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Great Man Shot



20TH DEC., 1934

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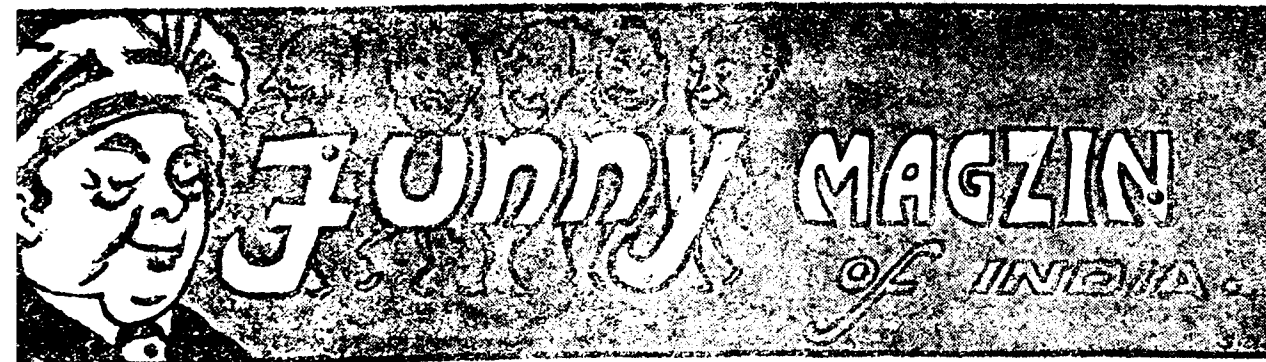
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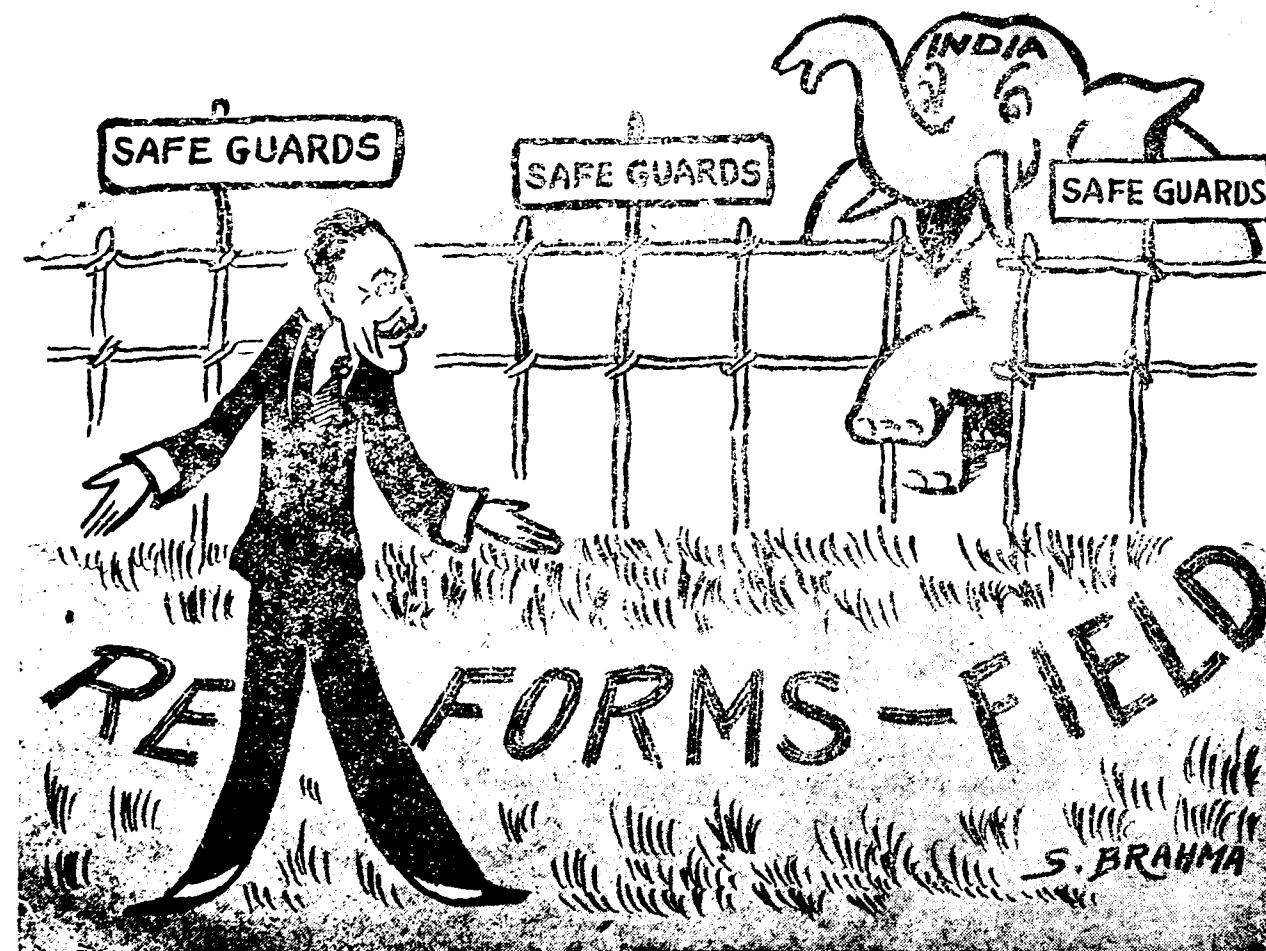
No. 10.

An Unwelcome Welcome to the wise Elephant

Lord Willingdon's welcome impossible to accept

Willingdon well-Intentioned; but "Safe-Guards" impossible

"Your Safe-guards," Says Elephant, "are not safe for me"



India Elephant: "Your Intentions, I have no quarrel with them, your Excellency. Only your "Safe ards" are unsafe and needs that I should be safe from them. Those "Safe Guards," I am afraid I cannot pass ough them. (With Acknowledgements to "Punch.")

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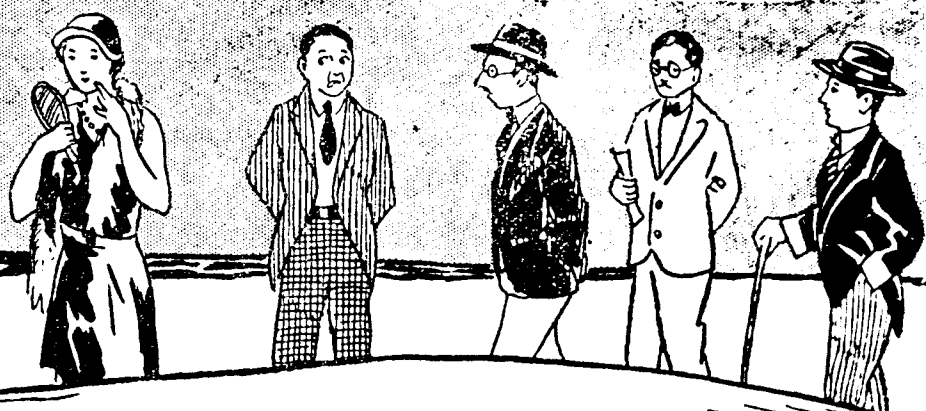
THE PAINTED

"Natural beauty when unadorned
Is then adorned the most."

See the modern painted girls,
With their imitation curls,
And their reddened lips and cheeks,
What a shame.
But then whom are we to blame
For these 'bominable freaks
With no name?
See the way they strut along,
As if both the worlds belong
To no one but the gone-wrong
Painted dame.

See their vanity and pride,
See their life without a guide,
See their clothes, how well they hide
A foolish heart.
That is out to cause a start
By this modern make-up art,
And to hide
God's gift of a coloured skin,
To possess which is a sin,
'Cos with it they may not win
Their husband's pride.

What a lot of men are mad
To encourage such a fad,
Don't they know that which is bad

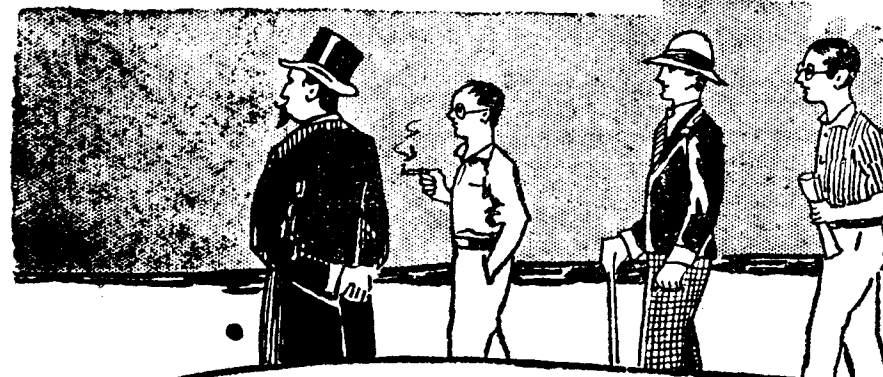


GIRLS BY A. C. PETERS.

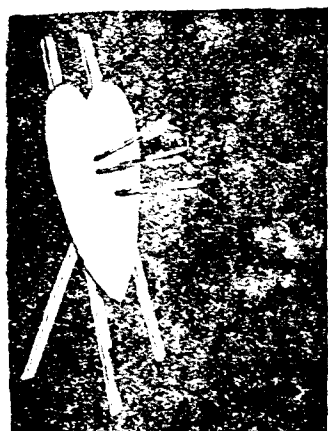
To the core,
No amount of polishing
Will improve or make it shine
Anymore?
But a thing that's pure and fine,
Made by Nature ravishing,
No cream, cold or vanishing,
Needs at all.

I wish men would realise,
Like King Solomon the Wise,
That a genuine di-a-mond
Doesn't shine,
Half as much as one that's been
Never up a shaft or seen
A diamond-mine.
Gold containing some alloy
Shines much to the wearer's joy,
But the gold that's pure and fine
Doesn't shine.

Qualities of modesty,
Wisdom, honour, piety,
Golden traits of honesty
Oft hidden lie,
Behind some simple drapery,
Which you with indifference see
And pass it by.
While all evils of the Hell,
Which one can't recount or tell,
May go with a face that's well
Disguised with paint.



S. BRAHMA



THE FIRST- KISS



"Try, my girl, O try what bliss,
Young men render when they kiss!"

IT is said that a woman's history commences with her first kiss. To a woman the first kiss is just the end of the beginning; to a man it is the beginning of the end.

Never judge a man's love by the ardour of his first kiss, nor by the tenderness of his second, but by the eagerness with which he seeks the third.

According to a Suffolk belief, the first person to kiss the baby "tempers" it, and you must ask leave of the mother.

In Yorkshire, as soon as the bride re-enters her father's house, after the wedding ceremony is concluded, there is a general scrambling on the part of the guests to get the first kiss of the bride, and it is believed that the first person who does so will be extremely lucky.

There is an old Scottish custom according to which the person who presides over the marriage ceremony can claim it as his privilege to give the bride the first kiss immediately after the performance of his official duties; and it was firmly believed

that the happiness of every bride lay involved in this pastoral kiss.

Bauer says: "..... the kiss must be numbered among those tactile sensations between two persons of opposite sexes which express the purely



sexual elements of love. Nevertheless women are not fully conscious of this erotic element in the kiss and perhaps it is just as well for mankind that this is so. Were it otherwise, a woman would always refuse the first kiss, knowing that it would awaken sexual sensibilities. Nay, more! a kiss, even if it be a first kiss given after long hesitation, has come to be regarded as something quite harmless, something which may be taken as a matter of course between lovers."

The first kiss of love! A youth and a girl—a look—a hand clasp—a kiss, soft and sweet

and delicate. Byron calls it a "Sweet memorial, the first kiss of love."

Goethe makes his Stella say: "A thousand years of tears and pains could not counterpoise the happiness of the first glance, the trembling, the stammering, the approach and withdrawal, and the first gently breathing embrace."

The first kiss is equivalent to the sealing of the love union between two human beings. How great a part it plays in a woman's life! The newly-awakened emotion fills her life, and lends a mystical beauty both to earth and sky. How long a time may elapse before a loving woman feels sufficiently drawn to a man to allow this first kiss! Although inwardly she desires this first complete proof of love, she hesitates as long as she can, until at length she surrenders, constrained by the power of her readiness to love.

Tenderness is a pleasant emotion, and the effect is to draw human beings in mutual embrace. In the words of Lord Byron:

"Some portion of Paradise still is
[on earth]
And Eden revives on the first kiss
[of love]."

The moment comes in which the first kiss awakens

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the first consciousness of a purely physical sensation, the first crisis of voluptuous pleasure. This awakening arouses in a girl a more violent revolution in her inner life.

It has been said that the best of all kisses is the first kiss, for it is the most difficult to get, or to give—

"How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning."

De Maupassant writes: "one caress alone gives this deep sensation of two beings welded into one—it is the kiss. No violent delirium of complete possession is worth this trembling approach of the lips, this first moist and fresh contact, and then the long lingering, motionless rapture." Bauer says that when a man snatches a kiss from a woman the kiss is involuntary, and instead of giving a woman pleasure, it gives her great displeasure; and yet it may often be marked as a step forward in the struggle between the two sexes that ranges round the problem of love. "But" he says, "if the first kiss is voluntary and conscious on the part of the woman as well as the man, if it be gladly accepted and returned, that may be regarded as an advance payment of all the great happiness, which woman is to find in love."

When a woman kisses a man for the first time she breaks through the ice of her normal reserve. She does not surrender her lips lightly for the first time, for to her the act is an exposure of her innermost feelings, and many a woman would rather expose their bodies than their feelings, for the latter are even more sacred to her. It is only by means of physical contact that

human beings can convey to one another those feelings that are deeper than words can express. In the first kiss of love a woman uncovers something far more precious than her body, for she bares her very soul. When a woman has surrendered her soul there is little else—so far as she is concerned—that matters.

The kisses that follow the first kiss may come more



easily, they may be given merely for experiencing once more the purely physical pleasure that was realised in the first kiss, they may gradually change from what was mainly a spiritual act into a purely physical one, but every woman realises that her real consciousness of herself, both spiritual and physical, dates from and was born in her first kiss.

LULU WINS THROUGH!

By

P. P. Samuel



"Uncle," said Lulu, passing her warm, velvety palms over my cheeks in her dear little way, "Uncle, what-ever makes you look so sad?"

I glanced at the piece of paper on which I had worked a few sums. Doing sums in Rupees, Annas, Pies, you know, tends to ruffle one's equanimity.

"Christmas," said I frankly.

My niece's little eyes grew round in amazement. She took a step back and looked at me as an offended, but kindly, schoolmistress might regard an incorrigible child.

"Christmas?" she asked incredulously.

"Christmas," I repeated.

"Spell it, uncle," she said. There was something wrong somewhere. Lulu is only five years old, but she is a precocious child.

"Well, that is Christmas," she decided, when I had spelt the word. "But, uncle," she argued, "Christmas is the time of crackers and cakes, and toys and things."

I glanced again at the piece of paper and tried to stifle a sigh. Christmas, I wanted to say, was for children—and women. It was they who got all the fun out of it, while men stood by and did arithmetic. But I didn't like to be a kill-joy, and so I said I was only joking.

"Uncle," Lulu smiled, "I wish somebody will bring you some nice

presents to-night. Mummy told me that there is a very old man, some where, who visits houses on Christmas eve, and leaves presents for the children who brush their teeth and gums every night. What's his name, uncle?"

"Father Christmas?"

"No. I had better run up and ask mummy," she said over her shoulders. And she vanished up the stairs.

