettes had disappeared as usual never to come back to give

one the solace one needs on such occasions. A fresh supply could be got only in the evening and till then I had to suffer the agonies of smokelessness which only heavy smokers know. Such incidents had become so common of late that I had many dreary days of parting from lady Nicotine. I thought of various plans to save me from such punishments.

An opportunity came in time.

One evening when I got back home I found Gowrie with a twisted face and groaning for all she was worth. Her thumb was pressing on the region of the lower molars.

"Tooth-ache?" I asked with sympathy.

"Hoo! of the worst type," she wailed,

"Tried any med.?"

"Everything. But it persists."

"Try a cigarette," I suggested with a flicker of hope shining on my face. "When I was a student I had the most devastating tooth-ache man ever had. A friend of mine gave me a cigarette. That cured me. After this I became a smoker and never had tooth-ache afterwards."

She smoked a cigarette with half closed eyes in the manner of beginners. She smoked another and somehow the pain abated a bit. I fed her on cigarettes till she slept with the dull grip which tobacco smoke has on untutored brains.

Next morning the ache had disappeared probably because it had worked itself out. But I put it down to smoking and Gowrie believed it.

That was the thin end of the wedge. But I banged it in with occasional offers of cigarettes to her. Soon she became a slave to the habit.

Now Gowrie is smoking quite as many cigarettes as I do. My smoking does not pique her. But who will foot our joint cigarette bill?

Dont Use widely advertised Hair Destroying POWDERS. Most of them are worse than useless. Prepare one of your own. **Rs. 1000/- given if it fails.** Send As-4/ with a self addressed envelope for the SECRET. **Steno House Agency, Amritsar.**

The Vakil and the Client. A Very Unlikely Tale.

Vakil:—Hello: Subbiah Chettiar, what brings you here. I hope it is nothing so depressing as a law suit?

Client:—Well, Vakil Swamy, as a matter of fact I came here to file a suit against my brother for the recovery of my property.

Vakil:—What! against your own brother? Really, Subbiah Chettiar, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Have you not any affection for your poor brother? Ah! full well I see the effects that 'Kali-yuga' has wrought upon you all.

Client:—But, Vakil Swamy, he actually stole my cows and plough-share and having encroached upon my land, dared me to do anything against him.

Vakil:—Please, Chettiar, don't blame the poor fellow. Blame 'Kali-yuga.' No doubt the poor fellow did it in a weak moment.

Client:—Weak moment, indeed: I ask you, would he carry off my plough-share on his shoulders in a weak moment?

Vakil:—You are dense, Chettiar. Regrettably so. I did not mean it in that sense. Now let us come to the point. You want to recover your property, which your brother abstracted unlawfully. Listen to me carefully, Chettiar. Avoid all law suits as far as you possibly can. They only drain your pocket and make you a miserable insolvent. Settle your disputes as amicably as possible. Avoid a lawyer, why, he would simply make you a pauper with his exorbitant fees. Now be a good Chettiar and persuade your brother to follow the righteous path. I am sure you would bless me some day for this 'good-day'.

The Chettiar ineffectively opens his mouth to say something.

Vakil:—Now, then, don't say anything. Be sure to write to me how you progress. Cheerio.

I am pleased to record that the dispute was very amicably settled and when the grateful client sent a 'kalam' of paddy as a mark of appreciation, the vakil gently but firmly refused to take it with the following words.

'I have done nothing to deserve it. I merely showed you the right path, and you followed it. Goodluck to you.'

THE WRONG ADDRESS

THE other day Dewan Bahadur Adi Krishnama Chari, the well-known Zemindar of Zebrapuram and reputed as the wealthiest man in South India, was sitting in his private but magnificent and gorgeously decorated office-room, waiting as usual for his daily post, when his valet, one Thoddannan, brought a bundle of letters. Placing them gently on the table in front of the Zemindar, he retired back with a low bow, and saying "This day's mail, my lord," stood at a respectable distance.

One sweeping glance revealed to his searching eyes a red envelope of peculiar shape and unusual dimensions, which at once attracted his attention and incited his curiosity.

In order to appease these new sensations the Zemindar took it up disregarding the rest, and carefully surveyed it. The address was all right. It was also duly stamped and properly gummed. Slowly and carefully the Zemindar tore off the cover, and enclosed in it was a neatly folded, half-a-sheet of green paper. And the letter was written in black ink and in good hand.

But, ha! The contents! It needs be very strange indeed! For, as the Zemindar went on reading his face became blacker and blacker and his naturally fierce look assumed a more terrible appearance. Anger, fear and defiance were clearly written in his face. The valet was all the more frightened at the unusual colouring up of his master.

"Go and ask Kondappa to come here!" roared the Zemindar at length. Glad to leave the irritated and angered presence of his master, bowing low, the valet sped out of the room.

The Zemindar was beginning to read the letter for the fourth time when the door was slowly pushed open and a man appeared.

"I am here, my lord," announced the new-comer.

"Ha Yes, Kondappa! This letter—Yes, read this, Kondappa, read this

letter," the Zemindar said in a somewhat agitated tone.

