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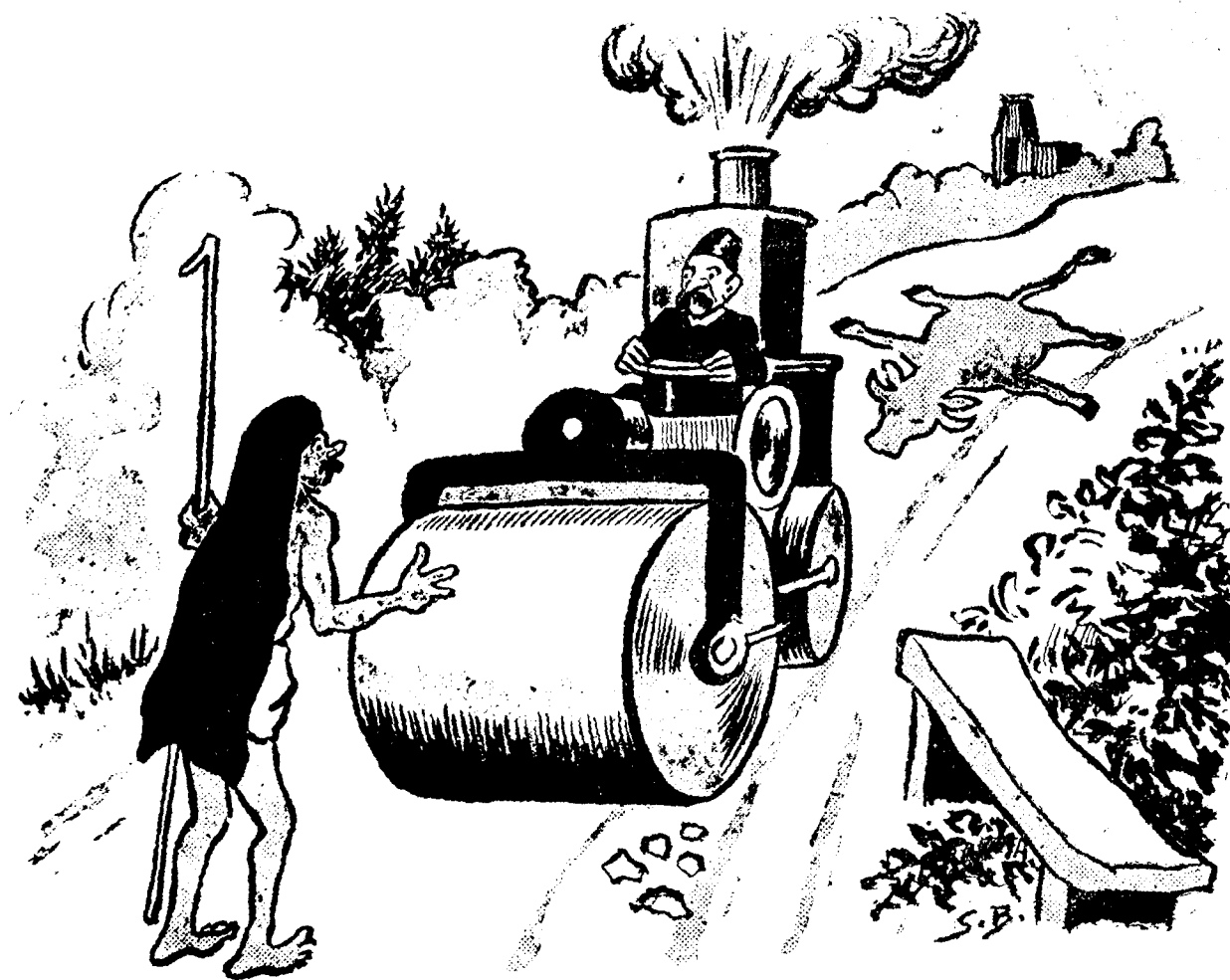
THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5TH & 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol II.

MADRAS, 20th JULY 1935.

No. 24.



FARMER:—

Have you seen my cow anywhere along?



FUNNY MAGAZIN

"When I get up in the morning, I dig in the garden and then have a cold shower," says a correspondent. Then he goes down to breakfast, digs in his grapefruit, and has another cold shower.

A writer declares that motorists nowadays devote most of their time to keeping under thirty. Women of course, have been doing that for years.

The average man carries too much money in his pockets, according to a detective. He is not referring to the average married man, of course.

"Can you tell me of any indoor game that has a kick in it?" asks a correspondent. Bridge—with one's wife as partner.

"Household scraps are a bugbear to the average wife," says a writer in a woman's paper. She is so afraid that the neighbours will overhear them.

"I like a play with murder, mystery, sliding trap-doors, and secret passages," says a critic. Owing to the inaudibility of the actors, many plays nowadays have very secret passages.

We read that a well-known actor and his wife have a caravan holiday every year. In the event of the horse going on strike, the lady can always hitch her wagon to the star.

Wanted, Single-handed Maid, able to do cooking and housework—Advt. in a Weekly Paper.

She is going to have that hand fairly full.

"Thirty-five? Why, I quite believed her when she told me she was twenty-six. She carries her years remarkably well."—From a Novel.

Although she seems to have dropped a few.

(Continued on page 7)

"The woman who rules the house with a rod of iron is rare nowadays," we read. Owing to the popularity of gas and electric fires, poker are becoming scarce.

"The less talk there is among layers during a cricket match, the better for the game," says a writer. When given out, batsmen should refrain from making stump speeches.

"Only one man in a hundred considers that a tailor should be paid promptly," remarks a writer. The other ninety-nine are customers.

"It is hard to know what to do for the best when you find yourself at the parting of the ways," says a writer. Still, you can always open a petrol station.

"Some things simply cannot be taught," we are told by a lecturer. A junior master at a preparatory school says he has quite a lot of them in his class.

"America," says a scientist, "is giving on the edge of a volcano." This only goes to prove that one-half of the world doesn't know what the other half lives on.

I've stumbled across some peculiar

things round the coast of Britain" says a geologist. Sun-bathers will lie about in the way.

"When should the average composer stop writing popular songs?" wonders a writer. Now.

"I would not swim the Channel for a million pounds," declares a gossip-writer. Then we withdraw our offer.

It is estimated that a fly lays thirty million eggs in a lifetime. The only consolation is that flies can't cackle.

A scene-shifter at a London theatre is the author of a new play. It is said to contain many moving situations.

"Life is really like a school," says a doctor. Everyone in fact likes to be at the top of his form.

"The bridegroom is often the most eloquent speaker at a wedding breakfast," we read. Some instinct warns him that this is his last opportunity of delivering a sustained oration.

A Novelist says he recently coined a new word while shaving. His razor must be something like ours.

JULY 20, 1935

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FLOSSIE WRITES HOME

By "MEA"



Dearest,

I am simply loving India, not to mention the Indians, my dear. Who was it said the East and West couldn't meet? They'd never seen an Indian alone with an English girl. You can take it from me there's no difficulty about the East and West coming together. When you've been kissed and cuddled by an Indian, as I have, you'll know just what I mean. This little bit of the West has been thoroughly embraced by the East and is looking forward to repeating the experience, and the sooner the better.

Uncle Jimmy and Aunt Jane met me in Bombay. Uncle's a real sport and I can see he intends me to have a good time. His idea of a good time seems pretty much the same as mine. Aunt Jane knows when she isn't wanted, so yours truly looks like having a real beano.

On the afternoon of the day I landed we went for a lovely drive over Malabar Hill. Uncle and Aunt sat in the back of the car and I sat beside the driver—quite a good-looking Indian. I was wearing a flimsy frock and the wind kept blowing it up over my thighs. This seemed to intrigue the driver. The first time it happened he was so busy looking at my thighs that we nearly collided with a passing car. After that he kept changing gear, and each time he did this he managed to run his hand along my thigh. Of course I needn't have sat quite so close to him, but you know my thirst for new experiences, and this was the first time I had been really close to an Indian, and I was liking it.

After he had changed gear unnecessarily about a dozen times he decided to leave his hand resting on my thigh while

he did some marvellous single-handed driving. This fascinated me so much that I never thought of discouraging him. I often wondered how Indian's felt under certain circumstances and I was beginning to find out now.

It was fairly dark by the time we drove slowly homewards and I had plenty of opportunity of discovering that this Indian was both ambidextrous and enterprising. He deserves to get on and I've no doubt he will some day.

We had a lovely visit to Gwalior. There I had my first ride on an Elephant and of course was caught out. I never thought of having to climb up a ladder: It was a hot day and I had dressed accordingly. It was only when I was half-way up the ladder and realised that Uncle Jimmy was standing at the bottom, obviously enjoying himself, that I remembered. When he joined me on top of the Elephant he said that the two men who held the ladder while we mounted would have something to remember. I felt terribly hot and bothered each time I had to climb up and down.

I was also caught out at Udaipur. We were going over the Palace and, would you believe it? there is one room the floor of which is a mirror! I hadn't looked at the floor until I noticed all the men were looking down, then I looked down—and was horrified to see that

thing under my skirt could be clearly seen in the mirror. Of course I fled out of the room, but the naughty men had all had a good look first. I swore I'd never go out without wearing panties again, but in a hot country what can a poor girl do?

This reminds me of one day in Delhi when Uncle and I were sitting in the lounge of Maidens Hotel when a girl came in from outside. The lounge was fairly dark and the sun was terribly bright outside. She was a tall girl with raven-black hair. I remarked to Uncle what lovely hair she had. He seemed quite enthusiastic as he replied: "Yes, and how plainly you can see it!" Then I noticed he wasn't looking at her head at all. My dear, her dress was absolutely transparent.

You'd be surprised at the jobs men do for you in this country. You must remember there are practically no women servants, hairdressers, dressmakers etc., like we have in England, and everything is done for you by men.

I found it a bit embarrassing the first time I had to get the Bearer to unfasten my evening frock for me, especially as there was nothing but me inside it! Imagine getting a man in England to do that for you! What a kick he'd get out of it. I rather think these people enjoy it more than they are generally supposed to do.

The Bearer massages my legs when I've been playing tennis. In fact I've never been so manhandled as I have since I came to India.

The Dirzie - or Indian dressmaker - does not appear to be in the least disturbed at seeing one in all stages of undress. I had begun to think they were devoid of feeling but found I was mistaken and that they are human after all. Perhaps I had been a bit too careless.

I suppose you are dying to know about the Indian who kissed me! It happened at a dance in Delhi. He was a Raja or something, and I had a dance with him. I was wearing a rather revealing

frock and as we danced I couldn't help knowing he was feeling a bit amorous. After the dance we sat out in his closed car, and then it just happened! Believe me he had nothing to learn about kissing or love-making. He kissed me on my lips and then between them. Then he kissed my neck and lower down! As my frock was cut very low in front he had no difficulty about doing this. Then he began to get busy with his hands. My dear, men do the same things all the world over. I've got to confess I do like being made love to by an Indian. They are so passionate and they don't waste time about getting there.

Of course I thought it was up to me to do my bit in bringing the two races together, and all that, so I didn't reject the Raja's advances or restrain his exploring hands. One must do what one can to encourage international good feeling! I wanted him to feel that even if I were English I at least had no racial prejudice. He felt it all right.

You see, my dear, I've been satisfying my craving for new experiences. This is a country for romance, if you like. Hot nights, secluded spots in club gardens, cocktails and naughty tales. Eastern perfumes in the air. Passionate lovers always near at hand, always ready to satisfy a girl's longings with a skill that seems natural to the Eastern lover. Kisses that thrill you beyond all thought of resistance, caresses that are sublime, that obliterate the past and make you indifferent to the future, only the present matters and that is everything. Opportunities are unlimited and people aren't slow to take them. It isn't a country for prudes, at least not if you want to have a good time, and yours truly is right out to have a good time.

Uncle says that by the time I'm nineteen there will be nothing new for me to experience. I tell him I'll start all over again then!

Will write again soon as I've lots more to tell you. Cheerio Flossie.

auet

JULY 20, 1935

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THE PROBLEM

By COSTER BOY

I SUPPOSE there was never anything in this world more entirely satisfactory than the way Kalyani's family took to me. That her mother should raise no objection we expected but that her father should receive me with open arms was unexpected. His business is a tremendous concern, and his commercial acumen is more tremendous still. I have heard it said that if he were shipwrecked on the coast of Greenland he would start selling ice-cream to the natives and make a fortune out of it. That is the sort of man that makes the ideal father-in-law in these hard times.

When I called at the house that evening, he took me into his own particular room and offered me a cool drink and a choice cigarette. When we were settled comfortably in our arm-chairs, and had exchanged a few general remarks, I said "Kalyani"

"I guessed what was coming," he interrupted beaming upon me. "It will be rough on me, but young people can't be expected to trouble about that. I can't expect her to live with her father for ever, but when I think that some young feller is bound to take her away from me, I feel I should skin him alive."

It is a pleasure to hear a man talk like that, for it shows he has a kind heart.

"Of course, you understand that the man who marries my daughter must not expect to give up work altogether?"

"No?" I said, somewhat disappointed, for I always imagined that the man who has a wife has trouble enough without business worries. "I haven't any money—" I began, when he interrupted me again.

"That doesn't matter—I've got plenty. I want to put my son-in-law

at the head of my business, that's all I want. I'll see that he is not short of money."

He was really an interesting man to listen to.

"What I want is to retire before I am too old to enjoy the few years that remain to me. Most men nowadays stick to business until it kills them, no matter how rich they are, but I have old fashioned ideas, and want to spend my few years away from the hum and bustle of the City at some village. Then, when my time comes Kalyani will get all there is, and I am not so young as I was."

His conversation was so agreeable that I almost felt I should like him to live to a green old age.

What I want is brains" he said. A man can't run a business like mine without something inside his head."

I imagine it is easy enough to understand business affairs and I said: "I don't think it will be much trouble to me to learn all about your business."

"I quite agree with what you say," he said, smiling at me. "It is no trouble to learn business. In fact, it is impossible. Either you are made that way, or you might as well

settle down to become an Editor."

I nodded. It is always pleasant to hear a man talk sense.

"What I want is a man who can see through a complicated proposition at a glance. Are you that sort?" I smiled confidently and said: "I think I shall be able to tackle anything that turns up."

"Good!" he said radiant with satisfaction. "For instance if you bought a thing subject to six per cent discount and wanted to sell it at a profit of eighty per cent, after allowing four per cent discount and paying 32% commission to officials what percentage would you put upon the original price?" I thought it better to counter this question with another. "What do you understand exactly by discount?" He seemed surprised for a minute, and then said: "Of course, you would want time to learn the meaning of commercial terms. But let us try again using only ordinary words. Suppose there was a rope hanging over a pulley with a weight at one end of the rope and at the other end a cat the same weight as the weight."

I felt really happy now. I know that problem—What happens if that cat tries to climb the rope?—and I



know all the answers. I waited for him to go on.

He went on, "now suppose the rope weighed four ounces for every

many pounds as the cat's mother was years old, and the cat's mother was twice as old as the cat was when the cat's mother was half as old as the cat will be when the cat is three times as old as the cat's mother, and the weight of the weight and the weight of the rope was half as much again as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight of the cat. What would be the length of the rope?"

When he had finished chanting this *purana*, I felt rather dazed and not so happy as I had been. "Is it a problem or a catch?" I asked.

"I often hit up against worse things than that in my business. It only requires elementary arithmetic, and the use of the grey matter inside your head."

Now there are two things in particular that fatigue me—arithmetic and the use of the brain. I said "I am afraid I must have been somewhat inattentive, I can't quite remember all you said."

foot and the age of the cat and the cat's mother together was four years, and the weight of the cat was as

"I will say it again and you can jot it down. Do you know short-hand? No? Well I will say it

slowly." He handed me a quire of superfine paper and a fountain-pen, and I wrote it down. Meanwhile he lit another cigarette, and reclined in his chair, looking at me.

I remember the next hour or so with the same horror that Dante must have felt during his journey to the Inferno! Ultimately I added together the five answers I had discovered, divided the result by five, and said:

"Two and a half miles, one rod or perch, three fathoms and seven-thirtieth of an inch."

He gave a wild shout of delight and sprang towards me. "My dear boy," he said shaking both my hands, "You are a wonder! Call at my office to-morrow morning, and I will get you a job that suits you down to the ground. There is a man who runs a coffee shop near the office, and he wants some one to wash the dishes. That's the sort of business for you. If I had a partner with a head like yours, I should be begging down Mount Road within a month for my food!"

At home that night I spent another couple of hours over the paper, which he had kindly permitted me to take away, and the next day I passed it over to a man who likes these things—there are such people. He said any intelligent child could do it, and the rope was obviously 50 feet long.

A man, I mused, could hang himself conveniently with a rope five feet long, and it would be therefore a suitable present to give to a man who goes about setting problems like this to innocent people!



FUNNY MAGZIN

COMPETITIONS RESULTS.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE ANIMALS COMPETITION:—

- | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. DEER. | 4. CAT. | 7. MARE. |
| 2. MULE. | 5. BUCK. | 8. ROE. |
| 3. COW. | 6. DOE. | 9. HOG. |

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The second prize of Rs. 200 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

1. L. Basaviah, Vizagapatam. 2. Venkata Kameswara Rao, Anantapur. 3. K. A. M. Palaniappan Chettiar, Ramn d. 4. K. Krishnamachary, Madras. 5 to 7. L. Ramanamurthy Rao, Calicut. 8 to 12. K. T. Subba Rao, Guntur. 13. M. S. Raman, Bangalore. 14 to 20. M. M. Kuppusamy Madras. 21. Venkataramana Rao, Bangalore. 22. B. K. Haniff, Secunderabad. 23. T. B. Varma, Ajmer. 24. S. Balbir Singh, Lucknow. 25. O. P. Kapur, Delhi. 26. J. S. Wilson, Calcutta. 27. M. Mohammed, Bombay.

JULY 20, 1935

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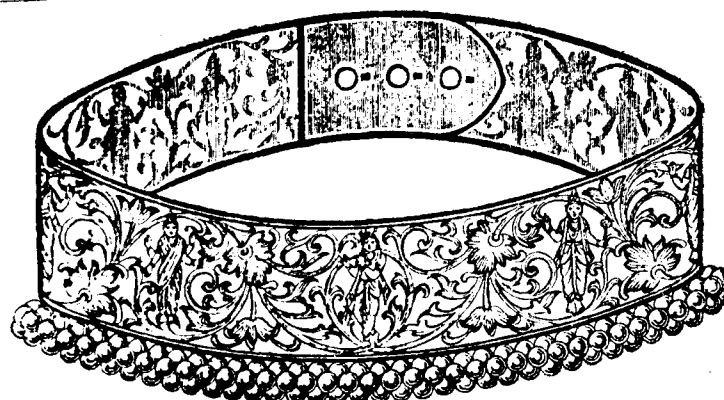
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(Continued from page 2)

The latest type of umbrella is made of transparent material. This enables a person to see where he is going and if the owner is coming.

A beauty contest held at a seaside resort was marred by a heavy shower. A girl who relied entirely on her own complexion was an easy winner, the remaining contestants being decidedly also-rans.

An American film star has made repeated but unsuccessful efforts to persuade his father to leave his farm in the country and come to live in town. The old gentleman evidently prefers to make hay while the sun shines.

At a recent Christian wedding, a disappointed suitor of the bride tore up the letters she had written him and used them as competti—



Luckily they never did this in ancient days when men wrote on stones!

A new burglar alarm photographed the miscreant in the act—
But it can never make him look as



villainous as most people do when told to "look pleasant please."

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JULY 20, 1936

PUNNY MAGZIN

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By ANANTHAN.



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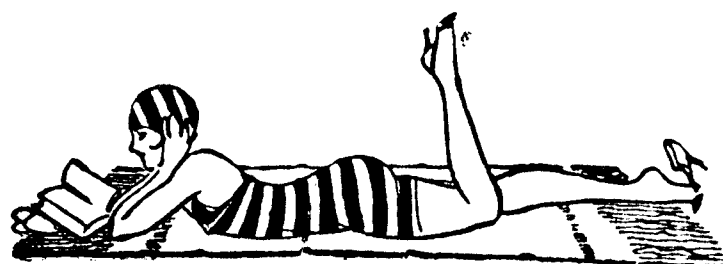
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THE blazing sun, its duty done, was nearing the western horizon. It looked as if it were a burning disc amidst the red-hot sky, its furnace. As the golden rays glistened the sparkling dust, the enthusiasm of the players in the fields increased for they knew that they had only a little time to play. The College building was deserted, but the grounds outside were swarmed by students of all ages, temperaments, and classes with a sprinkling of the Professors, here and there, all intent upon physical culture.

While all was bustle, hurry, noise and shouting outside, the inside of the laboratory was as silent and gloomy as a grave, except for the monotonous whirr of a wheel. At the head of a table was seated Dr. Sundar M. A. Ph. D., wearing a suit he had brought from England, an Oxford crop adorning his face, a Cambridge bow his neck. A felt hat with its rim turned up according to the latest fashion was on the table.

He was grinning at the lifeless object that lay on the table, with grim satisfaction. These were his "experimental" victims

and there was no human eye to see his merciless deeds, nor an ear to listen to the sound made by the implements used for it. A gentle tap at the door, made him get up with a start. Pale his face became on hearing the tap; it was the result of a prearranged engagement which he would have avoided if he could.

He wanted to get up but his limbs would not move; he clutched at the table with shaking hands. A glass of whiskey (without soda) gave him a little strength and he opened the door. On seeing the old man who entered, lighted a cigar, puffed carelessly and made himself feel at home at the laboratory. Sundar collapsed into a chair, his face within his hands.

"WHAT do you say now? Are you going to pay?" asked the old man.

"I expected....."

"No sort of lame excuses. Are you going to pay now or not?"

"Now—I—can't"

"Now can't pay! Then see the inside of the debtor's prison tomorrow"

"To-morrow morning I will pay at least half of the amount"

"I have waited for more than a hundred mornings."

"I have invented a new machine and I am going to take the patent for it. You may take the patent in your name in full settlement, if you please."

"Let me see it"

The idea of Dr. Sundar was to send away the old man with rosy words but the enthusiasm with which the old man asked him to show the invention gave him a wild idea when he saw the automatic Double-Barrelled Air-pump which stood there on the table. "I will do away with this man and be at peace," he said to himself, quaffed off a goblet of beer thus strengthening himself for the work that lay before him.

He switched on the airpump after placing a rat into the receiver, and screwing the pump airtight; the monotonous whirr was heard and a minute later the rat was stone dead. At first the old man was not interested with this for he went up and down the lab., seeing the various test tubes and other glass apparatus. But when Sundar took out the rat after unscrewing the outlet, the old man seemed to be astonished and so gazed at the dead rat.

Taking this opportunity, Sundar fitted an open receiver to the pump and asked the old man to look in through it. The old man suspecting nothing thrust his face against the hole, and Sundar through an ingenious device attached the neck of the old man with a rubber band. The old man objected it not for he thought it necessary. After screwing the outlet the switch was on and in an instant the old man breathed his last. Sundar switched off, and dragged the cold body to an adjacent room and thrust it in; he expected another visitor.

Mani, a Lee Monogramme in his hand, dressed with a suit just from the hands of a tailor who knew his business, going from the tennis court to Saroja's, heard from her mother that she had gone to the college. He felt restless. "To the college—Why?—it is desolate—yes yes the professor is there—Oh! God! to that hellish man—at this unusual hour" he mused within himself and retraced his steps quickly towards the college. As luck would have it he

saw her entering the portals of the building; he shouted and stopped her.

"Why Saroj! why here?"

"I go to meet the Physics Professor."

"At this unusual hour!?"

"Yes. He asked me to come to the lab. Tomorrow we have optional exam."

"Yes. But you must not go there. I will teach you if you don't mind."

"Why Mani?"

"Because—"

"You speak very odd my dear Mani!"

"Yes, he is a mean-minded brute. He is a passionate immoral wreck. Are you not aware of his clandestine dealings with Kamala, poor Kamala?"

"Don't fear dear Mani. Always I am yours. I will return as soon as possible. He dare not behave improperly towards me, for he is indebted to my father and respects him", so saying she embraced him and kissed warmly.

"But—do come quickly."

Saroja vanished amidst a flutter of rustling silk and Mani walked up and down the veranda, with pain in his heart.

"Sorry I am late"

"That doesn't matter, dear Saroja, but by the by, to-morrow being optional, take your meals and come up here at half past eight. You may take your bed here."

"But I can't stay here all night sir. I am not hungry now and so you may begin."

"That won't do. If you come here after your meals and stay I will try to make you get first class."

"Are the other students coming?"

"No it is only for you", he said and looked at her keenly.

"For me! why do you take such troubles for me sir."

"Because I am slave to—your—beauty"

"Silence reigned supreme for some minutes. He repeated this again and again."

"Slave to my beauty! you must not speak like that sir"

"Saroja dear I love you very much" he sprang and caught her hand.

"LEAVE ME," she said in such an authoritative tone that Sundar was forced to give up her hand.

"There can be no passionate lover than me Saroja"

"MOST REVEREND SIR. Excuse me. I have not even an atom of affection for you"

"Why?"

"Because—"

"Because of that Rascal Mani Y-E-S"

"He is not the man for you. Has he got any employment? Only the degree he has to boast of"

"Even If I die of want it is with Him"

"Saroja, won't you please give me a ray of hope."

"I CAN'T SIR"

Sundar eyed her sternly. His eyes made her shiver. Automatically her feet made a move but Sundar caught her and taking her hand in his, tried to embrace her; at the same time there came a rap tap tap at the door.

Mani waited and waited but there was no reappearance of his beloved. His uneasy mind warned him that there was something wrong within the lab. At last he resolved to go up and groped his way to the lab, in the dark. When looked in through the bolted key-hole what had met his eyes there? He stood stock still. The blood mounted up to his face. He could bear no longer his beloved being caught helpless in the hands of the brutal professor. Mani knocked the door with rage and with a will.

Sundar was startled. He left the hand of Saroja and faced the door with fear and displeasure. Saroja felt relieved for some time and gratefully looked in the direction of the door to see who her deliverer was. Sundar made signs to her which meant that she must tell nothing to the oncomer. She had no other alternative but to obey. As soon as she saw Mani entering she ran to his side confident of his protection.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, what brings you here?" (he had never addressed Mani in such a tone and in such a way before)

"Nothing extraordinary. I am coming from the tennis court to pay my respects to you and see your much talked of experiments!" he said his face all smiles.

No sooner had Sundar heard the word "Experiment" than his heart began to beat quicker. It reminded him of his previous crime; the same time the whiskey and beer that had

gone in (in bottles) whispered to him "A SECOND CRIME IS NECESSARY" "And yes", he said, his face now turning red and now pale, "if he is asked to look in through the open receiver he will surely do so like the old, and if Saroja is asked to put on the switch he will die. Then if I threaten her saying that she was the murderer she will surely be frightened and so will give her consent to marry me"

Sundar put a beetle into the open receiver and asked Mani to look in closely through the open hole and note the various movements of the object. Mani suspected nothing and did so. Sundar staggered back as he went to attach the rubber band, for he saw the pale cold face of the old man there. This made him lose his control and so forgetting to close the outlet and attach the rubber band to Mani's neck went to the table dragged a bottle of Johnnie Walker and asking Saroja to put on the switch, did full justice to the wine. He felt his heart quite relieved and so paced up and down his mind now engrossed in his marriage.