"His name," she gasped, returning in half a minute, "is Sunday-class. Didn't I tell you that mummy knows lots and lots and lots? She knows so much." And she held her hands as far apart as she could, just to show how much her mother knew.

"Santa Claus," I laughed. "S-A-N-T-A C-L-A-U-S. Not Sunday class, my dear."

Lulu disappeared again in search of her mother.

"You are right," she said, returning. "You get ten marks. His name is Santa Claus. He has a na-a-is white beard. Why don't you have a beard, uncle?"

I scratched my beard-bed and cast about for a suitable answer. Lulu waited.

"Shall I tell you the story of Santa Claus's beard?" I asked her.

She jumped on to my knee and kissed me on both cheeks, her honest black eyes sparkling with expectation.

"Mum-My!" she called up the stair-case. "Uncle dear is going to tell me the story of Sunday School's beard. Don't you want to hear it?"

"Santa Claus," I corrected. "Get off my knee; you are rather heavy."

"S-A-N-T-A C-L-A-U-S," said, Lulu. "What marks do I get?"

"No marks."

"No kiss-e-s then," she pouted.

"All right. No story."

She gave me a genuine Hollywood kiss.

"Once upon a time," I began, "Once upon a time-or-hasn't your mother told you the story of the beard?"

"No. Please tell me."

"Once upon a time there lived in England a man named Santa Claus."

"Was he a white man like Mr. Black, who had tea with us yesterday?"

"Yes, yes. White like Black."

"Why are they called 'white men' uncle? They aren't like paper."

"Well, I suppose they are called 'white' because they are reddish when they come out of their clubs, bluish when they get of their beds, and greenish when they talk of the Japanese. But let me go ahead with my story."

"Once upon a time..."

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"Naughty boy!" said Lulu. "You have repeated that six times. One, two, three, four, five, six times, if you say it again I shall have to ask you to stand in the corner."

And she laughed like Christmas bells.

"Look here, Lulu," I dodged, "are you quite sure you haven't heard the story already from your grandmother?"

"Quite," she said, very firmly,

"I'll tell it to-morrow, then. It is a pretty long story, and I am afraid I have to do a little Christmas shopping now."

"All right. Then I'll tell you a nice, little story before you go."

"That's a girl," said I.

"Once upon a time," Lulu began, there lived in Madras, a cruel man whose name I will not tell you. He had a pretty little niece of five, who did very well at school and loved him very much and..."

"Won't you tell me her name either?"

"Mummy says it is bad manners to interrupt," she said, ladylike,

"I'm so sorry, madam. Get ahead."

"She gave him kisses and fetched him matches to light his cigars and wound his watch for him, but the cruel, cruel man would push her off his knee and he wouldn't even tell her a story. And one Christmas, instead of giving the little girl a nice, big doll and a rocking horse and a bee-e-g Teddy bear and (look here, uncle) so much chocolates, as a good uncle does, just guess what he gave her!"

"Just guess," I echoed.

"He gave her a rotten picture-book!"

"Did he?" I asked.

"He did. Just think of it!"

"Did the little girl love her uncle after that?"

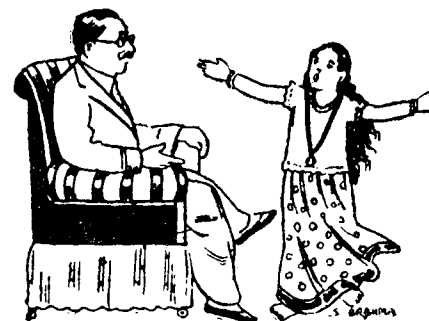
"Mummy says..."

"Never mind what your mummy says. Did the little girl love her uncle after that?"

"N-no. I mean yes."

"What did she do with the rotten picture-book?"

"She kept it in her box, poor girl!"



... So much chocolates ...

"Sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Where is the box now?"

"Upstairs.... No. it is not upstairs. This is only a story."

"All right. Did the little girl tell her uncle that it was a shame and that he ought to have given her a bee-e-g Teddy bear instead?"

"It is time for tea," Lulu evaded. "Mummy will be very angry with me if I am late."

"Never mind. I'll tell her that you were with me. Now, answer my question."

"I have forgotten the question."

"Why didn't your little girl tell her cruel uncle that he ought to have given her a nice, big doll and a rocking...?"

"Bad manners, uncle."

"Then she could have told him a nice little story, Lulu."

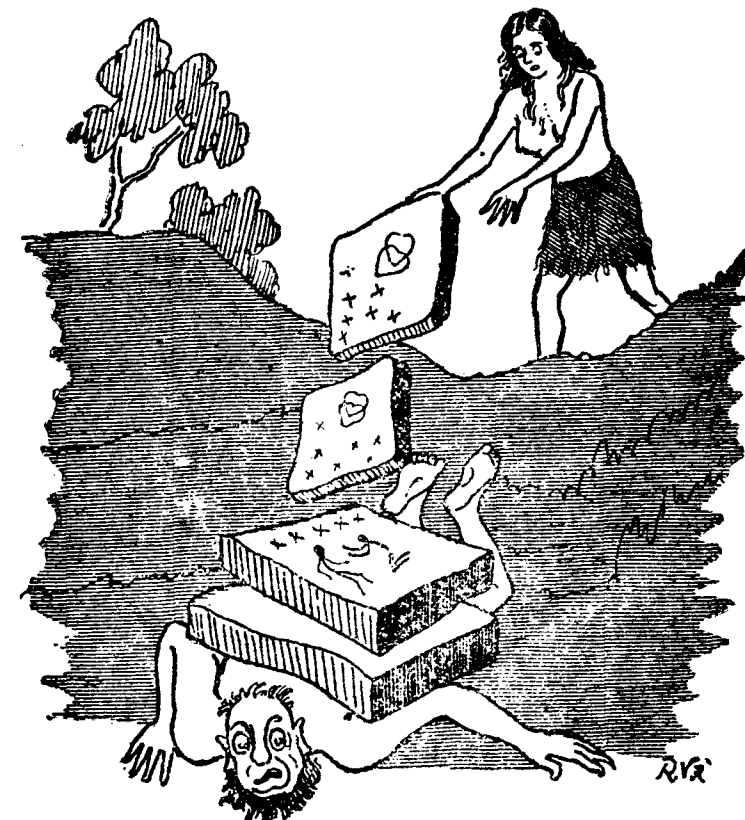
"What story?"

"The story of the cruel, cruel uncle without a name."

No answer. Lulu stood there with downcast eyes, her smooth little brow knit in thought. Presently she brightened up.

"Yes, Mummy, I'm coming," she said, very loud, as if her mother had called her three times. And off she went like a streak.

Lulu has since changed her opinion of her uncle. She is now the proud possessor of a nice, big doll and a rocking horse and a bee-e-g Teddy bear. But the chocolates (so much, uncle) have disappeared miraculously!



Cave-Girl: (to lover, after a quarrel) "There! take your love letters and be off. I do not want to have any thing more to do with you."



"Salam Sahab," wished a fortune teller who had come to Thamman's snuff shop.

Thamman had had enough of these fortune tellers and therefore asked him to walk out.

"Hear me, Master," pleaded the fortune teller.

"No. No. I don't want to hear any of your fibs."

"But—"

"Stop it. I have had hundreds of fortune tellers here before and none of them had spoken a truth."

But as usual with the fortune tellers, he would not clear out.

"Master, take this stone," he said, producing a crystal from his bag. "Keep this in a sacred place and perform puja every day and you will find within 8 days good luck coming to you."

Thamman not knowing how to get rid of the man stood perplexed.

"Have it, Master," the fortune teller went on, temptingly, taking advantage of the other's silence.

"And, Master can pay me after seeing the result."

The snuff seller was thoughtful for a while. He would have a try, he thought and so took the offer.

Now it happened that a few days later a large cargo steamer arrived, for the town M.—though small was a busy port. The harbour was a throng with merchants and coolies, busy receiving and despatching goods. The snuff shop which overlooked the harbour looked desolate. It was making a poor business that day.

Thamman having nothing to do was idling away his time, when his attention was drawn towards a beggar woman lying in a gutter a few yards away. The midday heat must have oppressed her severely as she was rolling on the ground. A sort of froth was coming out of her mouth and her eye balls were drawn up. A large crowd had gathered around her. One was trying to give her a drink and another was sprinkling her face with water; but it appeared to give her hardly any relief. Instead, a decomposed smell was beginning to spread about her. Unable to bear the stench the crowd was fast dispersing.

Woman felt sick; strong men held their breath and street boys giggled holding their noses. The whole crowd became desperate. Suppose it were a contagious disease? The only handy remedy seemed to them was Thamman's snuff and everyone darted for his shop.

Thamman was beaming with delight at the end of the day. He had not had

so great a sale in his life. While he was busy counting the day's profits he saw a shadow approach the shop and was surprised to see that it was the fortune teller with a "what-did-I tell-you" look, written largely on his face.

"Hallo!" said Thamman with pleased surprise, "so glad to see you. I never knew that some of you people before told anything so accurate as you have done and your magic crystal is really a wonder."

And a five rupee note changed hands.

The snuff seller did not see the fortune teller or the sick woman ever afterwards.

But it was reported that the woman was seen, a couple of days later, lying in front of a chemist's shop and that he too had high sales of his smelling salts as prophesied by the same fortune teller.

Putting two and two together people found out at last, that the sick woman was none other than the wife of the fortune teller and that the nasty smell was due to a harmless drug contained in a small bottle which she carried about her person!

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"All my office workers and I, are friends," says a Reader.
Firm friends, eh?

"My daughter has married a barrister," brags another.
So now he has a son-in-law, in law.

"Would you like to know of a sure method of reducing your light bills?" asks an advertisement.

We would much rather prefer a way of reducing the heavy ones first.

"There has been a decline in India's string industry," Statesman.

"Twine manufacturers must be feeling all unstrung!"

"Advertisements printed on the Pavements of roads will have a good pull," opines an expert.

But somebody is sure to put their foot down on it.

"A politician or a public speaker or for that matter even a Padre hates to see members of his audience look at their watches during his speech."

What annoys him even more is when they hold them up to their ears to see if they are going!

"There is only one sure way of attaining old age," warns an Abstinence.
Yes. By keeping on living.

"And the thieves managed to escape through a window not more than 11 inches square."

A narrow escape, to be sure.

"A Parsee money lender was recently divorced by his wife in Calcutta, because he was always flirting with other women."

"Surely she is unreasonable, for it is a moneylender's job to make advances!"

"Going about with the hands struck in the trousers pockets is a sign of weak intellect," writes an Anglo-Indian.

Or it might mean an absence of a belt or weak braces.

"I would rather be hanged than pay income tax," writes a contributor.
Well ain't that capital punishment either way?

"Why don't you print something that grips?" asks a reader.

O K. We'll ask our artist to draw a picture of a vice on the cover page next time.

"I am like a woman in labour. I do not know what is coming," said Ghandiji when asked about his future Plans.

Something alive and kicking to be sure.

"Train stopped by human thought."

"Hunsonoscope" an invention of Major Raymond Phillips enables a man to start a train, and do other things by merely thinking about it," says a paper.

The Puthur disaster, we are sure, was a thought, thought otherwise, we presume.

Compulsory Insurance is the latest Italian Drive against Tuberculosis. It is too hard on the hand of the proverbial sincere well-wishes of the Insurance agents.

"Scientists of Britain and Russia agree to Co-operate" says a heading.
Against each other?

A lawyer was invited on the pretext of consultation. On his arrival he was severely assaulted, reports a paper.
Indeed a roaring practise.

"No foreign cigarettes in Abdhul Gaffar Nagar, not even one" complains a correspondent.

What about the foreign tongue.

Dr. S. A. Dey, Chief Engineer of the Calcutta corporation, speaking on the introduction of tube trains in Calcutta concluded "I hope our tube will be built by the men who built London tubes."

In a similar way may we know if the fair strap hangers also will be from London and in similar style?

"For stealing a bangle a woman has been sentenced to six years. She had already six convictions to her credit," Says a paper.

Perfectly balanced, and can now be certified by a chartered accountant.

A-A-A-ATISHOO!

SOME time ago, on a sweltering day, I woke to find myself, not famous, but with a bad headache. Swallowing a couple of Cataspirins I opened the newspaper and was browsing amongst its contents when the postman called and handed me an envelope with the formidable letters O. H. M. S. on it. Having recently appeared before the Services Commission board, as an applicant for an Excise-Inspectors post, I thought perhaps that I had been one of the chosen few. So hastily I tore it open

Take it from me milads, the next time your rheumatism, income-tax demands, wife's nagging, and banking accounts get beyond your control, don't sit down and mope. Be up and doing pick up your hat, close down your flat, get out and get under the sun.

Now there are some pessimistic people who can't bear heat, or for that matter cold. They are always grouching and grumbling and finding fault and picking holes. As for me I



Praying to Allah for some breeze.

only to find that it was a final demand Income-tax notice. 21½ minutes later I received by the next mail, a letter from my bank, stating that I had overdrawn to the extent of Rs. 14 as 7, and what I intended doing about it.

So I took an old walking stick, an old oap and an old motor bus to the beach to see what if anything was doing. Nobody else seemed very excited about the heat and so practically I was all alone, except of course for a few sea-gulls. Thus with the entire landscape and the beach at my command, and with good old 'Sci' dropping down on the world gallons and gallons of pure unadulterated sunshine regardless of expense, I felt very happy.



Head-Master: "Who was the father of Tippu Sultan?"

Gopal: "Mr. Sultan, sir!"

always take things cheerfully. For only the other day Venkat was telling me about a place he had learnt at school during the Geography period. Arabia I think it was. In fact, he said, it was a very queer place full of sand and heat, sprinkled here and also there with oasis. And people went about on caramels and didn't drink anything for weeks. No. Not even beer, and while you are about it, here is nearly six inches of very black deathless verse thrown in,

absolutely free of charge, for your benefit:—

*When it is very very hot,
Consider the poor Arabs;
Who live on the boiling sand
At least so I understand.*

*Some times he sits under trees
Praying to Allah for some breeze
He never gets any orange juice
Or for that matter even ice!*

(By the way I admit it ain't easy to pronounce juice to rhyme with ice, but do your best won't you? Thanks. Now well proceed)

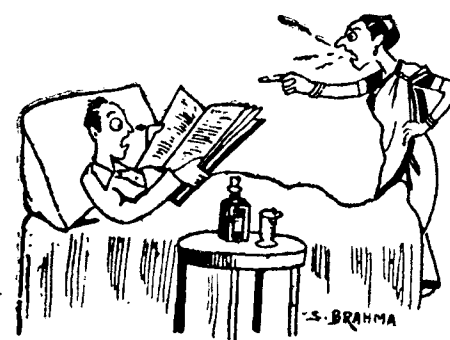
*So when 'tis full of scorching sun
And the rain fall's simply none,
For weeks and weeks and weeks and weeks,
Think of the poor Arab Sheiks!*

Thus having with this superb poetry completely knocked out Byrn, shattered keats and eclipsed Tennyson, let me continue.

The Corporation I hear is getting all hot and bothered about the City's water supply, which owing to Mr. Sun's unquenchable thirst, is running pretty dry so much so, that the fishes intend taking flying lessons to migrate to the sea. I don't think that Mr. Sol is the only person to blame. Nowadays so many persons have taken to bathing as a serious business that I'm sure they are also responsible. Now this is a pretty kettle of fish! If there is a water

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wife insisted on my not reading anything ...

famine in Madras it will be a dire catastrophe indeed. To save the city from this dreadful calamity there's only one thing to be done. We must all wash ourselves only where it would show. Face, hands, legs, necks etc. See what I mean? And all owing to this heat mainly.