But why that gleam of recognition in his face? Why that mischievous twinkle in his eyes? Yet, Chief-Secretary Mr. K. Kondappa Mudaliar took the letter and read as follows:

Vikramapuri,
Murder House,
12-6-'34.

Dear Sir,

I am in dire necessity and am badly in need of forty-thousand, which you can and you shall pay me. When would you? In case of denial, bear the consequences. We never think that you will sell your dear life for a meagre sum of forty-thousand.

Yours truly,
JUSTICE

BY
K. S. G.

"The fellow seems to be a desperate madcap," remarked the Secretary as he finished the letter. "Or, who else would, my lord, ever dare to threaten the Zemindar of Zebrapuram?"

"The idiot! I'll make the devil of him dance before me. Stupid rascal! He threatens me—ME! Ha, ha, the shameless vagabond. He threatens me with death as though Dewan-Bahadur Krishnama-Chari is a base coward or a helpless infant! The nasty beggar! The devil doesn't beg but demands. The knave!" thundered the Zemindar exhausting his vocabulary of bad names.

"But," faltered the Secretary, "if the villain is in earnest—"

"No! no, no," roared the Zemindar, "it's a mere bluff. But ha, if ever that mischievous imp who wrote this were to fall into my hands or I to seize him by the hip, by the grey hair of Grandfather I swear that it

will go too hard with him. By heaven, he shall pay dearly—too dearly, for his trick, or, my name is not Krishnama Chari!"

Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar evidently trembled at the vehement thundering voice, the furious nature and the passionate outpour of his master. His countenance was too terrible to administer any soothing words.

"Now leave me and ask Rama Rao to come over here soon," cried the Zemindar. Seeing any denial or delay will only make matters worse, Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar bowed and left the room.

Half an hour later was heard 'rut, rut, rut' the footsteps, of Mr. Rama Rao. There was an unusual but unmistakable air of Crime Investigation Department in that sound.

"Good-morning, Mr. Inspector," said the Zemindar smiling as the Inspector entered the room.

"Now anything the matter, my lord?" asked the Inspector.

"Everything!" replied the Zemindar. "This morning I received a threatening letter—threatening my very life!"

Mr. Rama Rao grew interested. At least he feigned so. Here is an opportunity for him to become famous!—to get himself promoted to higher office! He smothered his nose as a blood-hound when it catches the first wave—scent of the rabbit it was chasing after.

"Well, my lord, don't get worried or alarmed. Please tell me in detail. Little clues have gone a long way to clear up basest plots and darkest crimes," said Mr. Rama Rao in a tone and manner as only Sub-Inspectors of budding spirit could.

The Zemindar explained every detail. "And this is the letter!" he said handing over the cover and letter to the Inspector.

Rama Rao began to exercise his ingenuity. His detective spirit began to work assisted by his inspectorial unit. He examined the letter from every corner and received the cover

from all possible angles with an open mouth and still wider eyes. He looked from the letter to the cover and *vice versa* and repeated the process many a time.

"Of course we cannot tell who this Justice is. It is a bogus name, that much is sure and certain. As to where this man lives—," he broke in the middle of the sentence and turned the cover to look at the post office stamp.

"Zerapuram! I thought so! The villain is here itself among us!" he ascertained though his capacity never suggested to him the place, nor had the idea ever occurred to his shallow brain.

"Is there any possible danger to my life?" eagerly enquired the zemindar.

"No, nothing! Simply impossible," growled the Inspector in an assuring tone to encourage the anxious Zemindar. "Not a hair of yours will be pulled, my lord! I'll see to that. So long as I am alive I'll see that neither the life nor the property of the Zemindar of Kograpuram be ever made the prey of wolf-like men. Those hungry swines! Justice! I'll see the villain d—d! Well, well; but for the present good-bye," so saying Rama Rao walked out of the room along with the Zemindar. But neither of them saw the hiding Secretary.

And why should he be hiding? And why should he be an eaves-dropper?

A week had fled before the Zemindar, much to his perplexity, received another red envelope, exactly of the former shape and dimensions. He eagerly tore it open and read as follows:

Vikramapuri,
Murder House,
20-6-'34

Dear Sir,

A week had elapsed, yet no word from you. We fear you mistake the letter for a threat in fun. To convince you we are in earnest your servant, Appannan, will be murdered this night at 12 o'clock, being stabbed on the nape of the neck.

Yours truly,
JUSTICE.

The Zemindar read the letter with horror. He re-read it. He clearly saw that Justice was not playing a silly boy's game at hide-and-seek. He shouted for his Secretary.

"Here, take this and give it to Rama Rao," ordered the Z., "and ask him to take the necessary precautions to save the probable tragedy. Appannan is in danger!"

"Why, my lord, another red letter?" exclaimed the Secretary

"Yes, Kondappa, the fellow seems to be serious indeed!"

"Then my lord is in dang—er!" faltered his Secretary.

"I'll ask for caution and advice when I am in need of them. Not now!" roared the Zemindar. The Secretary "literally fled out of the room."

But again why the nameless twinkle in his eyes?