As the pump was not air tight the working of the pump did not affect Mani in any way, for the outer air rushed in to replace the exhausted air. Five minutes later Mani called out for the professor, for he saw nothing new within, except the poor creature crawling round and round trying to get out. When Sundar heard the voice he stood as if struck by lightning. Sundar expected Mani to be dead by this time and think that his imagination was playing him false he stepped not from the place where he stood. A second time the voice rang in his ears and Sundar with his face deadly pale went slowly towards Mani still looking intent upon him.

"I can see nothing, sir, and I think I am not keeping the correct posture. Will you please adjust."

"Yes" said he and when he saw that the rubber band was not connected thought that the expected death did not take place owing to that.

Slowly he felt the screw with his fingers and began to unscrew it. But as it was unscrewed it was not screwed after taking the dead body of the old man he could not turn it in that direction. So he screwed it tightly thinking that he was unscrew-

(Continued on page 13)

Cynthia Confesses

By MIEA.

"YOU know, my dear," said Cynthia "I really was a good girl when I first came to India, though I don't suppose you will believe it."

"I don't see why I should n't believe it, after all, most of us were fairly innocent when we first came out, but it doesn't take long to get wise out here, does it?" replied her friend, Mildred.

"No, indeed" soliloquized Cynthia "I had heard that the wives of military officers in India were 'fast,' but I had ideas about being faithful" and all that sort of thing, and I really did mean to be different."

"Yes, I know" answered Mildred "we all start like that, but how many of us stick to our good intentions? However, you were going to tell me what induced you to—shall we say, lead a fuller life?"

"Yes, dear you've put it very nicely, and I'll tell you my experience now, I don't suppose it's very different to your own or to what most women go through in this country."

"Of course when I first came out I had lots of temptations. Men were always trying to lead me on, but I never let them go beyond a little kissing and cuddling. I liked being kissed. What girl doesn't and when their hands began to stray I would stop them before they went too far."

Then the hot weather came and George took me up to one of those dreadful hotels that exist in nearly every hill station. I now discovered just how 'fast' officers' wives can be, I had no idea they could be so blatant about it.

George only remained for a few days, and then he had to return to the plains. The place was full of bachelors on leave, and as soon as George had gone down they began to call on me, one after another. I had swarms of invitations to dinners, dances, suppers, cinemas, picnics. One man would ask me to play tennis with him, another would take me out ridding. I hadn't time to feel lonely, and for the first ten days or so after George went down I had a really gay time. Then one man after another began to drop me. I soon discovered the reason was because whenever they tried to get a bit too fresh I pulled them up.

ONE woman did tell me I was making a fool of myself. She pointed out that every woman in the place was "seeing life," as she put it, she told me that she couldn't possibly afford to do half the things she did if she hadn't got a boy friend, and she added, "Of course one must give one's men friends something in return." Which remark she accompanied with a look, the meaning of which one could not fail to understand.

I soon began to feel terribly lonely. I was left as completely alone as if I had got the plague. When I heard the band playing and knew that all the other women were enjoying themselves, I felt like committing suicide. I was

the only woman in the place who had no one to speak to. I used to cry myself to sleep every night. To make matters worse I could see that the other women were pitying me, and the men were laughing at me.

Just when I was feeling really desperate a boy who had recently been posted to my husband's regiment came up. He naturally called on me. He seemed a nice boy, and I could see he found me attractive. I noticed he kept looking at my legs. Well, you know, I have nice legs, haven't I? so I crossed my legs in such a way that he might get a better view. I could see he wasn't missing anything and I was determined he should get a good eye-full. When I asked him if he would come and dine with me the following night he accepted without a moment's hesitation, and it was quite evident that the prospect pleased him. I had made up my mind he would not be disappointed.

After he had gone I thought matters over. I was desperately lonely and unhappy. It seemed as if I had been given another chance, and this time I meant to take it. I resolved to vamp the boy, if he need vamping, but it looked as if he would't need much of that. I had sampled the virtuous life and had more than enough of it. I was now ready to go to any length in the other direction."

Mildred nodded her head understandingly and sympathetically. "Yes" she said, "I know exactly how you felt, haven't I been through it all myself?"

"Next morning" Cynthia continued "I sent for the dirzie. I put one of my evening frocks and told the dirzie I wanted it cut lower in front. It was cut fairly low to begin with, but I was taking no chances. If a fuller view of my physical charms was going to enslave the boy I was determined he should have it."

When I told the dirzie that the dress must be ready for me to wear that evening he evidently guessed what was up. I didn't like the look he gave me. I felt as though I had let him into my secret. His manner

became confidential and rather familiar. However I knew now what I wanted, and I also knew there were no lengths to which I would not go in order to get it.

The dirzie began to fiddle about with my frock. His fingers came into contact with my flesh much more than they need have done. I said nothing. I knew if I had to send for another dirzie it would be the same thing all over again. I was more or less in the man's power and he knew it. He became bolder and the contact of his fingers with my breasts could no longer be possibly regarded as accidental.

At length I said: "When you have quite finished what you are doing do you think we might get on with the dress?" He gave me an intimate look, which I pretended not to notice and remarked on the perfection of my physical charms, and, withdrawing his hand said he would have the dress ready to try on in an hour's time.

In due course I tried on the frock. When I saw myself in the mirror I couldn't help blushing. The amount of my torso that was revealed was generous in the extreme. I was certain that no man could look on this frank display of feminine lures unmoved. It was soon evident that the Dirzie couldn't. He was back at his old tricks. I was beginning to feel that I didn't mind anything, so didn't attempt to stop him. Soon I became aware that I was actually enjoying it. I thought I had better take a pull on myself before things went too far, so I told him he had altered the dress very nicely and he could now make it "pucca".

In order to make myself more alluring I wore nothing under the frock. It was semi-transparent and I knew that in certain lights the white skin of my thighs would show through. When I took a final look at myself in the glass I felt confident that no normal man would be able to resist me, and in anticipation I felt myself in the ardent embrace of this inexperienced youth.

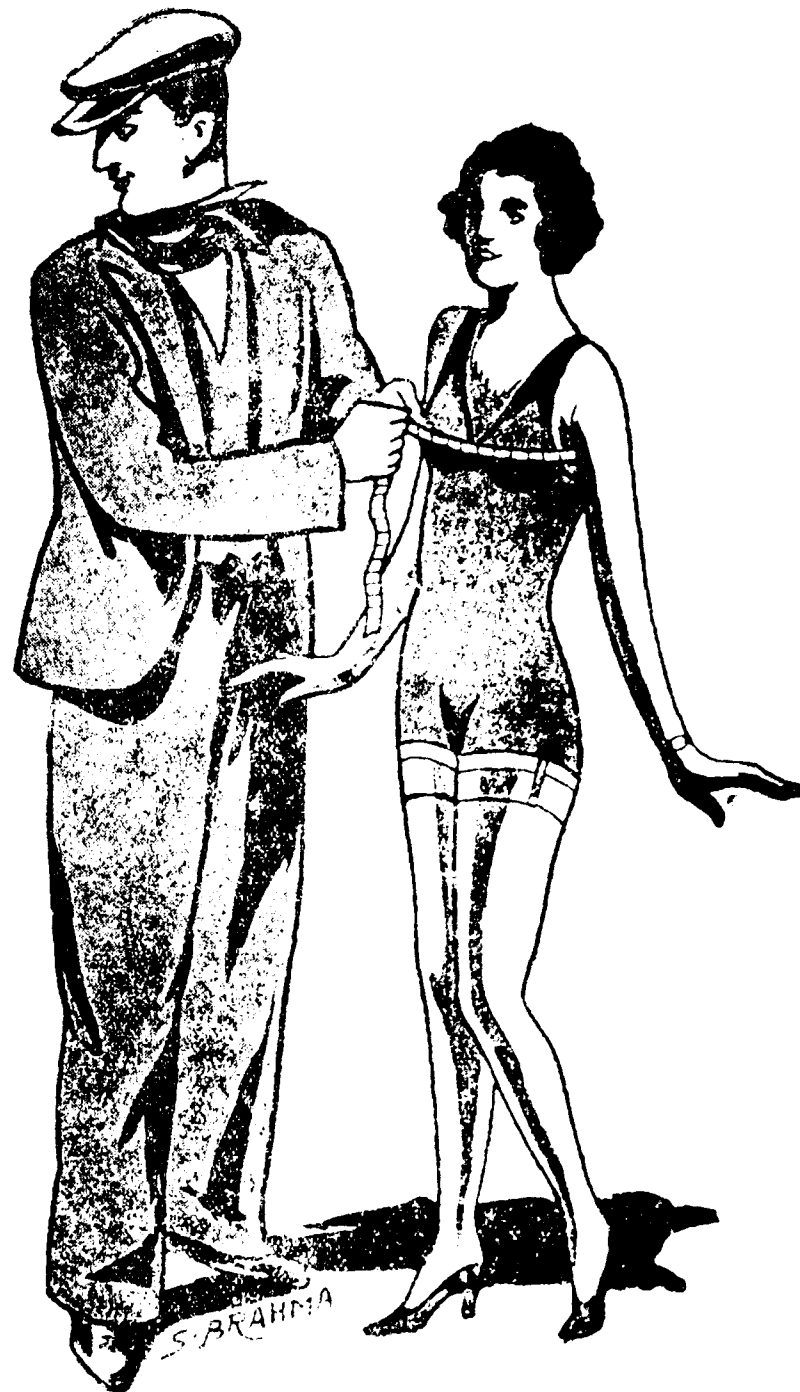
The Bearer, who had helped me to dress, had obviously grasped the situation. He had not been with officers' wives without learning something. I had told him that a Sahib was coming to dinner and that we would have dinner alone in my own rooms. When he saw me in the altered frock he said: "Memsahib is looking very beautiful and sahib is lucky."

I waited in my bed room until I

knew the boy had arrived, as I had planned an effective entry. I glided into the sitting room and was delighted to see my efforts had been successful. The boy came forward to meet me with a look of extreme pleasure on his face. His eyes were dilated as they rested on the feminine charms that were so generously exposed. As we shook hands he held my hand longer than was necessary and gave it a gentle squeeze, which I returned. I then moved between him and the light so that he might observe the transparency of the dress.

He admired my frock. He told me I looked glorious. He became restless and could hardly get through dinner. I could see he was impatient to become on more intimate terms.

After dinner I managed to make him behave until I had dismissed the Bearer. Then he let himself go. He threw away his cigarette and took me in his arms. Our lips met, and his hands began to wander. I didn't attempt to stop him. I didn't want to stop him. I was ever so happy. My loneliness had gone, life was worth living again. I knew that never



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again would I experience the misery I had been through. Need I say more?

He left me early—not too early—the next morning. After he had gone my conscience pricked me a little, but as soon as I remembered all the unhappiness I had been through, my conscience became satisfied and I thought with satisfaction of the pleasures which the night had brought me; pleasures that were to be repeated again and again.

As soon as it became known that I had got a boy friend my popularity returned and invitations began to flow in. Other men began to buzz round me again, and when they found that now they were not discouraged, and that I was ready to "give something in return" they spent their money on me freely, in fact my difficulty was to prevent them from spending too much.

When eventually George got his leave and came up I was conscious that he either knew or suspected what had been happening. After all he'd

been in the hills as a bachelor himself so he must have known what to expect. Anyhow he took it all philosophically and made no trouble, and when he saw my altered frock he made very flattering remarks about it and me, though he did tease me a little bit too.

"Your experience was very similar to mine" remarked Mildred "and I suppose it is pretty well the same with most of us, they vary in detail but the main theme is the same and the result is practically always the same. We are separated so much from our husbands in this country who can blame us if we sometimes find consolation in the arms of another man?"

"Yes" agreed Cynthia especially when we know that our husbands enjoy a little variety themselves at times. I could tell you some things about George, but they must keep till another time.

(Continued from page 10)

ing. Proudly he put on the rubber band and pressing his cheeks against the open receiver ordered the switch to be put on. Alas! Poor Dr. Sundar was dead in a minute, through his own folly caught in the same trap which he had prepared for putting others to death. Saroja trembled from top to toe on seeing the ghastly face of the dead professor and woman-like she found her solace in the manly comforting embrace of Mani.

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THE CHAUKIDAR

By John R. Chapman

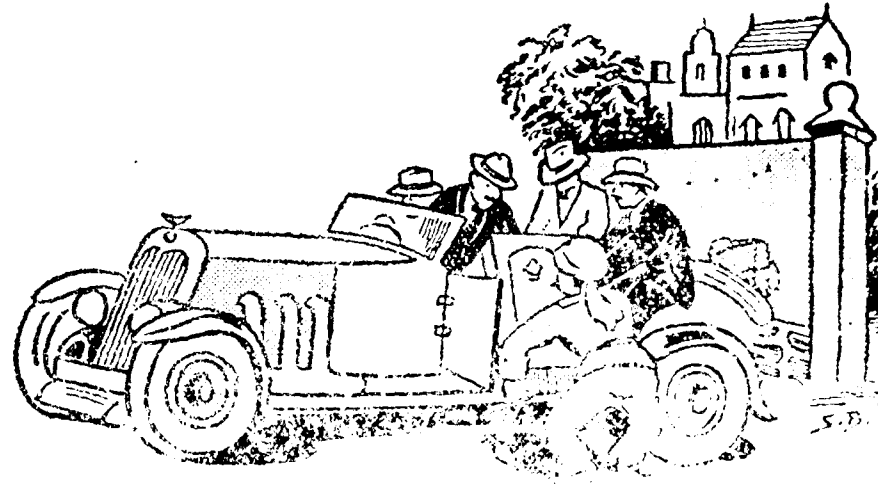
MR. SAGLI RAM considered himself a cosmopolitan; free from local and national prejudices. True, he did not know how to pronounce the word correctly, but such a slight handicap did not alter this fact. He proudly declared himself to be a rolling-stone. The only stones he had ever rolled were familiar landsigns near Yeravada Jail, Poona. He referred slightly to urban, suburban, provincial and town folks. Their outlook was far too cramped (he asserted); their home-life was cramped and even their maidens suffered from cramp. As a young village beau he had had his style somewhat cramped by a dashing Don Juan—Sundar Singh by name. Sagli Ram gave himself many airs, but as he grew more parochial and worldly-wise, the only thing he lacked was hairs—on his head.

From Poona to Belgaum he had left a wake of broken hearts and broken manly promises. Many an indignant lover and parent vowed eternal vengeance on Sagli Ram, who then decided that the time was ripe for an orderly retreat on Bangalore. Being a cosmopolitan, he naturally lacked the wherewithal to travel by bus or train. In fact, he detested trams and porters. He had a horror for uniforms, especially the policemen's. So this benevo-

lent wanderer plodded wearily on the Kings' Highway from Belgaum to Bangalore. His tales of woe and the wailing of his toes on this enforced hike would have made a professional mendicant look like a novice. He was too proud to beg for his food, so he stole it from the fields and villages through which he passed. One night a policeman challenged and then searched him. A tender chicken peeping out

loose on the countryside. He made a grab for the wanderer, who flung the chicken into the policeman's face and ran.

Three weeks later Sagli Ram reached Bangalore; the Queen of India's hill stations. He enquired where the Queen lived but received only stony stares in reply. The stares reminded him vividly of the stones he had broken at Yeravada Jail. He made his weary



"HO! Chaukidar! Lend a hand here."

from under his shirt had made the guardian of the law suspicious. Sagli Ram was sternly questioned as to the legitimate ownership of the feathered morsel. In fluent Tamil he told the policeman that he had noticed the poor chicken limping along the road, and from the goodness of his heart, he had given the bird a ride to ease its tired legs. The policeman did not understand Tamil and concluded that Sagli Ram was a decoit

way to the bazaar and fortunately met an old Poona pal. They had shared the same cell during the Congress Movement. His pal promised to find room to accommodate Sagli Ram, and drew the wanderer's attention to the fact that he owed Rs. 4, borrowed at the Poona Races. Sagli Ram shook his head sadly and mused on the base ingratitude of man. There was he, sore in body and broke to the wide, being reminded

that he owed a paltry Rs. 4. Muttering his favourite Mantra, he decided to carve out a name for himself in Bangalore; amass great riches and then retire to his old home near the Poona Race-course.

Sagli Ram decided that the time had come to begin his search for employment. A round of all the toddy and bucket shops resulted in nothing more than slight intoxication and the tip to clear off the premises. When he asked for a job as a groom, ladies-companion or a handy-man, his prospective employers enquired whether he was ill. The only situation forthcoming was that of chaukidar. He applied for the post. A pompous butler enquired whether he slept at night. Naturally, he slept at night; what were the nights for, anyhow? He didn't get the job. Sagli Ram was astonished, flabbergasted and genuinely shocked. Surely all chaukidars went to sleep at night!

THERE appeared to be a dearth of chaukidars in Bangalore, so Sagli Ram bought himself a brass-tipped lathi, and gave the question of sleep earnest consideration. He arranged with his pal to share the same bed: Sagli Ram during the day, and his pal at night. His first commission was to guard the home of a rich shroff. The shroff was away on business in Hyderabad-Deccan. Everything went with a swing on the first night. A few crawling things combined with the piercing howls of a pack of jackals failed to arouse him from his deep sleep. At six o'clock the next morning he returned home, tired but satisfied. Honest toil—such a difference it makes to a man's character! He prepared a few pancakes: turned his pal out of the bed and slept the sleep of the just.

Heavy-eyed, he was back on his beat that night. With righteous determination, he patrolled the length of the house every half-hour. He coughed frequently and tapped his lathi on the ground whenever he

approached a corner. It was the chaukidar's warning to loiterers and thieves to hide. Eleven o'clock boomed out from the College clock over the way, and Sagli Ram yawned. Suddenly he sat bolt upright. A motor car was swiftly approaching the house, its glaring headlights resembling the bright eyes of a jackal. The chaukidar rose to his feet, his joints rattling like castanets. He advanced to the car, his lathi held at the Chaukidar's salute. "Ho, ho, chaukidar," a wealthy voice rang out. "I am Ram Pershad, the owner of this house. I have just returned from Hyderabad-Deccan, and I want to collect a few things. You can sit down, chaukidar." Sagli Ram

at the house in his charge. He stoutly protested that there had been no nocturnal visitors, except of course, the owner. The policemen stared, and then guffawed loud and long. Sagli Ram found himself being quietly escorted to the police-station. The supposed owner had been a sneak-thief and the iron box was the safe containing much money and valuables. He had helped them to carry it! The chaukidar collapsed, but was exonerated from blame because he could not have recognised even the real owner had he visited the house.

His next appointment was ratified in the local toddy shop. He was to guard an isolated bungalow, near the outskirts of the Cantonment. This



He sat down on a near by box.

needed no second bidding—he sat down.

Four men entered the house and for a few minutes the rooms were brilliantly illuminated. They then returned to the car, supporting an iron box between them. "Ho, chaukidar, lend a hand here," the wealthy one shouted. Sagli Ram, though old, rendered valuable assistance, and the box was soon housed in the rear of the car. "Thanks, Chaukidar, here is a rupee for your trouble. Buy yourself some pan." Sagli Ram was overjoyed. One rupee for two minutes work! Dawn cast its fitful gleam on the home of the shroff, and as the chaukidar made his way home he realised that there were still a few good hearted folk in Bangalore.

Two hours later he was rudely awakened by three policemen, and closely questioned regarding loiterers

bungalow would never be empty. The occupants called themselves 'alchemists'. Their researches necessitated them working during the lone hours of the night. The chaukidar's task was to sound the alarm if anyone approached the house. All went well for the first week and nothing happened worth recording. Sagli Ram could hear the tap, tap, tapping of hammers, and the roar of a forge inside the room. One night he peeped through a crack in the window-shutters, and watched one of the inhabitants pouring a silvery liquid into little round moulds. Every morning the owner gave the chaukidar a bright shiny rupee in payment for his services. Money for nothing! One night it was raining hard, and Sagli Ram was yawning, as usual. He saw several forms approaching the house. "Hi, hi!" yelled the chaukidar. The

light in the room was immediately extinguished. The forms were ten policemen and an inspector. "Everything is all right," bawled out Sagli Ram. "It is only the police." "Shut up," snarled the Inspector. "Search the house," was his next order. The rooms were again illuminated, and Sagli Ram ventured inside. The inmates had vanished, and a complete counterfeiter's outfit was left in the possession of the police. Poor old Sagli Ram! He had been employed to guard and warn the inmates against the police. The chankidar returned home, a sadder and wiser man. When he examined the ten rupees that he earned, he found them to be—all bad.

It was nearly one month later before Sagli Ram felt sufficiently confident to accept another billet. The pay was munificent. He was detailed to hourly patrol the exterior and interior of the H. B. Museum, situated near to the graveyard. He was given charge of the keys and warned that the Museum contained many valuable antiques and old coins, pottery and paintings. A bell-tale clock was fitted in each room and Sagli Ram was required to 'clock-in' every time he visited the rooms. He had made one round of the entire interior and exterior before dusk, and he failed to see anything of which to be afraid. True, the graveyard suggested grave matters. It was a little annoying to have to do the round every hour, but probably he would be able to fix the clock!

His eight, nine and ten o'clock rounds were completed without any incident of note. In case of alarm, he was to press a button on the wall in each room. Twelve o'clock sounded its sonorous notes! the chankidar again prepared to 'clock-in.' The coin room was safe; the portrait-room appeared safe, although the faces of bygone Amirs cast a mournful look at a modern chankidar. A turn of the key in the lock and he was gone. The next room contained marble statues and suits of ancient armour. Sagli Ram had just entered the room when his lantern blew out, and he was left in total darkness. His matches were in the little hut outside the museum. Was the gallant chankidar afraid? Not a bit of it. He knew where the clock and key were situated, and he cautiously made his way in that direction. His knees were a little shaky, and his teeth—both of them—began to rattle.

Then the calamity happened. He

caught his foot in a low brass rail surrounding a marble statue. Down he went, and as he put out his hands to save himself, the statuette came tumbling down with a crash—in a thousand pieces. He staggered to his feet and bumped into a lovely model of Aphrodite—the goddess of love. Instead of there being a song of love in the heart of the chankidar, there was a hymn of hate. He groaned and down came a suit of armour with a crash like a thousand devils let loose. Sagli Ram was terrified, and almost as dainty as a bull in a china shop. He sat down on a nearby box. It wasn't a box—it was a glass case—and the chankidar went inside it. Then a convenient moon cast its rays through an upper window; the light revealed a scene of utter chaos. Sagli Ram got his bearings and 'clocked-in.' He hastily left the room. On his next round he pressed the alarm button. When the police and the fire-brigade arrived, he explained that someone depraved or something supernatural, probably a prejudiced vandal had caused the damage. The professors grunted and groaned, and Sagli Ram was shunted from his position as chankidar to the H. B. Museum. He was thankful, and determined that he would never guard a museum again.

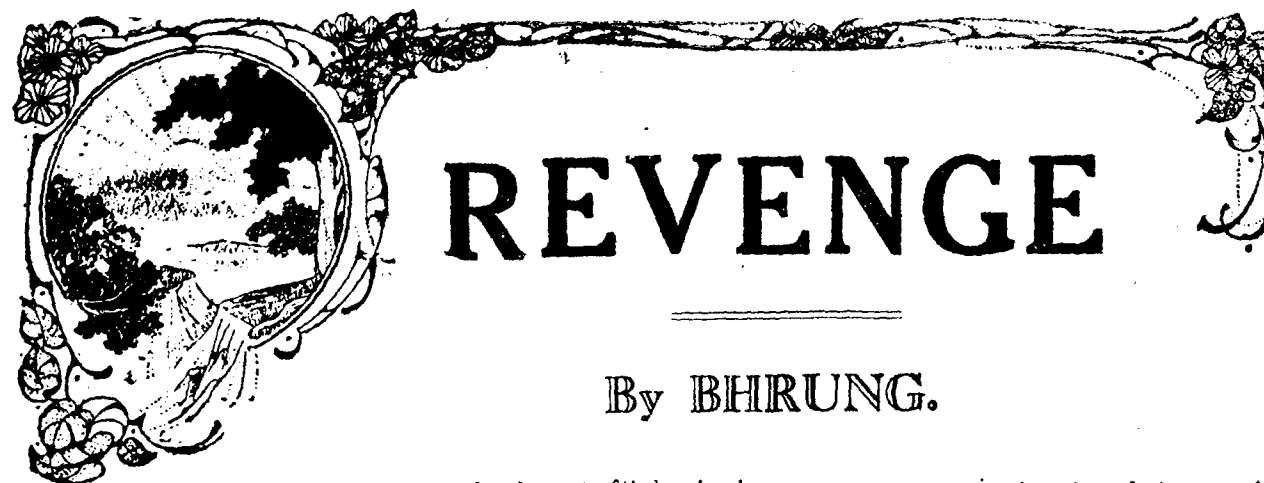
Another week elapsed and Sagli Ram was again feeling fit for the chase. He was hired to watch over the growing crops of Mr. Sodhi—a rich landowner. His duty was to remove straying cattle and to frighten off tigers, jackals and robbers. For this purpose he was armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun and twenty cartridges. When the place was still, and with only a slight breeze to cool the senses, Sagli Ram sat beneath a swaying palm—it may have been a toddy tree—and communed with himself. He loaded the gun with two cartridges. Soon he was on his feet again—with the fixed determination to guard the village against marauders and creeping things. Near the edge of a field he stopped to listen. Then he saw it—someone of giant stature—silent and grim—swaying fully six feet over the top of the corn. Its face was diabolical; nothing less than a grinning mask where its face should have been. Horrible! Sagli Ram stood rooted to the spot. Gradually all the feeling left his body and brain. He felt the gun in his hand and feeling returned. He must preserve the goods of his employer. The gun was at his shoulder. Bang!

Bang! went the reports—then eighteen more bangs. But the gruesome face continued to grin. He faintly He awoke, to find himself sobbing and surrounded by chattering villagers. "Did I kill him?" he at last managed to gasp. "Come and see," remarked one old toiler. With a feeling of pride he crossed over to the group of villagers. On the ground—born and lacerated by countless pellets lay the village—scarecrow! The scarecrow was restored to its former grandeur and given a new mask. Sagli Ram's services were dispensed with. It was considered cheaper to maintain two scarecrows!

His next berth was chankidar on "Suicide Tank." As its name implies, this tank was the favourite resort of would-be suicides. The chankidar's task was to ensure that those contemplating suicide were afforded every consideration and opportunity—to change their minds and clothes. Sagli Ram had been a strong swimmer in his youth, so he told the Municipal. At home he was very old, that was long time ago. One day a long-haired lanky youth, his eyes full of sorrow and thwarted ambition, came to the tank. He undressed with quiet deliberation, then he threw three or four silver coins into the tank. He picked up a bundle of letters, kissed them and placed them near to his clothes. Then with a sigh, he jumped into the tank and disappeared from view. Sagli Ram jumped to his feet and hastily scoured the bundle of papers. They were rejected Mss. Poor soul! Now he had gone to his death. But the Municipal chankidar decided to save the youth from his folly. With one clean dive the chankidar was in the tank and searching the bottom. There he is? The dejected author was floundering on the bottom, doing his utmost to keep himself submerged. Sagli Ram grabbed a leg and hoisted him to the surface. Willing helpers hauled him to safety and then the young man began to swear. His language was disgraceful but nevertheless justified. He was only practising—planning with rupees for the aquatic sports on the morrow.