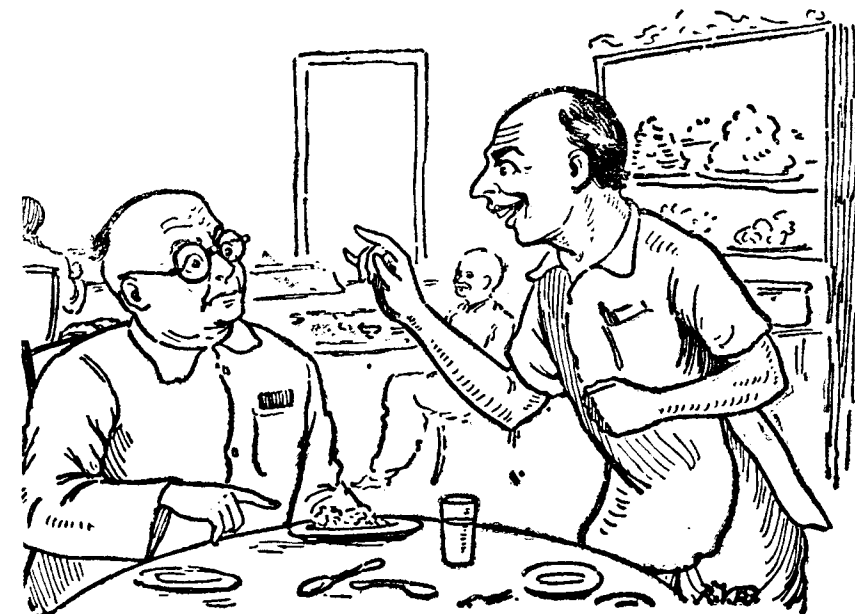
Now what is heat? Heat is according to Mr. Venkat, just cold warmed up. And he ought to know considering he got 21% in physics, in the IV form. But personally I don't care for physics. After all why the dickens should one know physics for? Thousands and thousands of quite nice people have struggled through life paid their income tax and brought up large families without knowing any atom of physics. The only thing I know about heat is that it turns milk sour. And a-a-a atishoo. That reminds me. Heat also gives you cold in the head, which is really very strange. A-a-a-Atishoo. Yes, there's no doubt about it. I had caught it. All by myself with no one to help me at all.

Anyway I am rather proud of it. I had come to escape worries and had caught a cold. So I hastened home again, atishooing all the way, to the intense annoyance of all the passengers in the Motor-Bus. At home wife insisted on my going to bed, and for the rest of the day, I might well have been the Emperor of Ballyhoo. Ma-in-law was bringing me hot milk, servants ran hither and also thither suggesting cinnamon. Cloves etc. It was really so nice that I decided not to leave the cold for a couple of days more. The next day found me less enthusiastic because my wife insisted on my not reading anything and Ma-in-law mixing some thingmejig in

the milk that made it taste like varnish!

*And so only for a day or two
I had the blinkin' Atishoo,
Now no more of silly food
Because its gonna do me good
Henceforth and that means now
I'll eat anything and how
Because as just now I said
All my bally cold has fled!*

[Note:—We sincerely hope that reading this trash doesn't give you a cold. As for me it has given me a pain in the neck. ED.]



Diner: "Waiter, what's this? Here is a fly in this Halwa!"

Resourceful Waiter: "Oh, No Sir. It is not a fly, Its a Vitamin Bee!"

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"TO LET"

—(o)—

BY

(R. Meenakshisundram, B. A. Hons.)



GO along any street in any part of the city, you will find almost every second or third house displaying this announcement. But have you ever stopped to consider what lies or lurks behind this laconic invitation?

My landlord had given me notice and I was on the look out for suitable accommodation. I had exhausted almost all the houses in George Town—none of them were convenient. Triplicane was too crowded and Mylapore too far off. Nungambakam or Mambalam were absolutely out of the question. I thought of Egmore but here my luck was against me. I visited a number of houses bearing the 'To let' sign, but most of them did not satisfy my requirements. There were one or two that were suitable, but they had been engaged just that very morning. I had almost given up the job, when a rickshawalla who had apparently been watching my movements, accosted me and offered, "If ayyah will get into my ricksha, I will

show a nice, cheap house. Just the very thing for Sami." I wondered how the fellow had gauged my requirements with such perfect accuracy. I was too weary to walk any further, and I got into the ricksha.

I was not quite familiar with the locality and, from the manner in which I looked at the street names and made a few indiscreet enquiries the fellow must have guessed that I was more or less a stranger. He took me round quite a number of streets and though once or twice I suspected we were traversing the same area I was not quite sure. Finally we entered a lane, and stopped in front of a decent looking house. There was of course the usual, 'To let' board. The rickshawalla offered to wait outside.

I stepped in, and found myself in a big 'koodam'. There was a *confal* in the centre, a small table in a corner, a few rattan chairs and a bench. I waited for a few minutes but no one turned up. There was a room behind

the 'koodam' to the left of the passage leading to the interior. I peeped in cautiously, it appeared to be a combined store and dressing room, but there was no one inside.

I called out "Sir, Sir!" There was no answer.

I tried again, "Amma! Amma!"

An old woman made her appearance and greeted me, "you are welcome. Swami." "Please sit down" she invited, "my daughter is busy inside, she will be here presently."

My business was with the owner of the house and not the daughter but I said politely, "oh please don't disturb her for my sake. May I have a look at the portion 'to let'?"—I proceeded straight to the purpose of my visit.

"Of course, Sir, but you see," she apologised, "I am an old woman and I am no good at fixing up terms and all that. I'll wait for a minute. Swami. Please sit down on this *confal*. Here is 'pan-upari'." She went into the store room and brought a beautiful little silver box.

I then always thought that landlords were a set of merciless money-grabbers, but here was one and that a woman, the very model of politeness and courtesy.

"Please try this tobacco, sir, it is pure Sivapuri."

"Thank you, madam, but I am not in the habit of smoking tobacco though I occasionally smoke. I sit down on the *confal*."

"Shall I send a servant to get a pack of cigarettes?"

"Please don't trouble yourself."

"Where are you living, sir?" She began afresh. "I am living in Royapuram, but my landlord has given me notice and I am in search of another house." I explained.

"But how did you know that this house is to let?"

"I was just looking over a number of houses and a rickshawalla brought me here."

There was a rustle of silk, a faint odour permeated the atmosphere. I could hear a musical jingle; the daughter appeared on the scene. She paused for a minute at the door, a faint smile played around her lips and she advanced with measured steps and

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slow, her right eye fixed at her toes and her left taking in every detail of my appearance. I was literally taken aback. What struck me most at the moment was the utter incongruity of such a lovely maiden being hidden in that dirty little lane. Not more than seventeen, fair and fragrant, she stood behind her mother, with her eyes downcast, the very picture of modesty and grace.

"Kamala, this gentleman wants to look at our house," her mother reminded her of the object of my visit.

"Will you please come this way, sir," Kamala extended a dainty little hand.

I was thrilled.

"The electric fans upstairs are out of order and it is so sultry. You might remove your coat sir," she suggested so sweetly "and feel more at home."

If she had asked me to stand on my head, I would have willingly obeyed.

"I will take care of the coat, sir, while my daughter shows you round," the mother volunteered.

"Thank you, madam." I removed my coat, and we went upstairs.

It was an elegantly furnished hall. My fair companion opened one of the adjoining rooms—it looked like a bedroom, and beckoned me to enter.

I paused. I gathered my wandering wits about me.

"Madam," I said, "I seem to be giving you a lot of trouble. Is that one of the rooms I am to occupy?"

She smiled, but I refused to see her pearly teeth, dyed just a little shade of crimson with the pan-juice.

"If you like, the whole house is at your disposal from this very minute."

That roused my suspicions. I looked at her steadily for a minute. My suspicions were confirmed.

"Madam," I answered firmly "I came here to engage a house and not a mistress. Ten years ago, when I was sowing my wild oats in and around the city, I would have been quite game for this kind of an adventure. I would have embraced you and literally smothered you with kisses. But I regret it is too late. I am now a respectable man with a wife and two children, and cannot therefore afford the luxury of a harem!"

I retraced my steps down the stairs, two at a time. The old woman was just finishing a leisurely examination of my coat pockets.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, you old hag. I always keep my purse and other valuables in my shirt pocket."

I wrenched the coat from her trembling hands, came out of the house and got into the waiting ricksha.

"Ayyah returned so soon? Sami not satisfied with the girl?" the fellow began.

"Shut up," I silenced him. "Take me to the nearest bus stand and be quick."

We reached the bus-stand in five minutes and I paid the fellow a rupee.

"What, sami?" he began his usual story.

"If you talk one word more, you rascal, I will hand you over to the police as an accomplice."

The fellow disappeared almost immediately.

Think twice before entering a house "To let"

KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
"FUNNY" Magzin.
IT MAY BRING YOU A MONEY PRIZE.



"Business is Business"

DINKLE, the senior partner, of the firm of Boogoo, Boogoo, and Boogoo, Tooth Brush Manufacturers, was decidedly not in a fit mood to be approached. The whole office was trembling, whispering, and waiting in apprehension of a storm that might break forth at any moment.

Johnny, the office-boy usually addressed by Mr. Dinkle as 'bally ass' casually as 'kid,' Bimbo the accountant, usually addressed as 'binking owl', casually as 'Bim', Susey the typist, usually addressed as 'duck', and sometimes as 'Sue', were all speculating and guessing. What was wrong with the boss? He never slammed doors, why did he do it to-day, he never said 'oh hang it', when you wished him, why did he say it to-day?

"It looks like soap, big boy," said Johnny, the office-boy.

"Now don't you 'big-boy' me anymore," said Bimbo.

"What looks like soap?" asked Susey, alias 'duck'. Girls are always keenly interested in soaps.

"It seems the boss has slipped on the cake of soap in his bath," explained Johnny, alias 'ass.'

"No, it looks like the wife," said Bimbo.

"No, it cannot be the wife," argued Susey. "I did not



notice any new bumps or scratches on his face, to-day. Those two cuts under the ear have been there since a week."

"I'll tell you what," said Samy, the despatcher, usually addressed as 'long-legged-camel', and who like his prototype, seldom opened his mouth.

"What?" asked all the others, in one eager voice.

"It's the Contract" enlightened Samy.

"Contract ???" asked Susey, who at the moment was thinking of Dinkle's promise to marry her, after divorcing his present wife.

"Yes, contract, for the bristles. You see the factory has been working short hours, on account of an acute shortage of bristles, for brush manufacture."

"Oh, I see," said Susey, disappointed.

And then the roof fell.

"B-I-M-B-O." yelled out Dinkle

"Yes, sir," answered Bimbo, trembling all over.

"Will you phone up Buzzard, the manager of the plazzo Hotel, and ask him what will be a convenient time to see him to-day? I want to discuss a matter of great importance with him, tell him he must see me before four p.m. to-day positively."

"Right, sir."

So a meeting was arranged in the sanctuary of the Manager's room, at the Plazzo Hotel, on the 42nd block, of the 42nd Avenue.

"I am in great trouble, Buzzard," confided Dinkle.

"Why, what's wrong this time, the wife staying out late again?"

"No it's business trouble, this time."

"Heavy loss?"

"No, the bristles."

"Ah-yes, I notice it now, your moustache is turning grey."

"Don't be a fool, I mean the bristles for manufacturing Brushes. You see, Jingo the head of the firm of Morgans controls the whole production, sale and distribution of bristles. All the curers, Producers and manufacturers, are in his hands, like so many puppets."

"Ah, now that you mention Jingo, I think I have seen him."

"Quite possible, you have."

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"Isn't he a short fellow, rather tallish?"

"That him."

"A bit dark, and ah-fair with blue eyes?"

"That's him."

"Oh, then he often comes here to dine, a sort of a gruff fellow, rude and hasty, and with a hell of a temper,"

but he didnot accept it, and so the contract fell through."

"Just for two dollors?"

"Just for two dollors. He refused to reduce, and I refused to sign the contract, and now he is bent upon his one thousand dollors, knowing well that I have some important orders on hand to execute. He says 'One thousand, or

At eight in the evening Jingo came to the Plazzo Hotel in his best Dinner-suit. The usual waiter who used to serve him was nowhere to be seen, but a neatly attired Chinese waiter was in attendance, instead. One of the newly-introduced fads, thought Jingo as he surveyed the Chinaman.

"Great man wantee supper or dinner?" the Chinaman asked.

"Dinna, you fool," roared Jingo.

"Light soupee or thick soupee the great-one wantee?"

"Light, idiot," roared Jingo, once more.

The waiter quivered all over, as if the fear of the great white man had possessed him. The Hotel band was playing, and Jingo was hungry, and in a hurry too. The sooner he was served, the greater would be the tip, awaiting the waiter.

But the Chinaman was a clumsy fellow, as Chinamen generally are and the shouting of the big-man had got on his nerves. When he brought the soup he hesitated, acute assailed his mind, which was the correct side from which the soup should be put before the diner: the right side or the left side? Jingo once more shouted, "down, you fool, down, don't you see I am in a hurry." But the Chinese waiter was too much overcome with fear and awe, and down came the soup and the soup-plate, only separately this time, all on Jingo, spoiling his coat, shirt-front, and his trousers.

Revolution, rioting and chaos broke out, Jingo roared like a wounded elephant, and the Chinaman started wringing his hands as if the Doomsday had arrived.

Buzzard, the manager, immediately arrived on the spot, and vehemently apologised for the lapse of the Chinese waiter, who, he explained, was a new import, and was temporarily engaged as a substitute, and that he would be suitably dealt with, and deported from Uncle Sam's Government, into the land of chop-sue and chow-chow.

"Will you walk this way, messieur," requested Buzzard. "the management will make full amends for this ah-unforeseen ah-accident."

"Accident be damned, look at my new Dinna-suit, spoiled beyond-beyond beyond—"



... Down came the soup and the soup plate ...

"That's him to a coffee, I mean T., and I am just concerned about his coming here."

"Want me to get him shot?"

"No-no-no."

"Poisoned?"

"Ah-No."

"Taken for a ride?"

"Wrong again. You see he is a very obstinate fellow. Some days back I approached him for bristles, and he having the sole monopoly, quoted me one thousand dollors per hundred weight of bristles, naturally the price was too high, and so I refused."

"Why, what was your offer?"

"I offered nine hundred and ninety-eight dollors per cwt.,

nothing'. See his obstinacy, and all for two dollors."

"Too bad, too bad, Dinkle."

"Now, I want you to do me a favour, to-night, Buzzard."

"Anything, Dinkle, from bumping Jingo off, to setting fire to the whole blooming forty-second Block."

So they whispered in low tones, as business men and men of affairs alone can do, and they silently smoked their pipes, and talked again, and were again silent, and looked at each other with look of understanding as men in America alone can do, and everything was settled, and they decided to go half and half like real-red-hot he-men of the West and there was peace and good will between them.

"The outer cloth?"

"Hang the outer cloth, it is spoiled beyond the linings."

"Very sorry, monsieur, just walk along this way, you can wait in my bedroom, till the Hotel laundry re-conditions your suit in a few minutes."

"So Jingo was escorted into Buz-zarda ted-room, where he took off his coat, his shirt, and also his pants also. They all required to be washed, and ironed. The hotel had caused the damage and the Hotel must compensate him for the inconvenience caused. A waiter came and took away the three pieces of soap-soiled clothes, to the Hotel laundry, followed by the manager, and Jingo waited patiently. Even a hot tempered man bends to the inevitable, occasionally and gives in to that which is beyond his control, and endures that which cannot be cured."