Early at five next morning the Zemindar was suddenly startled by a loud knock at the door. Starting up in his bed, he grasped the pistol, which he always kept under his pillow for personal protection, and shouted, "Who the devil are you knocking so loud?"

"It's only me, my lord," came the voice of Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the anxious Zemindar.

"He did it, my lord, he did it!" his Secretary replied.

"Is it possible that Appannan is dead?"

"Murdered, my lord, murdered!"

"When?"

"Exactly at 12 o'clock!"

"How?"

"There is a big wound at the back of the neck."

"But the constables?"

"Let the foul fiend seize them! They stood like wooden blocks while the murderers carried on their work."

"Why murderers? Was there more than one?"

"If rumour is right there were at least six of them, all tall, stout fellows. And it is said that they belong to a notorious gang in North India."

"Ha, ha!" the Zemindar echoed back.

"And it being so, it's—pardon me my lord!—better to pay the devil what he begs. Forty thousand is nothing for my lord."

"No! No! No! I won't give a single pie!"

"My master's will and not mine," mused the Secretary as he retired back. But why that nameless gleam in his eyes?

A week rolled in. On the eighth day after the drastic murder of Appannan the Zemindar received another menacing red envelope. With trembling hands and quivering lips he tore it open and eagerly read to the following effect:—

Vikramapuri,
Murder House,
28-6-'34.

Dear Sir,

We now hope that you are convinced. Then when are you going to make the payment? Denial is out of question and delay is dangerous. The sooner a thing is done the better it is. Another proof: Tomorrow night exactly at one o'clock the widow of Govinda Mudaliar will be shot dead.

Yours truly,

JUSTICE.

"It seems that this fellow wouldn't go without extracting from me the forty thousand! But bha! The Zemindar of Kograpuram is not a fool or a coward. I won't give a single copper coin; no, not even a tin one!" Growling thus to himself he called for his Secretary and asked him to communicate the news to the Inspector. "Warn him that he may not lose a second opportunity as well. Let not the villain slip away this time also. Go—go. Let the house be guarded well."

The night of twenty-eight June was most awful for the Zemindar. He could not get a wink of sleep. Each minute seemed a century. The clock struck ten. Eleven—Twelve—ONE! It sounded more like a pistol shot. The Zemindar actually saw the widow fall on her face from a shot which whizzed through her throat, aimed at by an unknown hand. And the

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masked murderer escaped! He started up in his bed, rubbed his eyes and almost shouted. But he cooled down. Drowsiness overcame his troubled mind and he slumbered peacefully.

He suddenly heard some one violently knocking at his door. He sat up in his bed. He looked at the clock. Five minutes to five. The knock was repeated. Louder! Still louder! The Zemindar had a vague idea that it was Justice enquiring explanation for the delay in paying the demanded sum! Instantly grasping the pistol, cocked it and went to the door, for at any rate the Zemindar had determined—if such an occasion ever occurred—to sell his life dearly. "Who knocks so loud?" he asked in a loud voice, which yet betrayed some fear.

Again it was Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar!

"So—it's only you!" exclaimed the Zemindar, heaving a deep sigh of relief, which escaping from his troubled throat enabled him to breathe more freely.

"Anything wrong, Kondappa?"

"Thoppamma is no more!"

"What!" ejaculated the Zemindar

"Murder, my lord, murder!" exclaimed the Secretary. "Exactly at one o'clock and her gullet was shot through."

"And the murderers?" gasped the Zemindar "Escaped!"

"What those devils Rama Rao and his men were doing?"

"They are all a lot of blinking, good-for-nothing, drunken idiots!" Kondappa Mudaliar spoke rudely of them.

"Ha, really are they such useless stuff to be thrown over-board?"

"Yes, my lord. Or, how else can they account for the un-prevented escape of those butchers?" pleaded the secretary.

"Yes, yes. What you say is perhaps the naked truth, who knows!" said the Zemindar gravely, passing his kerchief over his forehead where big beads of perspiration were visible.

"Go and ask Rama Rao to come here."

"Why, my lord, again consulting with that useless—"

"What!" the Zemindar exclaimed interrupting his Secretary.

"He can do nothing in the matter. That Justice is too great a match for poor Rama Rao, and may I be bold enough to—" Kondappa Mudaliar looked into his master's face for permission to proceed.

"For what?" asked the Zemindar in surprise

"—to tell my lord that....." Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar again hesitated sternly gazing at his master's wondering countenance.

"Go on," cried the Zemindar.

"—that the lives of innocent people are destroyed to get money from my lord and....," again paused the Secretary.

"—and part of the sin of those murders and the curses of those slaughtered people will fall on....."

"On my head, you say!" roared the Zemindar.

Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar stood like a statue.

"Bha! Bha!" exclaimed the Zemindar. "But, Kondappa, you know that if the worst comes to the worst, none can help it."

"But if you—," began the Secretary.

"No! No! No! None shall ever say that the Zemindar of Kograpuram gave away forty-thousand because some wanton vagabond threatened his life! No, no, no! Go and call the Inspector."

The Secretary left the room leaving the Zemindar alone to ponder over his perilous position.

An hour later arrived the Sub-Inspector.

"If you can't, say so. I'll bring special experts from Madras. You have missed the second chance as well!"