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By BHRUNG.

IT was a small room in the street of the town of B—. In the centre of the room on a ramshackle bed, though I doubt if it could be called a bed, lay a corpse of a lady, her face showing the marks of extreme agony and suffering. Undoubtedly, she must have been beautiful one time, for her face denoted all the charms that must have adorned her body once. But fate seemed to have not been favourable to her, for her body was reduced to a mere skeleton, marring all the grace of her features. A bed-sheet was spread over her body. In a corner of the room, on a mattress lay a child, a baby girl, hardly a month old in a profound slumber. It was beautiful, had a pretty face and golden locks which moved ever so slightly with the kiss of the gentle breeze every now and then. At the foot of the bed on which lay the dead woman, knelt a man with his head hidden in the palms of his hands. The man appeared to be very strong of limb and of a good stature. He was decently clad, wore sandals on his feet, and was bareheaded. His head was adorned with jet-black hair, that rolled on his neck in rich profusion. A single

candle burnt flickeringly near the head of the dead lady. Utter silence reigned in the room.

Suddenly the child awoke and started crying. The man seemed to arise with a start from his reverie. He raised his face Ah! what agony was stamped on that face! Tears were trickling down his cheeks. His lips were blanched. He had brown eyes with a light in them that spoke of grim determination of their possessor. He got to his feet and going over to the babe raised it tenderly to his heart. Not a smile flickered on his face. He came over to the bed and laying the child at the feet of the dead woman, stood gazing at the face of the dead one. Suddenly, he removed the sheet from the feet of the woman and laying his hands on them, uttered, "O Sister mine, I swear by thy sacred feet, from here onwards I live for thy revenge, and only revenge. Nothing shall come in my way from trying to deal with the man who has wronged thee, the full measure of his vile action. Whoever he be, in whatever manner he try to escape from my clutches, I shall pursue him, I shall get him, even if he try to hide himself in the

utmost depths of the earth. He shall suffer as thou hast suffered in this world by his wrongs. Revenge, revenge shall be my one duty, my religion as long as I live. O, thou who art in Heaven guide me in my undertaking. Cursed be my soul if ever a thought other than thy revenge touch my heart."

So saying, he again, with a heavy heart knelt beside the dead form of his sister, his head resting near the feet on the bed.

SUSHARMA and Shaila, Bala were brother and sister. Their parents were quite well—to do people, though not very rich to keep their children rolling in riches. They had educated the two well. Both loved one another dearly. The brother would hardly be found alone, away from his dear sister, who was younger than him by two years. Susharma was tall and well built. Shaila was graceful and possessed all the charms of a beautiful maiden. She had long auburn hair that rolled on her back in ringlets crowning her head in a glory that was alluring and attractive. Two roses seemed to have spread their pleasing hues on her enchanting cheeks. Her lips appeared to have been vying tulips in their crimson colour. Suffice to say she was very pretty and adorned with every grace that a man could expect in a maiden divine.

Hardly out of her teens their parents left them alone in this stormy world to face the buffets of this cruel world, and barge their canoe as best they

could in the wild engulfing waves of the ocean of life. But their love for one another stood by them in their times of distress. They helped one another to pass their days of solitude and loneliness in comfort, and with trust in the power of the Almighty All-embracing Mother.

Susharma had a friend named Manohar. He was very rich. These

could such a thing last? She grew weaker and weaker. Somehow, Manohar had stopped coming to Susharma's house now, and was not even to be seen anywhere in the town of B—.

Susharma was puzzled at this, but never a thought came to his mind that his sister's illness had any connection with Manohar's disappearance.



Knelt beside the dead form of his sister

two were great chums. Manohar frequently visited Susharma's house and freely spoke with Shaila, who had started feeling a certain kind of joy in the company of Manohar. Manohar was young and beautiful, always well-liked, and well educated. It was natural that she should be attracted towards him. Susharma had a great regard for his friend, whom he had taken a great liking for. In a manner, he loved him as his own brother, and never thought for a moment,—but, but, if we could only peep into the future, would we suffer so?

Time passed. Suddenly Susharma observed a change into his dear sister. She seemed to be getting weaker and paler day by day. He tried to find out what was ailing her and spoke of getting medical help, but with determination she would refuse of his doing so and start pretending to smile and act as if she was her own self of the olden days. But how long

Shaila was bedridden. Susharma could not understand what to do. After all he got a Doctor, who, to Susharma's horror expressed that his sister was in a delicate condition and would be a mother in a short time. Imagine what his feelings must have been, but still his love for Shaila triumphed over his wrath at the news, and going over to her lovingly, started attending to her wants.

He arranged to get a nurse and that night Shaila gave birth to a baby girl. But the suffering was too great for her. She had fallen a prey to Manohar's sweet tongue. He had betrayed her and brought dishonour on her head. He had defiled her sanctity. To live a life of shame and dishonour was impossible for her. In giving birth to her child, her soul had fled from the temporary abode to complain of the grievous wrong at the feet of the Just One. While dying she made a clean breast to her brother of the

FUNNY MAGZIN

wrong she had suffered, but still womanlike imploring him not to be hard on her dear Manohar, for she yet loved him. She also implored him to name the girl Manorama just for the little resemblance that name had to Manohar, the name of the person who had been the cause of her seeing this world. All this, for the love he bore his sister, Susharma agreed to do and

did, but deep in his heart, can you not imagine what hell raged? There at the feet of his dear sister tears falling down his cheeks with a heart-rending cry he shouted to God and swore that hereafter he would live for only revenge and nothing but revenge.

Years rolled by. Fortune had greatly favoured Susharma in these years. He had become a millionaire. Manorama had grown into a beautiful dame with bewitching eyes and a charm that spell-bound any person that had the fortune of seeing her. But she was very modest, pleasing, virtuous and possessed a kind heart that sympathised readily with everyone's suffering. She was given to understand that she was Susharma's daughter and was well guarded from coming in contact with the evil tongues of the world, for he feared she may not be brought to the real realization in a crude way. She was well guarded from the fact that

she was born of a woman that had been betrayed by a wretched cur. Susharma, always with the one idea of revenge had educated her well. He seemed to have fixed on a plan about his future action. Manorama had a great liking for Music from her childhood, and Susharma had taken great pains to get her well taught by experts in the fine art. She could now sing divinely with a sweet natural melodious voice. Susharma had at first great trouble in finding the whereabouts of Manohar, but at last he traced him to the town of M—He had grown rich too, lived in a palatial mansion still crazy of pretty faces, his riches helping him to fulfil all his vices in an abominable manner. Susharma, in these years had grown into a middle aged man. He had grown a long beard, and had started wearing his hair long. He had even changed the mode of his attire, and under these circumstances it was next

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so impossible for Manohar to recognise in this Susharma the old old friend whose sister he had wronged.

Having decided on the action to take, Susharma called Manorama to his room. Having asked her to seat before him he said, "My dear child, the time has come when I must enlighten you on a painful subject. Though it be painful, I cannot in justice avoid doing my duty. The subject is connected with your life, and you will have to decide for yourself your future actions."

Manorama was frightened at these words of her supposed father. She lovingly went up to him, and garlanding his neck with her tender arms, kissed Susharma lovingly and exclaimed, "Father, if the matter be so painful, why breach it? Ain't we happy in one another's company? Have I ever pained you? Have I ever been the cause of your sorrow? Do I not love you more than my life? For a moment's joy I am ready to sacrifice smilingly my life."

Susharma held her close to his heart and said, "My dear dear child, I have to do my duty. You are not my daughter as you think, but my sister's child. Here before you is hung a painting that you have never seen. It has remained ever hidden from your innocent eyes. To-day shall I reveal that face to you, and you shall see the face of your mother, my sister, who was wronged by a cur." So saying he raised the curtain that hid a large

oil painting of a beautiful woman, that seemed an exact replica of the present Manorama. At seeing that picture she felt a certain kind of love surging in her heart. Ah! How nice if she were to be living? What pleasure if she could only hold her in her arms, to her heart? How she would have felt those kisses? In what all ways she would have caressed and fondled her? Thoughts like this and such like crowded in Manorama's heart!

Susharma tried to console her and in a manner most tender he related the incident of her mother's shame, how her chastity had been robbed, her virtue snatched by a human thief.

Having done so, he said, "And now Manorama, now that you know the truth it is your duty to your mother to take revenge on the vile dog. You shall swear by the sacred memory of that face in front of you, that you shall

never rest, you will never spare your life, nay even your honour in revenging your dear mother. Come, come up here and lay your hands on those feet in the picture, and swear as I say. Remember the soul of your mother is around thee even now. Forget not she is even in this room now, near thee, beside thee. Do you fear to take revenge on the person who has sullied your mother's name, who has disgraced her, who has abandoned her and left her to die?"

With a stunned heart Manorama got up. The revelation was so shocking. She was thinking. The blow was unbearable to her. And slowly, very slowly light seemed to dawn on her. Yes. Revenge on the man who showered on her mother such shame, such agony, such suffering, revenge of her mother's death. With unfaltering footsteps she approached the picture and laying her hands on the feet of the beautiful lady who appeared to be actually alive and gazing at her tenderly, lovingly, she said, "O God I swear by these holy feet. I shall do all in my power, I shall not rest a single moment until I have taken revenge of my mother's wrongs." Saying so, she turned to Susharma and said, "Father, I shall call thee but father, for what else are you to me than a father, now tell me what you have decided. What have you planned. You have but to tell me how to act and it shall be done."



...taught by experts in the fine art.

Susharma held the girl again to his heart and whispered, "Manorama you are a brave girl. My dear, the time is approaching and you shall be told what to do. Until then, compose yourself and prepare for a great ordeal."

And then utter silence reigned in the room, the girl nestling near his heart and thinking of her past, the old Susharma thinking of the moment in the future that would bring the revenge at hand.

Two more years passed. Now Manorama had started giving musical concerts in music-halls and theatres. By her sweet voice she had attracted the public. The papers praised her voice and her art of singing. She had a perfect melodious voice that enthralled her audience. Her fame was widespread. From the town of B—, they travelled to the town of M—. Having arrived at the place where Manohar dwelt, Susharma arranged to give a performance of Manorama's singing in one of the large opera houses there. He knew well that Manohar would surely come to hear the singing, for he was a lover of music, and would naturally be attracted when he would know the performer to be a pretty young girl. He was waiting for this opportunity. The time had come. And every thing happened as thought by him. Manohar was greatly attracted by this divine singer. Everyday he came to hear her sing. He sent valuable gifts to her. Susharma encouraged him the more. He had never given an inkling to Manorama as to who this Manoharis. He thought it better to reserve the illustration to the last moment when the

time would arrive to act.

As days passed Manohar became more enraptured by her charms, her innocent beauty. Day and night he thought of her, and though a wicked man, a certain kind of love for the

girl grew in his heart. Somehow he started loving her in a very strange manner, for sometimes thoughts of possessing her as his mistress hunted him, which would be surprised the next moment by loving thoughts of a nature amounting to paternal love. He could not diagnose his own feelings.

While this was going on, Susharma one day called Manorama and said, "Child, the time has come. To-night will you have the opportunity for which we have worked, we have waited so long. To-night is the night for which I have brought you to the stage where you have to sing before the public like an ordinary nautch girl. It is for this moment that I have suffered you to come on the stage and be gazed by crude eyes and satiate their greedy and lusty hunger by gazing at your divine beauty. With thoughts I dare not express they have feasted on your graceful features like greedy monsters, when I could easily afford to keep you in respectful manner. Be brave. To-day shall all that end. I shall bring to you to-day one that has been the cause of thy mother's fall. You shall have ample opportunity to do your will. He is one of those to gloat on your charms and shall be like wax in your hands. You will be able to crush him as one can crush an ant with one's feet. Here's something in this phial. Only a drop and the thing shall be done. What care we what happens to us after the revenge is complete? I shall sign to you when the time shall be ripe to use it. I shall leave you two together, only to return in a short time to find—ah! Ain't revenge sweet?"

That whole day Manorama felt uneasy. Revenge had completely taken possession of her too, but to kill, nay murder one human being that would come to her with such an open heart as to rely on her? Ah! It was impossible. But was not that man her mother's traitor? Had he not behaved in the same manner? Had he not discarded the love of her mother, and brought shame on her? Then what right had he to expect better treatment from others? And again her other side would say "O Manorama, would you murder a man in cold blood? Have you any right to take from a human being that what God had given him? Have you the power to judge other's actions, other's faults? But still her heart again whispered, 'Revenge, revenge is all

that counts with me in this life."

So by evening, Manorama dressed herself immaculately and waited the coming of her mother's seducer. After a while who should drive up in a car but Monohar? So this man was the one who had disgraced her mother? She knew well in her heart that Monohar was greatly attached to her, being attracted by her charms, and she too liked this old man in a peculiar manner.

In the evening the table was loaded with rich food, sweets and fruit and excellent wine. Susharma was very happy that day and seemed to enjoy the company of Monohar very much, but somehow Monohar seemed dejected to-day and deeply engrossed in some thoughts. A pathetic look had crept in his eyes, nay it seemed to be the shadow of the suffering that he was to suffer that night. The two, Susharma and Monohar drank heartily that day, never sparing themselves or the sparkling nectar. Susharma continuously pressed Monohar to drink away and be happy, and often expressed, "Drink away, my friend, such a day shall never come again." The words, though they had no meaning for Monohar meant such a lot to the two, Susharma and Manorama.

While dining, Susharma appeared to be greatly excited about something, but Monohar himself was not in a condition to note the change. He too, appeared to be getting jolly under the influence of wine, which he now quaffed in great quantities. After dinner was over Susharma asked Manorama to sing. She had prepared herself for the moment with a love ditty composed by herself revealing the villainy of a young man who seduces a pretty girl. The illicit connection bears fruit. The man

leaves the girl to the mercy of his relations and runs away. The girl, in giving birth to a girl child dies. Such was the import of the song that Manorama sang, which seemed to sober Monohar at once, but again and again Susharma forced him to gaiety and hilarity by his funny jokes at womanhood, that surely a good man would blush to utter.

Suddenly he got up to his feet and winking in a funny manner so as to say, "Get along, you lucky chap. Now is your time," went up to Manorama and grasping her arms in a vice-like grip with his hands so as to even make that girl wince with pain, he hissed, "Manorama! your time is come. Remember your oath by the feet of your mother. You have the phial handy. Do your duty, or the curse of God shall follow you every step of your life. I am now going and shall return after ten minutes. Be brave my child. Fear not. You



are doing what is right. Who but a daughter has the right to redress her mother's wrongs?"

He went out and closed the door behind him. Manorama's head whirled. She thought the house to be whirling round her. Somehow she forced a smile on her face and going up to Monohar she started talking to him lovingly. She filled his goblet again and again with wine. The more he drank the more he started talking nonsense and started pulling and trying to caress Manorama. Ah! Never a thought touched his mind that the girl before him was none else but the fruit of his licentious action, his vile deed.

Suddenly, his passion flamed up and he dragged Manorama towards him. She implored to leave him but he only laughed satanically. Suddenly his eyes fell on the locket that the girl wore around her neck. He gave a start and left her immediately. He

started trembling. His face became pale and ghastly. Horror took possession of his eyes and his lips were blanched. He shut his eyes with his hands as if to hide from them something horrible, and then again he opened them and stared at the locket just to prove if he had seen right the first time. And then in a whisper he said, "Manorama, tell me where have you got this thing from?" His passion had disappeared. There was agony on his face. His words were husky.

Manorama said naught but going over to a shelf, took up the phial containing the deadly liquid. Her hands were trembling, nay even her whole frame shivered. She steadied herself on the table near Monohar. As one possessed of the devil, Monohar sprang to his feet and holding Manorama by her arms gazed intently at her face and murmured, "It is she. It is her image. It can be none else." Again he whispered hoarsely, "Tell,

say Manorama to whom does that belong?"

And against her will Manorama's lips murmured, "It is my mother's."

As one struck by the lightning Monohar fell back on the sofa near by. Then he said, "You are then she, her daughter, my child, the child of my folly? For years have I thought of thee, and thought of coming back, but I am a coward. For years your thoughts haunted me, and I tried to suppress them in wine and villainess. But now that I have found thee, how can I loose thee again? I have such a lot to atone for." He seemed to be talking to himself. As one inspired with some thought he got to his feet and fell on Manorama's feet and said, "My child, will you ever forgive this old man, this old father of yours? I have sinned against humanity and God, but mercy, have mercy on me. As I have sinned so have I suffered so long. Pity, have pity on this old father of yours."

She was moved by his words. Her tender heart was touched to the core by his acute suffering. The phial dropped automatically from her fingers, and she fell a sobbing on his bosom crying "Father, father". He held her close to his heart and showered innumerable kisses on her head, profusely adorned with golden curls.

Suddenly, the door was thrown open and in rushed Susharma with a revolver in his hands. He gazed at the spectacle before him and thundered, "Manorama, what means this? Have you lost your senses? What is this?" And the only reply that he got came in a whisper, "THIS IS REVENGE." Like a maniac he aimed at Monohar but quick as lightning Manorama stood in front of Monohar shielding him with her body and said, "O dear father, forbear. You surely shall not kill your dear Manorama. Fate had ordained to be so. This is our REVENGE."

At these words Susharma felt as if the floor beneath his feet was giving way. The words stunned him, rooted him to the spot. His face became ashen. In a hoarse voice he said, "SO BE IT. GOD BLESS YOU, ADIEU." Quickly he turned to his heel. His hand was raised. A cry from Manorama's lips ensued, instantly followed by the report of the automatic and Susharma dropped to the earth.

(Continued on page 22).





Words Don't Count.

Patient: "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"

Doctor: "By cheque, postal order or cash.—Grit."

Salesmanship.

Customer: "Are those eggs strictly fresh?"

Grocer (to his assistant): "Feel those eggs, George, and see if they're cool enough to sell yet."—Springfield Union.

No Luck.

"That fellow Jacobs has owed me a tenner for two years"

"Can't you get it out of him?"

"Not a cent. But that's not the worst of it. I heard he'd started a debt-collecting business, so I wrote to him and asked him to collect my debt."

"What happened?"

"He replied that all efforts to collect the money had failed, and charged me a guinea expenses."—Punch.

All Right, Then.

The young man who had been calling on Helen came at last to see her father. Finally, the suitor made this announcement: "It's a mere formality, I know, but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed in the usual way."

Helen's father stiffened.

"And may I inquire," he asked "who suggested that asking my consent to Helen's marriage was a mere formality?"

"Yes," replied the young man. "It was Helen's mother."—Arcanum Bulletin.

Aged.

"One shouldn't speak disrespectfully about one older than oneself, should one?"

"Quite right, sir," said the waiter.

"Very well, then, I shall refrain from expressing my opinion of the chicken you just served!"—Ottawa Citizen.

Brains.

One definition of a highbrow author is a chap who can write about something that he doesn't understand, and make you think it's your fault.—Niagara Falls Review.

The Limit

Along the country road walked a man and a woman. The latter was bullying the meek little fellow who trudged in front of her with downcast head.

Suddenly the woman saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She took refuge in the hedge, but her companion kept on, unconscious of everything but his woes. The bull caught him up and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch. Then it continued on its wild career.

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As he crawled out of the mire he saw his wife coming towards him. Plucking up a little courage, he whimpered: "Maria, if you hit me like that again you'll really get my temper up."

Confession

One of Levinsky's customers was notorious for his slowness in meeting liabilities. In desperation, Levinsky sent the following letter:—

"Sir.—Who bought a lot of goods from me and did not pay?—You. But who promised to pay in sixty days?—You. Who didn't in six months?—You. Who is a scoundrel, a thief and a liar?—Yours truly, Al Levinsky."

A pompous individual, posing as an authority on education, was recently hoist with his own petard. He went into the local school with the intention of putting the fifth standard through their faucings in the geography of Europe. He began "What is the capital of Holland?"

"H!" was the crushing rejoinder from the smart boy of the class.

The motherly old cook was being introduced by her new mistress to the kitchen of the very modern flat. The mistress pointed with pride to the electric range, the geyser, the radiator, the automatic refrigerator, the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine, the steam-drying apparatus, the switchboards, and so on.

"Why are you putting on your hat and coat?" said the mistress, interrupting herself in her explanation. "Surely you're not going?"

"I am, ma'am. It's an engineer you want, not a cook!"

(Continued from page 21)

his head shattered in bits. He had held the barrel of the revolver in his mouth and pressed the trigger. Instant death had followed.

Here ends my story for of what avail or what need is it to state here that Manohar compensated Manorama in every way the great loss she had suffered and the wrong he had done to Shaila by openly acknowledging Manorama to be his daughter? Thus Fate had ordained to be and who can boast of having the power to rub off what is writ by the finger of FATE?

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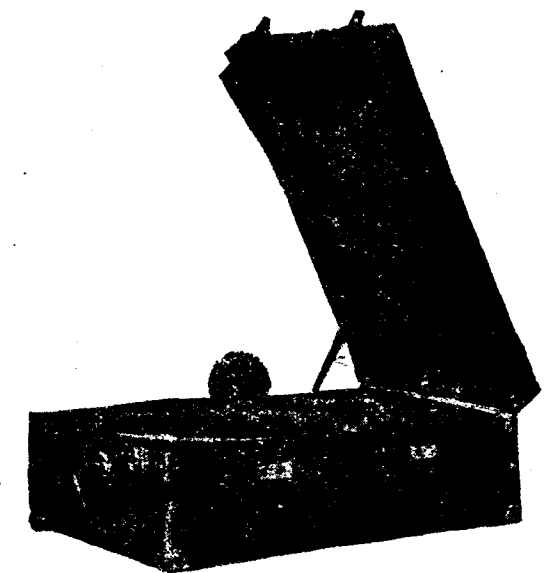
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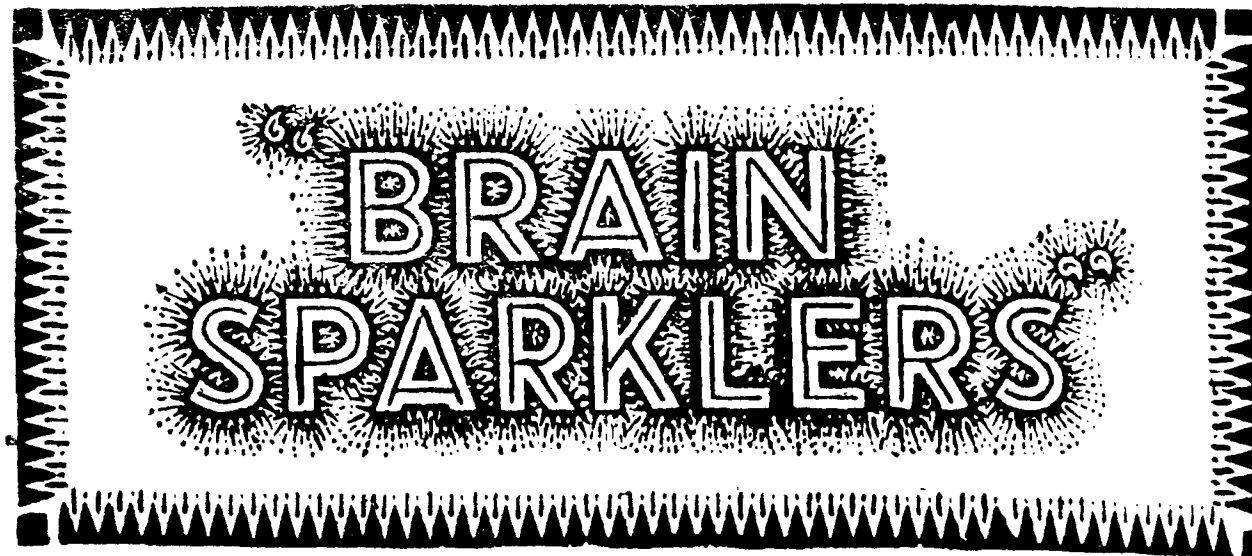
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A STRIKING GIRL WILL ALWAYS MAKE A HIT

A man has to work hard to keep his wife—
and many wives have hard work to keep their husbands.

*An art gallery is a place with pictures, some
of them by artists.*

She took up chess because she was always
good at putting men in their places!

PEACE IS THE ONLY THING WORTH
FIGHTING FOR.

After a man marries he finds that it only takes
one to make a quarrel.

Inferiority complex is a smaller bulge on the inside.

Divorce suits are special clothes worn when
the wedding is all over.

DIMMEST LIGHTS HAVE THE GREATEST
SCANDAL POWER.

The only way some men screw up courage is with
a corkcrew.

A bump is a dimple turned inside out.

Many a person who is told to take a back
seat is apt to take affront.

GIRLS HAVE DISCOVERED THAT WITHOUT
THE MAN IN IT THERE CAN BE NO ROMANCE.

It takes the girl of his dreams to make a
man wake up.

*When a man begins to forgive his enemies he
usually starts with the big fellows.*

It isn't always the coat that makes the man—
sometimes it is the padding.

SHOULD YOU HAVE A SKELETON IN YOUR
CUPBOARD, IT'S BEST TO MAKE
NO BONES ABOUT IT.

The only thing you can put over a smart guy nowadays
is a tombstone.

*Silence is sometimes golden and so sometimes it
indicates guilt.*

Some girls marry for money because it is
necessary to have some excuse.

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GRETA GARBO

By CINEMATIQUE

We are told that Greta is an extraordinarily inaccessible person; that she is not to be hooked by Hollywood hostesses; that before the approaches of strangers and busybodies she fades silently away; and that to all inter-

So much we are constantly told. And watching her on the screen I wondered how much of it was bunk—the stuff that some of the cleverest publicity men in America have spoon-fed to a gullible world. Is she really a mystery? Is she as aloof and

distant as we are led to believe? Is she an enigma, a living paradox, a will o' the wisp? Or is she in fact, a very human person after all? But if even the mystery of her background is a fiction of Hollywood, how to explain her unique appeal on the screen? For it is unique. It is not sex appeal; not, that is in the Clara Bow sense of the phrase. And it is not merely

and is yet the very core of her screen magnetism.

Why does Greta get across? Mainly because she is one of the very few who live up to the publicity on the screen. See her act, and you will find it easy to believe every Hollywood yarn that is told about her. To me she is a Personality first, and a beautiful woman second.

Her chief quality is what I might call a mental sex appeal. Any man who is blind to this must be a log of wood. Many screen actresses appeal to men as the subjects of a trivial amusing 'affair.' None would regard Greta in the same light. She is the sort of woman a man would fall desperately in love with, or not at all. And don't forget her superb technique as an actress. She is one of the finest exponents of miming that I have ever seen, and like Chaplin she can afford to speak as little as possible in her films. In fact the less she speaks the better I like her. Which is not an attempt at the humorous, but a high tribute to her art.