"Good-evening Jingo," a familiar voice suddenly said. Jingo jumped up as if somebody had thrown a live snake at him. He turned round and saw the 'Chinese' waiter standing there, minus his disguise.

"YOU DINKLE, HERE, what-ever are you doing in this room?"

"What does a man do in his own room? I am in my room, the manager made a mistake and ushered you in my room, instead of his which is next door to mine."

"Then I must leave, Dinkle?"

"As Adam you cannot, and especially before you sign this CONTRACT."

"SIGN THE CONTRACT???"

"Yes, sign it right here, and right now, either that or walk down to the lift, descend to the ground floor and motor-down home, all minus your pants, and then imagine the headline in the papers to-morrow—"BRISTLES MAGNATE DOTTY— or BRISTLE KING QUITE DRUNK, WARRANT ISSUED FOR ARREST—WIFE PREPARED TO SEEK DIVORCE— see that. Fifteen-hundred weights of first quality bristles at seven hundred and fifty-eight dollars, ninety-nine cents per hundred weight, immediate delivery. Come on now, here's my pen."

"But you can't make me sign this contract, my clothes will be coming

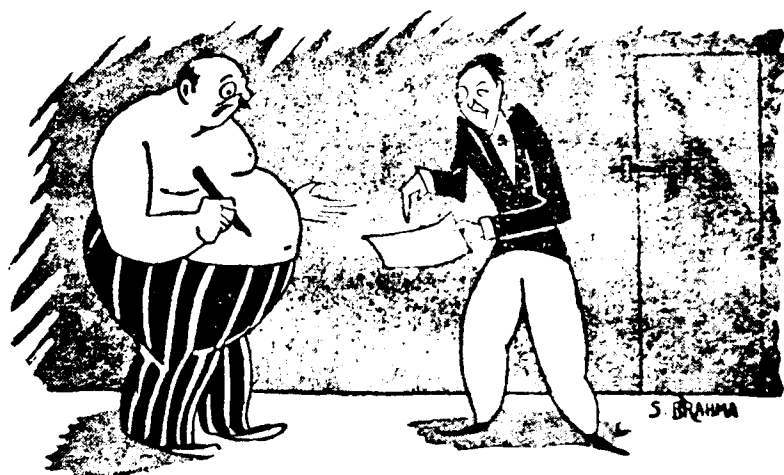
up, just now, and if you insist I shall ring for the manager."

"Unless you sign this contract the manager or your clothes will not put in an appearance."

"Oh-ah-I see, it's a rump, a bluff, a-a-a."

"So you have cornered me, you filthy, dirty, dishonest, low-down trickster, you-you-you-wait till I get my pants...."

"Not until the great-man signs the contract."



"Yes, sign it right here ..."

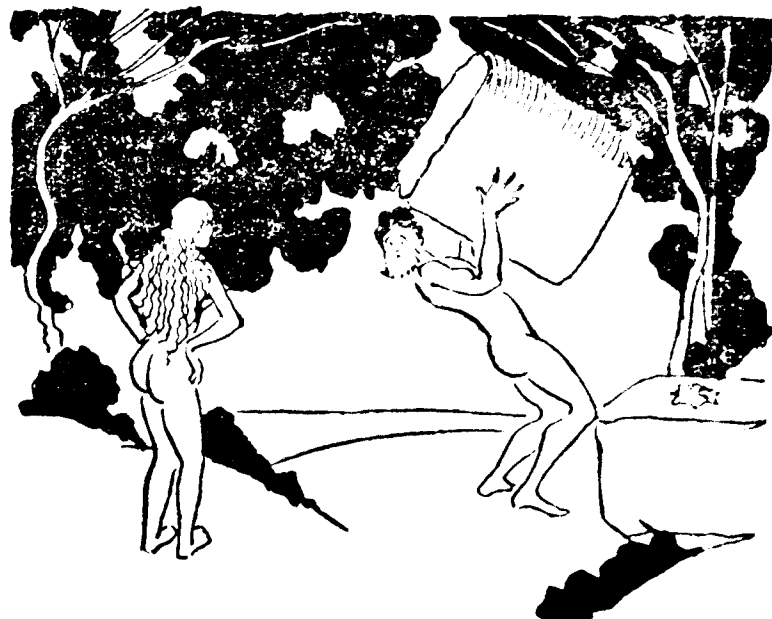
"Call it whatever you like, but sign this Contract. I shall later on, arrange for a witness to your signature."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then there is the inevitable, my dear, the total disappearance of your ah-pants."

"Allright, bring it here, there is no alternative but that I must sign it."

"It is obvious-my dear Jingo."



Eve of Eden—"What are you doing?"

Adam of Eden—"I have a date to-night, so I'm pressing my trousers."

Christmas Luck

"TWO turkeys, four ducks, eight chickens, six pounds of plum cake one plum pudding, one ham, one bottle of whisky, two of wine and four boxes of Xmas crackers will be given to the winner of the first prize" announced the handbill about a Xmas lottery. Mr. Tobias Parangodan after reading it, sighed soulfully.

"Ha" he said to himself "If only I could win the first prize what a splendid Xmas we shall have."

He looked round and sniffed as if to find out if he has in his possession a four anna bit to buy a ticket. Mr Parangodan was a character. If I say that he was a skimping old miser it is very much below the truth.



miserliness which he justified by calling it thrift.

When he got the Xmas lottery handbill he was worrying himself over the inevitable expenses during the coming festive season. What with the demand for new clothes and toys for children, extra expenses for the festivities, & the usual burdens of the

usual Xmas allowance of Rs. 100/- What about it?"

"H'm" replied Mr. P with an air of self-satisfaction "We are going to have a jolly Xmas this year. Two turkeys, four ducks, chickens, cake, whisky, wine and what not"

Mrs. P's eyes lit up with hope tinged with unbelievable wonder.

"What did I hear? You say, you will buy all these?"

"No. Look at this" rejoined the hubby showing the handbill.

"Pooh! What if the first prize is a huge hamper. You are not going to win it"

"Why not?"

"Because you are banking too much on a very doubtful possibility. Burnish your brains, Tobias Parangodan, you are getting dotty. You might as well enter driver Kuppen's jutka back for the Governor's Cup at Guindy and hope to win it. I shall not take this silly excuse. Now pay up" harangued piqued Mrs. Tabitha Parangodan.

She knew the ropes of her husband's tight-fisted methods. She realised that assuring oneself of the first prize just because a ticket is taken was like hoping to own a car because one happens to possess a spark plug. She charged her vocal chords for a ten-round salvo.

Well aware of the symptoms that preceded a wordy warfare, Parangodan recoiled from the impending attack. To effect a compromise, he cleared his throat.

"Look, here, Tabitha dear, be a sport. I shall now give you fifty rupees to buy clothes and things. The drawing is on the 24th and if we don't draw the prize you shall have the remaining amount for provisions etc. Let us test our luck" cajoled Tobias with a hopeful grin.

"Bunk" said the wife as she reluctantly took the money "Do as you like; but don't rouse the Xmas dinner is late"



She displayed ticket No. 748.

His miserliness was such, that his methods would have turned the typical Scotchman from Aberdeen turn green with envy. If by accident he squeezed out too much tooth-paste from the capsule, he would spend hours trying to push back the extra stuff back into the tube; if one of his children fell ill with influenza he would wait for the other kids to get the infection before he called the doctor, to out the medical bill; he had even tried to water his stock of kerosene oil in the hope of making it go farther than usual. He could have given King Midas a sizable handloap and yet beaten him. Such was the depth of Tobias Parangodan's

pater-familias during the Yule-tide. Parangodan was feeling himself at the end of his tether and quite distracted too. Hopes, rosy hopes, dawned upon him when he saw the lottery announcement. He had a hunch that he would draw the first prize and hugged himself complacently with this comforting idea. At this juncture, Mrs. Parangodan concentrated her nagging attention on her husband.

"Hey, my dear man" she began "What about it? Don't you know there is hardly a week for Christmas and you have not as yet given me the

"And Tabitha darling" continued the husband much relieved "send someone and buy a ticket for the raffle."

Parangodan looked forward to the day of drawing of the lottery. He had so much mesmerised himself with the hunch that he would win the first prize that every night he dreamt of turkeys and ducks and cakes and puddings. During his waking hours, he involuntarily began to repeat the raffle slogan.

"Two turkeys, four ducks, eight chickens, six pounds of plum cake, one plum pudding, one ham, one bottle of whisky, two of wine and four boxes of Christmas crackers."

The young Parangodans, Master Eric Parangodan, and Misses Martha and Agatha, with the easy optimism common to children were even more hopeful than their daddy and took up the refrain.

"Two turkeys" Parangodan began.

"Four ducks" Eric continued.

"Eight chickens and six pounds of cake" added Martha.

"One plum pudding and one ham" lisped Agatha.

"One bottle of whisky, two of wine and four boxes of Christmas crackers" ended Parangodan.

"And a late Christmas dinner" Corrected Mrs. Parangodan.

This continued to be the much repeated vocal refrain in the hopeful atmosphere of Parangodan household. They lived incessantly on the brink of a sumptuous Yule-tide, whetting their appetites for the hearty repasts which loomed hopefully in the offing.

On the morning of the 24th the atmosphere was really Christmassy. It was cold. There was a definite nip in the air. The shops were full of toys and the sound of trumpets and mouth-organs supplied yule-tide music. Santa Claus was being invited by the little ones. Parangodan's hopes multiplied as the hour of lottery drew near. At the appointed time he was present at the place of drawing. His hopes flickered and faded. His ticket no 747 drew a blank. But to his chagrin, he found that the ticket next to his, No. 748 had drawn the first prize. This added to his misery and he spent a petulant hour at the marina with sickening disappointment surging through

him. The Christmas hamper which he hoped to get had vanished, departed, become lost.

When he staggered back home, his heart heavy with the anguish of disappointed longings, he found his wife beaming on him with a superior air. He expected a dressing down from her.

Have you drawn the prize?" she questioned mirthfully.

No "replied the husband morosely" And do you know, the number next to mine has drawn the prize. Hard luck." "Hard luck indeed" repeated his wife as she suddenly disappeared into the house.

The children now filed into the room and stood round their disappointed daddy.

"Two Turkeys" began Eric.

"Shut up" said the Pa.

"Four ducks, eight chickens, Six pound of plum Cake" Continued Martha.

"Keep quiet" snapped daddy.

"One plum pudding, one ham" lisped little Agatha.

"Get away" exploded the distracted Papa.

"One of ham, one bottle of whisky, two of wine and four boxes of Christmas crackers are won by this ticket" gushed mummy with a smile as she displayed ticket No. 748.

Parangodan's heart jumped with joy.

"So you have done it?" gasped he.

"Yes, dear, I had bought four tickets but gave you only one as I feared that you'd scold me for my extra vagance."

"Two Turkeys, four ducks, eight chickens, six pounds of plum Cake" Shouted Eric.

"One plum pudding, one ham" almost screamed Mrs. Parangodan.

"One bottle of whisky, two of wine" bawled out Parangodan.

"Four boxes of Christmas Crackers" piped martha in high tremolo.

"And a merry Christmas" piped little Agatha dancing.

"A merry Xmas for all" chimed the rest as they capered round a Christmas tree.

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

December Lucky Number Scheme

**CASH
PRIZE
RS. 100**

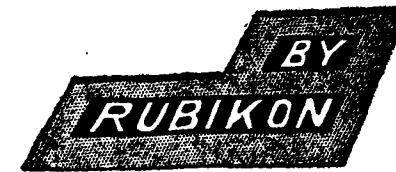
Rs. 25 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the two 1st Lucky numbers.

Rs. 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

Rs. 5 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the four 3rd Lucky numbers.

The list of Lucky numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magzin dated 5-1-35.

The Sight - Cure



"The worst kind of waste, if you ask me," said the Old Pensioner, "is when a bonnie lassie kisses another bonnie lassie." You might agree or not with the Old Pensioner, but I leave it to you and your conscience and to your lips to judge the point.

In fact, that would be the feeling of anyone if he only saw Miss. Soma and Miss Maya of the Medical College. Fine bright girls—smart too at their work in the wards or the laboratory—the medical twins, as the medico boys called them—never seen apart. Looked as if they both must pass together or fail—perhaps the Profs too understood the joke—because one year Soma and Maya failed in the same subject and passed through in the next year together and were finished articles fit to be sent out into the world on their mission of help and healing.

Curious beings are our Governors, you know. They can create whole crowds of people such as no Census Report can do.

Let His Excellency but visit a place you find some hundreds of children come out who want to be taught and trained. Or, there suddenly springs up a bumper crop of people ailing from all manner of diseases. Or, you have a crowd of women about to become mothers.

So, for the school children, the well-known banker, Mr. Natana Chettyar builds a school which His Excellency opens; the children are educated and the generous donor will come out as Rao Bahadur Natana Chettyar from that visit of H. E. So also does a fine up-to-date Hospital spring up for the ailing humanity through the generosity of Gopala Udayar, which H. E. opens for their relief and Dewan Bahadur Gopala Udayar and his friends are happy. And for the mothers that are to be, the Zemindar of Chavalabad fits up a Maternity Home which Her Excellency graciously opens; and His Excellency divides the labour of opening the Home by bestowing a C. I. E. on the Zemindar.

It was in the newly opened Maternity Home of Chavalabad that Miss

Maya was taken in as the Doctor in charge on account of her high testimonials and excellent qualifications. In fact, the claims of Miss Maya and Miss Soma were so well balanced that the choice fell upon Miss Maya by a mere chance as it were.

The two friends separated—but they were not parted. Not a week passed without Maya and Soma hearing from each other. It was a common joke in the wards of Chavalabad Maternity Home that if Doctor Maya did not find a photo of Doctor Soma in any of the rooms in which she worked or in any of the rooms of her quarters, she would not be able to recognise either the Home or her quarters.

It was one Monday in June: the Sun was blazing—and Chavalabad summer was far from genial—the thermometer stood at 110 degrees in the shade—the oldest inhabitant who is invoked on such occasions, laid it down that never during his eighty-eight years of life all which he had spent at Chavalabad had he experienced such heartless heat!

Doctor Maya looked agitated; something seriously disturbed her usual cheerful temperament—Doctor Maya ran about restless—the first Asst. looked bothered—the matron was at a loss—the Ayah who personally attended to Dr. Maya could not make out what was wrong with the Doctor—to all the anxious and confidential queries, the Ayah could only say that she could not make out anything of what upset Dr. Maya though everybody in the station thought that the Ayah knew anything that there was to know about Dr. Maya who had by now come to be looked upon as a rare model of what a lady Doctor ought to be.

Dr. Maya was seen to send servant after servant to the post office for



Fine bright girls—smart too. ...

letters and it was conjectured that Doctor was anxious about some friend: the fact was that Maya ceased suddenly getting any letters from Soma; She had sent urgent telegrams without response; she had sent letters to friends for news of Soma without any success.

To add to Maya's unhappiness, it was now that a new factor entered into Chavalabad. That was Dr. Sasi Ram. He was rather young and chubby faced; and one of the first things he did as soon as came down to Chavalabad was to call on Dr. Maya—a visit which did not please the new comer. For the one and the only one draw back of Dr. Maya was she positively hated male society. She was even known to be rude to any gentleman that attempted anything like friendship with her. So that when Dr. Sasi Ram met with a cold reception at the hands of Dr. Maya, and he came out of the interview with a scowl, the Ayah, the valet de chambre, pitied the visitor as Dr. Maya's feelings were only too well known.