"He is a very cunning plotter, my lord. He wants to get two birds at one shot. Besides getting rid of those people by murdering them, he uses those murders as a means of extracting from you a forty thousand also." Rama Rao said all he knew.

"Ha, ha! You say so. Even if I had paid he would have committed the murders, is that not what you mean?" asked the Zemindar.

"Exactly so," replied Rama Rao.

"Then I need not pay the devil a single pie—nor will I!"

Again Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar was at the door step, hearing through the key-hole what was going on inside. Again a mischievous twinkle played in his eyes!

A week had hardly elapsed and the atmosphere had scarcely got rid of the whizzing whispers about the recent murder of Thoppamma, when much to enhance his dreadful dilemma, the Zemindar received another red envelope containing another menacing green letter. It is much better to leave to the imagination of the reader how eagerly the Zemindar snatched up the cover, tore it open and gulped the contents which ran as follows:

Vikramapuri,
Murder House,
6-7-'34.

Dear Sir,

Well, well; if your accursed Rama Rao fails to run me to earth you would bring special experts from Madras! Ha, ha! They all sound well. But, man, know that none could get a smell of Justice. However you overhaul the entire earth top-to-bottom and bottom-to-top with the assistance of the whole police world and a complete set of detectives, you could not get a wink of Mr. Justice, and as to track him or seek out his whereabouts and identity it is well nigh impossible. As a final proof Rama Rao will be dead—of course, murdered—are you finish reading. We give you a week's time and if you still insist evading the payment you'll be the next victim!

Yours truly,

JUSTICE.

Hardly had his eyes glanced over the familiar signature of Justice when the door of his room was rudely pushed open and in jumped the Chief-Secretary. He was all agitation.

"Why this intrusion?" demanded the Zemindar.

"A man has just arrived from the Inspector's house—"

"And?" eagerly enquired the Zemindar in a tremulous tone.

"And he says Rama Rao has been murdered!" And the Secretary slowly slipped out of the room.

The Zemindar sat in his chair. The news staggered him. His indomitable will at length gave way. "I'll pay the half and get out of the mess," he said to himself in a grave and determined tone, "but—" He left the sentence unfinished.

Six days later the Zemindar was seen as usual seated in his big cushioned chair in the private room busily engaged in finishing that day's correspondence. But when he began to read one letter his face suddenly lit up with a strange expression. It was neither wonder nor horror, nor anger nor pleasure, nor any of the expression we would expect and prepare for in a Zemindar's countenance. But it was as though a hopeless hope had bloomed forth into fragrant flowers! He started up from his chair, wrote something on a piece of paper and secretly summoning a servant asked him to give the note to the new Sub-Inspector of Police Mr. Usman Khan.

The Zemindar returned to his seat, took the letter and read it. There was pleasure in his eyes: there was victory in his face. He was on his fifth perusal when Mr. Usman Khan arrived accompanied by two armed constables. The Zemindar and the Inspector had a private talk. After they had taken their seats Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar was summoned.

A moment later the Chief-Secretary was ushered in. He shuddered as he sighted the new Inspector and the armed constables.

"Ha, Kondappa! The villain is caught: Justice will trouble us no more!" the Zemindar said colouring.

Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar started involuntarily. "Really, my lord?" he asked in his tremulous tone.

"As real as you are standing there!" the Zemindar replied in a victorious voice. "Seated on the back of his protector the villain tried to gulp down his master's head; but anyhow he is now in our grip!" the Zemindar added in the same tone.

Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar trembled all the more.

"Ha ha! None could take him—so he wrote to me! And I was the



Pa, I don't like that fellow."

"Why?"

"Because we are members of the same Brotherhood of Love."

last fox to be disposed of! Ha, ha! But he himself rushing jumped straight into my hands. Bha! But Kondappa, won't you have a look at the ruffian before he is arrested and dragged off to the Police Court?

The Secretary's trembling lips sounded an involuntary positive. "Then!" thundered the Zemindar at the highest height of his voice "Mr. Inspector, arrest this Kondappa Mudaliar on a charge of murdering three innocent people and threatening a Zemindar with death!"

"How?" growled the Secretary in a hollow, gloomy voice as he was hand cuffed.

"Ha! Now I know why you murdered those three particular people—they are your old enemies!" the Zemindar said in a commanding tone. "And as to evidence this one letter is enough!"

The mere sight of the piece of paper proved the proverbial last lash: Mr. Kondappa Mudaliar reeled and fell.

The letter was handed over to the Inspector who read as follows:—

ZEBRAPURAM,
13-7-34

DEAR FRIEND,

Herewith I am sending you the promised five thousand. Those men are of course experts in their profession and prompt in their

business. How nicely did they do away with Rama Rao, not to speak of the other two murders! They are to be specially rewarded each of them. And now there remains only that old fox, the Zemindar to be disposed of. If you hear nothing more from me murder him tomorrow-night, exactly at eleven, from his private room. Fail not! There is an additional five thousand for this daring deed.