Yes it is true that Greta is shy and brusque to strangers: it is true that she does not get on well with lots of people, it is true that she does prefer solitude or the Company of one or two understanding friends. But what of that? I know lots of women like her: her type is not un-

(Continued on page 28)



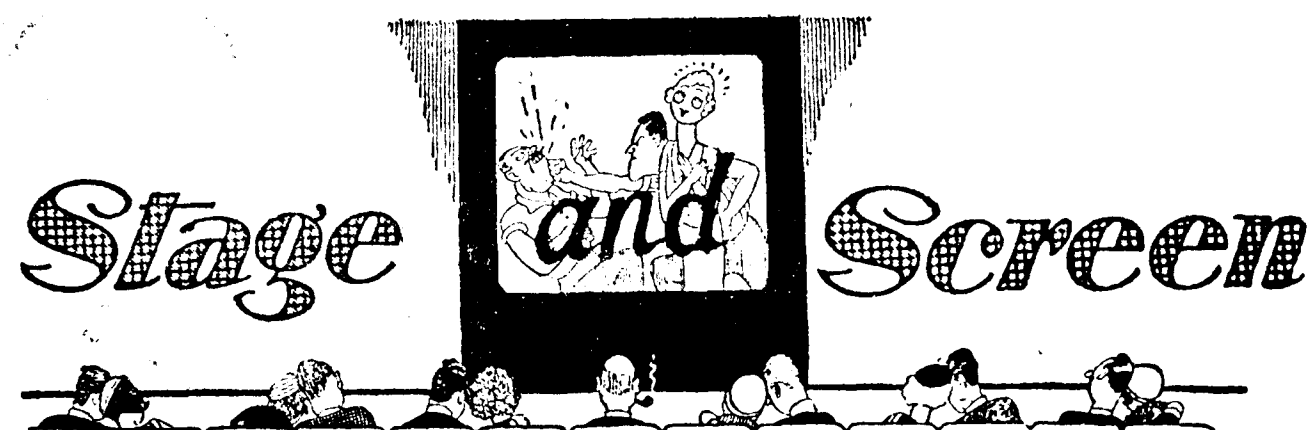
GRETA GARBO



viewers, she is "that elusive Garbo."

She provides a curious combination of one who lives in the fierce spotlight of Hollywood publicity and who is yet a stranger to her own immediate circle—a mysterious and beautiful stranger who at once invites and baffles all speculations as to her true self.

her beauty. She has an enormous film following, but her appeal is equal to men and to women, a fact which, in itself, proves that S. A. is not her main attribute. (Valentino, who had more sex appeal than any other screen star, had a huge female public, but was generally disliked by men.) She has something else, a tantalising quality that defies analysis



KING OF HUNGARY.

One of the resplendent kings in *The Crusades* approached Nina Moise (dialogue advisor on the new de Mille spectacle) as the company was "breaking up" for lunch. Taking off his jewelled crown, he said, "Hey, Nina, I left my money at home. Will you lend me fifty cents for lunch?"

Miss Moise smilingly fished a coin out of her purse. "Imagine a king not being able to pay for his lunch!" said a bystander after the actor had departed. "Who is he, Nina?"

She looked a bit puzzled. "I don't remember his name," said she "but *he is the king of Hungary!*"

A Sense of Humour.

Dance Director Seymour Felix addressed a group of chorus girls for the M. G. M. picture, "The Great Ziegfeld." He said, "Girls, before I pick any of you for this scene, I want to tell you that in several numbers you will have to wear rather abbreviated costumes. If any of your mothers will object, please step out of line now, so that there will be no delay when the picture gets started."

One of the girls Jean Gale, started to laugh.

Mr. Felix was indignant. "What are you laughing about? This is a serious matter, Miss Gale."

"Please excuse me, Mr. Felix, but my mother is also standing in this line!"

DO YOU KNOW?

Jean Parker, last seen in "Sequoia" has been given the feminine lead in M. G. M.'s "Murder in the fleet"

Work has begun on "Masquerade" William Powell—Myrna Loy's fourth 'team'—picture.

Ann Harding seldom wears a hat in real life.

Miriam Hopkins has broken her left ankle twice during her stage and screen career.

ASANDAS CLASSICAL TALKIES.

"Baktha Nandanar," the three-lakh film that took three-months in the making, has been released on and from Sunday the 14th inst. at the Crown Talkies. This Tamil talkie is a first class production. It contains melodious songs of K. B. Sundarambal and classical songs of Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer.



FILMS TO SEE WELLINGTON

Little Minister.

(An EKO—Radio picture.)

Powerful drama adapted from James Barrie's world famous Story.

Directed by:—Richard Wallace.

Chief Actors.—Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, Alan Hale, Donald Crisp, Reginald Denny.

Katharine Hepburn (as Bobbie) has charm and humour as well as emotional appeal, while John Beal makes a good little minister.

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Among the supporting cast Donald Crisp gives a very sincere characterization in the comparatively unimportant part of the village doctor. On the whole the picture is very appealing.

PARAGON

Twentieth Century.

(Columbia Picture.)
Romantic Drama

Directed by:—Howard Hawks.
Chief Actors:—John Barrymore,

Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns.

Full of wit——Good entertainment. The picture is mostly a screaming match between Carole Lombard and John Barrymore and John and his two lieutenants Walter-Connolly and Roscoe Karns. Carole takes chief honours.

ROXY.

Mata Hari.

This great picture comes again to Roxy. The greatest triumph of Greta Garbo! A film which you should see, featuring Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone.

Vanessa (Her Love Story).

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production.

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in a tale of love in the 19th century. Forced to separate because of parental objections, they spend years in suffering until they meet again at the climax. Supporting cast includes Otto Kruger, May Robson, Lewis Stone, Henry Stephenson and Aileen Pringle.

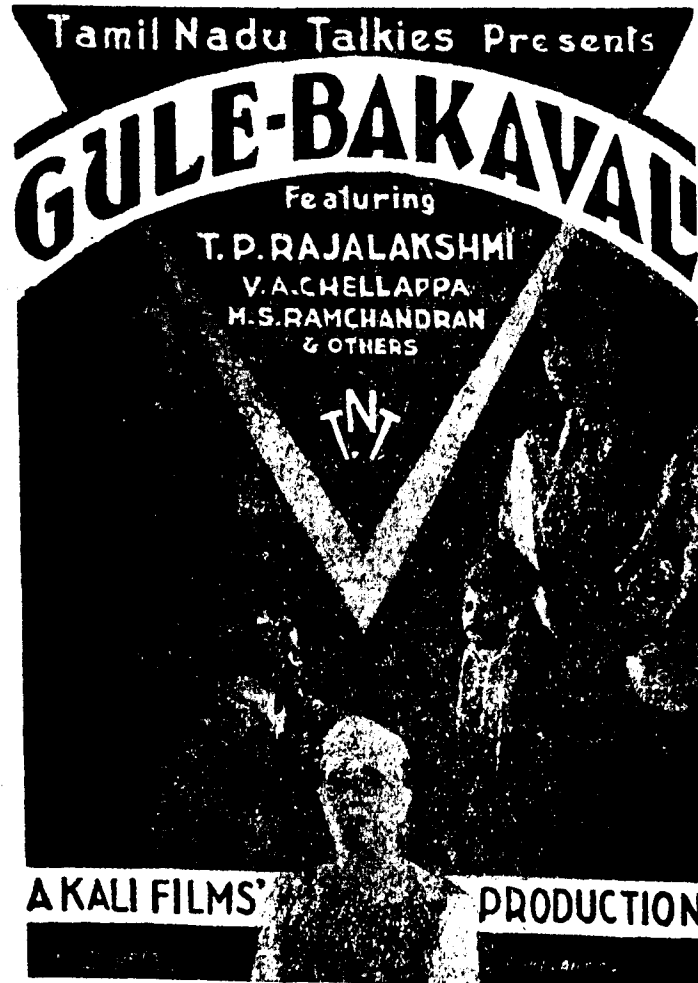


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Hall Bazaar, AMRITSAR, 2.



A scene from Gul-E-Bakavali, featuring T. P. Rajalakshmi, running at Broadway Talkies.

FURRY MAGKIN

(Continued from page 25)

common. But it is uncommon in Hollywood and for that reason she gets talked about, and her publicity experts have an easy task. Greta is not Hollywood, in the accepted tradition of that amazing place. She is not merely a pretty little thing from the Middle West who has made good in pictures. She is a strong and striking personality willing and able to stand alone. And in Hollywood, anyone, who stands alone, stands out.

We are getting to know the woman. It remains for Carl Brisson who knows her probably better than anyone else in this country, to sum up. Carl and Greta were boy-and-girl friends. Boy-and-girl lovers, too. And they remain great friends.

"Greta cold, aloof, solitary?" queried Carl. "Nonsense, boy!" Every one who really knows her will tell you that she is as warm-hearted and joyous as anyone. I understand her so well. Greta has to live up to the popular conception of her, but she drops all the mystery stuff in front of friends.

"Her sex appeal is as elusive as a moonbeam. Men look at her as they would at a star, fully conscious of her great desirability, and knowing damn well it is beyond their reach!"

Which, when you come to think of it, is what the moth said to the street lamp.

JULY 20, 1935

THE BET

BY
THETA.

THE clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour after four in the afternoon. Jayasimhan rose languidly from the soft lounge in his private study. He adjusted his monocle, and going to the window, drew aside the curtains and peered out.

"Oh? I mean to say, what?" he remarked, "A distinctly sealy afternoon, what? A most foul and stuffy business altogether, decidedly on the poisonous side!" He went back to his chair and settled himself once more comfortably in it.

Overhead, in that large and well-furnished room, the E. F. was working overtime, whirring at a giddy rate.

The slim, elegantly dressed young man in the chair, was about 24 or 25 may be. He was born exceptionally lucky. He came into the world with a gold spoon in his mouth. Tall, finely built, and blessed with more than an average of good looks, he had nothing wanting by way of riches either. A son of rich parents (who mostly preferred to live in the country), and heir to vast estates, he had a liberal allowance remitted regularly to his account in the bank. He was always correctly and most immaculately dressed—a fashionable almost—and was as familiar a figure in all social functions as in race-courses night-clubs and other dubious resorts. Some might say—in fact many thought—of this amiable young man with his general air of imbecility that he was a harmless simpleton. But, nothing of the sort! He had more sterling qualities and possessed plenty of grey matter in his dome. His brain was lightning-quick, A1, and it could at all times be trusted to do the right thing. He was a surprise packet, tho' very few knew it.

THE sultry afternoon in question he was lounging, it is true; but equally, he was doing some quick piece of thinking. That thinking-box of his was, in fact, being put to its severest test. The strain had almost reached its breaking point; still, the end was nowhere in sight. The problem he was confronted with was the toughest he had yet been called upon to tackle. It eluded him and almost defied solution. The position was this:

The previous evening, a very thrilling drama was rehearsed in the club-room of that most exclusive and at the same time most Cosmopolitan institution, the "Cosmo" club, to wit. It was a packed house. The old members of the club (in point of age that is)—all, men holding or that had held high positions in society and public life—made a concerted attack on "modern youth." Sir Venugopal Naidu, the oldest member of the club characterised the modern young man as a lazy lounge-lizard dancing attendance on silly Olsey Janes; he lacked initiative, enterprise, energy and will. That set the ball rolling and speaker after speaker followed and yelled chorus. The un-lucky 'young man' was knifed, forked, drilled and bored and x-rayed; dished, docketed and done; baked, boiled and braised; grilled and gruelled; toasted and roasted. It was a most slashing attack; at the same time, it was a challenge to youth to prove its grit and justify its existence. The gage was flung on the table, and Sir Venugopal promised a purse of thousand rupees to the one that dared to pick it up. Another old member added a thousand more, and another and another till the purse swelled to ten thousands.

There was a dead and almost interminable silence in the room as the last speaker sat down; but it lasted only a minute.

Jayasimhan rose in his seat, slim and elegantly-dressed, and adjusting his monocle coolly surveyed the speakers one after another. An engaging smile played on his lips. Motioning down with a wave of his hand the half-a-dozen or so young men that had risen with him, he began in that drawling, mocking voice of his: "Eh? Quite a family gathering, what? A full house as it were, quite!" He paused a little. Paying no heed to the jeers and derisive laughter that greeted him from the old-benchers he went on in the same drawling tone. "Well, old folks, I'm not much at speechifying, dash it, and we appreciate the mouthful you all have been pleased to say on the floor of this house, the flowery compliments and all that sort of tricky stuff I mean to say. But reason is not entirely lacking and we can discern the old familiar trend quite clearly between the lines. All of you have our solicitous condolences, for your time's up! And the club's time also seems to be up—if you trouble to glance at the time-indicator there on the wall. On behalf of myself and my pals, I pick up the gauntlet flung on the table. What ho! What ho! In other words, what about it?"

And thus the mad bet was made! Its terms and conditions were officially recorded in the club book. Jayasimhan should remain in successful hiding for a week within the limits of the town. He should not change his name or to use any disguises. The club was free to use all and every means at its disposal to find him out, short of, however, resorting to the aid of the official police. Three days of grace was to be allowed the young man before the hue and cry was raised. At midnight of the 10th day he should report himself to the club. If successful, the purse of Rs. 10,000 was to be presented to him, and a gold medal, besides, with the club's name inscribed on it, from

the Club fund. And that was that!

All this happened the preceding day, and Jayasimhan as he sat in his study wrestling with the problem for hours was miles away from a solution. Nearly two days of the grace period were gone. There was no further time to loose. He must make a move, and that immediately. He felt dizzy. "It's no use, Jaya old top!" he remarked to himself, "The giddy old gadget is out of order! The wheels are clogged, the screws rusty and the cylinders refuse to revolve. In other words, it looks as if they are going to ring your funeral! but, wait! let us try whether a bit of greasing wouldn't loosen the clogs, for old son of mine, thou shouldn't prefer no flowers, no, not yet!" And he rang for his valet.

"Look here Vali, old tip-hound! Look absolutely here! Kindly rally round and let a few drops of wisdom to flow. The old throat is dashed parched, and the young master is distraught!" Vali withdrew and returned soon carrying a daintily set tea-tray complete with silver tea-pot and all the other necessary articles.

Jayasimhan took a long, deep sip of the goodly brew, and as its warmth trickled down his throat and coursed thro' his veins he felt a rare jubilation of heart. He took another long sip. What ho! the old bean is beginning to function already! The cogs are dashed oreaky and all that, but the good old gearbox begins to volve! Absolutely! Jaya, old thing, the good old brain isn't dead after all!"

He drank the whole cup and began to whistle. Good old Edgar Allan Poe! The familiar and the most obvious is the commonest overlooked! He sprang up with surprising agility and in the joyous reaction of having solved the puzzle he executed a neat fox-trot round the room.

It was a daring plan, not without risks. But what made it a winner was its frightful simplicity. That made it dashedly original; The last place one would look in for a respectable man would be the——But I am anticipating!

The night was dark and over-clouded. Beyond a stray taxi or two, the streets were empty and desolate. A pale, dishevelled, young man, very flushed of face, staggered down one of the side streets and wended his way in the direction of the bridge. He was singing ribald songs, punctuated with broken and disjointed laughter that suggested either rank lunacy or an extreme form of intoxication akin to it. He turned down the corner near the bridge, and tottered on the pavement clutching at the rails for support.

"Ere, what's the meaning of this?" demanded an angry voice from somewhere in the darkness, and flashed a bull's eye on his face. It was the beat constable returning from his nightly round. The drunken man took no notice, but broke out into more vociferousness. A whistle sounded and another helmeted figure emerged from the corner. Between the two, the unwilling young man was dragged to the station and dumped down inside a padded cell and left there to cool his brain.

The next morning, he was formally charged before the Magistrate for "drunken and disorderly behaviour in a public place". After the two constables were sworn in and their evidence on oath recorded, judge looked at the wild, unkempt youth in the dock. "H'm, got anything to say?" he demanded sternly.

"Eh? Quite a mouthful, jolly old justice-dispenser!" answered the young man. "That is to say, not much. I

was a bit jazzy and all that, I admit. The tricky stuff's got to ooze forth now and then, you know. But, it was dashed cheeky and inconsiderate of these keepers of the peace to butt and barge in as they did and apply the old familiar closure so to say in a manner of speaking!"

A titter went round the court! "Silence!" thundered the judge, his face purple with rage. "Scandalous! 7 days hard!" he snapped at the figure in the dock.

Inside, in his bare cell, Jayasimhan laughed heartily at the success of his plan, and resigned himself to his fate quite philosophically. There was nothing more for him to do but wait and watch.

Meanwhile, outside, the "cosmo" had let loose its myrmidons in search. The hue and cry had been raised!

Search parties searched high and low and scrutinised every nook and corner. They pried and probed every hole and warren, every street byway and lane, every coffee-house, lodging house and teashop. They riddled and honeycombed every inch of available ground. But all to no use! Everywhere, they were confronted with a brick wall. They drew a complete blank!

"Strange!" the old club-members muttered amongst themselves.

"It couldn't be!" they said. They were afraid to admit to themselves that thus far they were indubitably checkmated.

They redoubled, trebled and quadrupled their search, hiring professional detectives for the purpose. But nothing availed. Not a clue not the faintest trace of one could be discovered. It was as if Mother Earth had opened up her jaws and taken the young man in!

The club, that is to say the older section of it, was staggered! The time-limit was nearing every day, every hour, still there was not the slightest inkling of Jayasimhan's hiding-place. They couldn't believe it! "Impossible he could be in the town and at the same time escape the lynx-eyes of the human bloodhounds unleashed in pursuit after him. Either he's committed suicide, or the lad has faked it and beat it while the going's good!" they said to themselves.

It was but 5 minutes to the midnight hour on the 10th day! The club-room was full, and everyone's eyes, both young and old, were turned on the clock on the wall. The atmosphere was tense and surcharged with suspense, excitement, expectation and awe! It was a most interesting situation, and to the student of psychology it was a perfect study. Would Jayasimhan succeed or fail?

The minute hand of the clock moved slowly, getting nearer and nearer every minute to the hour-hand. Four minutes... three... two... one...! Excitement, expectation, suspense, dread! Would the young man fall after all? Half a mo... Br-br brrrring! the club, telephone tinkled sharply, and the club clock chimed the midnight hour. The members jumped from their seats as if pricked by a thousand red-hot needles or suddenly subjected to an electric shock!

Sir Venugopal took the receiver in his trembling hands. Perspiration oozed forth from every pore of his quivering body.

JULY 20, 1935

"Hallo!" and the old man's voice was husky trembling with deep emotion, "Hallo! yes, this is the 'cosmo' speaking who is it, please?"

But was there need to ask?

"It's me!" came the faint, drawling, ungrammatical reply. "Eh? it's me, right enough, old top! yes, Jayasimhan, absolutely twice!"

Where are you speaking from?"

"Egad, that's dashed funny, old chap. A bit thick, I mean to say! Where? From His Majesty's Guest-house, I should say. Just released and all that..... Thought I might let you know, that is, in case, you know! How do you do?"

31

Little remains to add. Thus the curious bet was won after all; and youth more than proved its grit and more than justified its right to live! And when, the next morning, the facts were verified and found correct, apologies and congratulations rained in on Jayasimhan from every quarter. The young men of the club were no end pleased, and the older section, if a little peeved, were likewise glad, their angle of vision undergoing a thorough and complete change from the obtuse.

The gold medal presented to him by the club, Jayasimhan kept as a souvenir of grateful and respectful remembrance; but the purse of Rs. 10,000 he made over to the club to be used for any charitable purpose it might deem proper.

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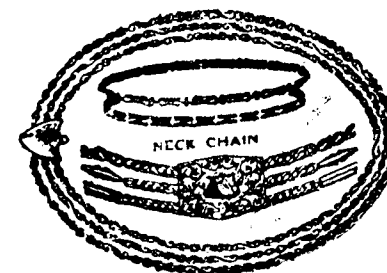
First prize Rs. 300, Second prize Rs. 100, Rs. 50 for all correct solution received on or before the 25th July 1935. Special prize Rs. 50 for sender of the largest number of entries minimum being 15. Result will be posted to each entrant on 25-8-35. LAST POSTING DATE 15-8-35.

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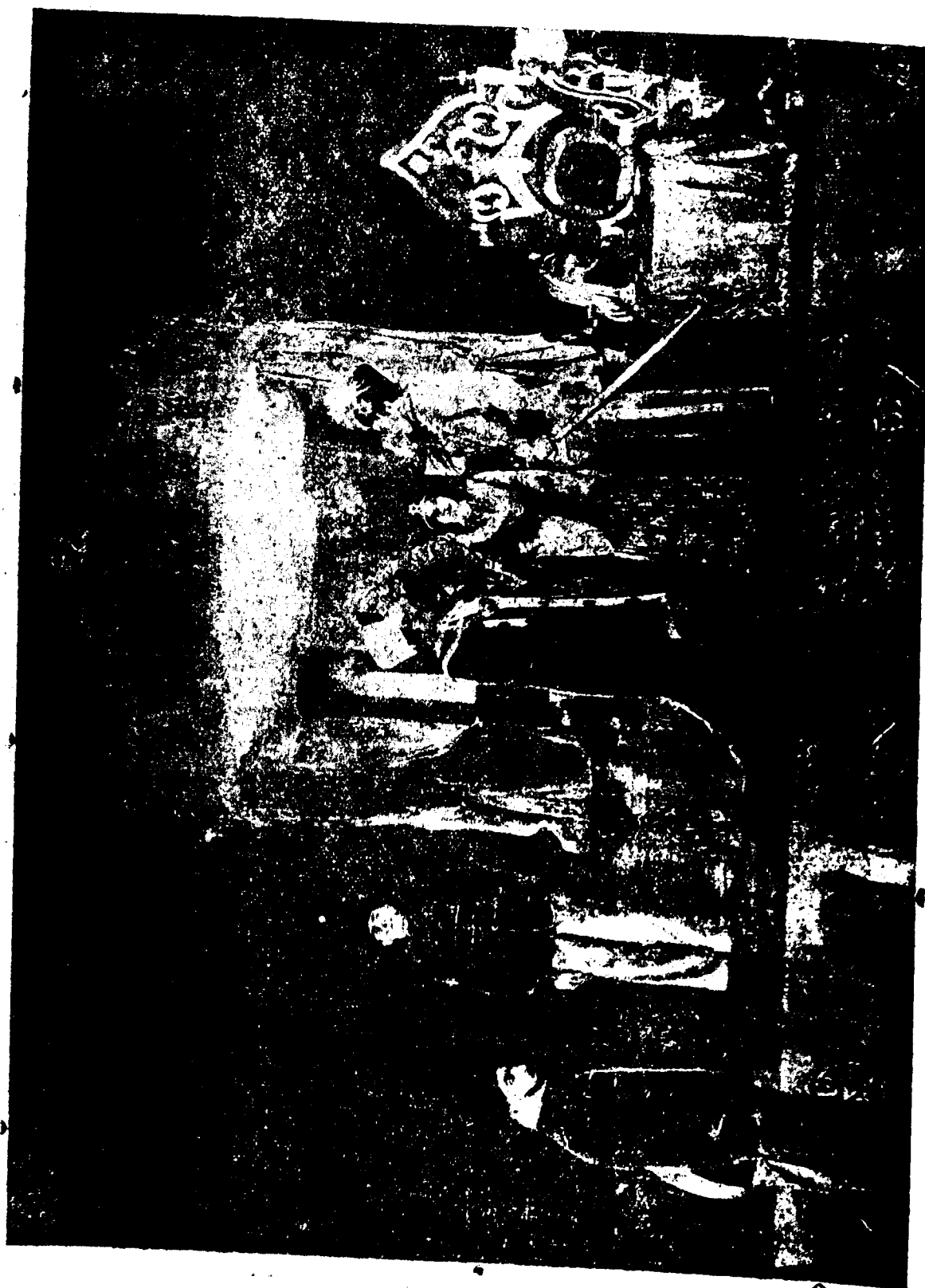
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A scene from "Beauty Caravan" or Karwan-e-Husn. A Kanwal Movietone Picture to be shortly released in the city.
(Distributors: Calcutta Film Exchange, Madras.)

CROSS WORD COMPANIONS

By C. V. V.

SHE ought not to have done it. Her father had always warned her:—"Never speak to a stranger, my dear, and never allow any one to speak to you."

But this young man was 'int a stranger. For several evenings on her way home from her college, had caught sight of him—a medium built, fair youngman in the evening suit. On the other evenings, when she had not seen him, she had a kind of uncanny feeling that he was somewhere near her in the surging crowd.

Once Leela—that was her name, saw him near a news-agency in China Bazaar. She remembered that evening, for, she too went there to purchase a copy of the Times of India Illustrated Weekly, since she was competing the 'fifty thousand rupees commonsense crosswords competition.'

About a week after Leela saw the young man in the Central station standing near the book-stall, gazing at the poster: "Win 50,000 rupees in the commonsense crossword!"

And the very next day she met him at the flower-bazaar. He was talking to a flower-dealer. There were different kinds of fine smelling flower-garlands in his hands.

It suddenly occurred to her that she would like to purchase

a rose and jasmine to adorn her hair. She went up to the dealer and asked the price. He told her.

"Too dear," she said. "But perhaps I'll have it to-morrow, it may be cheap."

"Very well Miss," said the dealer, "have it your own price you have got a bargain."

It wasn't her fault that the young man Sunder—that was his name, in the evening suit had overheard the conversation. She saw him twice during the week, and when she went to buy the flowers he was there.

The dealer put the flowers after wrapping it in a leaf, into her hand, and the young man said cautiously, that the flowers were really nice smelling, but no one could have told her whether he was speaking to the girl, to the dealer or merely to himself. And then a funny thing happened.

Leela wanted to get her purse out of her. But she had in one hand the flowers and in the other her college books sufficiently weighty. She could not ask the dealer to hold one of her things, as he was talking to another customer and his hands were also full of garlands hanging. She could not put her things down on the floor for there was heavy traffic as well as the ground was filthy. Therefore her only course was to for-

get her father's warning and ask the *absolute* stranger—the young man in evening suit—if he would kindly hold her books, while she found her purse.

"Pleasure," he murmured. And took the books from her hand and began to turn over them to see the titles of them. There were books of chemistry, physics, mathematics etc., besides a copy of an Illustrated Weekly of the 'Times.'

THE girl counted the money into the dealer's hand and turned round to take possession of her books. But Sunder had already strolled away a few yards in the crowd. She caught him up, thanked him, and said she would have her books.

Sunder looked down, smiled and shook his head.

"Pardon me," he said with a smile, "but—nothing of the kind. You asked me to hold the books and I am holding them. I propose to continue to hold them. I like carrying books and I always do what I like—one of my mottoes, that is."

She glanced quickly at his face—for a second. He seemed to be in earnest about the books. She thought possibly that he was a bit eccentric—Just books mad. Five years in Madras had taught her plenty enough of the city life and she knew it is full of such queer people. She resolved to take a firm stand with this quaint young man.

"Kindly give me my books at once," she demanded standing in front of him,

"I will kindly do nothing of that kind," replied Sunder, stepping on one side and continued his walk. "First you asked me to hold your books; now you ask me not to hold them. It isn't

good for the new and costly books to be handled, so roughly often in this way."

Leela understood him thoroughly and smiled for both their eyes met fondly. For the Cupid began to do his dirty trick on them.

But suddenly her father's warning flashed her brain. She grew a bit angry.

"Don't be absurd," she said "Give me my books at once."

"Absurd? couldn't be if I tried. Never be absurd. That's another of my mottoes."

"Will you or not, give those darnde things—please".

go "Excuse me, young lady—very good books not darned—always be accurate. That's another of my mottoes."

She did not know what to do with

that tiresome young man. She thought that if her father had seen her at that moment, walking up there, with an absolute young stranger and talking to him, he would "After all her father's warning had been wise."

"For the last time—," she began.

"Excuse the interruption," said Sunder blankly; "but please don't make a fuss, and I will tell you something—something for good. Madras is full of pitfalls for the unwary. I am one of them—five feet eight inches of pit fall in a nice evening suit. I like to go through these books of yours."