Dr. Sasi Ram settled down in Chavalabad, his name was fast growing as a doctor who had the lucky touch; the carts and carriages outside Dr. Sasi Ram's were fast growing in numbers. In spite of Dr. Maya's decided unwillingness to promote or encourage anything like friendship with Dr. Sasi Ram, his consulting room was so well equipped that there were times when Dr. Maya had to send for a loan of things to Dr. Sasi Ram's in the interests of her patients whatever might be her own repugnance to placing herself under the obligation of the new comer.

Every day Dr. Maya came to learn about some new achievement or other of the intruder—for that was the light in which Dr. Sasi Ram appeared to Maya—not that the learned lady at all cared for the large share of practice that had been taken away from herself, but Dr. Maya had come to think that the well-being of the men, women and children of Chavalabad was her business—her mission in life—the fee affair being no concern of hers. For, instance there were by the hundred where Maya gave freely of her advice, medicine and money.

But the worst blow was when Dr. Maya found that even cases of maternity were slowly slipping away from her hands along with cases of ordinary ailments, though, people were at the same time grumbling that the private practitioner was not so attentive to his patients as he once was as his rooms were full to overflowing.

Poor Dr. Maya!

The Ayah, her personal attendant, knew that the thinning in the attendance of the Maternity Home was getting upon the nerves of the lady Doctor. But facts had to be faced: the public was generally sheepish in its movements—where one led, the others rushed, often madly too.

Till at last, one day while Dr. Maya was just coming out of a rather bad case of delivery, she fainted, was caught by the attendants, taken home and put to bed where she lay with a high fever in which she was raving and was heard to utter "Soma, Soma," and the attendants were at there wits' end.

The first Assistant called a council of consultation in the Maternity Home over the condition of the lady Doctor. They concluded that the only way out—it was their duty no matter what

Dr. Maya's private feelings were—they could not help it—they decided to call in Dr. Sasi Ram. An awful decision, no doubt, but taken at the dictate of pure love and anxiety for Maya's very life.

The call went to Dr. Sasi Ram. He phoned back to ask whether Dr. Maya would be prepared to be treated by him. No, came the reply, the Doctor is unable to judge for herself.

"Is that so bad as that?" asked Dr. Sasi Ram.

"How dare you? Who asked you to come? What have you got to do with me? Is it not enough that you have robbed me of my poor patients and their money, have you come to me for...."

"Maya, Maya, what is all this?" asked Dr. Sasi Ram who, as he spoke pulled out the monstache she had stuck on her lips and rapt herself round with the saree with which she used to attend the college.



"Soma, dear girl, that is you, then! All these days!"

"Yes, Doctor, I am sorry to say that," was the answer.

"I will be there presently," assured Dr. Sasi Ram.

It was evening, Dr. Sasi Ram, called at Maya's: she was no better, he was told.

"Than let me see her," and Dr. Sasi Ram entered the chamber where the lady Doctor lay. But as he stepped in, he begged of the attendants not to come in as the least noise would be injurious to the patient.

Quietly Dr. Sasi Ram entered the chamber: as he did so the patient opened her eyes and saw the "intruder" as she called him, coming in.

For a moment Maya lost consciousness—but she regained her senses—and realized.

"Soma, dear girl—that is you then! All these days!"

"Yes, all these days! Yes all these days I was by your side. Not a day without seeing you. Now, why not? I see what is troubling you?"

"It is all night, Soma! Whatever troubled me is now with me. How I felt your absence, good girl. Why were you silent so long? Why this change?"

"It is all a joke, Maya. And I did not want to inconvenience you. But henceforth, we shall work together," and Maya was cured—the sight of her friend being the healing balm.



Nemesis of Lust

BY

T. V. NAGARAJ

Naresh looked around him in bewilderment. The day was lovely, the trees were green and smiling, the birds were chirping merrily in ecstatic enjoyment of life and everything around him looked happy and bright. Naresh sighed. It was a sigh of relief mingled with sadness. So, this was the world, so bright and happy from which he had been torn mercilessly and shut up within the towering grey and grim walls of the prison, in the dark dingy vault where spiders and rats and vermin had their haunts, where not even the raucous caw of a crow ever penetrated. He shuddered at the thought of having lived within those grim walls for five long dreary years. He was at last free and never would he care to enter those walls again as long as he lived. He would steer a straight course and avoid falling into the pit as best as he could; nay, he would make it a determination—a determination to which he would devote all his life, at least that part of it which was left. Action succeeded determination.

He bent his steps to the Ex-Convict's Help Association. Upon enquiries he found that there was a post vacant in the Transval. It was only a clerkship in a 'limited' bank but he accepted it. The pay was only 150 shillings but it did not matter. The place suited him admirably. He could get away from the country which resented his shame and his people who repulsed and loathed him.

Self-denial, perseverance, and steady work gained him the good-will of his superiors. His progress was slow but steady. He economised and his bank balance grew steadily. He had to his credit a decent sum of money at the end of the year.

One day Naresh was riding in the bus on his way to the Bank. The bus was overcrowded and suffocating. At the turn of the road a young lady of decent appearance got in. She was beautiful, well-dressed, and if one could judge from outward appearances, well educated. She struggled through the mass of clinging humanity but could not find a seat. At last abandoning the hopeless attempt she came to a standstill before Naresh and resigned herself to her fate. Naresh, who had been watching her every movement since she got into the bus as if fascinated, stood up and raising his hat said: "Allow me" and pointed to the seat which he had vacated.

With a "thanks awfully" she fell into the seat and became engrossed with her own thoughts. Naresh stood looking at her.

"Any more fares please," the conductor shouted in a booming voice and approached the young lady.

"Where to, lady?" he asked adjusting the ticket in the punch.

The young lady looked up: "Oh! yes" she stammered coming out of her reverie and sought her purse but there was no purse. In the crush she had dropped it and it had vanished—as all purses do when dropped in a crowded place. She looked all about her in vain.

Naresh saw her distress. "Allow me" he said and held out a shilling. Again with a 'thanks awfully' she paid her fare and settled down in her seat. Naresh continued looking at her admiringly until the sharp jerk which brought the bus to a stop roused him from his reverie. He collected himself with some embarrassment and began to alight from the bus but what was his surprise when he beheld the young lady also following him out.

He got down and helped her out. "Which way are you bound?" he asked. "Over there, near that bank," she answered carelessly.

Near the bank there was only one building and that was the Boss's quarters. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"Are you by any chance related to the gentleman who resides in that house?" he asked.

"Yes, I am his daughter; why do you ask?" she queried.

"Oh! I see, I did not know you were my boss's daughter" he answered, his castles in the air coming down with a terrific crash.

They walked towards the bank as they talked and Naresh, when he reached his destination bade her a doleful good-bye.

"By the way"—Naresh turned round abruptly.

"By the way, won't you come and see me some time. You have been so very good to me. I will tell dad about you and ask him to invite you to our house. Please do come," she begged.

"With the greatest pleasure" he answered fervently, hardly believing his good luck.

"Goodbye, and thank you very much" she flashed a smile at him and was gone.

"Not at all" and Naresh turned round to his office with a cheerful countenance.

* * *

Six months had elapsed since Naresh got acquainted with Sushi—his Boss's daughter.

They were sitting near the open window of the Restaurant overlooking the park. Evidently both were happy. Naresh leaned across the table and whispered "Are you happy, Sushi darling?"

"Perfectly" she answered, her eyes sparkling with joy.

Naresh looked at her tenderly and taking her hand in his own squeezed it lovingly. Sushi sighed happily.

Poor fools! both were oblivious to the pair of steely black eyes that were looking as if transfixed on Naresh. The eyes belonged to Gora or to give him his full name Gouramohan.

Gora was a jail-bird. He was residing at the above said mansion when he met Naresh. He had a fluent tongue and had a shrewd knowledge of human nature. It was his boast that he knew the weak side of human nature and in part he fulfilled his boast. He was not bad to look at and his looks had helped him to throw dust into his jailer's eyes by the aid of the jailer's own daughter. Poor wench, she never dreamt that she was helping the handsome jail-bird who swore that he had fallen a slave to her charms nor did Gora dream that the far-reaching arm of Justice would drag him back with stern grips to the same hideous place or something more hideous from which he had so ingeniously contrived to escape by humouring the vanity of a country wench. His eyes glued on Naresh his mind worked quickly. Now, where had he seen that face before? Oh! yes, it was in the grim mansion where he had resided so long. Well, here was a chance for him.

Naresh got up with Sushi, and after paying their bill went out and got into the bus. At the bank terminus they alighted and parted company. Naresh stood watching her disappearing into the house with a longing look in his eyes. When she reached the doorstep she turned round and waved her hand in farewell. He waved back vigorously and even after she had disappeared into the house he stood waving his hand. He felt a touch on his shoulder and turned round. Gora was calmness itself. He raised his hat politely and said that he wanted to talk to him. Naresh wondering who this might be allowed the stranger to lead him to a nearby coffee-house. When they were seated at a table out of earshot of the others Naresh asked "Who are you?"

"I am coming to that presently;" Gora replied sipping his coffee complacently. "In the first place, I know you but you may not know me; you and I were in a way mates-in fact we were mates of the same school, a school where there is lot of discipline but no play, where there are lot of students but are surrounded by a high wall" Naresh felt puzzled and a gleam of suspicion shot through him.

"I don't understand what you mean" Naresh replied.

"I am sorry, I will tell you frankly then; you and I were in the same prison" he stressed the last words as he uttered them.

Naresh turned ashen white. "I am sure you must be mistaken sir" he protested. "No, I am not," answered Gora.

Naresh was convinced that there was no use bandying words.

"What do you want with me now" he asked in a oneless voice.

"Nothing much, but I am in sore need of money now; I want some money" Gora replied calmly.

"I haven't any money" Naresh protested vehemently.

"Oh! yes you have. You look well off. I want £100 within to-morrow morning. I shall call on you after breakfast and I shall expect the money to be in readiness." Gora said as calm as ever.

"No, I won't give it" Naresh answered doggedly.

"Then you put me to the painful necessity of disclosing this affair to your charming sweet-heart." He uttered the words slyly watching their effect on Naresh's countenance. He smiled triumphantly when a look of consternation overspread his (Naresh's) face. Naresh was struck with dismay. He could part with £100 which he had earned with hard labour but not Sushi, whom he worshipped. No, not even if he had to loose the whole world for her. He would sacrifice anything but his darling Shushi. No, a thousand times no.

"Call at my rooms to-morrow morning." Naresh's tones were even.

With pleasure; Now, good-bye" Gora said cheerily and walked out. On the door step he turned "That is very sensible of you". Naresh hardly paid any attention to him.

A moment ago Naresh felt so happy with his Sushi but now he felt sick-both physically and at heart. He dragged his weary steps to his rooms and sank into his chair holding his throbbing head between his hands. He pondered the matter. Was he doing? right in hiding his past from his Sushi? Was he doing right in paying the jailbird Gora to keep silent? No, it was not right on his part to deceive Sushi who loved him and trusted him. He would act like a gentleman. He would confess to her the whole thing at the earliest possible opportunity. What would she do or say when she heard the whole story of his shame from his lips? Would she despise him? Of course she would, Oh God! it was torturing.

He crawled into his bed without eating anything and after tossing in bed restlessly for a long time sleep overcame him at last.

Next morning Sushi walked into Naresh's rooms to invite him for a walk with her in the woods but when she saw his haggard face she stood aghast. "What is the matter darling?" she asked anxiously. "You look sick".

"Nothing" he sat gloomily for some time looking at the hard floor and then he set his teeth grimly and raised his head until his eyes met hers. "Sushi, I have something to confess. I know I ought to have told you this earlier but my love for you kept me dumb."

Sushi was really puzzled. She understood that something serious had happened and allowed him to proceed.

"This must be a shock to you Sushi, but I can't help it. Would to god that I could. Sushi you see me as I am. Would you believe me if I told you that I have been to prison?"

"No".

"But I have and that is the truth."

It was like a thunderbolt to Sushi. Naresh expected to see her horrified but nothing of the sort happened. For a moment her eyes grew large with wonder but the next moment they melted with compassion for him. She was silent for a moment and then she laid her cool hand on his head and lifted it up.

"That is alright darling-what does the past matter as long as you keep straight in the future. Let us bury the past and begin the future afresh. Nothing matters as long as we love each other. Come now, cheer up." she put her arms about him and kissed him.

Naresh looked up at her overjoyed, hardly believing his ears.

"Darling, you are an angel" he muttered thankfully and took her in his arms. At this moment the door opened and Gora walked in with a ready smile.

"Good morning" and noting the presence of the lady bowed to her ceremoniously. Sushi raised her questioning eyes to Naresh. Naresh came straight to the point.

"Sushi, this man was with me in the prison when I was there. He knows my past and threatens to expose me unless I pay him £100."

"But he has no money" Sushi turned angrily to Gora.

"Oh yes! he has" was his cool rejoinder.

"Then he shan't give it. Go and do your worst" she defied him.

"Alright, I will" he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop" cried Naresh "it is no use Sushi" and he went to the table. Gora sat down with a sneer.

Naresh made out a cheque for £100 without a word and handed it to Gora. "Thanks" he turned at the door-step and said "I won't wish you good-bye as we are bound to meet each other soon." and he walked out.

"What did he mean by that?" Naresh turned to Sushi.

"He means that he is coming for more" she replied.

Naresh sank into the chair with a groan.

Next morning Naresh was seated with Sushi in his rooms.

"No Sushi" he was arguing "we must part; I cannot go on paying him for ever. One day or other my past is sure to come out. Then it means our utter ruin. No Sushi for our own good we have to part. I will go away somewhere and face my misfortunes alone."

"Then I will also come with you" she pleaded.

"No, no" he protested vehemently "I won't allow you to share my disgrace. I will go alone."

They were interrupted by a tap at the door and Sushi opened it. A uniformed policeman walked in. "Are you Mr. Naresh?" he asked.

"Yes, I am" Naresh answered.

"Last night there was a motor accident. A man was run over. He was fully drunk and round the corner he crashed into the car. He died in the local Hospital and we found this cheque on his body bearing your name on it. Here it is." He handed over the cheque to Naresh and walked out with a good-morning.

Naresh could hardly believe his eyes. It was the cheque he had given to Gora. Sushi had seen it too. Their eyes met. Their one supreme terror was over and all their troubles were at an end.

They could not believe their good fortune. It was too good to be true. But there was solid proof that it was really true. They sank into each others arms and raised their eyes to Heaven in mute thankfulness.



Ladies' Page



THE MODERN GIRL



BY MRS. DIANA CROFT. (CANADA)

MOTHER says, it is silly to attempt to copy a film star's style of hair dressing and mode of dressing.

The modern daughter maintains that it is better, than copying the girl's next door.

Mother wants her to buy thick saris because they wear longer. But

the modern daughter says that she would rather buy a softer and thinner sari because it would become her more, than go in for a sari which would last longer.

Mother says that nice girls don't use powder.

But the modern daughter knows some very nice girls who do!

The stubborn male says.
"Is the constant use of face-powder necessary?"

But the woman knows that powder is an asset, and that what her husband really fears is that his relatives might criticise her adversely, and that other men might possibly find her the more attractive.

But still some husbands see red when they see their wives putting on power and donning armless jackets.

Remember, powder and style are power. Nice women who use powder and wear armless jackets etc. are still nice women. The pleasure they get from looking at themselves in the glass does them infinite good. They feel they look better, and therefore they actually do look better, and they are better in health and spirits, and when a woman feels her best, she is her best and the whole house benefits.

After all, a woman gives her husband her life, her time, everything, including herself: she puts her heart in his hands, but not her face!

That would be too abject: too out of date.