Yours sincerely,

K. KONDAPPA MUDALIAR.

When he regained consciousness he saw his blunder. Instead of writing the address of his accomplice, in his haste he wrote the address of his master. So the thanking letter went to the Zemindar while the threatening one reached the accomplice.

Three days later, the dak edited of "The Hindu" announced in its columns, the hanging to death of one K. Kondappa Mudaliar, late chief Secretary of the Zemindar of Zebrapuram.

Mr. Justice got what he wanted a long time, namely Justice!

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

"NIYAI OR JUSTICE OF JEHangIR" (An United Artists Production)

THE most glorious page of the Moslem History of India is the period of the Moghul Rule; and, in the recorded annals of the time, it is the reign of Emperor Jehangir which stands out most conspicuously by reason of its impartial justice. History apart, even folklore is full of such legends. They depict Jehangir as the most 'just-minded' and lover of fair play.

It is stated that once, during the reign of Emperor Jehangir, the amorous advances of the Kotwal of Agra towards a young girl (Chandrakala) had forced her mother Mohini to leave their home at Farah—a village situated at eighteen miles from Agra. The Kotwal had evil intentions; so in order to save her daughter's honour and the integrity of the family, Mohini, with Chandrakala and her son Dattu, left Farah, one day, in a bullock cart for Agra to reside at her sister (Pushpa's) place, where, in the thick of the town, she thought, she would live unnoticed. Mohini's faithful servant Lalta was driving the cart, but just when the party was plodding its weary way through a stretch of jungle, it was waylaid by highway robbers who formed the notorious gang of Man Singh—a rebel courtier of Jehangir. The decoits would have made a short work of the entire party, but the timely appearance of a gallant youth, called Syed, who was hunting in the vicinity, saved the situation. He fought most heroically with the decoits, displaying great courage and valour; and triumphed over them by his superior prowess and swift sword. Syed took the party to his house where his aged father was stunned at the sight of this strange company of his son. Syed briefly narrated the painful happenings which were further elucidated by Mohini. On her solicitations as to the antecedents of Syed, the aged man told Mohini confidently that he came of a Rajput family but was brought up under his paternal care and that he was a Royal Courtier.

Syed's father administered first aid to them, and commend Syed to make proper arrangements for their overnight stay in his house. Mohini, however, requested to go to her sister's place which was acceded to. Syed escorted them to Pushpa's house where the party was safely lodged. Cupid had already struck Syed. The maiden looks of Chandrakala had wounded his heart and hypnotised him. She was equally responsive and appeared deeply love smitten. As time rolled on and Syed paid some more visits to the house where his "love" resided, the news leaked out and the girls of the neighbourhood started vilifying Chandrakala for carrying on with a youth of a different caste. They piled on her so much abuse and ridicule that she went, one day, secretly to the river to drown herself to death, and as she was in the act of doing so, Syed saved her providentially and brought her home.

The informers of the Police Chief reported to him the presence of Chandrakala in the town of Agra and, Abusaid, as soon as he could, hastened to the spot. On the way to Pushpa's house, Dattu, an eight year old brother of Chandrakala, got trampled to death in an accident by the horse which the Kotwal was neglectfully riding. Abusaid did not mind the accident and rode, past his victim. On arriving at Pushpa's house he, in a fitful rage of lust and power accorded Chandrakala a very undignified treatment and threatened her with fierce vengeance if she refused to submit to him. The girl was possessed of high morality and great strength of character. She spurned him contemptuously. But Abusaid would not stop at that. He threatened them that he would visit her house again sometime in the night and see how Chandrakala would persist in her obstinacy and remain adamant in her attitude. In the meantime Pushpa got the ghastly news of Dattu's death which plunged the entire house in grief and lamentation. She carried the dead body in her hands to Jehangir's Court and shook the bell of justice. The Emperor forthwith

appeared in the hall and gave Pushpa a very patient sympathetic hearing. Syed was also there and threw further light on the incident exposing Abusaid thoroughly. The Emperor commanded that justice must have its way and Abusaid truly must suffer death. On Nurjehan's intercession that it was not a voluntary act, he was allowed to arrange an amicable settlement with the aggrieved party.

The Kotwal, as he had determined previously, visited Chandrakala in the evening, and as he intended to start with his ruthless liberties, Syed sprang up a surprise by appearing on the scene, and with the help of Lalta and other inmates of the house, roped him properly and took the culprit straight to the Royal Court, as he was asked by the Emperor to collect material against Abusaid. The Emperor dispensed justice forthwith and ordered that the Kotwal should be exiled. He thus met a deserving fate. This incident brought Chandrakala and Syed still closer into bonds of love, but since Syed was not known to belong to a Rajput family, caste prejudices would not allow Chandrakala to be wedded to him.

Despair and despondency had out them deep and they left the world to wander separately in the jungles. Destiny had however meant otherwise, and Syed's father lifted the veil of secrecy. He announced that Syed was in fact the son of a pure Rajput. This solved the tangled problem and gave eternal happiness to the couple. They however preferred going on pilgrimage from place to place to life in cities, just like true Yogis.

M. V. V.

Some bright young people recently held a midnight cocktail party. Everybody turned up in bottle array!