By this time they were at the cross-roads. She looked at the traffic-cop at the centre of the road on duty and wondered what would happen if she gave this eccentric in charge.

Sunder too noticed her glance at the cop.

"Go ahead," he said merrily. "Give me incharge. I should like to see these....."

Before he finished the sentence, the illustrated weekly in his hand slipped from his hand.

"Excuse me," he said bending to take the Magazine. "Are you a regular reader of this—"

"Er—Yes," she blurted. And I am competing for the fifty thousand Rupees commonsense cross words competition. It's so very interesting to solve."

"That's fine. Why, I too competing," he said.

"Is't," she said. "Have you solved?"

"Almost."

"May I know your solutions?"

"Of course, by all means", he said. "But now in this road, you know—"

"Yes, yes, I understand. Well, why not you come over to my house. It's Sunday to-morrow and my father will also go out." She completely forgot that he was a stranger and her father's warning. Because they were so very friendly in all respects, by the time they reached they Fort station.

"O. K," he said, and your address my—, he smiled.

"Free lance, Chetput," she said "you will find a yellow bungalow with a Gurka gate-man. So long," she said as the train hurried along.

His next meeting with Leela was at the study room of "Free lance. They freely discussed the various answers for the clues of the commonsense crosswords. Though they got an alternative solutions for the four-lettered word—love. They were able to find out the exact answer by referring to the "Cupids' Twentieth Century Dictionary" and by luck they secured an all-correct solution for which they got a five-figured cheque.

They had to part themselves from their friendships for sometime as Leela happened to follow her father to Bangalore. But there had been passing letters between them—the

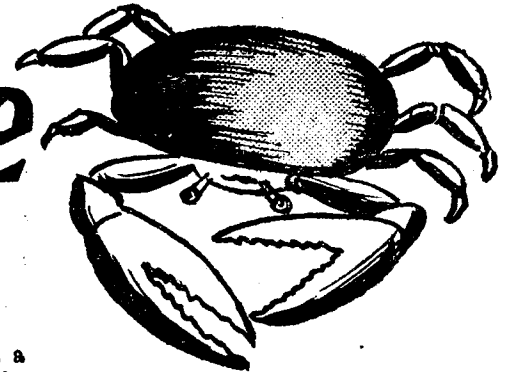


He would kindly hold her books.

(Continued on page 37)

The Bronze

By S. SUBRAMANIAM



IT was a cold weather evening in Upper Sind and four men who were spending together the Christmas holiday were seated outside their tents in front of a bonfire. It was still warm enough for them to do so; and they were passing the time telling each other ghost stories. All were servants of the Government of India. Three were English men; one was Mir Kaderkhan a younger scion of the family of the Mirs of Kaderkhan. All the usual tales had been told. The English ladies who, murdered during the mutiny, reappeared near the scenes of the murders; the Anglo-Indian colonels who after death sat on their tombs for no very good reason; the strange 'Spooks' who haunted pipal trees and rushed out at travelers, all of them had their turn. At last one of the Englishmen, Brodrick, by name, said: "I have a story to tell but I don't like to do; for although it is quite true no one will believe it." The other three men instantly proclaimed a complete readiness to believe any tale however tall, and Brodrick, setting himself deeper in his chair started.

"SOME years ago when I was in charge of a subdivision in Guzarat I was the possessor of a huge bronze crab. I had bought it in Bombay

but it came from Tokio and was a perfect specimen of Japanese artistic work. It was far larger than any real crab that I have ever seen, but I believe that it was a life size reproduction of a monster crab, found only in some Northern islets of Japanese Archipelago. Its eyes were really perfect and were at first terrifying, because they seemed to be windows of a real soul within. It was impossible to look at the bronze master piece without fancying that its eyes moved or its legs twitched. Frankly both I and my Maratha servants were for sometime afraid of it. But as it never did anything familiarity bred contempt in all of us and I kept the crab on my office table, partly as a letter weight and partly as something to talk about when Indian visitors called. I took the crab with me from Bombay to Guzarat where the peons were at first rather frightened of it and then greatly interested in it. Guzarati gentlemen who called on me, admired the crab and grew quite fond of it. Among my callers was a Brahman from Nasik. He seemed to take an extraordinary interest in the bronze crab.

He was continually calling on some or other trivial excuse, but his real reason seemed to be a wish to handle and examine crab. At last I grew impatient with him and hinted that I was too busy to receive him any more. He took the hint and did not call again. Two days later my dressing boy came to me in a great state of excitement. At first he would say nothing; but after a few minutes he told me that that very morning he had missed his purse and on searching for it, he had found it hidden under the canvas of my tent. Close to it was standing the bronze crab just as if he had stolen the purse and was trying to hide it. At first I laughed and told the dressing boy not to be so very foolish; but when I thought over what he told two points struck me. First the dressing boy had been with

me ever since I had owned the crab and ordinarily he was not in the least frightened of it. Secondly the crab had no business under the canvas of my tent. It must have stood on my office table. I could only assume that someone, possibly the Nasik Brahman wanted to steal it and had first hidden it in some convenient hiding place. I went to the wall of my tent, found the crab and replaced it on my office table. As I looked at it, the eyes seemed more than ever in the service of some intellect behind them. I paid no further attention to the bronze toy, but went on with my work. That evening on walking from my sleeping to my office tent, I felt sure that I saw the crab walk along the office table. When I entered it stood still but it was certainly not in its usual place. Early next morning I woke and missed my purse. I looked for it and, after a long search in which the servants joined, I found it hidden in a hole in the ground under the tent canvas. It was such a hole as a crab would have made. The earth had been thrown up as if by a crab's hind legs and there were traces of a crab's claws. The servants were all on edge and I heard unpleasant whispers about the Sahib's iron crab. Indeed I began to doubt myself. Not only has the crab's eyes become sinister beyond measure but there were particles of sand on its legs. That night I woke up with a start and saw the bronze crab as clearly as I see you there walking about my tent, as if looking for something. I was so frightened that I dared not move and I did not sleep another wink. Fortunately my Collector, Harrison by name was in camp close by. He had promised to look me up that morning and have breakfast. He was an excellent scholar and the kindest of men. I resolved to tell him all that had happened. When it was broad daylight I went to my office table. The crab was sitting there in its usual place. The sinister

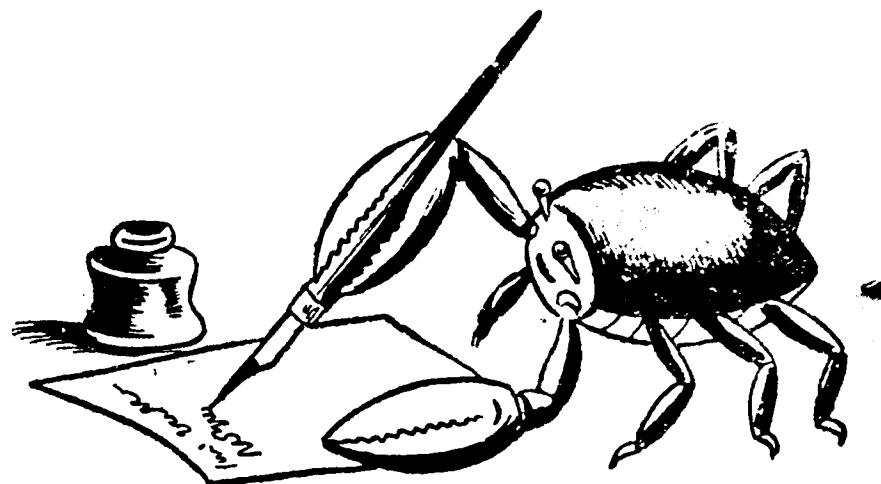
expression had gone out of its eyes and one of extreme dejection had taken its place

"Harrison rode over to my camp in time for breakfast at 11 o'clock. All through the meal we walked 'Shop' and then I told him about the crab. At first he thought that I was pulling his leg! Soon he got quite interested, made me take him to my office tent. There we saw the crab moving about on the table. It was not trying to hide its movements. It was walking from the ink-pot to some paper and then back to the ink-pot. Harrison watched it for some moments and then said, "Good Heavens" the brute is writing—writing Marathi". I looked closer and found that the crab was trying to form Marathi letters but it was having great difficulty; for it had no pen and was dipping the tips of its claw into the ink-pot and then scrawling with it on the paper. Harrison took the stump of a pencil out of his waist coat pocket and gave it to the strange creature. Its claws snapped the pencil joyfully and it began writing with it slowly, but with much more ease than before. To cut a long story short the crab after several hours of laborious effort wrote down in Marathi an account of its life. Harrison and I—we both know Marathi well—translated the account and the translation ran thus:—

I am a Dheeshaath Brahman from Nasik and I was destined for the priesthood of Sri Ramachandra's temple there. One day I went on a pilgrimage to the Nerbada river and there met a group of Bengali anchorites. They were in the service of goddess Parvathi, whom they called Kali. They became very friendly and advised me to give up the priesthood of Ramachandra which led to nothing and join the company of Kali worshippers, wherein riches and honour awaited me. Afterwards I learned that they used to murder in the service of the goddess and appropriate the goods and money of their victims for her great glory. The ease of their life attracted me and I agreed to become a disciple. The training is a hard one, for I had to learn to disengage by means of mantras or spells of soul from my own body and make it pass into some other body from which life had recently departed. To acquire this learning I had to go through severest penances. For a whole summer I sat in the open as a penance surrounded by five fires; for a whole

winter I sat naked day and night in a running stream. Of good I ate barely enough to keep me alive. When I was all but dead my teachers told me that I was in a fit state to learn the mantra. They whispered in my ear the awful syllables and bade me repeat them. I was at the same time to wish myself inside the body of a rat, that they had just starved to death for this purpose. I repeated the mantra and in a moment found myself within the rat's body. Inside the rat I suffered such pain from hunger that I in a minute repeated the mantra and was once more inside my own body. The anchorites were satisfied that now I was ripe for further initiation. They produced the corpse of a panther that they had just drowned and told me that I was to enter it and become a man-eater. I was to attack wedding parties and carry off the jewel clad

effects of the draught would have worn off and my own body would have rotted. After enjoying for a day or so the society of the goddess female devotees, I again re-entered the panther's body. Unhappily I had forgotten the British Government. My raids were turning several districts of Guzarat into a desert. Some English Officers were sent out to kill me. They waited in trees close to the main roads. I, knowing nothing of their wicked plans, but, intent only on the service of the goddess walked one evening near one of their hiding places. One of them fired. The bullet tore through the panther's body and rendered it useless. By the goddess' grace and favour I had just time to leave it before the rush of blood closed all the exits. A moment later I was back within my own body. I told the anchorites what an escape I had had.



It began writing slowly

brides to certain indicated spots. After I had eaten my victim's flesh the anchorites would collect their money and jewels. They also gave me a draught to be taken before I entered the panther. The draught would keep my own body from decay for several months. The prospect appealed to me for I had now become a devoted acolyte of the goddess Kali. I took the draught, repeated the mantra and before I realised it I was inside the body of the panther. I soon recovered from the effects of the drowning and, rejoicing in my strength and courage, I sallied forth to prey on the rich villagers of Guzarat. I killed many bejewelled girls and rich merchants and dragged their bodies to the spots of which my teachers had told me. Every three months, I repeated the mantra and re-entered my body. I had to do this, for otherwise the

They comforted me by telling that I had acquired much merit and should certainly have great happiness in my next life. In a few weeks time I had got over my fright and willingly entered the corpse of an alligator that my teachers had somehow secured. My duties were to live in the Nerbada river and lie in wait for the village girls and women, who came to fill their earthen pots in the sacred river. This I did with great good fortune for some months. One day I saw a bit of meat floating on the surface of the stream. I foolishly snapped at it only to find an iron hook inside it that stuck in a jaw. At first I didn't know what had happened. I was only distracted with the pain then I realised that I was being hauled to the bank. I had been caught by the vindictive villagers like a fish on a line. Escape, however was easy. All I had to do

was to get my head out of the water for the human soul can only pass through air. I repeated my mantra and re-entered my own body. When I had done this, I begged for, and obtained from my teachers a holiday. While I was still on my holiday, the Sahib came bringing the bronze crab with him. It struck me, though of metal it was will serve my purpose. It was beautifully shaped and so perfect were its eyes that I can see through them just as if they were natural. I often came to see the Sahib and handled the crab; for I wished to learn whether there was any hole in the bronze crab through which any soul could penetrate. At last I found a hole in one of the claws which opened and shut with the spring. At once I decided to enter it. As it was only a trial I didn't take the usual draught; for I meant to re-enter my body within a few days and then consult my teachers. Easily I passed through the hole in the crab's claws; but I was disappointed in my expectations. Truly I could see but couldn't hear anything as there were no holes in the ears. The legs although beautifully fashioned were not like natural legs and I could only move very slowly. My plan was to steal money and hide it. Re-entering my body I meant to hand over it to my teachers. Then they would decide whether I should go back to the metal crab or enter the body of some other animal. My plan proved a failure. The Sahib's servants found my hiding places and recovered their money. I resolved therefore to re-enter my body without delay. The Sahib will judge of my horror when I found that the hole through which I had entered it hid shut and the spring could only be moved from outside. Thus I found myself a prisoner inside the crab. In a few hours my own body would begin to rot and would be burnt. I should then have nowhere to go even I escaped from the crab; and I should have to pass all eternity gibbering in some pipal tree. I therefore decided to tell everything to the Sahib who will now release me.

After we had deciphered the crab's account I said to Harrison, "I suppose we better pull back the spring and release the wretched Brahman." This will be quite easy as the spring was visible on the outside. Harrison, however, obstructed me and said, "We'll do nothing. Think of all the wicked things this Brahman had done in the so called service of the goddess and all the wicked things he will do if we release him. No; we must treat

him as Solomon treated the genii whom he couldn't convert. We must seal him up for ever in the crab and fling it somewhere whence he cannot escape." He took a stick of sealing wax lit a candle and covered the spring in the crab's claw with melted wax. We pressed our signal rings on the wax saying "In the name of Solomon, son of David."

Then Harrison took the crab and threw it into a well close to our camp. The sides of the well were so smooth and straight that no living being could climb up. Thus we disposed of the Brahman's soul; but his body gave us a little trouble. A few days later we heard that the police had found it. They suspected a murder and arrested an anchorite who possessed a few articles that belonged to the dead Brahman. The latter had entrusted them to the anchorite before entering one of his animal bodies. Harrison was District Magistrate as well as Collector. The case was transferred to his file and to disgust of the Police Superintendent he discharged the anchorite.

Here Brodrick suddenly stopped and before his companions could ask him any questions he bade them good night and departed. One Englishman named Carteret said, "I say, Marbanks, do you believe a word of that yarn."

By way of answer Marbanks turning to Kaderkhan said, "What do you think of it Mir Sahib?" Mir Kaderkhan seemed astonished at the question "Of course I believe," he said. Al hamd-ul-illah (Praise be to God!) all Sahibs whom I know speak the truth only and Brodrick has always been to me as a brother. He would never wilfully deceive me. Indeed I gather from his story that he and his story say that he and Harrison Sahib were real Moslems in secret for otherwise how could they have known

the history of Sulaiman the son of Daud? If I am right, then that wicked infidel almost merited Paradise for he did not bring into favour of Allah my friend Brodrick Sahib? I believe every word of his story for it was of such as he is, that the Persian poet wrote:—

"The tip of his tongue is golden with truth

And his words magnify the splendour of Islam."

Kaderkhan having thus unburdened himself stood up with a spiritual and religious exaltation and strode towards his tent.

More soberly Carteret and Marbanks followed his example. There was nothing left for them to do.

(Continued from page 34)

stupidest, dearest letters.

After a few days, Leela arrived along with his father and their meeting took place at the Central Station. She was expecting him and she felt pleased that in the crowded platform he held out his arm. It was a vanity, a selfish thought; But "love yourself because I love you", she had once written to him. Their secret swam in their eyes when they met each other. She was proud after her tame lion. But still she was a bit afraid of her father and his saying,—"never speak to a stranger, my dear, and never allow any one to speak to you". However she was capable. She introduced him to her father, though he knew already that the young Sunder was none other than his own boss's only son. She told him that the stranger was no other gentleman than her own cross-word companion and ohum.

"Is't, dear," said her father. "If he's your ohum and cross-word companion, I like to see you both as life companions"

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3.	R — IN	Don't let this fall on you.	8.	ROG — —	Dishonest person.
4.	BL — E	Colour.	9.	BAB —	Child.
5.	CHA —	Fellow.			

Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary.

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**This Beats Radium.**

Radio-Sodium, a new substance, produced by Professor E. O. Lawrence, of California, is said to have twice the strength of radium. Doctors both in Europe and America regard it with intense interest. For, although still in the experimental stage, there is real hope that it will soon be used as a substitute for radium in our hospitals. It "decays" rapidly, losing half its potency in twelve hours. This would allow it to be administered either in capsule form or as an injection, whereas radium, if left in the body, might easily cause fatal results. Consequently, radio-sodium ought to prove the more effective healer. It is made by bombarding ordinary sodium with heavy hydrogen, the latter being a product of "Heavy" water, the discovery of which last year was hailed as an outstanding scientific achievement.

£10,000 Stamp.

Rarest and costliest of the world's postage stamps, the incomparable 1 cent British Guiana of 1856 is once again in the auction market; its present owner, the widow of Mr. Arthur Hind, the famous New York philatelist, has insured it for £10,000. Collectors are convinced that this specimen is a printer's error, 1 cent being imprinted on it in mistake for 4 cents; all efforts to trace a similar stamp have failed. Originally a Damerara schoolboy, into whose collection it came by accident, sold it for six shillings. On the last occasion it cropped up for sale, at Paris in 1922, it realized £7,300.

This Man Ate Ants.

Ivan T. Sanderson, a member of a recent expedition to the British Cameroons, West Africa, has just been telling of remarkable things he saw during the trip.

They included frogs with hairs, claws and eyebrows, and frogs that whistled when dug out of holes.

Mr. Sanderson and his companions ate some strange food during the expedition. White ants fried on buttered toast and monitor lizards in curries were in their menus.

Ants nearly caused the death of one of the members of the expedition who lay ill in a hut.

In a great drove they were making for the hut when the native boys, filling their mouths with kerosene, squirted the vanguard before throwing down lighted matches.

"The ants choked the fire to a depth of over six inches, but eventually the whole drove veered off," said Mr. Saunders.

Artists' Howlers.

Only visitors to the House of Commons who are acute observers ever point out the errors in two famous wall paintings there. One depicts the scene of the funeral of Charles I. The mourners, though walking in snow, leave no footprints. Another is the scene of the Restoration, which shows the Union Jack, that did not come into being until fifty years later, waving bravely in the breeze.

Artists' howlers are becoming increasingly rare, for to-day they take

the trouble to learn all about the subjects they paint. Nevertheless, a fruit grower who visited the Academy a few years ago was amused to find that in a picture of "Adam and Eve," the apple was one of a variety which had only been produced within the last twenty years, and a dress-designer pointed out that the hand-maidens in "The Finding of Moses" were attired in seventeenth-century French costumes.

Tip Fortunes.

Many a fortune has been made from "tips."

The chief steward on a big liner sometimes averages £30 a week, which is higher than the salary of his captain; several head porters of first-class hotels earn more than their managers.

Not long ago a head waiter at Eastbourne died leaving £49,000; a Scots bank messenger bequeathed £30,000, and a Manchester head porter £50,000.

The porter of a West-end hotel, b collecting "tips" of a different kind from patrons who were connected with the Stock Exchange, and by acting upon them wisely, amassed a fortune of £20,000.

A waiter claims to have received £200 as a single tip from a customer in New York, and a London chauffeur named Eastwood, after driving an American family round Britain, was recently presented with their limousine car as a "tip."

Tea Talk.

The average tea consumption of the people of Great Britain is about five cups each every day of their lives. As this figure includes babies and those who never drink it at all, it is obvious that, in fact, our own consumption must be higher than that.

Inquiries recently made in London and elsewhere have disclosed that a daily consumption of ten or twelve cups is by no means uncommon, and that there are many people who habitually drink even more than that.

So far the champion tea drinker appears to be a woman living in Bristol, who claims that she never drinks fewer than thirty cups a day, and that she has never been ill in her life. Even Dr Johnson only drank twenty cups a day, so he has no longer any claim to the title of World Champion Tea Drinker.

THE GOLD DIGGER

By MARTIN.

LILAVATI surveyed herself with satisfaction in the looking-glass. Her elaborate toilet that had taken close on an hour had, at last, come to an end. And now scented, powdered, lipsticked, and clad in an exquisite saree, with sleeveless blouse to match, she felt she was at her very best.

It was with good reason that Lilavati had been so painstaking over her toilet to-day. She was going to charm Shankar, whose father was a wealthy mill-owner in Bombay.

Shankar had but recently returned from England where he had been sent for further studies in science. Now he was in Madras on a short business visit. He was young, portly of figure, and said to be unmarried. Indeed his father had given up all hopes of his marrying the daughter of another millionaire mill-owner he had been engaged to since a child, and the prospective father-in-law had to fish elsewhere for a husband for his plain-looking daughter. Yes, young and portly Shankar demanded physical beauty in the girl he married, perhaps because he possessed so little of it.

"Lila, here's your love-bird, Ramaswamy coming up the road," sang out Kamala, who was looking out of the window.

"What, that guy?" said Lilavati impatiently.

"He hasn't been here for a week. And this is the evening you usually spend out with him."

"Tell him I've gone out, Kamala. Tell him I've got a head-ache. Oh, tell him anything to send him away."

"What, would you make me break his heart?" expostulated Kamala. "Do it yourself, Lila. You're always making me do your dirty work. And why don't you marry him? He's been nuts on you for the past one year. Hook him before he tires of you. He's as good a husband as you could hope to get."

"**M**ARRY that news-paper photographer?" Lilavati exploded. "How do you expect me to live on his hundred rupees a month? My dear girl, the man I marry must get a pay of a thousand rupees! Five hundred, at least," she amended, as Kamala let out a howl of laughter.

"Your new boy friend owns lakhs, doesn't he?" asked Kamala.

"Maybe," said Lilavati, betraying a note of greed in her voice.

"Well, are you marrying him for his money, or his chubby figure?"

"Shut up, Kamala!" Lilavati exploded again. Then more calmly: "I'll put him through a regular course of physical exercises, when I'm married to him."

"Then you have decided to marry him—and break your love-bird's heart!"

"You can bet on that! See if I don't get engaged to him within a week!"

"Stand aside! The redoubtable Lila is on the war-path again. Lila, will you give me the saree you're wearing, if you don't get engaged to your boy-friend within a week?"

"That's a bet, baby!"

A knock sounded on the door. Lilavati looked at Kamala. Kamala looked away.

"Answer it!" Lilavati ordered.

"I told you," Kamala returned, "I'm not doing your dirty work any more. Answer it yourself." She walked into an inner room.

"Oh, well! I suppose I've got to tell him," Lilavati shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, come in!" she said irritably, as the knock sounded again.

Ramaswamy entered, bat in hand. He gave vent to an exclamation of surprise as he caught sight of the resplendent Lila.

"What, dressed already?" There never was a day when she didn't make him wait for half an hour, at least, while she dressed. So that he was surprised that she was dressed, already, and waiting for him to-day, in lovelier clothes than ever. "Lila!" he gasped. "You look so beautiful—so divine! I'll be the most envied fellow in the picture-house to-day."

"Listen, Ram," said Lilavati. "I can't go out with you to-day. I have another engagement."

"But, Lila, this is the day you usually go out with me. And I've bought two tickets for the Cinema too."

"Well, take Kamala or Jaya along with you." Kamala and Jaya were the other two girls who shared the apartment with Lila.

"Can't you have dinner with me, at least?" Ramaswamy begged.

"No, not even dinner."

"Who is it?" demanded Ramaswamy.

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"What concern is it of yours, may I ask," Lilavati returned, strolling towards the mirror.

"I know. It's that baby elephant you were driving out with yesterday. I saw you!"

Lilavati flared up. "Don't talk about Mr. Lal Chand in that manner, Ramaswamy! Remember he's a friend of mine!"

"How long have you known him?"

"Well, about a week."

"And yet you can break a date with me in order to go out with him!" A lump rose in Ramaswamy's throat. "Tell me this, Lila, straight. You've always been evasive about it. Do you intend marrying me at all? And if so, when?"

The horn of a car tooted outside. Lilavati hastily snatched her vanity-case from the dressing table, and made to go. Ramaswamy planted himself in front of the door.

"You haven't answered my question," he said.

"Get out of my way, Ramaswamy!" said Lilavati impatiently.

"When will you marry me?" he repeated quietly.

Lilavati pursed her pretty lips.

"All right!" she said, venomously. "I'll answer you that! The man I marry must be able to give me a grand bungalow to live in, clothes and jewels galore, and be able to take me every summer to Muesoorie. No silly news-paper photographers drawing a monthly pittance will do for me. Show me ten thousand rupees in hard cash got from your silly photographic work, and I'll fall right into your arms and say 'Darling, this is so sudden!' The motor-horn sounded again. "And now, get out of my way, photographer," said Lilavati impatiently, pushing him out of her way.

Ramaswamy stood still, watching her go down the stairs. He heard a car door slam and the car drive away. Lifelessly he dropped into a chair and stared at the floor. Kamala came out of her room and found him thus.

"Hello! Why the mourning? Did Lila walk out on you?" she asked.

"The gold-digger!" he said laconically.

"The way she's been leading you for a whole year! And then throwing you over for a more wealthy catch! Girls like her need a good spanking to set them right! Why don't you do it?" She recalled with bitterness how Lilavati had taken the law into her own hands once and given her a sound spanking. Was she a mere baby, or a high school girl of seventeen?

"Why don't you spank her?" she asked again.

"Hub?" Ramaswamy was disposed to smile.

"Maybe that may work," he replied. "And I might think of doing it if she was, say, your size and age."

"Why, you're not afraid of Lila, are you?" scoffed the girl.

"No, no," he replied absently, sunk into gloom again. Then "she wouldn't cut a very dignified figure if I did it, would she?" he laughed.

"That's just what would cure her—the undignified figure she'd cut."

"Well, would you and Jaya care to accompany me to the cinema?" he asked, changing the subject.

"I can. Jaya can't. She's got a splitting head-ache."

"Right, let's go. Hah! She thinks I'm a mug, does she?" he said, returning to the theme that was foremost in his mind.

"Oh, forget about her!" rebuked Kamala. "Am I not in her place to give you a pleasant evening? Would

you spoil it?"

Ramaswamy had bought two rupee tickets, instead of the usual half-rupee ones, as it was the first day of the run of the picture, and as the picture was an important one it would be exceedingly difficult to get half-rupee tickets.

They were shown to their seats when they reached the theatre.

Kamala took a look round when they were seated and caught sight of Lilavati and her millionaire boy friend in a box-seat. She drew Ramaswamy's attention to the fact. Ramaswamy turned back and looked at them. Lilavati was all attention to something her stout friend was telling her. Their heads were close together. Ramaswamy stared interestedly at them for a minute, then turned to his companion.

"What's that man's name?" he asked her.

"Mr. Shankar Lal Chand; son of the millionaire Bombay mill-owner," she replied.

"Came back recently from England, isn't it?"

Kamala saw his eyes gleam with excitement.