To-day the modern woman who has much to give must hold her head high. She has won independence, and chiefly independence of thought.

There is always a never ceasing conflict between old and new. Old fashioned ideas and new fangled ones. But everywhere it is the new that wins. Old fashioned mothers have to yield. Thus there is always difference of opinion between the old fashioned mother and the modern daughter.

Mother insists on long sleeved jackets, thick saris and no powder.

The daughter finds no harm in doing the opposite.

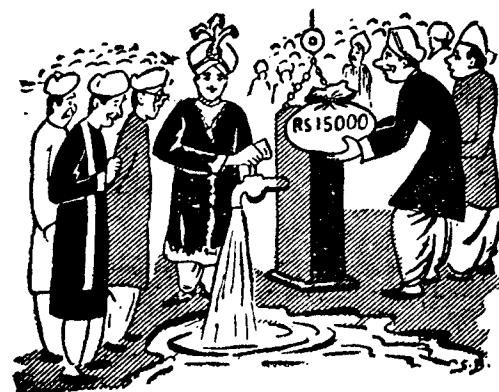
I think myself that both are right from their own point of view. The points on which these two people differ, are not as one might think, quite superficial, they are a matter of temperament. There will be always shy little girls, vain little girls, bold little girls and girls who are fundamentally conservative. This being so, I think that when we find a girl doing anything deliberately contrary to the expressed wishes of the mother whom she genuinely loves, we must take into account her temperament.

Courage is, in fact the secret of settling such a conflict. The daughter must act in the courage of her convictions and the mother should have the courage to place implicit faith in her daughter's convictions.

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News and Views.

Mysore Prince begins well.



Prince Jaya Chamarajendra has begun well. He opens the water-works of Seringapatam and thus makes his first appearance among those he is to rule. If only he walks in the footsteps of his Ruling Uncle, he will not fail to justify the highborn class to which he belongs.

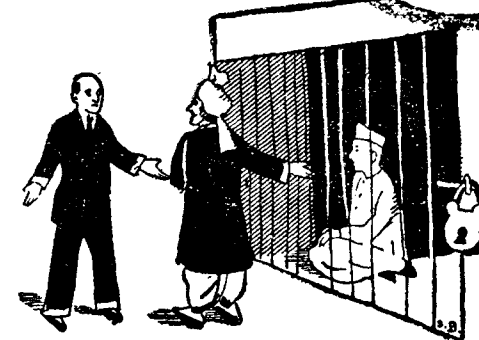
Bravo, "Justice" Fearless "Justice".

Well done, Bobbili the Babar (Lion)



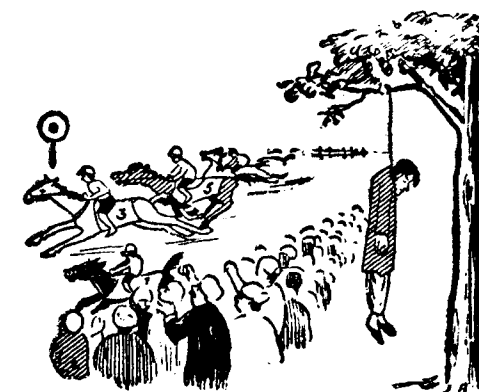
To-day, "Justice," the rally of the Non-Brahmins of South India, has begun to set its house in order with tact, grace and decency though without prejudice to stern discipline. Raja of Bobbili has played the part of Bobbili the Babar: he has boldly put out the Chief Whip of his party because as he thinks and says in the interests of the Party: he says he did it without fear or favour. We wonder whether any other as Leader of the Party would have acted so bold! Yet, let us see!

A Call for Peace.



All India turns to India's Secretary of State for a gesture of Peace and Goodwill. True, Sir Samuel is not to be classed with fire-eaters. He has studied India and India's mind. Yet, why not at a time like this, when mutual trust is so needed, let out the Pandit, son of that great Pandit? How near to India's heart such a graceful act will take England!

What "Sport" might mean?



"Sport" has been and is of the spirit of the brave and the manly. Racing is of the manly sport—the spirit of sport does call forth the heroic in the nation. But then, if sport cannot be redeemed from gambling and if gambling cannot but lead to grim tragedy, why not eschew such Sport? Which brave M.L.C. or M.L.A. will dare stand up against this—and even endure ridicule if needbe?

THE Charm of a Snake Charmer



BY

"A H A."

UNKNOWN to the world about her, untied to the affection and love of any man and unconscious of the charm she had, Beeby, a girl of sweet sixteen was leading a contented life with an old snake charmer. The old man who was much older in his profession than in his age, on a cloudy day in the evening, opened his usual show in one of the corners of a street with only a few people around him.

Dressed in Palmperch Suit, on my return from office, I would have paid very little attention to these old fellows of snake charmers who are so noisy that they become a nuisance to the educated public. However, old as he was yet his own music combined with Beeby's dance had its own charm. And so enchanting it was that I neglecting all the decency I had attached to the spit, ventured to have a glimpse at this innocent girl,

dancing with the snakes, hopping with a mongoose.

Beauty, thrown open to the wide eyes of thousands, beauty undergoing the horrible and savage treatment with the threatening commands of a skinny charmer and beauty serving to the whim of the enjoying audience shocked me as a detester of barbarity and as a true lover of things that are beautiful.

In a minute her beauty was so much overpowering that I would have put an end to these merciless torturings and interposed with indignation. But in the crowded midst of illiterates, I had to maintain my calm till the end, though, I disliked even witnessing what this heinous fellow was doing with this innocent girl. I approached the old man having with my eyes on the girl who now showed altogether a different expression. She looked upon me as though I was a guardian angel, have-

ing come to relieve her from that monstrous charmer. I asked the old man to let her be in my protection. But I knew that he would hardly do this as she was almost feeding him—who would, but for her, in these days of cinemas, dramas, musical amusements and dances, care for these snake charmers and the same old charming tricks?

As a matter of fact, I would not have cared for this but for her. I knew what would melt the heart of the crabbed old fellow. I offered the old man a hundred rupee note which was a good part of my salary I had just received that very day. More than beauty, money charmed his old savage breast. Now I found Beeby free in bright smiles of joy, bursting into smiles of joy. Taking the earliest opportunity, I brought Beeby home, leaving the old charmer to his snakes and his tricks.

I had saved a girl, I knew.

I was fully conscious of the good turn I did, and I congratulated myself for accomplishing what I thought was my duty.

You need not be afraid of the embarrassing situation in which I would be placed in the presence of my friends. I took her home, gave her a hot bath, dressed her in the best and latest saris and made a queen of beauty of her.

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she looked a queen. A maid uncouth and dress rough in her manners a few minutes ago, now resembles one of those girls who are just dainty bits of loveliness.

The night she was transformed into a beautiful lassie. I felt a strange feeling, though I did not understand what it was myself. She too, I could see was astounded at my unselfish hospitality. She fixed her eyes on me for a minute and said:

"Maharaj! I do not know how to be grateful to please you kindly teach me. You have changed me. You have made white what was black. Gentlemen like you are rare. I really think——"

I stopped her from further expression when I found tears for all the hardships she had endured, flowing down her cheeks. I said "Sweet girl, You are my girl from to day. Happy you are to love me! Are'n't you? Or, do

you think that I am troubling you for selfish ends. You are grown up for love———You know not what love is. I will teach you that you shall learn it sooner to be happier than you ever were with poisonous snakes. My desire is to give you freedom and relieve you from your chains"

Like one accustomed to it from birth she sat on the sofa feeling the softness of the cushion with either hands.

"Lie down, Sweet Damsel———stocked with serpents——stabbed with sheathless daggers shivering with the cold———basking in the hot beam of the sun———AH! I haven't they been thy horrors to love in thy prime of youth and thy time of romance. Make yourself free in my arms——and——"

She sat there the picture of pure innocence.

I exclaimed, "What! Innocence, should you hold in thy clutches a maid

of such sweet age as thy prey." I found she was absolutely innocent of love, kisses and romance. But she knelt down on my legs and pressed my hand against her plumpy cheeks and said:—

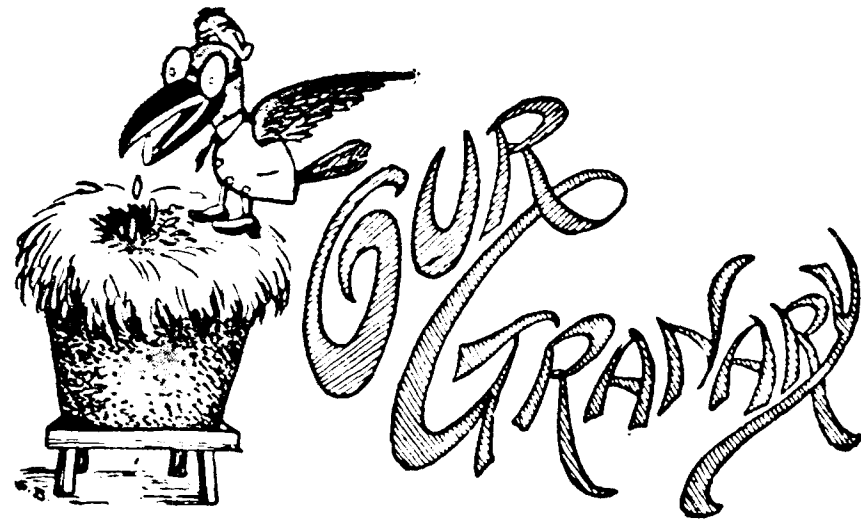
"Master! teach me what is that thing called love. Men say——love it is nice——"

When I heard this, I was so much moved by her talk that I madly looked her in my arms pressing her to my bosom, kissed her so long a time that I would have been hailed as the champion for the breaking the kissing record held by Hollywood.

The charming dancer responded to my passion as though she was with me for a long time on equal footing.

Full many a beauty is born to fade unseen. Happy the fellow that can find it!





A day in the life of a Practical Joker.

Rises at six in order to have plenty of time to fill all the shoes with water, and exchange the contents of the salt pot and sugar bowl. Stops on way to business to send telegram to a friend advising him of his father's death. Arrives early at office, removes ribbons from type-writers. Spends morning rushing up to various employees and shouting: "Your mother's dead." Distributes cigars loaded with crackers during lunch hour and laughs heartily as each cigar explodes. Returns home and spansks the kids for tying knots in his ties.

An Amazing trick.

Perhaps you might know this one. I am sure you do but in case—
Well here goes: It's one of the most amazing and most baffling tricks. And we do it perfectly. The disappearing girl trick looks like the work of an amateur in comparison. We take the thing between the third and fourth fingers. Hold it up. Let every one see it. Invite any one to see it carefully. Then..... presto! It's gone. Vanished! Absolutely and completely. Not up your sleeve. Just gone.

It's a weird act. And yet every one of us has done it for years! It's so darn mystifying we have given up trying to figure it out. Can't even recall when we learned the trick. But then other people also seem to have the same trouble. Have

you guessed what that is? No, Well it's your salary!

Love or Money?

Now here is a true story, though you wouldn't believe it. In Tanjore there was a girl whose father left her Rs. 10,000. She was very pretty and Rajan loved her, and she loved him in return. It seemed as if nothing could come between them. But the usual question arose, Could he be happy with a wife who had so much money? It worried him. She begged him to forget the money. But he was poor and he knew that he could never be happy with Rs. 20,000. There was a sad parting scene and though it broke his heart he knew he was doing the correct thing.

Two months later he married Kamala who had Rs. 1,00,000.

The Lazy Lover.

There isn't any reason why I shouldn't marry you, Your hair is really lovely and your eyes, though small will do. But a marriage proposition is an act I'd rather shirk. For I haven't got the nerve to ask a girl like you to work.

Your teeth are white and even, and they seem to be your own. But I'm the kind of chap that stammers when he asks a loan.

BY "WAYFARER."

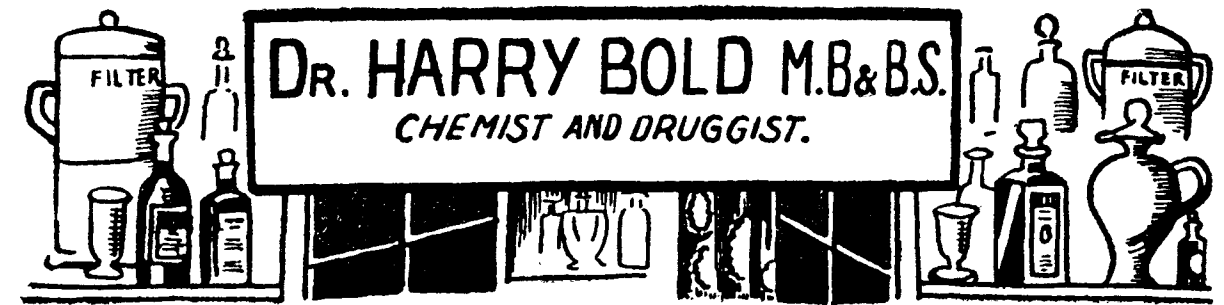
And one of us would have to work for both of us are poor. And from what I know of one of us it's up to you I'm sure!

Through the ages.

When a girl is sixteen, she's good looking.
When she's twenty-five she has wrinkles.
When she's thirty, she has gray hair.
When she's thirty-five, she dyes her hair and starts all over again.

Contents of the average students 40 page History note book.

- 7 Drawings, of girls' heads.
- 11 Drawings of Girls' legs.
- 1 Preliminary draft, letter to Girl-friend.
- 1 Imaginative drawing of the principal.
- 1 Preliminary draft, letter to Pa for money.
- 9 Addresses of Girls.
- 10 Pages, History Notes!



BY Miss. M. G. RADHAMMA

Harry Bold passed his M. B. & B.S. in his 25th year. For a year afterwards he served as house surgeon. Then he was thrown out. He tried his utmost to land a job, but he tried in vain. At the end of six months he was still without a job.

There now remained only one course open to him. He had to set up as a private practitioner. But Harry Bold was not a rich man. He came of poor parents. In fact, he could never have completed his course but for the help of certain organisations of charity.

Harry Bold held a family council. In the end it was decided that he should raise a loan. For this he pledged the few jewels and silver articles belonging to his mother.

He rented a small room and stocked it with an array of bottles to impress his patients. He polished his injection box—it was a second-hand one—and displayed it in a prominent place. At one end of the table he placed a tin box bearing in bold letters the word 'CASH.'

On a certain very auspicious day and an auspicious hour the shop was formally opened. But that was all. Passers peered into the dingy shop to satisfy their curiosity, but they never entered. They were afraid. They dared not risk placing their lives and the lives of the near and dear to them in the hands of this strange young man.

Months passed but no patients came. Much of the loan that Harry Bold had borrowed was already in the possession of the land ordered. One night Harry Bold lay tossing on his bed. He racked his brains to think of some way or other of improving his business. Their it was that the brilliant idea came to him as a lightning flash.

He conceived the idea of canvassing. But he could not do it in his own town. With this object in view, he set about on a tour and booked several orders for the wonderful specifics of his firm. Then he did not realise the full amount, but he had received considerable advances. More, he had booked the orders in the name of an imaginary firm in one of the big towns. Imagine the surprise of the fools who had ordered goods from him when one day they received packets of rubbish in return for their good money!

A week later Harry Bold sat smiling in his shop. The injection box shone in its corner. Rs. 124/—reported in his cash box, the proceeds of his recent trickery.

Then a very strange thing happened. Harry Bold opened his eyes wide in surprise! A youth of twenty came tottering into his room. Now and again he shivered. He groped with his hands and almost fell into the chair. A patient at last! The first patient that he had ever had!

'What can I do for you', he enquired.