"A slight rainfall causes wireless programmes to be more clearly heard," says an expert, Nature can be very cruel at times.

Though drunk in the gutter is a pitiful sight, he isn't as dangerous as the one behind a steering wheel.

A Scot who appeared in a police court last week was said to have thrown his money all over the pavement. This sort of Highland fling is extremely rare.

Hollywood News

Do you know that

William Powell was given his first good screen role when he took the place of another player who had been injured?

Herbert Marshall had to learn how to speak Chinese before he began work in his new picture, the Painted Veil, starring Greta Garbo?

Two letters, addressed only to The Thin Man—Hollywood were promptly delivered to William Powell, who starred in the M—G—M picture of the same title?

Cecilia Parker, who plays Greta Garbo's sister in the Painted veil, got her first screen role by lying to a director that she was an expert horse-woman, although she had never been on a horse before in her life.

Lionel Barrymore, who likes to take naps between scenes, wore such a tight uniform in Mata Hari that he was unable to sit down for the duration of the work on the picture?

Wallace Beery made his first trip in an aeroplane for a picture called "One hour in the air" filmed in 1920 and has been flying ever since.

Lewis Stone is an expert navigator, and expects to sail his three-masted schooner, the Serena, around the world within the next three years?

The reason Lionel Barrymore often takes a nap between scenes, is because he often sits up all night working on etchings and original sketches.

Herbert Stothart, the noted composer, under contract to M. G. M. has written the music around Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poem, "Inclusions," it is entitled "Wilt Thou Take My Hand," and is to be the theme song of Norma Shearer's The Barretts of Wimpole Street. This is the third

of the poetess' works to be thus honoured.

Lewis Stone owns a copy of "Johnson's book of Pirates" one of the rarest volumes on the Spanish Main that has ever been printed?

Otto Kruger consistently shoots golf in 70's and is sought by professional players for tips on the game.

Jackie Cooper is an expert boxer, and that he was trained by Mike Cantwell trainer for Max Baer.

Victor Fleming, Metro Goldwyn Mayer director, has hunted rhinoceros in Africa and India, and was once nearly killed when an express rifle failed to stop a rhinoceros' charge?

Often, while at work at Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios, Director WPS. Van Dyke receives an unexpected visit for some person he had met previously in some far corner of the world. This time, during the Thin man production he received a friendly call from William Freeman, wealth English sportsman who travelled to Mombasa with Van Dyke and the Trader Horn company.

Clark Gable made a spectacular entrance into the M. G. M. studio the other day, accompanied by four motorcycle policemen. Bewildered on-lookers thought Gable received a kidnapping threat, or had been arrested for speeding. But, no; the officers had followed the star for autographs?

Soo Young, the Chinese Garbo who plays a featured role in Greta Garbo's new M. G. M. picture, the Painted Veil, is studying medicine at the University of California.

"Flush" Elizabeth Barrett's Do in the Barretts of Wimpole Street, is one of the most famous in the theatre. To date he has had three books written bearing his name on the title, the last being "Flush of Wimpole Street" and

FUNNY MAGNIN

Hollywood.", written by M. G. M. scenario writer who saw the picture in the making.

As a reporter on a Chicago newspaper, Charles Butterworth, who is playing with Jimmy Durante in the Student Tour, used to interview such celebrities as May Robson and Oscar Hammerstein, II. Now they are all united under contract to Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

Clark Gable in Bathing Suit nearly starts Studio Riot.

Men may flock to the beaches to see bathing beauties during the summer season, but the situation occurred "in reverse" when Clark Gable wore a bathing suit for a swimming scene in "Chained" at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios.

One of the young ladies from the Albertina Rasch Ballets spied the powerful Gable physique in the pool built on a studio sound stage. She hurried over to a rehearsal hall and in a few minutes returned with several dozen feminine companions.

Words reached over fifty girls working on a set for Student Tour, and when Gable looked around after completing the scene he discovered a "Gallery" of several hundreds.

"Gosh," yelled Gable, and dived into the pool.

A production assistant removed the interested feminine spectators before the next scene was filmed.

Chevalier Tossed in air for The Scene in "The Merry Widow."

Being tossed in the air, by a group of pretty girls may sound romantic, but not after it's done forty times.

This was the experience of Maurice Chevalier, in a comedy sequence on the set of Maxim's Cafe in Metro Goldwyn Mayer's production of the Merry Widow.

When Chevalier entered the place, twenty beautiful girls crowded around him, recited old romances with him, then enthusiastically tossed into the air.

They had to do it in "Long shots" and "close ups." They had to rehearse

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it to toss him just right for the camera. Then the girls in the French east had to do it.

Chevalier's collar wilted, his "boiled shirt" bulged, and the girls almost dropped him a couple of times.

"But even then," reports the French star, "it was fun."

Chevalier and Jeanette Mac Donald have their first love scenes and dance the famous waltz, in the huge replica of the famous Parisian restaurant in the Irving Thalberg production, which Ernst Lubitsch is directing, Edward Everett Horton Minna Gombell, Una Merkel, Sterling Holloway, Henry Armetta, Ruth Channing, Barbara Leonard, Donald Meek and others are in the cast.