"You've guessed right. Do you know him?"

"I think I do," said Ramaswamy slowly.

There were few celebrities and notorious people Ramaswamy did not know in his profession. Most of them had come under the lens of his active camera. Mr. Shankar Lal Chand was one of them, when he recently disembarked from a P. & O. liner in Bombay.

"Does—does Lila intend marrying that young elephant?" he asked his companion.

"That's what she's striving to do! The first day she was introduced to him, she let me accompany them to the pictures; but now she doesn't. She's bet me her best saree she'll get engaged to him within a week."

"Is that so?" He looked back at the occupants of the box seat. Kamala detected suppressed excitement in his voice. Still looking back, he continued absent-mindedly: "I think I am going to make ten thousand rupees, after all. And Lila will have to marry me."

"What did you say?" inquired Kamala.

He turned abruptly. "Oh, nothing, I was just indulging in a little day-dreaming, that's all," he replied.

II

When the picture commenced Shankar took advantage of the semi darkness, and by degrees let his arm steal towards his fair companion's waist, and when she did not resist this tentative move on his part, let it encircle her completely, like a very serviceable girdle.

"It's like heaven, having you near," he whispered into her ear.

"Think so?" she returned, smiling to herself.

When the hero in the picture grabbed his girl to him and glued his lips to hers in a half-minute kiss, Shankar's other arm automatically went round Lila's waist, and his lips sought hers, muttering the while; "This is heaven."

Lila promptly quelled this further advance by gently slapping his face. "Lead them on, but also push them back," was Lila's maxim for success in the love game. She would only let him succeed after the second or third attempt.

"I—I didn't mean to offend you, Lila," Shankar bleated!

"Oh, that's all right Shankar," said Lila. "I'm not offended at all. Put your arm round my waist. Both if you like. But go no further. Understand?"

They went to the soda-fountain of the cinema during the interval and ordered drinks and ice-cream.

"Isn't the weather positively stifling?" remarked Lilavati, consuming her third ice-cream. "I am perspiring so much that I feel like discarding even the few clothes I'm wearing."

"The heat is indeed trying. It would be a good idea," agreed Shankar.

"I feel like getting into bathing costume and lying in a river all day."

"You will feel cooler then."

"That's the idea!" said Lila. "Tell you what, Shankar! Let's arrange a picnic for to-morrow. Just we two. There's a nice little river just thirty miles away. Let's go down there, swim, lie in the shade, and eat oranges. Will that be fun, I wonder?"

"Won't that be it?" said Shankar. "It's a heavenly idea!"

"I'll make some nice things to eat, and bring them along."

"Oh, no, Lila! you must not spoil your beautiful hands. I'll give an order for a hamper of the finest eatables at a restaurant, and another for a hamper at a fruiterers. Won't that be nice?"

"It'll be lovely," agreed Lilavati.

III

Lilavati sang as she dressed.

"You seem rather happy to-day," remarked Kamala.

"What's the matter? Got engaged to your new boy friend, or something?"

"No, baby; but about to be to-day!" Lilavati replied. "We're going picnicking far away into the wilds. Won't be turn primitive!"

"Don't call me 'baby.' Can I come too?" said Kamala.

"Certainly not! What do you think it is—a kiddies picnic?" She pulled out a bath-towel, and a tiny bathing suit from a chest of drawers.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Kamala.

"You're not going to wear that for the picnic?"

"Sure! We'll do some swimming, too."

"I won't wonder if he gets engaged to you after seeing you in that. Why it couldn't cover a child decently! And you the size of a buffalo! Why, any girl could get engaged to a man if she wears as little as you propose to do. Only it isn't playing a fair game."

"Shut up, Kamala, will you?" exploded Lilavati. "This swim suit covers everything modestly. It's quite decent. And I'm not the kind that gets her man by unfair means, get me?"

"I do!" said Kamala tersely.

Shankar's motor tooted outside. Lilavati ran to the window and cried out; "Coming, Shankar!" then grabbed her things, and ran down the stairs.

"Can I drive?" she asked her boy-friend, and took the wheel from him. She drove carefully enough within the city precincts, but once out of them she stepped on the accelerator and drove at 40 m. p. h. Nothing like a little dash to make one's admirers rave all the more over one!

They reached the river within an hour, and parked the car in a clearing by the side of the road. Then they proceeded towards the river which was visible a furlong away, Lilavati tripping gaily ahead, while Shankar followed, puffing under the weight of the hampers.

When Shankar reached the water and looked round for Lila, he saw her head and bare shoulders appear from behind a rock.

"Come on, Shankar! Take your things off and let's

get into the water," she shouted out to him.

When Shankar got out of his things and into a pair of bathing shorts, and came out from behind his boulder, a vision of such athletic loveliness met his eyes as to fair take his breath away. It was his dream to see this glorious girl in just such a skin-tight bathing suit as she wore now. "This is heaven," he muttered as he caught sight of her shapely bare limbs and back, and the other covered charms that the costume so kindly suggested.

The sight that met Lila's eyes was not a very aesthetic one. Layers of superfluous flesh enveloped his chest and abdomen, which vibrated as he walked.

"Come on, Shankar! Let's go!" she cried, catching his hand and racing towards the river.

She leapt gracefully into the water and swam a few yards. Floating on her back, she turned round and urged Shankar to follow her. But poor Shankar hesitated on the brink of the water.

"I can't swim," he moaned.

Lila spat out a mouthful of water. "It's easy! I'll teach you," she laughed.

She swam back and pulled the hesitating Shankar into the water.

"What a nice paunch you have," she laughed, patting his protruding abdomen. "It'll be easy for you to float with that!"

After the swimming lesson, during which the boy friend made but little progress notwithstanding his capacity for floating—Lila indulged in a nice long swim while her companion looked on admiringly.

When she came out of the water she ran straight, behind her rock, dried herself and changed into her clothes. "Don't give them too much of a good thing, always hold back a little, to make them want the more," was another of her maxims.

When Shankar caught sight of her, fully clothed, he was disappointed. He had expected to let his eyes feast on her half-nude form for the greater part of the day. The sight of those splendid bare limbs and back and the other sweet, curves visible under the bathing costume were one continuous thrill to him.

"Why, Lila!" he exclaimed. "I thought you said we were to lie about in bathing suits the whole day. Reluctantly he went behind his rock, and changed into his clothes."

"I'm famished!" said Lila, when her boy friend came back.

She was hungry after the healthful exercise she had indulged in. She ate greedily of the contents of the hampers.

It was a shady nook they were in. A leafy tree spread its branches overhead, and they were screened off from the road by bushes. There was very little traffic along the road, a furlong away. A few bullock carts passed by occasionally, and once a motor-bike.

When she had eaten her fill, Lila propped a cushion against the tree trunk, and rested her pretty head on it.

"Isn't it lovely being out of doors?" she said. "I wish I could live like this all my life! She heaved a sigh. "Nature in all its glory around you—and miles away from grimy civilization."

"It's like heaven, having you near," said Shankar.

"Oh!" she laughed. "You are always flattering me, Shankar."

"No, I'm not," he returned, passionately. "I mean it, Lila! You're the most heavenly girl I've ever met."

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"Think so?" she asked, smiling with the knowledge that she would soon hook him.

"I do, Lila!" he said, edging closer to her.

A tiny gust of wind swept past, making some of the dead leaves fly about. Suddenly Lila pressed her handkerchief to her eye.

"Shankar! Quick! I've got something in my eye! Here, take my handkerchief, and get it out."

"Open the eye, Lila dear," he coaxed, as she fussed. She opened her eye and he drew down the lid. "I can't see anything dear," he said, held by the depths of her black eyes.

"I guess, it's gone now, Shankar," she replied, then smiled at him.

Her lascivious mouth so close to his reminded Shankar to take that kiss from her she had refused him yesterday. He bent towards her tentatively. At thrillingly closer range he saw the rose of her full lips against the pearly whiteness of her teeth. He promptly glued his lips to hers the way he had seen the hero in yesterday's picture do.

"Shankar! Darling!" gasped Lilavati, when he had finished. "Why did you do it?" Then sitting up, she pulled his head towards her and returned his kiss hotly.

"I'm so happy, Shankar," she sighed.

"It's like heaven," said Shankar.

"It was so sudden, too."

"It was! There was a pause."

"Where shall we spend our honeymoon, Shankar?"

"Our what?" said Shankar.

"The honeymoon, darling. H-O-N-E-Y-M-O-O-N. Honeymoon. Get it? Shall we go to Simla, or to Mussoorie?"

"Lila, I can't!" said Shankar.

"Shillong, then," coolly continued Lila. "You can leave business out of your head for a fortnight, can't you?"

"I can't!" moaned Shankar. "Listen, dearest. There's nothing in the whole world I'd like better than honeymooning with you—for a whole year. But—but—I can't!"

"What's the matter? You mean that father of your's will stand in our way?" She quietly lay down again.

"No, dear. It's not that. You see, Muriel won't allow it."

"Who? said Lila, sitting up. "Are—are you married?"

"Yes dearest—and I've regretted it ever since meeting you. You are a hundred times more beautiful than Muriel. You see, I married her when I went to England for further studies. She was my class-mate and somehow—I don't know how it came about—I married her. I wouldn't mind marrying you, too. In fact I don't mind keeping a harem. But Muriel is so narrow-minded. She keeps talking about the one-woman man and the one-man woman ideal. In fact, you don't know what she would do to me if she caught me kissing you like this."

"You—you double-crossing, pot bellied idiot!" Lila exploded, and felt like hitting him in the face with her fist.

"Darling, don't get so angry with me," Shankar bleated piteously. "Here, I have a little present for you." Feverishly he reached for his coat, and brought out a tiny box. Opening it he displayed a pretty emerald ring reposing against a bed of velvet. He laid it propitiatingly on her lap. "There, darling, it's just a little present I wanted to give you," he said.

Lilavati flung it back viciously at him; then rising;

"Take me back at once!" she ordered.

"But—but, Lila, it's only one o'clock," he protested.

"I don't care! I want to go back to town at once!" Shankar gathered the strewn things and followed her.

"I'll drive," she said, when they reached the car. At the rate you drive we'll reach only in the evening."

She sat down at wheel, viciously slammed the door, and raced back to town.

"Thanks for the picnic. Mr. Lal Chand," she said, when she got down at her flat. "We've spent a nice time together! Good bye!"

"Lila, dear, Shankar called piteously. 'Can't I see you again? I'll send you to Simla, if you want'."

"Thanks! But I don't want to go!" Lilavati threw back, and disappeared into the house.

Shankar drove off, cursing his fate.

"Didn't everything go well at the picnic?" inquired Kamala, who had been watching the scene from the window.

"The—the pot-bellied swine!" exclaimed Lila, dropping into a chair. "And fool-like I even refused the emerald ring he was presenting me!" Yes, she was that angry at her frustration. "Would have been worth a hundred rupees at least."

"That means you didn't get engaged to him. Now can I take your best saree, Lila?"

"Yes. But I forgot to mention the spanking that goes with it," said Lilavati viciously.

"You mean chiseler," said Kamala. Keep your rotten saree to yourself!"

IV

Ramaswamy turned up the following morning.

"Hello, gold digger!" he greeted Lilavati, when he entered the apartment. "How much gold did you get?"

He sat down on a sofa. Lilavati sat down near him.

"Ram," said Lila, throwing herself on him, "marry me quick! And take me away somewhere."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Ramaswamy, extricating himself from her embrace. "What's the matter? Why the sudden affection for me? Has your millionaire friend rejected you?"

"Ram, don't ask questions. Marry me!"

"All right. I'll marry you if you promise to be a loving, obedient, and contented wife. Promise?"

"I promise!" she breathed, throwing herself on him again.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said Ramaswamy. "Cut out the kissing act—until I tell you when. I've a little present for you." He brought out wads of currency notes from his inner pockets and thrust them into her hands. "Count them," he enjoined. "There must be ten thousand rupees in all. Just cashed the cheque."

"Darling," said Lilavati, her eyes bulging, "where did you get it all from? You didn't rob the bank, did you?"

"I earned it, of course, by my photographic work. Thought I was a mug, eh?"

"But how? Oh, I'm so thrilled Ram."

"Your friend Shankar gave it to me," he replied.

"Shankar!" she exclaimed. "Why?"

"You'll be surprised why! I just sold him a snap he'd taken a great fancy for. He started with five hundred, but I drove a keen bargain. Of course I would not have got so much for it if I'd sold it to a weekly paper."

(Continued on page 46)

Archie Gets His Own

By John H. Acott.

ARCHIBALD Bartholomew Moskito was not, despite the implication of his surname, a Russian. Nor was he a Bolshevik. His ancestors had possessed the name thousands of years ago, and the family history stated that the "Moskwells" have started calling themselves "Moskito" ever since Guttred Moskwell had been attacked and killed by a horde or band of prehistoric mosquitoes that were, from measurements given in the history, as large as modern hipopotamii. Nobody believed the history, but Archie had always been, and always would be, a true Moskito, faithful to the family escutcheon of a Flit Pump Rampant on a Field of Flit.

Being a Moskito amongst mosquitoes, Archie found work in Bakewell and Self Limited very monotonous. His boss, Bakewell and Self, was the whole company, and, being nothing but the company, Bakewell was under the impression that Bakewell had no snails on him. In other words, he thought Bakewell was unique, or, to be more exact, that Bakewell was a damned good consulting Engineer who could repair any darned complicated tooth-pick under God's own sun, or moon, for that matter.

Archie knew nothing, or next to nothing, (which is the same thing, because his brain was next to nothing where vacuums are concerned,) about Engineering. He couldn't have told you how many springs there were in the human body if you had asked him. But this fact did not serve as a deterrent to his job, for all he had to do from eight o'clock in the morning to four in the evening was to despatch letters and act, generally, as Bakewell's watch-dog and lap-dog combined. And combined with a watch-dog and a lap-dog, Archie would have put a lizard to shame.

"MOSKITO!" roared Bakewell from the inner office one morning. "Ring for the peon." Archie promptly jumped, put down the draft letter to Hambone and Company that he was occupied with, shook, trembled, coughed nervously, made a

noise like a duck, placed the handbell from the desk on top of his head, and crashed his right hand down on top of his pith hat, which lay near the ink well. The latter overturned and Archie realised that he had rung the wrong bell. He corrected his mistake and then tried to wipe some of the ink from his clothes.

He thought he'd let Bakewell know that he had rung for the peon, so he went to the door of the inner office and pushed it open.

"My God!" said Bakewell. "Look at you!"

"How o-can I, s-sir?" bleated Archie.

"Bah! Don't try any of your moth-eaten jokes on me, Moskito. What's all that ink doing on you?"

"It—it just f-fell there, sir. I d-didn't ask it to, but..."

Archie curled up in his shell. Bakewell leaned back in his chair and surveyed his P. A. with a grim and bleary eye.

"Moskito," he said firmly and slowly, "you're a—you're a worm. No, you're a mosquito. You're always doing things wrong. I suppose you picked up the ink pot and tried to read it in mistake for one of those confounded penny papers of yours, eh?"

"N-no, sir," doodled Archie.

"And the day before yesterday, Moskito," went on Bakewell, his voice threateningly grim, "you made an error in the typing of my letter to Reed and Company which would have cost me about ten thousand rupees had I not noticed it in time."

He paused for breath.

"And the day before that you made some other silly error. To be precise, you've been making mistakes ever since you came here to work for me."

"N-no, y-yes, sir," moaned Archie.

"And the very next error, Moskito," Bakewell's eyes narrowed nastily, "will see you out in the cold, cold street." He mopped the perspiration from his brow. Since the month was July, the country India, and the town Delhi, it will be obvious that Bakewell was something of a prevaricator.

Archie faded out of range of the basilisk glare of his boss's eyes and returned to his desk.

He'd only been sitting down for five minutes when another roar came from the inner office.

"Moskito, where's that damned peon?"

The words stirred Archie's memory and he remembered the peon. And the ink pot.

Going outside, he found that the peon was a true peon. In other words, the peon wasn't there. Fate, that's what it was. Fate in the form of a peon. And the peon, or rather, Fate, was reaching out a hand to Archie. Archie didn't know it, but the peon had gone for his tiffin or lunch or dinner or whatever it was that peons ate.

Archie imparted the news to a now snorting Bakewell. "Why isn't he there?" stormed Archie's boss, his attitude reminiscent of a Viking of old.

"P-perhaps his w-wife's had triplets," suggested

JULY 20, 1936

Archie.

The look on Bakewell's face would have shrunk a boar-constrictor to a common, garden, or household worm. But it merely turned Archie to a jelly. Then,

"When the devil will he be back?" asked the inconsiderate Bakewell.

"P-perhaps when he gets here," bleated Archie, and dodged a book that was evidently under the impression that Archie's head was an Aunt Sally.

Then Bakewell underwent one of his swift changes. He calmed down in a marvellous manner. Even his nostrils stopped twitching and resumed their normal shape.

"Moskito," he said almost wheedlingly. "I must get an important message to my wife in New Delhi. Unfortunately she doesn't believe in having a telephone in the house, I think," he confided, "that she's a jealous woman and doesn't trust a telephone. So I want you to take this letter along to her." He held it up. "And for Heaven's sake get it there safely. It's dreadfully important. And in case you lose it the message is that I can't get home before ten o'clock to-night as I'm very busy. Got that?"

Archie nodded.

"I'll show you that there's some g-good in me," he stuttered confidently, his Adam's Apple imitating a bit of mercury in a barometer on a stormy day.

"And don't forget that letter to Hambone and Company," went on Bakewell. "Don't stay away all day. I want you to finish that too."

Archie puffed his cheeks out proudly. "I've completed the draft of it, sir," he said. "And I've only got to type it now. I might as well take it out with me and post it on my way."

Bakewell nodded in a gratified manner.

"You're improving," he said.

Archie took the letter, sat down at his desk, and typed the communication to Hambone and Company. Bakewell, absorbed in the plan of a Railway bridge, signed the letter without looking at it.

Yes, dear reader, you've guessed it. That careless signature was another little bit of Fate. In fact, it was a large chunk.

Archie handed Bakewell's letter to Mrs. Bakewell, and, being a bashful lad, hopped out of the house like a grasshopper and so on to a bus that was returning to Old Delhi.

Strangely enough the peon was back at his post when Archie got back to the office.

"Done it?" asked Bakewell as Archie coughed at his door.

"Yes, sir," said Archie confidently and happily.

And, of course, he had done it.

He hadn't sat at his desk longer than it takes a cow to chew the cud when a sort of tornado burst over Delhi.

"Must be some new brand of typhoon," thought Archie, and then he heard the shriek of a voice—a feminine one.

"Open that door peon," warbled the visitor. "Open it at once, you miserable fly-catcher!"

The outer door flew open. Into Archie's room flew Mrs. Bakewell. Archie drew a sigh of relief when she blew herself into Bakewell's office without even looking at Bakewell's P. A. The door of the inner office slammed behind her.

But that didn't prevent Archie from hearing the sounds of the battle and from following in his mind's eye every manoeuvre and flank attack.

"How dare you, Algernon Bakewell?" Mrs. Bakewell's gentle falsetto shriek blared out. It was the first time Archie knew that his boss possessed such a name. He began to feel more confident as he realised that Algernon sounded as foolish as Archibald.

And then he recalled Bakewell's words of the morning. This spelt 'Finis' to his job! He could see himself bawling along the roads of Delhi and giving vent, now and then, to a plaintive moo.

Nevertheless, curiosity and the violent noise Mrs. B. was making drew Archie towards the door as a divorce court draws happily (?) married couples.

Stopping, he glued his right eye to the key-hole and jumped. It was like looking into a looking glass to see Mr. Bakewell! His boss was curled up like a limpet on a cold and frosty morning, and looked remarkably as if he was trying to take shelter behind his glue-pot.

"You worm, you beast, you—oh you unmitigated beast and worm!" Mrs. B. was cooing, waving a letter before her husband's rapidly blinking eyes. "Why, you—you worm you beast!" Words seemed to fail her. Her bosom heaved and her chest expanded. Archie began to fear for her corsets and hoped devoutly that they had not been made in Japan. He also felt a strange exultation at the humiliation of his boss. Put a flea beside a lion, decided Archie, and you had the difference between Archie's boss and Mrs. Bakewell's husband.

But Archie's exultation changed to a subtle, oring sort of discomfort when Mrs. B. came to her climax. He had not reckoned with this!

"This," she snorted dramatically, "is the end of everything! I've had enough of you. And it's about time I told you where to get off. Divorces are easy to get nowadays. And, under these circumstances, I could get ten divorces. Why, they are enough to enable me to get fifteen divorces! I will commence proceedings at once!" Archie just had time to unstick his eye from the key-hole before Mrs. B. blew out into the hot, sultry afternoon air.

There was a short pause. Archie could imagine Mr. Bakewell pulling himself together and girding up his suspenders. Then,

"Moskito!" roared a voice from the inner office. "Come here!"

Some subtle instinct told Archie that Mr. Bakewell was angry.

Doing his best to imitate a periwinkle, Archie went there. He stood looking down at his boots.

"Bring me the copy of that letter you dispatched—or rather took to my wife to-day," commanded Bakewell severely.

Archie brought it.

"Read it," commanded Bakewell. And Archie read it.

"Dear Mrs. Bakewell," ran the letter, "I regret to state that your hams are no good. I might even go so far as to say that your hams are rotten. The last time I cut a slice off one of them, I thought somebody had sprinkled it with Sulphuretted Hydrogen. So I have decided to dispense with you and your hams for good. Your trotters too, are not what trotters should be. In fact, I've never seen such poor imitations of trotters in all my life. This I may add, is rather a harsh thing to say after I have been dealing with you for ten years. But there it is. Your trotters are not trotters at all. They are but poor fakes of a pig's toenails. Therefore I have decided to dispense with you and your trotters. And as for your liver! Why..." but Archie could read no more. His eyes flickered

to the signature, "A. Bakewell" and then the letter dropped from his nerveless fingers. Pulling himself together bravely, he stuttered,

"W-well, I s-suppose th-this m-means the s-sack?"

Bakewell looked at him in a peculiar manner.

"I told you," he said slowly, "that your next error would cost you your job, didn't I?"

"Y-yes, sir," said Archie in the tone of voice of a frog.

"Moskito," continued Bakewell, his features relaxing. "I am forming a branch of this office at New Delhi. And I am appointing you as Manager there. I'll get you a P. A., who'll teach you something about the work. Suit you?"

Archie gasped.

"B-but..." he yammered.

"There's a lot in you, Moskito," said Bakewell genially. "You've got sand, and vision. You think ahead. Shake!"

They shook.

"I've been wanting," said this great man of business, his tone wistfully reminiscent, "to get rid of my wife for years, and I never had the courage to do it. You can start on your new job, Moskito, next Saturday."

"Th-thank you, s-sir," stammered Archie.



(Continued from page 43)

with the caption: "Shankar, Heir to the Lal Chand Millions at a Happy Picnic Party."

"Oh, just an impression of your boy friend bending over and kissing a rather pretty but shameless girl. He brought up the negative and two prints I had taken for the sum mentioned. Seems to go in fear of his English wife, that guy."

"You blackmailer!" said Lilavati, throwing her arms round him. "I love you!"

"Not blackmailer, you gold digger, but a brilliant press photographer. Where shall we spend the honeymoon?"

"Shall we spend it at Simla? or Mussoorie?"

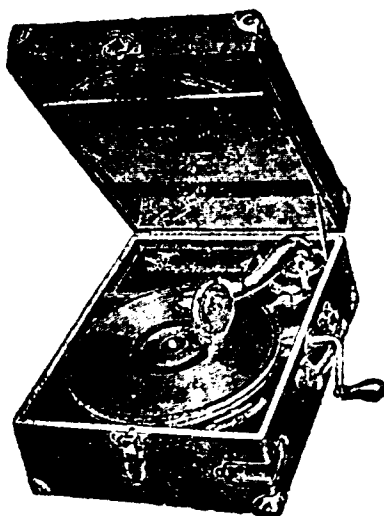
"Make it both," said Ramswamy, grabbing his Lila to him.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lila. Then, "what was the snap about?" She asked suspiciously.

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You have to substitute a letter for each dash to complete the names of the following Indian towns:-

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. R - N - O - N. | 5. - L - - - H A B A D. |
| 2. B - - - R E S. | 6. - A - N A. |
| 3. K - - - A - H I. | 7. - - - O R E. |
| 4. - A - P U R. | 8. - A - N - - A R. |

Rules and Conditions:- Any number of entries may be sent on plain paper. Postal M. O. receipt along with a stamped self addressed envelope must be sent with solutions. Result will be posted to each entrant on 10-7-35. Entries as well as your name and address must be written in ink and Block letters only. The correct solution is the one which agrees exactly with the key-solution deposited in sealed cover with the Editor, "Funny Magazine of India." In case of ties the prize will be equally divided. The prize amounts will be increased or decreased in proportion to the number of entries received. The Competition Manager's decision in all matters concerning this competition shall be final and legally binding and it is the express condition of the entry.

Address your M. O. and entries to The Manager,

THE MAJESTIC COMPETITION BUREAU, EGERTON ROAD, DELHI (3).

The Man From The Village

BY C V. V.

SEATED in the last row of the 'Saidapet-Pary's Corner,' bus and as the vehicle swung its ponderous way down Mount-Road, Srinivas, impelled by sheer high spirits, asked his fellow-passengers the most absurd questions. And he knew they were absurd questions.

When he asked the questions he was not aware that a young lady was seated in the opposite row who laughed a bit when he put the silly questions.

"What's that?", he asked eagerly indicating the Government house, "Is that where the Governor lives?"

Two individuals who were sitting opposite to him nodded kindly.

Then he quickly turned his head towards Napier Park.

"Ah!", he claimed. "That's the Park! That's where Zoo, isn't it?"

"No, no, Sir, That's the Napier Park", they told him gently. "There is no Zoo there."

"WHY not even deer?", complained Srinivas in the tone of one defrauded. "Why I thought..."

"We are sorry, Sir", you are thinking of the 'People's Park', they told him even more gently. "That Park is right over there—", and three or four arms waved vaguely in three or four directions.

"Isn't", muttered Srinivas apologetically. "I'm a thorough villager, aren't I?"

A laughter passed over the bus. A little later Srinivas was at it again, and was persuaded with difficulty to believe that the Gymkana club in the 'Island ground' was quite not an Indian club and Buckingham canal was quite different from Cooum river in spite of the fact that the colour, smell and all the properties were the same.

"Ah, well", he sighed rising to alight as the bus careered in the General-Hospital Road. "I suppose I'll learn my way about in time, and thanks very much for your guidance", he said. But in the meantime the bus glided as the traffic cop gave signal, so he again sat and peered out to note the next stoppage.

Nothing pleased the people of Madras so much as opportunities of giving information about his city. Srinivas knew of this admirable trait, and he loved to pretend the ignorance in order to give them the opportunity. He had been a citizen of Madras for the most of his life, and he

lived in the country-side only for the past few years. Srinivas felt that it was up to him to give people a good time. Also he desired a good time himself, and he hoped to achieve it.

If things went right, he hoped to return to his village in about a month's time with sufficient money to ease him of all anxiety as the developments of his business and perhaps with enough. But it all depended on the girl. When he met her—and when she had consented to help him—and him—and, perhaps herself. Anyhow, Srinivas was convinced that his village life needed a wife.