'Sir, I have Malaria. Yes, Malaria. A quinine injection.'

Harry Bold was delighted. A quinine injection! He would charge a rupee for that.

'Wait, young man, I will get the stove to boil the water.' And he went in side.

'All right, Sir.'

In a few minutes Harry Bold returned, the stove in his hand. But the room was empty and his cash box had gone.

Under the injection box which he had placed on the table was a small note—

Dear sir

I am an employed graduate. This is the only way I can earn money.

Good-bye.

Harry Bold blinked!



DETECTIVE STORIES

By 'NADARSHAH'

If you read detective stories for relaxation here is a bit of news for you. Just what a detailed description of the discovery of a headless corpse in the cupboard should rate as a relaxation, I don't know.

When day is done the weary legislator dismisses affairs of state from his mind and seeks solace in Sherlock Holmes the harassed executive shuts up his roll-top desk and embarks on a verbose adventure with phile Vance, the stern-browed judge slips out of his robe and settles down for an evening with Edgar Wallace.



Super-Sleuths let loose!

This has been going on for a long time—with the result that the overgrown boys are more or less sleuth minded themselves now. Devouring volume after volume of sensational fiction they have become obsessed by a desire to emulate the exploits of their detective heroes.

There was a time not long ago when the average citizen was accountable to no one except his wife and what he did in his off-hours and how he spent his spare cash was strictly his own affair. His bitter half might point accusingly at the clock and check up on the contents of his pay envelope, and the neighbours might get an occasional earful of domestic debate—but that was all. His house like the Englishman's, was his castle.

But with the establishment of the income tax the government was permitted to peek into his pocket-book.

His home was still his castle but the drawbridge, so to say, was down. Close on the heels of investigators came the unofficial census takers. Thus the average citizen has achieved all the privacy of a white mouse. At the present time there is hardly a person in public life (clerks stenotypists, accountants and Deputy Post Masters included) who is not involved in a quiz, probe or inquiry of some sort.

Even the applicant for the hand of some girl is put under observation by the girl's Pa and the poor prospective suitor has to refute vile charges against him. I know the case of one such man against whom a super-sleuth who after sitting at home and scratching himself and biting his pen, brought out a charge that the man had had an affair with an Anglo-Indian girl, and that it was still going on. The poor lad came to know of this vile charge and spent days and days searching for this Anglo-Indian girl whom he had never seen. And as one cannot find a girl whom he has never seen nor heard about before, he is consequently still searching for her, as well as the name of the super-sleuth.

Recently a charge was brought against a Member of Corporation stating that he had misappropriated a rain-coat from the Corporation retiring room. A Committee of super sleuths were let loose and they discovered after examining finger prints and analysing the dust of the room, (a) that it was not a rain-coat but just an overcoat (b) that there was no coat at all (c) that if there had been an overcoat it must have been probably stolen from somebody else in the first place. Added to all this the accused member furnished a vacuum alibi, by proving that he was on the spree somewhere else at the time of the meeting!

This of course led to another committee being appointed which demanded to know why the member was out making whoopee when he was expected to be present to vote at the meeting. Finally the sleuths who were tracking down the Member and gathering clues against him compiled so much in-

minating evidence against each other that it took them 14 years 7½ months to wriggle out.

Some time ago another series of investigations broke out in Madura when a Congress leader was found using a foreign made shaving razor. Upon this came miles and tons of other



Biffed a Police-inspector

proofs to the effect that he also used a watch with Swiss movement and that he had his tooth extracted by a Japanese dentist and drank German Beer.

One of these days I am convinced that this atmosphere of mutual distrust will spread so much so, that people will begin investigating themselves with appalling disclosure as the result. I know of one such man who has installed a large mirror in his house so that he can keep an eye on himself. More than once he has caught himself going through his own pockets. One night he sat down after a smoke and dozed away forgetting to put out the fire in the beam. Five minutes later he woke up to find that he had burned a hole in his silk Vestie. Thus he found himself guilty of arson so he went out and biffed a Police-inspector on the Solar-plexus and spent 2½ hours in a cell!

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 POEM'

BY

Miss. Protiva Moyl Ghosh

IN the Poet's Monthly Mr. Awful Poetaster, the celebrated poet, contributed a very long poem entitled "A Poem". It was really a wonderful piece of poetic nomenclature because the title would be easily suitable for any poem on earth; and therefore, though the title was given to this particular poem, it had an universal aspect in it. Panegyrists of the celebrated poet maintained that the poet had exhibited a most wonderful piece of poetic nomenclature by naming his poem "A poem." But in my heart of hearts I thought that he had chosen this title just because he could not find any really satisfactory title. But I did not dare express my view for fear of being ridiculed, and even roughly handled, for my audacity. The incident in which a young chap had lost a tooth for saying that he never liked Mr. Poetaster's poetry occurred to my mind and I maintained absolute silence.

And this long poem, more than any of his previous poems, created a sensation throughout the whole community of poetry-lovers amongst whom were students and nonstudents, young and aged, ladies and gents, and many other kinds of people. The poem became the talk of the town and the writer of it was all but deified. I went to

market in the morning and was there asked by no less than thirty-nine persons whether I had read the great poem and what my opinion was about it. The first few times I confessed very frankly that I had never cared to look at the poem at all. But later, finding that not having read the poem, the epoch-making poem, was considered not much less than a crime, I began to play the role of a veteran liar.

I uttered downright lies like.

"I have simply swallowed the poem with the gusto of a glutton"; "I never could imagine that poetry could be so divine, so supernatural, so appealing....." "I became so angry when I was called by my wife for dinner just in the middle of the poem that I threatened her with severe untimely death"; "No intellectual man or woman can afford to remain without reading the poem"....and so on. When I returned from market I had had a good practice at lying.

When I returned home I found my wife looking awfully sad, "What is the matter with you, dearest Manju?" I asked anxiously.

"Have you read Mr. Poetaster's poem in the poet's Monthly, dear?" she asked.

"Frankly speaking, I have not," I answered. "But why do you ask that, darling?"

"Satyavati came and asked me what I thought of the poem and when I said I thought nothing because I had never seen the poem, she laughed at me and said something which has hurt me to the very centre of the heart."

"What did she say?"

"You two never turn to elevated things" she said. "Like husband, like wife."

"So she said this?"

"Even this, dear." Manjari hid her face in my breast and burst into tears.

It was with much difficulty that I consoled her. "Don't worry, sweet" said I, passing my right palm on her soft silky hair. "I shall purchase a copy of the magazine and we two shall commit the poem to memory however hard the task may seem."

This consoled her somewhat as I gathered from the diminishing gusts of sobbing. I walked out to the nearest news-stand and purchased a copy of the 'Poet's monthly' for the first (and perhaps the last) time in my life.

After considerable endeavour we read through the poem several times just as one takes doses of quinine to get rid of ague. Of course we did not go so far as committing the poem to memory.

And then I said "Now let anyone come and ask us whether we have read the poem and what we think of it. We shall quote lines from the poem and praise them."

Manjari smiled in self-satisfaction, looking divinely at me.....

There was a long and strong discussion on the poem in the Universal Literary Society. One hundred and

thirty seven speakers interpreted the epoch-making poem in one hundred and thirty seven ways. Professor Bogus analysed the beauty of the poem in his own wonderful manner of making easy things difficult. An old man loudly burst into tears lamenting in advance the coming death of even the noble poet who had written so noble a poem, and this was the signal. The whole assembly began to shed tears as one man. After many bucketsful of tears were shed, the poet's portrait for the poet himself could not be present at the meeting being somewhat indisposed) was garlanded with the greatest possible pomp and dignity, and the meeting terminated with an unanimous resolution that God would commit an unforgivable sin if He did not allow the poet a long long life.

Here there and everywhere the poem was talked about. I was one day astonished to find my butler who had just mastered the alphabet with considerable difficulty trying to make a weary halting journey through the poem. And my housekeeper who did not know alphabet cursed her fate which had made her illiterate and asked me to tell her what the wonderful poem contained. Perhaps after Charles Darwin's famous apish theory of Descent of Man nothing had caused so widespread a sensation as this poem from the pen of the celebrated Mr. Poetaster.

To crown all, a big quarrel arose between two parties of young men and as a result blood came out of several heads, many faces were badly bruised and many eye-glasses shattered to pieces. The quarrel arose as follows.

The spokesman of one party quoted from the poem the lines.

"A dog is always a dog
And shame is always shame;
A hat is a hat, a mat is a mat,
The two can ne'er be same."

And said "These two lines give us the underlying philosophy of the whole poem."

"Never! Never!" the other party shouted. "The poet wants to portray symbolically the eternal craving of the human heart to realise the unrealisable, to unveil the veiled, to unmythify the mysterious. His one aim is to show us that the human soul is eternally going through a great process of evolution, passing alternately from the

finite and the positive to the infinite and the negative and vice versa."

"Nonsense!" cried the other party. "You make the simple thing so clumsy! Eh!"

The excitement reached the extreme, and then a heated conversation went on between the two parties somewhat to the following tune:—

"How will you interpret the lines:—

The sun shines during day time and
his day when it sets.

The moonbeams often fall on the
lengthy railway lines.

The waves of seas and oceans, God
created the whole.

Short men are short and tall men are
tall....?"

"These lines are simple enough for explanation. The sunshine is the symbol of wisdom which drives away ignorance. The moonbeams are the sweet rays of love that illumine the journey of life. The railway lines symbolise the journey of life. The waves of the seas and oceans no doubt symbolise the various cares and anxieties of life; the poet says that we must receive these life's troubles calmly as they are gifts of God to us. *Short men are short and tall men are tall* because God made them so and so no short men should lament his shortness nor should a tall man grudge at the disadvantages (if any) or pride in the advantages of tallness. That is every one ought to be contented with his or her circumstance."

"The real explanation is far far from that, my dear friend. These four lines are just side-issues and do not belong to the main theme of the poem at all. Just as while on the way to school you may turn aside and pluck some mangoes from a mango tree in an orchard. The orchard or the mango-tree does not belong to the way to school but you may call them side-issues, if you like. The real meaning of the poem is as I have already....."

"You are the greatest fool that ever read a poem."

"And you the greatest wise man? So take these rewards for your wisdom, man. Take this, and this, and this...."

Three unwelcome blows on the nose which began to bleed profusely. And then the scuffle began. The police arrived at the scene arrested the ring-leaders and several others. And then well, we need not bother about these unpleasant things.

Mr. Poetaster's life soon became unbearable by the loving torture of his innumerable admirers.

"The poet will leave this place, sir," said my butler to me one morning. "The people are so teasing him!"

"How do you know he will go away?"

"His servant is a friend of mine, sir. I heard this from him. He has, however, asked me to keep this piece of information a close secret. I have let you into the secret because I know you will keep it a secret also."

The next day the admirers were very much disappointed. They went to see the poet but were told he had left the place. "Oh, we understand," they thought. "He has gone on tour to gather materials for another epoch-making poem. Yes yes, we understand.".....

In the next issue of the poet's Monthly the following note appeared:—The Editor regrets that owing to oversight there was some omission in our last issue. Mr. Poetaster had sent us, along with the poem entitled "A poem," a short note which he advised us to print just above the poem concerned. But by mistake the poem was printed without the preceding note. This was indeed a very sad and bad mistake; perhaps dangerous to some extent. We beg to be excused by our numerous readers as well as the poet himself for this great error on our part, and beg to draw attention of the poetry-loving public to what we print below.

"The following poem, if poem I may be permitted to call it, is no thing but an example of my very early and a little premature efforts at making verses. It must not therefore be taken really seriously, nor should it be put to the test of criticism. I publish this not as example of my real work, but as a sort of curio. I hope my readers will be interested in it because it serves as a good example of what a beginner in versifying writes like. This poem, therefore, belongs to the category of what may be called nonsense rhymes. I think a perusal of this note will help the readers to take the following poem in its true light and will avoid all misunderstanding.

(Sd.) Awful Poetaster.



No Proof.

Door-keeper (in public building). "Say come back. Dogs are not allowed in here, sir."

Visitor "That's not my dog."

Door-keeper "Not your dog! Why he's following you."

Visitor "Well, so are you."

The Humorist.

Husband and Wife.

"Now boys," the teacher queried, after what I've explained of the lions' fierceness, strength and daring, can any one of you name a single animal that the king of beasts is in awe of?" Up shot little Aubrey's hand.

"Well," the teacher asked, "Which is the animal?" Aubrey (promptly) "Please, teacher the lioness."

'Labour.'

Both Mistaken.

Nell "I hear their engagement was broken off through a misunderstanding."

Bill "Yes he understood she had money and she understood that he had."

Eastern News.

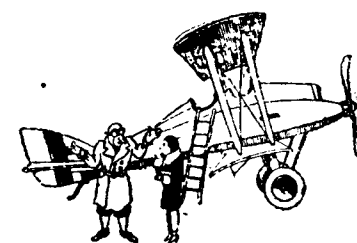
Hopeless.

Tommy "That problem you helped me with, last night was all wrong Daddy."

say. Are you sure it isn't my dough you are after?"

Answers.

Her only Hope.



"And what if the engine fails when we are up in the clouds?", asked the pretty girl of the pilot as she was about to enter a machine for her trip.

"You should jump out, count ten, and pull the cord on your parachute."

"But what if it doesn't open?"

"In that case the only logical thing to do is to flap your arms up and down and say—

"I am a bird—I'm a bird'."

Tit Bits.

Short-Shorts.

Many an inventor, after working hard in his workshop comes home at night and makes some startling discoveries.

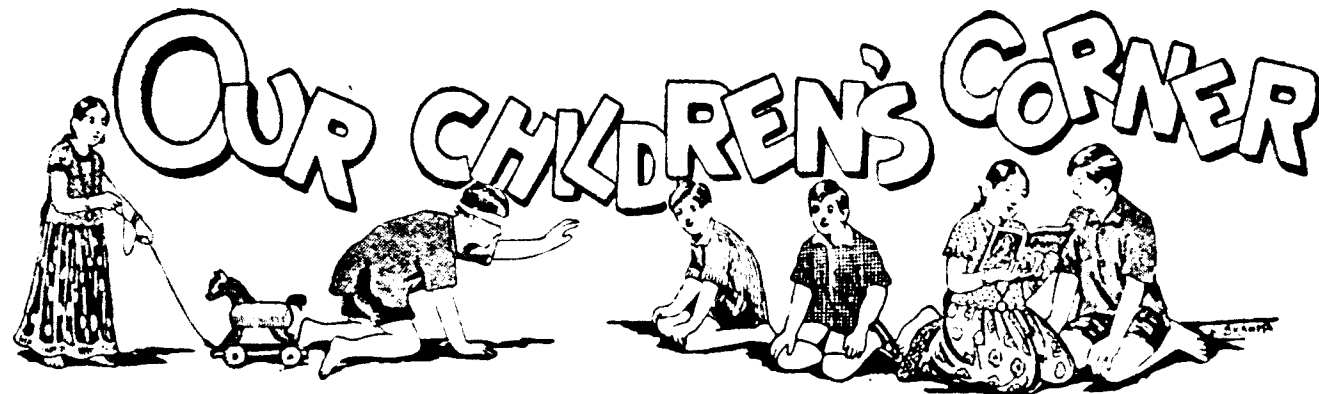
Some of the hardest falls we have are the result of jumping to conclusions.

One difference between a bride and an old maid is that one has had a wedding march, while the other hasn't even had an overture.

Because a woman is continually harping it does not follow that she is an angel.

She who will not when she may, Learns to wish she had some day.