A thirty years' tragedy was uncovered during the filming of the Count of Monte Cristo, when Jules Peronnet, famous artist of a bygone era was discovered in the role of a minor player on the play-roll of Reliance Pictures, producers of this film classic in which Robert Donat and Elissa Landi play leading parts. In 1900 Peronnet was famous for his murals, some of which still adorn the ceiling of the Paris Opera.

Loretta Young, lovely star who appears in "The House of Rothschild" and "Building Drummond Strikes Back" both United Artists releases, has explicit faith in the use of a weekly Egg mask as a facial tonic. If you, too would like to keep young and beautiful, you might try this treatment. She prepares it as follows:—

Cleanse the face with a rich cleansing cream or oil. Separate yolk and white of one egg. Smooth a thick coating of egg white over the face and throat. Lie down, relax and allow to dry thoroughly. Then smooth a second coat of egg white over the first and let it dry. Smooth a final coat of the yolk over this, and when this third coat has dried, remove the mask very gently with a wash cloth dipped in very warm water. Massage a rich nourishing cream well into the skin and let it remain on over night. In the morning apply cold water or your favourite astringent and your skin will be clear, soft, radiant, and ready for make up.

A Peep behind the Garbo Wall of Seclusion.

Here is the trip that nobody takes—that is nobody but the chosen few who have been privileged to work within the aura of her rare personality.

It is a journey to a sound stage, to watch secretly one of Greta Garbo's closely guarded scenes for her new Metro Goldwyn Mayer picture, The Painted Veil.

The scene depicts the interior of Dr. Walter Fane's Hongkong Bungalow. Dr. Fane, in reality, is Herbert Marshall. In the picture, he is Greta Garbo's husband, an un-imaginative medical scientist who was returned to China to battle Cholera, and loses his wife's love through his ardour for his task.

It is a simple, yet artistic Chinese bungalow-bedroom, living room, dining room, entrance hall and inviting veranda. The verandah and the broad windows look out upon a miniature mountain with miniature gilded temples and sparkling with bonfires in celebration of the wedding of the moon and the sun.

None of the rooms are on the same level, each being two or three steps higher or lower than the adjoining room, is meticulously furnished and the walls are hung with delicate Chinese prints and other works of art.

The scene is being rehearsed by Miss Garbo and Marshall behind a barrier of tall black screens. Also within the enclosure are Director Richard Bisselavsky, cameraman, William Daniels and a handful of assistants.

Dr. Fane has just made the unfortunate discovery that his wife has been untrue to him. Garbo has walked into the living room, taking a cigarette from a table to light it. Dr. Fane has followed her, to face her from the opposite side of the tables.

Dr. Fane has picked up his coffee cup. His hand trembles and the cup and saucer jangle. There is an almost insane glint in his eyes, as if he would like to throttle her, but he speaks to Miss Garbo mildly;

"Ever hear of Mei-tan-fu?"

"Should I?"

"It might be well we are going there."

"Where is it?"

"Inland-three hundred miles."

"Have you been ordered there?"
"There is an epidemic—Cholera."

Director Bisselavsky, crouched upon the floor—toying with his pipe—interrupts.

"Miss Garbo try it once more please—without looking up."

"But I don't want to avoid looking him straight in the eye. "Miss Garbo suggests."

A few more rehearsals, and Director Bisselavsky rules that the set up is perfect...

"Ready" he announces. "Go"

The redlight on the stage door is blinking. The uniformed policeman grips the steel door handle to prevent any intrusion. All about the stage, the stage-hands stand mute, almost withholding their breathing while the scene is in progress.

Director Bisselavsky loudly snaps his finger. It means "out" and the end of the scene.

Whispers arise around the stage again.

"Very good...perfect," Bisselavsky announces. "Once more please."

The scene is taken again...none but the voices of Miss Garbo and Marshall are heard on the huge stage...the same silence...the same watchful eyes glued upon the two players in the scene. The Director's finger snaps again.

"Print the last two," Bisselavsky instructs.

Are-lights sputter and die out. Flood lights illuminate the stage. Director Bisselavsky climbs up from the floor where he has been reclining.

Marshall speaks a few words to Miss Garbo. She smiles, tossing her head. He speaks again...perhaps an anecdote, or the brief recital of an incident...she laughs heartily, her voice echoing against the padded walls of the big stage.

A tea kettle sizzles on a little gas range. Garbo's maid, Hassel is brewing a cup of tea for the star. Garbo retires to her dressing room, the maid following with the tea cup.

Julious, Marshall's man Friday, approaches with a glass of tomato juice. Marshall pauses in the centre of the net drain the glass. He strides off the stage for a brief rest between set-ups in his own dressing-room a few feet from the stage dutifully Julious follows him.

And so another dramatic scene with Greta Garbo has been filmed.

M. V. V.

Results of the 'Initial Letters' Competition

The Correct Solutions of the "Initial Letters" Competition are as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. APAY. | 3. CART. | 5. HAND. | 7. DOLT. | 9. FORE. |
| 2. SAME. | 4. AWAY. | 6. FINE. | 8. JUNK. | 10. AIRT. |

The additional Prizes of Rs. 25, has been won by the following competitors.