As the bus stopped at the next stop, he clutched at the rail hastily and drew himself back to avoid colliding with the girl who sat opposite to him, emerging from the bus, was obviously bent upon the same alighting mission as Srinivas. But the bus skidded unmindful of this, since the traffic-pole—I mean the traffic cop—approached the bus driver with an open note-book in his hand. The girl who thought of getting down was not able to balance herself in the moving bus and swung dangerously. In the fraction of a second Srinivas caught her by the elbow and drew her back to safety.

"Wait till the bus stops, can't you? remonstrated the conductor. "Or do you want the accident insurance pay?"

At five o'clock in the evening in Madras it is not easy to observe closely within the space of a couple of seconds.

The girl momentarily raised her face to her rescuer, Srinivas, with a smile and he received a very stimulating impression of a neatly dressed frame with a pretty face gave the nearest glance of acknowledgment.

"Thank you", she said to Srinivas. And Srinivas had never seen anything more wistful and pathetic in life than her smile.

"Oh, that's all right," he said clumsily, "you ought to be a bit careful in alighting in these moving vehicles, my ...", advised Srinivas.

The bus stopped and the girl alighted quickly. She smiled a bit. Srinivas also got down scheming something. He thought something else. He just wanted to follow the girl whom she had saved from a would be accident. But before he could get down the girl disappeared in the surging crowd. Srinivas was frantic to spot her. He was rooted near the bus-stand more than half an hour blinking vaguely here and there unmindful of the crowd who were pushing him hither and thither.

In the meantime a newspaper-vendor howled near him of the latest news. Srinivas wanted to buy a copy so he put his hand into his pocket. But, what, he had a thorough change in his face, for his purse had played a nasty trick. It allowed itself to be pick-pocketed. He searched here and there but nowhere he could find. He asked a gent who was standing near-by who simply laughed at him.

"Don't you know this is Madras, Sir," he said calmly.

"Yes, this is Madras," said Srinivas cursingly and made his way in the crowd hoping to meet his girl.

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(Cut here)

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.	No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	SIL — ER	Money	5	STR — — E	Punish
2	C — — ING	Yielding	6	BE — —	Small
3	STO — —	Vessel	7	S — IP	Omit
4	S — I — E	Cut	8	S — AT	Sharp blow

General Rules: Sole Reference Chambers XX Century Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. All forms etc., are treated as direct. Dots represent word or words not copied from the Dictionary. "A, an, any, to, the" are omitted in the beginning of clues. No. 6 is a word having more than 4 letters and the first four letters alone are to be given.

An entrance fee of 8 annas is payable for each entry by M.O. or by Indian Postal Orders, crossed. Any number of entries may be submitted at the requisite fee. The first entry must be on the coupon found in this advertisement or in our advertisement in The My Magazine, or the Rainbow or The Merry Magazine or in our journal. The Commercial TIT-BITS of India. Subsequent entries may be sent on plain paper. The name and full postal address of the competitor and the number of entries submitted must be written in block letters on the back of the envelope containing the entries and on the M.O. coupon. The correct solution is one which tallies with the shares in the second prize. The prize amounts will not be decreased under any circumstances. In case of ties the number of correct solutions received by us. The results will be published in THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA on the 12th August 1935, and copies of the same will be posted only to those enclosing one anna stamp along with the entries. The M.O. receipt should also be affixed to the entries. The decision of the Contest Editor is final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Address all entries and fees to:

The Contest Manager, **THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA,**
17 & 18, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

BAD EGG

BY

J. H. ACOTT.

"My dear Longnose," wrote Harris, "I'm afraid I owe you something for the humiliation you suffered at the hands of myself and Inspector Smith over the case of the Chicken Run Murder and one or two others. Accept my apologies and the chance that I now offer you of making good. If you'll gallop over to my place this evening, I have something to say to you that, I am sure, will put you on your mettle. Yours repentantly, R. Harris."

"All practical jokers," grunted Adolphus Longnose, super sleuth, as he read Harris's letter, "should have been strangled at birth, and Harris should have been tortured before strangulation."

He couldn't, you see, get over the various cruel jokes that prize japer, Harris, had played on him. But this letter of Harris's seemed to exude repentance and a longing to make amends.

Therefore, completely equipped with his magnifying glass, handcuffs, false moustache and false eye, Adolphus galloped over to the house of Robert Harris, man of leisure and wealth, that evening.

"Another damned joke?" sported Adolphus at Harris in the latter's drawing room. Harris laughed.

"My dear Adolphus! How could you speak so harshly of your best and oldest pal? Have a drink?"

Adolphus nodded. Over their drinks,

"Now," said Harris, "do you believe in ventriloquism?"

"What the....." began Longnose.

"Do you, though?" repeated Harris with a twinkle in his eye.

"No," dogmatically stated Adolphus. "Ro t—that's what it is. A figment of imagination and usually attributed to children's school stories."

"Good," said Harris.

"What the hell has this got to do with your letter?"

to-night at between twelve mid-night and two A.M. Hide yourself beneath your bedclothes, otherwise, if you interfere too much, I may shoot you through the stomach or through the left nostril."

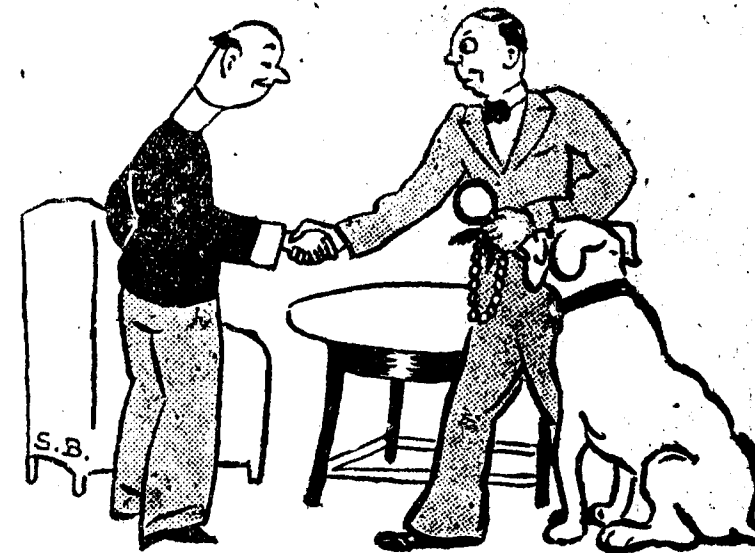
Adolphus whistled.

"That looks promising," he grunted. "Are these diamonds of yours very valuable?"

Harris looked insulted.

"You mean to sit there and tell me you've never heard of them?" he asked. "And to think that I offered you a drink! Why, they're worth more than half a million pounds in English money!"

"Gloss, I suppose?" sarcastically remarked our sleuth.



demanding Adolphus suspiciously.

"NOTHING. I was just wondering, that's all. Now here," Harris felt in his breast pocket and took therefrom a dirty piece of paper, "is a threatening note I found under my bedroom door this morning. Read it."

Adolphus took the note. The writing was printed in crude capitals. "Nothing will prevent me from getting the Harris diamonds."

"Bah!" said Harris impatiently. "If you don't believe me, leave the case alone. Here I've been thinking of making your fame world wide, and you tell me that my diamonds are glass!"

Adolphus hurriedly apologized.

"Sorry, old man, but I haven't got over the chicken run murder yet," he said.

Harris went to his safe and brought out a small box filled with glittering diamonds of all shapes and sizes.

They were obviously perfectly genuine.

Adolphus whistled through his nose again, and the next moment felt something lick his hand. Looking down, he suddenly jumped fully three inches from his chair. Harris laughed again.

"My latest pet," he explained. The pet was a large and monstrously ugly bull-dog. "He's faithful, wonderfully trained, and almost human. Here, Joe," he said to the bull-dog. "This is Mr. Longnose." He pointed to Adolphus. "Now, who is he?"

The hideous looking animal promptly rubbed its nose along the carpet for a distance of about a yard.

"You see?" laughed Harris. The yard means 'long' and his own nose on the carpet means, of course, 'nose'. Hence—Longnose! What'd you think of him?"

"Marvellous!" shuddered Adolphus.

"I can make him do things with a wave of my little finger," went on Harris. He left the room for a moment and came back with an egg in his hand. This he placed on the carpet at his feet. Then he turned once more to the bull-dog.

"Joe," he said, "what does, Mr. Longnose remind you of?"

"Believe it or not," writes Adolphus in his auto-biography—'A Hundred Exciting Cases with Adolphus Longnose', "the bull-dog ambled up to the egg, took it gently between its teeth, and laid it at my feet! Harris passed me an ash-tray, 'Break the egg into that,' smiled Harris to me. I did so, and the atmosphere of the room was immediately assailed by an overpowering stench. 'You see,' laughed Harris, 'the egg's rotten!' And so it was."

"A dirty trick!" snorted Adolphus. "That means your dog—your damned, dog I should say, thinks...."

"Never mind," Harris consoled him laughingly. "My fault entirely. I've been practising that with him for a long time, just to give you a laugh. What I'm trying to emphasise is that Joe will come in handy to-night."

"He will," agreed Adolphus somewhat half-heartedly. "We'll wait here in the room with the lights out

and catch this damned burglar red-handed."

"And if he runs," put in Harris, "Joe can give chase." Then, to the dog, "Come back later, Joe."

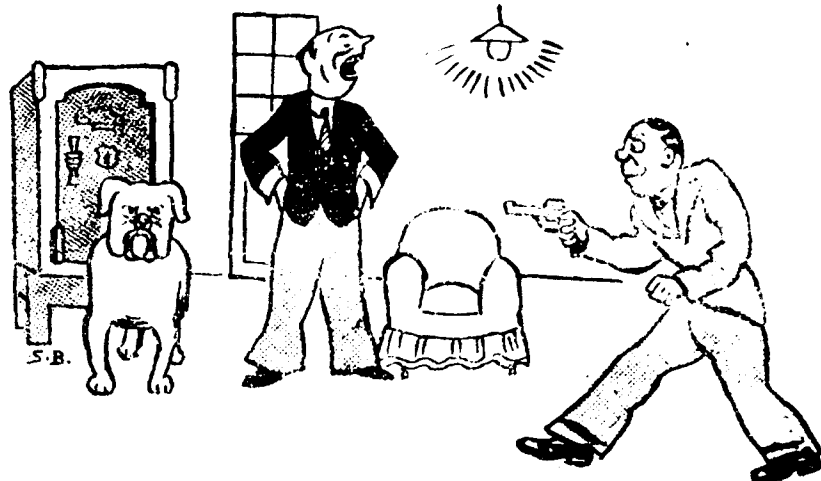
Joe trotted from the room.

The hours passed.

"Put the light out," whispered Adolphus at a quarter to twelve. "Now we'll see what we'll see!"

The minutes ticked away in the pitchy blackness of the room. The night itself was dark, and the open window showed not the slightest trace of illumination.

The breathing of the two men could almost be heard like the hiss of escaping steam. Harris's servants had departed long ago.



Suddenly there was a slight scratching noise, mingled with a sort of scrambling, at the window.

"Here he comes," whispered Adolphus tensely as he took out his revolver and held it ready.

"Don't shoot," whispered Harris. "Let's get him alive. There may be a reward in this for you!"

Both of them stood up in the blackness.

Came the soft patter of footsteps over the carpet, footsteps that were accompanied by light breathing and a muffled "Damn!" from this intruder.

"Stick 'em up!" shouted Adolphus as his nerve began to go. "I've got you covered!"

"It's a cop, guv'nor!" whined a voice from the gloom. "Don't shoot! I'll go quietly. You're a bit of a squirt, though, aren't you?"

Adolphus snorted.

"You're not in a position to pass remarks," he said.

"Oh, aren't I?" came the voice the while gone out of it. "Why, you rotten sausage, I can feel in my bones that you've got a brain like a blasted water melon. Why, for two pins I'd shoot you through the nose where you stand!"

Adolphus gasped with anger, mingled with fear.

"Why—you—you," he began, and then evidently thought that he'd better be careful. "Harris, put the light on!"

Harris moved towards the switch.

"We'll get this blighter along to the nearest look-up," said our sleuth

shakily, keeping his revolver levelled at the voice of the crook.

The light snapped on. Adolphus bleated like a motherless lamb.

In front of the safe, holding something in his mouth, his ugly and hideous face looking almost sardonic, was Joe!

"You look like a discarded ham bone!" snorted the bull-dog.

"Do you," asked Harris of Adolphus, "believe in ventriloquism?"

"Bah!" said Adolphus as he prepared to stamp out of the room.

"And believe it or not," further writes our sleuth in his autobiography, the case wasn't finished with then!"

"Quick, Joe!" said Harris to his damned dog, "show the gentleman what he reminds you of!"

"Joe dropped the object he held between his teeth.

"It was another rotten egg!"

JULY 20, 1935.

ENTANGLED

By Swartz Pon Ratnam.

I HAD a little cough: and my wife was very nervous about it. I minded it little but my wife took it seriously and lost her head about it. It is her nature to take things seriously which I consider trifling and where I become earnest she makes light of things.

"Dear" said she coming to me.

"Yes."

"I fear—" she began.

"Dear, I fear" I broke in

"Becoming Poetic eh!"

"Your cough."

"Always about this cough" I said dryly.

"Lately you were negligent about your health and one hears a lot of things about—"

Why should one hear a lot of things, if that person can't take so much?"

"The way you take it! Ah, these men quaint creatures. They do not heed to what women say, till they come to a sad pass. Recently Subbiah died of-of-of con-consumption and we hear with lots of people, a cough develops to consumption."

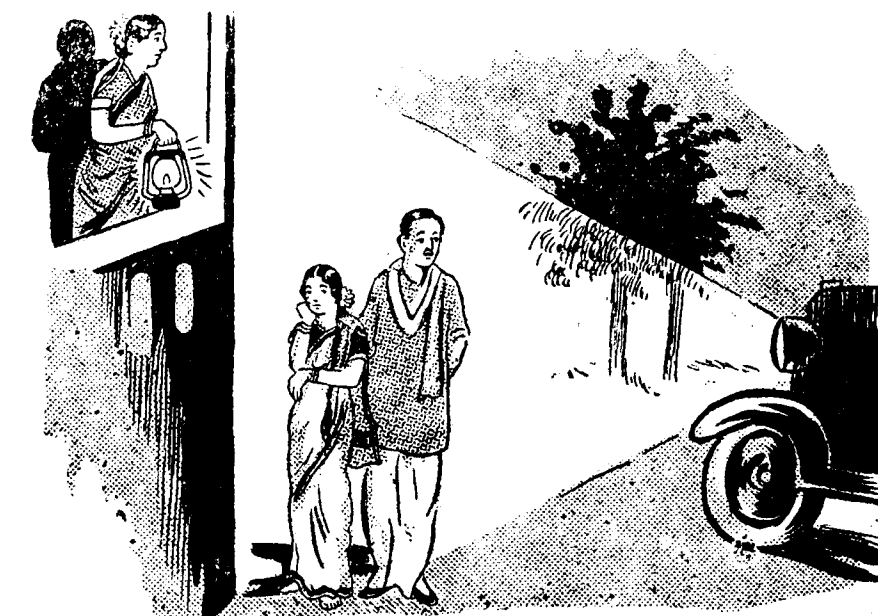
"Don't talk as if you are an authority on disease."

"And well-well the days run fast." My wife was growing philosophic.

"If the days run fast the nights do 'sleep' "I said thoughtfully.

Nevertheless my wife's idea of cough leading to consumption created in me a latent suspicion. Many times I coughed and spat to see whether blood came out with it. The fear got the better of me that at the end I thought it wise to give myself up to the hands of my wife.

AND she in turn gave me in to the hands of my family doctor, Mr. Jegganath, who for seven days wearied me with various questions which made me all the more a through invalid. Each day he made new attempts on me and pre-



scribed different medicines. And it came about, that the mere experiments he made with his medicines the worse my cough became.

On the eighth day my wife came into my room, declaring the doctor, a hopeless fellow. "Right you are" I, said to please my wife,

She then declared, that a change of

air would do me good. Two days later we were in her native village Puliyoor.

The village was not fully civilized. There were some educated families but the illiterates formed the majority.

When the native doctor was sent for, he came, felt my pulse and gave a lecture to my wife and her people. He prepared medicines for me and said that his famous medicines would cure me of my illness within seven days. But for him to perform the miracle I was to fast and pray. That is that I was to take only one meal a day and that too on the form of porridge.

I was born by nature a sympathiser with my stomach. I love that organ greatly. So much so that I cannot

bear it suffer. So I did not approve of the ways of this physician. But my wife's word is law to me. Fearing her I consented to undergo that ordeal.

Every morning my wife came into my room with the medicine. Taking the medicine in my hand I found some pretext or other to send my wife back to her room or to delay taking the

The Outwitted Anarchists

By SEE VEE VEE.

DR. Shaw looked down curiously at the patient, touched his forehead, and examined the thermometer drawn from the fevered lips. He shook his head as he noted the temperature.

"One hundred and four," he murmured. With an expressive gesture he beckoned the attendant who stood near the patient, towards the door-way. He followed eagerly outside.

"I don't wish to conceal from you," explained the Doctor, "that your friend is in a most critical state. Ice—sedative medicine—absolute quiet. You know what to do?"

Mr. D—the attendant shrugged his shoulders with a hopeless air.

"Ice—medicine—anything that money can buy, Doctor, but quiet in the street?" he flung his hand towards the open window. "Listen to that," he cried.

The clang of wheels, the droning of the trams, the hooting of the cars. It was the traffic of Javalpore that boomed the ears—a traffic that scarcely knew any respite for two hours of the twenty-four.

"The only chance is to move him," sighed Mr. D—.

The Doctor shook his head decidedly. "Absolute Madness!" he declared. The least excitement might be fatal to his health, perhaps his life. "At any other time—" He hesitated tapping his foot restlessly on the floor.

"**A**T any other time," he continued, "a note with my signature to the Municipality or to the Chief of the Police would gain you the privilege of stopping the traffic or strawing the road. But now—" he flung his hands with an expressive gesture.

"You mean the Monday's Jubilee procession must pass this house on its way to the Temple?"

The other nodded.

"But in case of life and death?"

The Doctor shook his head.

"How can you expect it?" he answered abruptly. "The Silver Jubilee of His Highness the Maharaja does not take place every day!"

"Then my friend must lose his life or his reason?" said Mr. D—bitterly.

The physician was silent.

"I will appeal to His Highness himself," cried the other with a sudden passion. "He has a heart. Will he set a cart-load of straw against a human soul—a speckless street against a man's soul—his very life! If I can send it, will you countersign? will you do that much for me?"

The medical man shrugged his shoulders again. "As you will," he said and watched the other's penmanship in silence. He read the appeal when it was finished, added his signature and left without a comment. Mr. D—returned to the sick room.

The patient looked up with an excitement and an expressive glance as he entered—a glance in which there was little enough of delirium, but much expectant amusement. At a nod the patient skipped lightly from the bed, flung aside the blanket and danced across the floor to spit the hot water.

"Ugh—ugh!" he gulped distressfully. "My mouth is scalded into shreds! But the snare, my sweet, the snare? Is it laid?"

"The bait, my dear friend, the bait is preparing," lisped Mr. D—. The two grinned upon each other, and with a sudden impulse began to waltz around the sick-bed.

Two days later a leading article in the semi-official paper, appeared of the approaching Jubilee festivities, and had occasion to refer to the innate benignancy of His Highness the Maharaja. "No better illustrations



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of this can be given," observed the paper, "than by calling attention to the fact that amid all the decorations both public and private, which adorn the main thoroughfare, a hundred yards of the roadway opposite a certain house remain carpeted with straw."

"We understand that a gentleman—a forsigner (not a state subject) lies prostrate and dangerously ill at the house in question. Through the medium of the Police, representations were made to His Highness that the direst effects were to be feared if the patient, who is too ill to be moved, were to be disturbed by the din of the traffic."

"His Highness the Maharaja immediately gave directions that every precaution should be taken to preserve the quietness in the vicinity indicated, issued orders that the straw should be left where it lies, and

evening preceding to the Silver Jubilee—thirty to forty from all parts of India gathered to await the verdict which the supposed sick promised within a space of few hours.

The assembled sympathisers hung upon his words. Some of the incredulous might have hinted that their anxiety was mingled with a desire to view the morrow's Jubilee procession from an exceptional point of vantage or they had other reasons.

To anyone who had remained with them late on Sunday night after the Doctor's last visit, they would not have been a subject for speculation. They passed one by one—these prepossessing persons, into the little scullery on the down floor, divested themselves with long coats and exhibited instead of an ordinary stomach,

a well filled powdery baglike stomachs. They dexterously placed India-rubber inflations in their coats above the stomach, and retired upstairs again, chattering, smiling, and well pleased. Make-up! I believe.

After midnight all the traffic along the route of the procession was prohibited by the order of the Police. From that moment no Bikhshas or Jutkas or humble wheels would press the tar-road till there rolled over the massive decorated car of His Highness. The straw made a blot on the exquisite neatness of the well scavenged road. Half an hour later the company was called again to the scullery downstairs.

Here they found that the bags had been opened. The contents lay in a heap. One by one they filled their pockets with the yellow bran-like pow-

der, and walked restlessly into the road to take air.

Aimlessly they talked in groups through the throng of the passers-by. It was odd to notice how they were concealing their hands in their pockets, and a keen observer, too, would have remarked that a gentle patter, as of falling rain, followed their movements. As a matter of fact, they were one and all exuding the yellow powder on the thickly laid bed of straw.

One by one and still restlessly, they returned to the lodge, exchanged a word or two, and retired to the make-shift couches prepared for them. In the scullery downstairs, Mr. D—was carefully opening a small box containing fulminate caps.

"One small handful—a couple of these toys will," grinned he, to his friend who was observing close by, "and puff! half the ruling chiefs of this land take the shortest cut to paradise!"

"My own regret is that we cannot stay to watch this transfiguration," sighed Mr. D—. "But the procession of the dear Maharaja and his state-guards will necessarily terminate the lease of this lodge, and in fact half the houses and buildings in this street. When do we fit?"

"You and the rest at day-break. I, five minutes before the critical moment," said the other serenely. Now for rest. We need it."

They carefully closed and locked the door of the scullery. As they passed in to the stairway, the street ball suddenly clanged and a hand knocked at the entrance



even commanded that persons shouldn't line the pavement within a certain distance of the sick man's house. We think this incident the fullest answer to those who profess to believe that Ruler's considerations were only given to the influential and high placed, and cannot reach deserving objects, however lowly. To these persons such a proof of His Highness's humanity should tell its own tale.

"Deserving subjects however lowly," repeated Mr. D—, as he finished reading the above. He crumpled up the paper and flung it upon the sick-bed.

"My excellent chap, to think that you have come to be the object of a Maharaja's consideration!" giggled Mr. D—.

"In that there is nothing new," retorted the other. "I have been of consideration to the Police of three States for over a decade. On the fact that I remain un-snared, I plume myself if you will. Have you the stuff prepared, and when do all our comrades join us?"

"The stuff is prepared," replied his friend. Our friend Mr. S—brings the fulminate to-night. In view of your critical state, your friends have been invited for, and will commence arriving to-morrow or day after. The Doctor's report left me no option. He thinks not seriously of you."

The two dissolved in further peals of laughter. It did indeed seem as if the pseudo-sick man's comrades were legion. During the next three days they arrived by twos and threes, till the Sunday night—the

door. The two conspirators went pale to the lips.

The impressive features of the Hon. Doctor confronted them as they unbolted the door. The two sighed with tension and relief.

"I fear I bring bad news," explained the Doctor. "The straw which were strewn opposite this house was obtained from the near-by village. It's to-day reported that virulent scarlet fever has broken about among the poor villagers, and the danger of infection is too dangerous and serious to be overlooked. The straw must be removed and must be burnt at once."

Mr. D—stammered and gulped.

"But—but—my sick-friend!", he gasped. "The noise—his brain."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"There is to be no further traffic till to-morrow evening. He may have passed the crisis by this time. He will have passed the danger zone by then," he added firmly. He turned towards the street and whistled.

"Bring the straw at once!", he commanded at a little army who separated themselves from the passers-by and ran up the steps.

Mr. D—clutched his arm. His face was livid and his feature worked.

"Bring it here?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the doctor. "We can't risk carting it through the street. We should breed an epidemic. It must be burnt in the back-yard of this house."

Mr. D—staggered. His other friend wringed his hands, swearing terrible oaths.

"No," they cried together. "No!—not in this house, Doctor. My God! The sick-patient don't you see?"

The doctor smiled. "I see—I have seen," he interrupted coolly and raised his hand to the waiting men around the entrance. They poured into the house with a sudden rush that filled it with C. I. D. police from attic to cellar. The sleeping conspirators found themselves handcuffed before half of them were aware.

In the other room, the Doctor seated himself before the cot of the sick man and plucked his dark mustache and the beard that shrouded his cheeks. He smiled upon the pinioned pseudo-sick patient.

"You recognise me, old friend?" he asked unperturbedly.

The other started with wild incredulous eyes. He writhed in bonds; then his gaze wandered from face to face round the group, hopeless, hating and marvelling.

"Roy!"—he cried at last.

"Precisely," agreed the other.

"Roy—Saviour of the State pseudo-Doctor, but true Police chief of His Highness's territory. "This time I win old, old friend. I wanted you concentrated, on this unique occasion, I preferred not to have a loose handful of you about the streets. So I let the net wide. I said to myself 'If the little fish be all baited to one spot, there will be no need to sweep the stream.' Now the net is closed. I have you all—so." He closed his open fist with a gesture.

Despair was veiling the fury in the other's eyes. He shuddered.

"Yet the penalty is small," went on Mr. Roy.

"We cannot have these State celebrations smirched with proceedings. You are condemned to have a voyage, my friend—to voyage as far as the Slave-Islands. And there you will not lack friends. The police of the criminal settlements, has arranged a reception for you. I have seen to it. So, I wish you a happy bon-voyage!"

The other called aloud in his sudden agony.

"To Andamans," he cried. With a convulsive movement he raised his fettered wrists to his mouth. Before a hand could reach him, his lips had touched the great diamond—stone ring upon his finger. There was a cough a spasm throbbled through his limbs. He fell back still.

For a moment Mr. Roy's brows flushed and showed annoyance. Then the wrinkles in his forehead cleared.

"After all," he muttered reflectively. "I said the crisis would be over before to-morrow."

(Continued from page 53)

ing. He charged extraordinarily heavy interest and it was but proper that such a man should be robbed. It was easy. Fisher was alone, not too strong and his daughter had been away to the city and his shop was not guarded well. He would wait till ten o'clock that night and have a "do". Some thousands, at least hundreds, would not be a bad thing for a night's risky job. And surely this time he would harden his heart and be a real criminal.

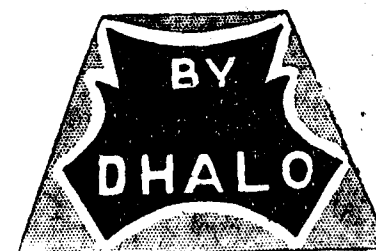
He slowly approached the front door of the shop, paused to look around and found the road was deserted. The door of the shop was not shut but a little opened. It made matters easy. He pulled his hat over his face, drew the revolver from his pocket into his hand and entered the hall on tip toe. There was no voice from inside. He became more courageous, and went further in. Fisher's office room, where the safe lay, was also a little opened. He peeped thro' and to his great surprise found that there was already another man covering Mr. Fisher with a pistol. He slowly entered the room, when he heard the man crying to Fisher "Don't move." "Don't move yourself or I will shoot you" thundered George. The raider obeyed with great alacrity and the pistol in his hand dropped.