Dear children,

The holidays are upon us and the festive seasons Xmas and Pongal are near. Always remember to help the needy and poor. Let your motto be *ICH DIEN* 'I serve.' I will soon start a league for you all and you will receive surprise gifts, Birthday greetings, pen-friends etc.

Meanwhile here is one who wants a pen-friend. R. S. Hariharan, No. 2, Thatha Muthiappan St. G. T. Madras.

Well, wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year and Pongal.

I am,
Yours affectionately,
Cousin Eddie

THE Bear AND THE Birds

Once there lived a mischievous bear in a forest. He was always ill-treating the smaller animals of the forest. One day he met an owl. Pointing a tree to the owl the bear said.

"There are a lot of nests in that tree. I am going to climb up the tree and shake the boughs and the young birds will topple over. Just wait and watch the fun."

Now, the owl is a very wise bird, so it said,

"Why do you want to frighten and harm the birds. Even the smallest folk are better as friends than foes."

"Pooh! who cares for the enmity of weak little birds," said the bear and climbed up the tree. Taking hold of the bough, he gave a vigorous shaking and many of the young birds fell out of their nests, and many eggs were broken. Laughing at the fun, the bear got down. But the wise owl shook its head and said:—

"It's always better to have friends than foes"

Some days later it happened that two hunters came to the forests to shoot cuckoos. Suddenly they saw a lot of birds flying low and circling on the ground. When they got near they found that they were flying over a surly bear. Taking aim one of the hunters fired and the bad bear dropped down dead. So, never incur enmity. It's always better to have a friend than a foe.

Leela bought a skipping rope

And luckily she's small,

For though she isn't expert yet

She hasn't far to fall.

She tries to skip as others do

But always comes down bump

And blames the skipping rope because.

She says it spoils her jump!

CHILDREN'S COMPETITION No. 4 RESULT.

Correct Solution.

1. Time-piece.
2. Speed.
3. Promptitude.
4. Balance.
5. Flame.
6. Rich.
7. Hall.
8. Ocean.

The following two have submitted all correct entries and thus share the 15 Rs. each getting Rs. 7-5-0.

1. Mani c/o Neelakantiah, Chamaraj Agrahar, Mysore.

2. Kamalam Rajiah c/o Mr. D. Rajiah, Revenue Inspector, Goripalayam Madras.

The following 23 entries share the second prize. As the sum 7½ annas is too small to be sent by M. O. Funny Magzin will be sent to the winners for five consecutive issues free. Those who win more than one prize will have the amount sent to them.

1. Miss. E. V. Seeshavadaram, Kovvur, 2. N. G. Jayaraman Madras, 3. S. Narayani Vizagapatam, 4. N. T. N. Kartham Mysore, 5 to 11. G. Saraswathi Madras, 12 to 18. Mani Mysore, 19. M. R. Venugopala Rayapuram, 20, 21. Kamalam Rajiah Madras, 22. L. Annamalai, Madras.

COMPETITION No. 6

Closing Date 30-1-35

(Only for Children below 18 years)

1st Prize Rs. 15

2nd Prize Rs. 10



Complete List of Clues.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Race. | 9. Bob. |
| 2. Lone crow. | 10. Bush Fire. |
| 3. Smokeless. | 11. Vale. |
| 4. Artist. | 12. Spirit. |
| 5. Eraser. | 13. Almirah. |
| 6. Shilling. | 14. Athlete. |
| 7. Overcoat. | 15. Black-Briar. |
| 8. India-rubber. | 16. Fire-side. |

Children's Puzzle No. 6 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 30TH JANUARY 1985

1. LONE CROW.

2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.

Age.....

Address.....

OUR HOLIDAY TRIP

THERE was a rat-tat on my door, and answering it, I received the most poisonous letter that one could ever expect to set eyes on.

I loudly shouted for Vasantha.

Vasantha trickled into my room with a kind smile on her lips and not so kind a plate of sweets in her hand. Both seasonal things, you know! Becoming the season of goodwill and cheer and what not!

"Have we not arranged," I asked, "to go to Bangalore for the holidays? Well.... we are not going there!"

Vasantha fixed her eyes on me.

"I think we have settled it long ago once for all," she said.

"Yes, of course, we have," I replied, "but that was before this bomb-hell was sprung on us!"

She put the plate of sweets on my table and picked up the letter. As she read it, the smile on her lips receded to the background, and unutterable wrath spread over her whole face.

"The blighter!" she exclaimed, shocking with chagrin.

"Do you mean 'blighter'?" I asked. "Remember the person we are both indignant with is a female! Don't forget your grammar in the heat of the moment!"

"Don't be flippant," said Vasantha curtly. "This is no time for your foolish jokes! How could that old woman expect us to stay in Madras during the holidays just in order to show her round the city?"

"How could she?" I asked. "That is exactly what baffles me too!"

"Don't interrupt, please! How could that wench ask us to play the host to her at this part of the year—the only time when we have our holiday? Don't we want to spend it as we like?"

"Certainly!"

Vasantha took up a letter-pad and my fountain-pen from my coat-pocket.

"I will write to her!" she said, seating herself.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Pause! Consider! She is your aunt and she may never forgive you!"

"What if?"

"Oh, nothing! Only a house with five thousand rupees to boot is not a joke. As her will stands at present, they are yours, but if she...."

Vasantha put down the letter-pad and clipped the pen back in my pocket.

"I don't care for a fig for her money," she said. "Or for the house!"

"Of course, you don't!" I remarked.

"Don't try to be sarcastic, dear! We don't care for her wealth, do we? But all the same," Vasantha added in a very soft tone, "She could have thought of some other time to come here."

I was as annoyed as Vasantha herself at this sudden decision of the aunt to thrust herself on us during the holidays and thus ruin all our prospects of holidaying. But I am a chap who looks, don't you know, at the bright side of things.

So, though a ten-day round of the City with Vasantha's buxom and unendurable aunt hanging on to me, was really a night-mare, I flattered myself that it was not so bad when the expense of a trip to Bangalore was considered.

But being a woman, Vasantha could not view the affair in that light. A solution of the problem so as to satisfy Vasantha, had to be that, while not letting down herself in her aunt's affection, should also ensure the aunt cancelling her proposed visit altogether.

I was prepared to welcome such a solution but was not going to trouble myself with finding it. Vasantha, on the other hand, was as I noticed from

her brooding countenance, at the problem day in and day out.

It was on the 18th December that Vasantha bounded into my room blithely.

"I have found it!" she exclaimed. "Give me paper and pen at once!"

"What for? Found what?"

"The solution," she cried joyfully. "Don't you know that this part of the City is wholly infested with small pox?"

I looked surprised.

"Small-pox? I never heard of a single case!"

"Not in reality, you silly goose! just for the purpose of writing about to auntie-darling! In order to avoid the epidemic we go away to Bangalore, don't you know, and all that. When she reads that, she will never dream of coming here to Madras!"

"Will she believe that?" I protested. "She is sure to see through our little game and then...."

"No, she won't, as I will give some human touches to the letter. Like: if you auntie-dear want to come here, we will, of course, stay here expecting you' and 'if you' auntie-darling wish to go with us to Bangalore'...."

"What!" I interrupted, "do you think I will be seen about with that creature all over Bangalore and other places?"

"No fears!" Vasantha assured me. "We are not going to give her time to reply, you see, I will post this letter only to-morrow the 19th, and on the 21st we start. Her reply can come to us only on the 23rd when we will be in Bangalore!"

FUNNY MAGZIN



DECEMBER 20, 1934

"Supposing," I asked, "she comes straight to the Railway Station on the 21st and joins us, without waiting to reply us...."

"Don't try to be cleverer than me! I am not going to inform her of the date of our leaving this place."

I looked at Vasantha with admiration.

Such a clever girl she was! When she schemes a plot, she works it out to the minutest detail. But, you know, all girls graduating from Queen Mary's are like that—yes, beauty and brains whereas speaking of the other Colleges in the City, one is not so sure about the "and."

21st December. A second-class compartment, Vasantha and myself all

by ourselves. Train rushing on towards Bangalore.

My bosom swelled with joy at the pleasurable thought that the aunt was some three hundred miles away from us, and, mind you, everything arranged with no ill-feeling between the parties.

I considered that a high tribute to Vasantha for her brain-work, was deserving and its payment quite pressing.

"You are a wonderful girl, Vasantha," I said, "What reward can I give you?"

I fixed my eyes meaningly on the pretty, ring mole on Vasantha's snow-white cheek.

"Can I express my gratitude better," I asked, "than by hiding that mole with my lips for a moment?"

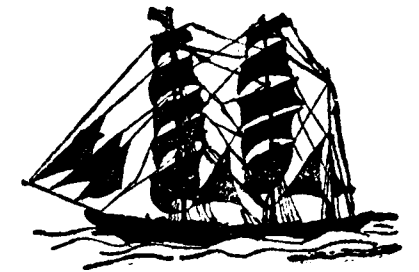
Vasantha blushed sweetly.

"But is that a reward for me or for you?" she asked smiling.

"For both," I said simply. "Just see?"

Vasantha agreed with me.

"Yes, for both!" she remarked and turned also her other cheek, Christian-like!



THE FUNNY MAGZIN NOVEMBER 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.

9555	10666	11777	12888	13000
13500	14000	15111	16222	17000
18999	19567	20000	20678	21000
21787	22912	23678	24501	25000

Copies of the FUNNY MAGZIN bearing the November Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, FUNNY MAGZIN Office by Registered post. The copies must reach the office not later than 30th Dec. 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 Dec. 1934, will not bring a prize.

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



Good will towards men :

Christmas is once more upon us. So let us forget all feuds between readers editors and writers for a few moments and sit around and chat about our duty during festive seasons. For many unemployed unfortunates whose number is legion now-a-days, festive seasons like Deepavali Xmas etc. mean nothing. It will be in no way different from the other days of the year. Meanwhile there will be many of the favoured, who sit down to a Christmas dinner, the cost of which would buy a poor unemployed man's family, enough provisions to last three months. Surely, if only we strived hard to encourage the spirit of giving during festive seasons, we could bring happiness to all around us.

Our present issue :

I needn't harp upon the excellence of this number. A glance at the names of contributors will tell you that. A. C. Peters, P. P. Samuel, T. L. Edwin, Devaerosam etc., are names to conjure with, where humour is concerned.

Mea tells you all about 'The first kiss and take it from me folks what Mea doesn't know about kissing can be written on the back of a postage-stamp! 'Nemesis of Lust' might have well been written by O. Henry himself. It is a brilliant up-to-the-minute fiction.

Our future Policy

The unique policy of our Magazine hereafter is to print only the finest examples of Humorous skits and short stories, by authors whose names are famous throughout India. The following are some of them whose work

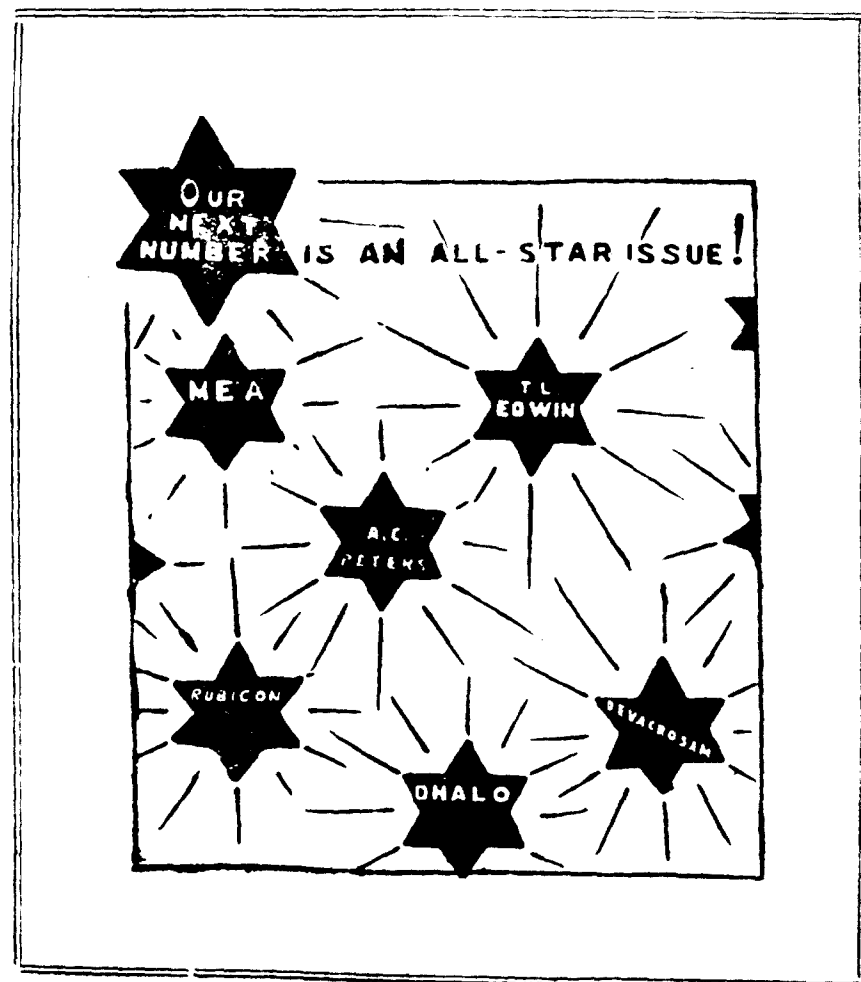
will regularly appear in future issues of Funny.

'Mea' P. P. Samuel, A. C. Peters, T. L. Edwin, Kairan, Devaerosam Dhalo, T. V. Nagaraj, Miss. S. Daniel, Mrs Sakuntala Gajapathy, Miss Moyi Gosh Mrs. Umabai, M. L. Seetharaman Velu, Nadar Shah etc.

A Warning.

News has come to us that there is still one man in India who doesn't read the 'Funny'. Remember we know his name. But we are not going to expose him to the public immediately. We have decided to give him a fortnight's time to become a subscriber to the 'Funny' But after that period is over, well—

Readers are now given permission to read the other pages and enjoy their fortnight's tonic of Laughter and Mirth.



DECEMBER 5, 1934

89

Rs. 250 MUST BE WON

IN OUR

NEW YEAR COMPETITION

Closing date: 20-1-'35.

Results on 5-2-'35.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 150.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 100.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below you are given 8 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. QU—LL are given. The clue for No. 1. is *Reed pen* and the answer for that is *QUILL*. So the letter R is missing between U and L. Putting the letter I in the place of the dash the word *QUILL* is obtained as the Solution. Similarly the others also can be solved. For other rules and conditions see next page.

Words.

1. QU—LL.
2. — — ME.
3. —OLE.
4. WI— —
5. RA— —
6. —ALENDAR.
7. MO— —R.
8. S—R—P.

Clues.

1. *Reed pen.*
2. *Fruit.*
3. *Opening.*
4. *Desire.*
5. *Indian Prince.*
6. *Almanac.*
7. *A machine.*
8. *Sweet juice.*

Rules & Conditions.

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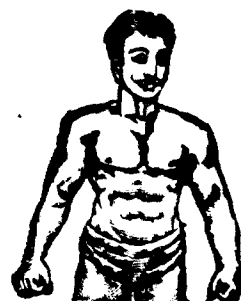


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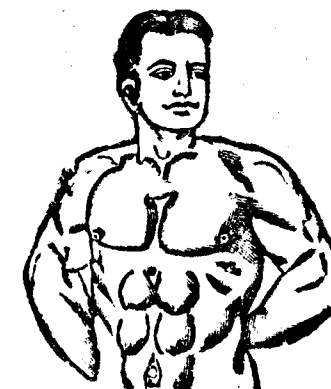


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