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. SYED HUSSAIN,
S/o, Abdul Rahiman Sahib,
Secunderabad, Hyderabad. | 75 entries—Rs. 15. |
| 2. A. S. N. AYER,
Pensioner, Kaloor Village
Chandragiri. | 74 entries—Rs. 6. |
| 3. P. VENKATASAMY NAIDU,
Guntur. | 40 entries—Rs. 4. |

The first Prize of Rs. 75 has been won by the following competitors.

1. A. SYED HUSSAIN,
S/o, Abdul Rahiman Sahib,
Secunderabad, Hyderabad.
2. VENKATASAMY NAIDU,
Guntur.
3. R. L. STEVENSON,
Gantz Road, Perambore, Madras.

EACH GETS Rs. 25—0—0.

The Second Prize of Rs. 50 has been won by the following competitors.

1. MISS. LEEBA BAI,
C/o, C Venkatasamy, No. 24 3rd Road,
Seshadripuram, Bangalore City,
2. MRS. T. V. RAMANAMMA,
Member, District Educational Council, Vizagapatam.
3. M. S. NAIR,
D. T. S. T. Office,
M. S. M. Ry, Bezwada.
4. G. V. RAMANIAH,
Gadwari Street,
Berampore, (Ganjyam Dt.)
5. A. JANAKIRAMAN,
6, Athipattan Street,
Mount Road Madras.
6. P. V. SAMBANDAN,
C/o, The Advance Trading Co.
87, Godown Street, Madras.
7. G. V. PANCHAPAGESAN,
Unit Acctt. 3rd Bn. 6th Rajputana Rifles,
Neemuch (C. I.)
- 8 & 12. SYED HUSSAIN,
S/o Abdul Rahiman Sahib,
Secunderabad, (Deccan).
- 13 to 15. P. VENKATASAMY NAIDU,
Guntur.
16. R. L. STEVENSON,
Gantz Road, Perambore, Madras.

EACH GETS Rs. 3—2—0.

Rs. 150 Cash Prizes

In 'Missing letters' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 75.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 50.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES. Rs. 25.

Closing date: 15th November, 1934.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below you are given 9 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row, and complete the words. For example in No. 1. Y—R N are given. Between the letters Y and R a dash is given to show that one letter is missing there. The clue for No. 1 is SPUN THREAD and the answer for that is YARN. So the letter A is missing between Y and R. Putting the letter A in the place of the dash the word YARN is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved.

As you find the solutions write them on the Special Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempt with an entrance fee of one anna in stamps to reach the Funny Magzin Office not later than the closing date 15th November 1934. Additional attempts can be sent on plain piece of paper also. Each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ annas stamps (1½ annas being the price of the coupon and 1 anna the Entrance Fee.) For bigger amounts M. O's. & B. P.O.'s also can be sent.

Words.

Clues.

1. Y—RN
2. CR—DE
3. CRU—
4. T—AMP
5. DE—I—
6. PRIO—
7. —A—L
8. ——RROR
9. — — —LAND

1. Spun thread
2. Raw
3. To Squeeze
4. To tread
5. Scheme
6. Former
7. Prison
8. Fear
9. Name of a country

Rules & Conditions.

1. The First Prize of Rs. 75 will be awarded to the competitor who send in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize of Rs. 50 to the next best in merit. Additional 3 prizes of Rs. 15, 6 & 4 will be awarded to the senders of largest number of entries (whether correct or incorrect.) In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

2. The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry sent in the Funny Magzin coupon. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address clearly filled up. Each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1½ as. the price of the coupon + 1 anna the entrance fee.]

3. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, "Missing letters" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 15th November 1934. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or received after the closing date will be disqualified.

4. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or otherwise. No correspondence can be entered into.

5. Employees of FUNNY Magzin, and other Office publications, are not allowed to compete.

6. The results of the "Missing letter" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 6th December 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN ENTRY COUPON.

"MISSING LETTERS" COMPETITION.

Closing date 15th November 1934.

- | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. | 4. | 7. |
| 2. | 5. | 8. |
| 3. | 6. | 9. |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature

Name Mr.
Miss or Mrs.

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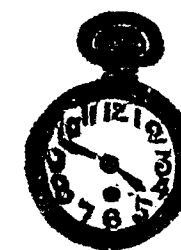
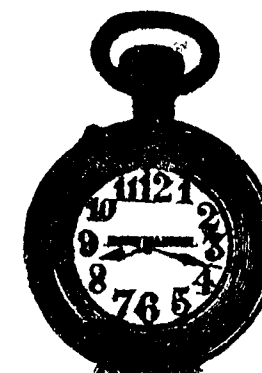
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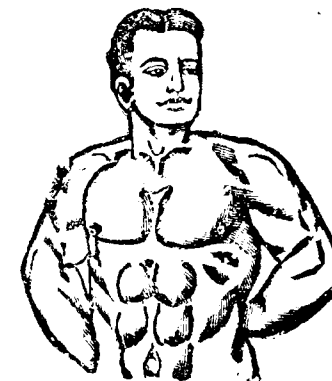


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