"Now, Mr Fisher, you can phone up to the police" cried George and within ten minutes Inspector Smith was on the spot with his men. He went to the raider and looked up at him. "Hullo Joe, so it is you. This time you shall have ten years. Congratulate you Mr. George. You have captured Hill Joe, the master criminal wanted in many daring robberies." Fisher felt very thankful and handed over to George a tanner and George returned home thinking whether he could be ever a criminal.

Two years had passed. Inspector George is announced in the papers as engaged to Miss Fisher and their wedding would be celebrated shortly. Inspector George often says "crime is alright when you know when to drop it. That is just before you begin"

JULY 20, 1936

OVER THE FENCE



THERE was no love lost between farmer Beeston and his neighbour, Morton. Each tried to get square and put his rival out by keen competition. If Beeston sold pork at so much per head Morton offered better quality at a lesser rate. So they fought, this cantankerous pair. Whenever they met at their little village of Upper Battling they only glared at each other.

The fence between the holdings of these quarrelsome neighbours had gaps in it as each wanted the other to repair it. One morning Morton's cow trespassed into the Beeston holding and ate away the cabbage sprouts. Young Beeston, a boy of twelve seeing the predatory beast used his catapult with precision and drove it back into its legitimate haunts. Morton saw the volley of well-aimed pebbles digging into the anatomy of his prize cow. He gnashed his teeth and taking a stone aimed it at Beeston junior. In his frenzied attempt he sprained his shoulder and missed his target by many yards. Little Beeston amused at the plight of his enemy catapulted a bullet-like pebble at his father's rival. The stone hit Morton on his nose and he positively jumped four feet above the ground. He danced on one leg and then on the other, holding his quick swelling nasal equipment and letting out language that would have blistered even a bit of red hot iron. He surveyed the boy

cherry.

"Oh! that's it, eh? He has only improved your looks. That bulbous growth has now become a prize bulb. Thank him, Antony Morton" teased Beeston with a smile that almost amounted to an anaesthetic.

I HATE Morton scowled at his enemy and edged towards the boundary waving his stick at the boy.

"Say your prayers before you cross overs" rasped Beeston, his vocabulary functioning on full throttle "I shall blip you on the head, biff you in the eye and sock you on your ears. You'll then look like the elder brother of a putrefying corpse."

"You and your pestilent son are loco. I now believe in heredity. Both of you ought to be sprayed with weedkiller every hour" fumed angry Morton grimacing at his neighbours.

"Stay your tongue, you plug-ugly. If not, there will be weeping in your house and you won't hear it."

Morton chorled with seething ire. He stutched with excitement. He suddenly realised that his mother tongue had limitations in this exchange of greetings.

"You have to pay double rates to the village council. Your ugly face is keeping off the pleasures seekers from visiting our beautiful village. It would close up a dairy by turning the whole stock of butter rancid."

"Your dial, Morton, would give the creeps to a squashed tomato. If ever you go lame don't go anywhere near a mirror. your legs—"

"You will hear from my lawyer. I shall have the law on you. I shall get you juggled" threatened Morton with vim and shaking his fist at his foe.

"Daddy" interposed the boy "Mr. Morton does not clean his teeth. They are mouldy"

"Yes, son. You are right. Let us move away from the foul atmosphere. Morton don't go too near your lawyer when you carry tales to him,



He might faint.

"Hoo! You are a set of devils, earwigs, hedgehogs and polecats; you are--a--a I shall summon you for slander. We'll meet in court" blared Morton almost dancing with consuming fury.

"Beat it, my man and ask your wife to give you a massage with the robbing pin and repair your face with dough. And don't use a clean face towel. It might bite you for the insult."

Morton saw red and marched off towards his farmstead. He shovelled on his outdoor gear and proceeded to Lawyer Quippe's, his mind simmering with hatred of Beeston and arguing within himself what he might have said to him. He felt he had been assailed, attacked, held up, levied upon, sacked, brow-beaten, fired, fried, lugged, jugged, copped, sizzled and roasted. He blew into the office of the solitary legal luminary of the village with vengeance in his heart.

Though he practised at law, Lawyer Quippe was not like all lawyers. He discouraged litigation. He dissuaded his acquaintances from indulging in the slow and expensive hobby of fighting in courts. When he had absorbed the cataract of facts in Morton's inventory of grievances against his neighbour, he flapped a raw boned hand deprecatingly. He cleared his throat and matching his finger tips in the recognised attitude of an old timer in the profession argued against rushing to court.

"But I must have the law on him and his rowdy son" protested the farmer quivering with anger.

"True. But you neighbours should not fight."

"When did you become a padre? Have you a retainer from Beeston?"

"You must make up" advised the lawyer with dogged finality.

"Will you take up my cause or will you not?" enquired Morton with pique.

"If you insist, I shall; But my fee will be two hundred pounds, half to be paid in advance" informed Quippe.

"What! Two hundred pounds. The prosecutor general won't get that" exclaimed the visitor.

"You can go to the prosecutor general then" replied the legal man with a final wave of his hand.

The prosecutor general not being anywhere in the neighbourhood, Farmer Morton took his hat and vomited himself out of the room.

He met Beeston seated in the ante-room waiting to be admitted. Beeston had heard the talk and he smiled at his rival. Morton scowled at him and shuffled out into the street.

Beeston knowing Lawyer Quippe's attitude gave up the interview and followed Morton at a distance. He was for making up the differences. If a lawyer took that view, he argued, it must be more so the view of laymen. He noticed his neighbour loping down the street and halt at the cross roads to wipe his nose with his kerchief. A wave of pity flowed through his mind. He made up his mind to apologise to Morton and settle the dispute. He walked up to his adversary.

"Hi, Morton, stop" cried Beeston.

Morton looked back and watched Beeston sidle up to him. He was intrigued.

"Ho! What's it?" queried Morton.

"Morton, I am sorry; I apologise. I have heard what Lawyer Quippe said. We must make up."

Morton looked at his neighbour and then at the sky. He scratched his head and sniffed.

"You had the same tip from Quippe?"

"No. I did not go to him. I knew he would twist me for being un-neighbourly. We are fools, Morton."

Morton lowered his eyes. A light of repentance and understanding lit up his features. He smiled and put out his hand.

"Beeston, that lawyer is a good man. He's right. We are quits. Friends ever."

"Friends ever" agreed Beeston shaking Morton's hand warmly.

They went arm in arm into the "Drum and sword" to drink the toast of this new found friendship.

NOTICE.

To our July Competition Competitors.

As the word in No. 3 of July Competition has been wrongly printed the word No. 3 will not be considered and the rest 8 words alone will be taken into consideration when valuing the entries.

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MISJUDGED

By
c. v. Venkataraman



SEMI darkness prevailed in the room as Ramesh entered. But around the round-table was a circle of dimmed electric light, with chairs drawn close, and a magazine half open, flung upon the table as if the reader has taken a swift departure. Ramesh, a lover of luxury, paused in sheer delight to survey the scene. He noticed that one of the

cosy chairs was tenanted and against its back of flowered linen a girl's head reposed.

He made no attempt to reveal himself that he was there. He stood and looked at the picture she made of beauty and luxury. The loveliest and most-sought-after girls for miles around, he felt proud of his relationship she extended to him, a relation-

ship which he wished to change to warmer feelings.

Some instinct, perhaps the fixity of his gaze brought Nirmala—that was her name, the knowledge of his presence. She turned her adorned head slowly and looked at him, surveying him for an instant. Then the calmness of her expression gave place to a smile. Though it was a leisurely one

JULY 20, 1935

had a grave and haunting sweetness all its own. Nirmala could be gay, too, though he was flippant. But there was something wrong with her. She held out a hand in greeting. Ramesh expressed an urgent desire to drop

Ramesh dropped in to a chair drawn close to her, glancing at her swiftly, gratified, yet gaining no knowledge from her face. She was staring at the magazine which was lying on the table before her, but in a moment she had turned, looking directly at him with those wonderful eyes of hers.

"Was it something you wanted to ask me?"

"Yes," she nodded.

Yes, she still looked at the table and then at him.

"How well you turn your self out, Ramesh," she said. And yet you wear the same clothes as all the other men wear-at I think so. How is it?"

"I'm certain I am not able to understand you, but if I am correct said he with an embarrassed laugh. "Excuse me, dear. I'm coming direct from the office to the club.....so I haven't changed my dress."

"Perhaps it's because you give a great deal of time to your office and me," she said.

The consequence of the remark made him redder a degree, and then laugh.

"If you choose to put it that way, what has happened to you this evening, Nirmala? It's not fair on your

a man deliberately That's what you are

on one knee and kiss it to his heart's content. But he couldn't do it. "What luck to find you here," he said, "and alone! where are they?" She waved her hand vaguely around to indicate the empty chairs and the magazine. "Gone out, to breathe fresh air," Her voice was peculiar. "I remained leaving them, thinking I can meet you."

part to make uncomfortable doing to me."

"Am I?" she spoke wittfully, and extended one of her hands, to touch his tie.

"I don't mean to annoy," she said. "But I do want to know some thing."

"About me?"

"Yes, about you."

He smiled. He might be pleasure loving, a busy-bee living on the income toiled in his office. But nothing there is for him, to fear, he Ramesh. His pleasures were legitimate. He felt a throb of pleasure that it should be so, that when she accepted him, their mutual world would have no wild oats to unfold. He was just an ordinary young man, no worse—in fact, a great deal better—than some he knew. And this made a man glad in his heart on the eve of settling down to a married life with such a lovely girl as Nirmala.

He looked at her for a moment. She was so fresh, so virginal in her dress of costly simplicity. The flowers in her hair and the colour of her dress aptly justified to her frame. She wore no bracelets and no costly jewels except a solitaire chain. She herself had made there opportunity for him, and he meant to seize it. He leaned forward and looked passionately at her.

"Sweetest —"

She understood him.

"I don't want to go into that now"—, she said with haste, "the time is not yet up. There is still a fortnight more to run. You remember."

He felt defrauded. He was a bit puzzled of her last words, a "fortnight to run."

However he had his ignorance and said "Yes, dear, I remember, and as you still wish it, I will keep the time limit you imposed. But it's hard on a man when he cares as I do... Nirmala."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes. Then the girl broke it and spoke in a very clear tone.

"Dear I am going to ask you one thing. I hate repeating what other people say—but a good deal hangs upon you."

She paused, then, as he was mutely sitting, she went on:

"Our club-mates were all sitting here an hour back and your name came up—I was reading that magazine—yes, the 'Funny' and they did not notice me. They were talking some nonsense—," she broke off,



JULY 20, 1936

The Mysterious Cure

By C. S. BALASUBRAMANIAM.

When I was about to have my usual mid-day nap, my wife entered the room hurriedly and said,

"Dear, excuse me for a minute, just go through this" and Indira placed in my hands a sheet of newspaper containing an advertisement

"Sure specific for Paralysis, Money refunded if not cured. Consultation in person only—"

Just as a drowning man tries to catch a passing weed, so have I decided to meet the physician concerned as a last resort. I told Indira to prepare for my departure by the mail train that evening. In time, I was neatly perched in a second class compartment all alone; and the Train to Madras was rattling at a pleasant speed of sixty, racing against time and wind. Twilight was creeping in and I could see groups of birds flying away to reach their respective nests. Being a confirmed paralytic, I rested my back comfortably against the cushion and stretched my straining legs against the window-sill. The weather was pleasant and cool wind was steadily rushing in.

Under these conditions it is but natural any one of you will be taken by a sense of sleepiness, but in my case I fell into a reverie despondingly brooding over and vainly recollecting, in order, the numerous pain-killers, potent drugs, latest injections, and cure-specifics that I had so far tried to cure my ailment, which have either aggravated or effected a temporary cure.

In the meanwhile the train stopped at a way-side station, and I awoke from my reverie with a start, only to find pitch-darkness prevailing all around, and I drew back to my former posture, this time with a brighter aspect of life in the prospect of visiting the physician.

When the train was about to leave the station a tall, slim man with a large turban and a short jacket and a loose pyjama, got into my compart-

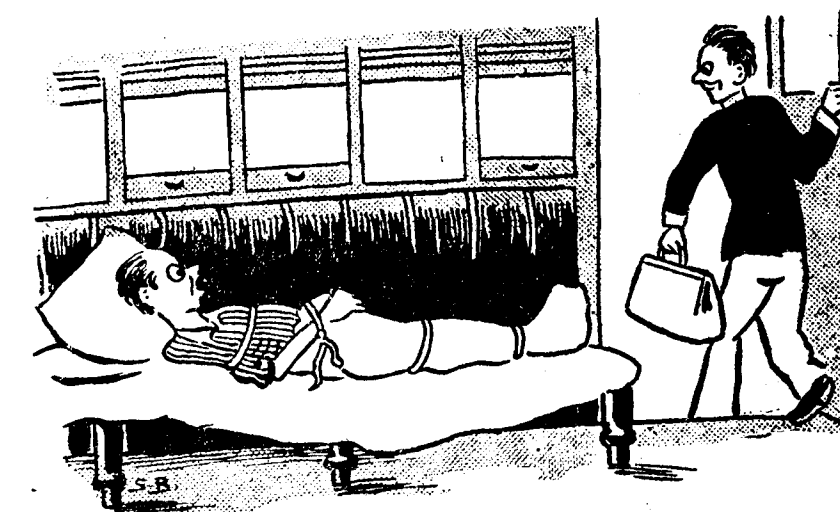
ment and slowly slammed the door after him. At close quarters I noticed his awkward gait and repulsive face suggestive of a fiend, and I wished I had not met him in all my life.

"Are you going to Madras, Mister?" the intruder broke the silence. The enquiry was casual but inevitable while travelling, as every body knows.

Hence my reply "Yes"

The horrid and grim fright I had for the man suddenly gave place to that of a peculiar but definite attraction and admiration for him. In our conversation I was told that he was invited by a certain Dewan Bahadur who was attacked with Rheumatism and that he was going to treat him.

"Are you a Doctor?" I queried



"Oh, no, no, not at all" and assuming an air of pride, he drew himself close to me and proceeded at length in denouncing the whole institution of doctors as fit for nothing squanderers, who enter life with a knowledge half-learned and half digested and play with their patient's life in a most irresponsible manner as a child would with a toy.

"How else, then, do you treat your patients?" I asked him inquisitively.

"Please listen" he said "A Sanyasi who is now no more and whose name

I dare not mention, had given me the formula for a certain drug and also some psychic powers by means of which I can cure any chronic disease on earth."

I then told him that I was a paralytic patient and that all the doctors have given up hope of my recovery. I also told him that I tried different injections, drugs and other latest treatments, the effect of which was little or nothing. At the end I anxiously entreated him if he could do me something for a reasonable fee. On mentioning the word 'fee' his face shrivelled and wrinkled and a look of disdain flashed from his wincing eyes.

This made me simply adore him. I took him for a great man with a simple exterior. He enquired into the previous history of the disease, and

as I was relating to him, he gently pressed my limbs which had a miraculous effect on me and I knew at once my redemption was near at hand. I earnestly wished why I had not met that great personage all these days of my suffering. I was asked to lie on my back with arms and legs stretched, which I instantaneously obeyed. He took out a long piece of cloth and securely tied both the legs together. I next saw him anoint something over my ankle, knee, and hips and finally he gave a gentle massage all over the

FUNNY MAGAZINE.

then as he said nothing, she hesitated but still he made no remark. She went on again now grabbing the magazine and turning over the magazine-pages till she came to the Editor's page. She said,

"They spoke of you—they seemed to think that you are a squint eyed contributor, and some one I am sure it was a female tone, said that you are the monarch of rejection slips. Why, Leela our neighbour too boasted that her MSS. was accepted as a first rate article and she spoke sparingly of you—" broke off, Nirmala since her throat was affected by a lump, and as Ramesh pushed back his chair in anger.

"Dash it—I" he said. "You are merely distracted and down-hearted by their rubbish talk—" He put his hand into his pocket and took an envelope and gave it to her. "Read it, Nirmala, and be convinced."

She was a bit dazed at his action, Then slowly she approached the light and read. "Dear Sir, I am grateful to your kindness in sending me your short story—we are unanimously of opinion that your's is the best article submitted so far and we have selected yours as the best prize winning—for our Annual No. of our issue—Editor."

The letter rustled in her hands. She again read the letter.

"You are a dear—" she almost cried.

Ramesh who all along fidgeting with his tie sprang to his feet and approached the table to meet her eyes, which were shining now. There was not even the hint of anger or sorrow in them. The colour had come back to her face, and on it was a certain pride, and faith and love—yes, love, which made her beautiful.

Ramesh stood near her. She folded the letter and slipped her hand through his arm. Then she took the hand he had smudged in her service, and held it against her heart.

"I knew you were a bit....." began he.

She smiled.

"I have been a confounded ass," she said. "I misjudged you, dear, If at any time you should feel inclined—" said she changing the topic.

Nirmala's attitude changed in the meantime and Ramesh understood.

He took her by the shoulders.

"Inclined."

"To-to-ask me again"

The next moment she was in his arms held close to his heart.

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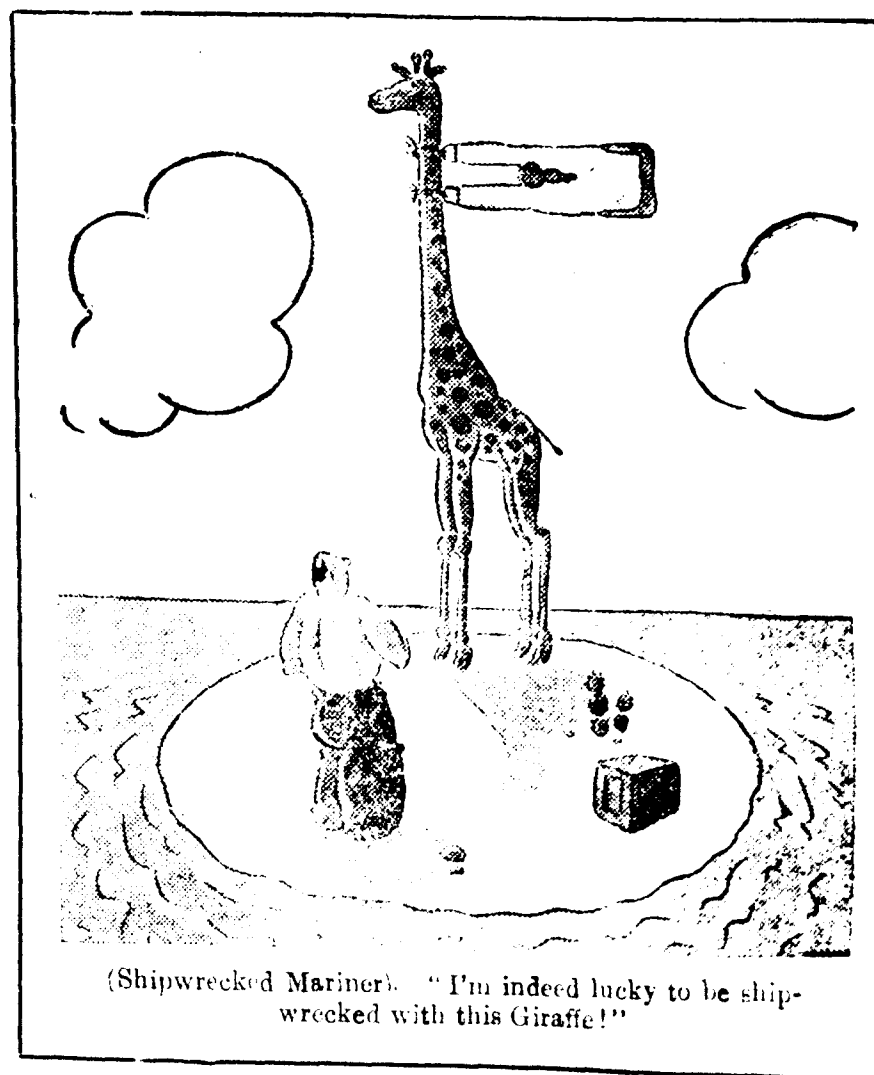
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(Shipwrecked Mariner). "I'm indeed lucky to be shipwrecked with this Giraffe!"

egg.

"Now you are all right?"

"Yes," I said, greatly relieved of my suffering I am afraid the disease may migrate into your arms. With your permission, shall I proceed with the treatment?" asked my deliverer.

I readily accepted his advice and gave my hands to be gently but securely tied above my head. In short, the treatment repeated itself. Next he bid me open the mouth and down trickled three drops of some liquid into my throat. With a supreme sense of satisfaction he watched me attentively for sometime, chuckled, and approached my coat that I had just then removed, and slowly but deliberately worked his fingers into the pockets. I saw him take out the purse in which I

had the currency notes. I now tried to shout, but my voice failed. My throat got stuck up with something after the drug has been given that deprived me of the faculty of speech and prostrated the powers of reason. I wriggled this way and that to free myself, but all in vain. In this manoeuvre I fell on my nose to the floor with a thud and lay there motionless, helpless and speechless.

He then counted the notes and said "Five hundred rupee notes, that's all?" and proceeding towards the coat "Let me see if you have entered the numbers in your diary."

He took out the diary from my coat-pocket and after careful examination tore off certain pages.

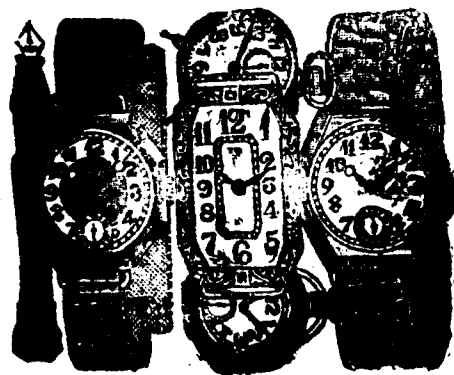
By this time the train had come to

a stop at the next station.

"Well friend, it's time I am going. You will be all right by the morning I have taken my fee, don't worry". So saying he stealthily slipped away from the compartment.

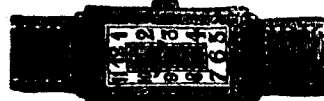
How long I was in this deplorable state, I knew not. Early in the morning some inquisitive person peeped in and pitying my condition, released me from the bonds. I never spoke to them a word, and neither were they anxious to elicit anything from me.

Whatever it is, dear reader, the malady had disappeared once for all and years have passed by since then. My hat off to that Doctor.



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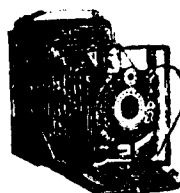
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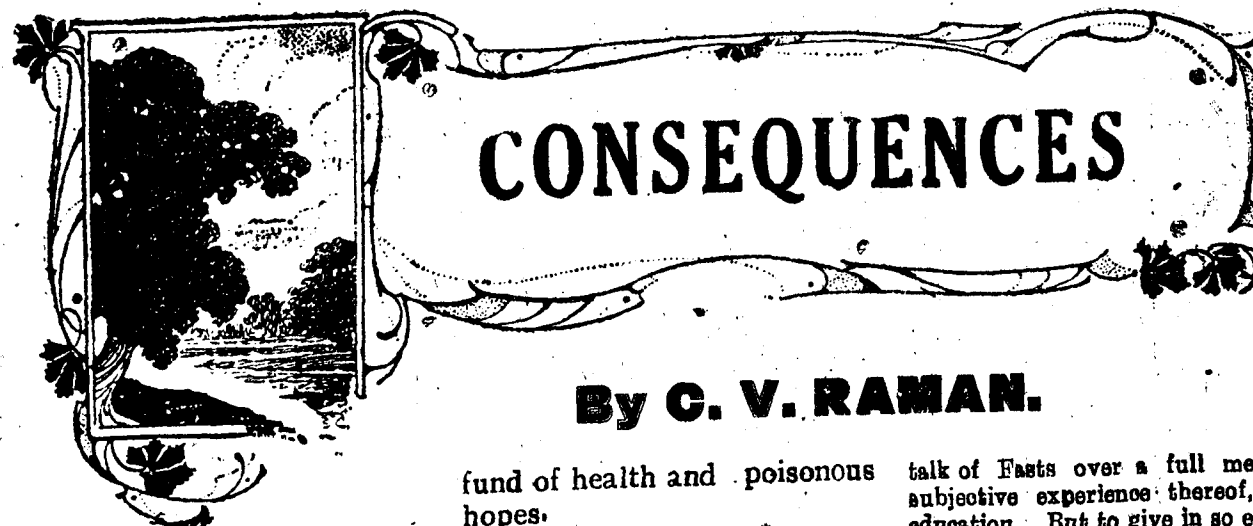
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By C. V. RAMAN.

fund of health and poisonous hopes.

WHEN Millie Clarke of new York, the prize product of night-clubs and Necking Parties, was declared a sorry third in the Non-stop Kissing Contest, on a debatable point of technique, she knew it was 'Goodbye' to Uncle Sam.

But having a good fund of health, a pair of very black eyes, dimpled cheeks and a pretty tip-tilted nose, instead of dope-running, she decided to follow in the filthy footsteps of her illustrious compatriot, by making a bold bid for international notoriety, exploiting India and Hindu hospitality, to gather materials for another book on this much injured subject country.

That, she decided, would help her to stage a come-back and with luck favouring, win a D. S. O., or something equivalent from the Home Government, for sharing in small part the White Man's Burden.

The First of August, year of Grace '32, saw her in Bombay, with nothing but a brief bag and the briefest of skirts, a yankee girl on the war-path, with a redundant

talk of Fasts over a full meal, the subjective experience thereof, is an education. But to give in so early in the day was too cowardly. That did not suit the picture. No..... he would carry on.

How the peace and purity of the Ashram was rudely ruptured by the misdeeds of an American girl, and how Mahatma Gandhi undertook a twenty days fast, to salvage the Soul of that mis-guided daughter of Eve, have become recorded History by now.

AFTER successfully negotiating the last University hurdle, by a fluke jump, and narrowly missing a random shot at one of those Imperial Service Selections, Baburam Gurdwara had taken up Free-lance journalism more as a pastime than as a profession.

Thanks to the turn of events noted above, the whole of India was in the throes of one agonising turmoil. Prayers and offerings were made at every shrine, and sympathetic Fasts became the fashion of the day.

The glamour of an opportunity to err in the company of the great, appealed to Baburam also. He decided that whatever happened, he too would experience the thrills of a full days Fast.

The 20th of September, a memorable day in the history of this historic land, dawned. Baburam Gurdwara got up on the wrong side of his bed and knocked his head against the doorpost.

A dip in the ice-cold water of the temple Ghats produced the first pangs of hunger, which made him indulge in an introspection. However lightly one might be inclined to

Some spread a sumptuous feast before him. One particular friend, with pretensions to the art of poetry, composed couple of commemorative lines, and a third ran in haste to fetch the local press photographer.

At that stage Baburam decided that to remain there would be to violate his vow, and seeking shelter in solitude, decided that he would observe also a vow of silence that day.

It is curious what strange tricks hunger plays on a man's fancy. The utter exhaustion brought about by hunger and thirst, produced a sort of somnolence over him, when from the lumber-room of memory a girl's face seemed to smile at him in sympathy.

His slumbering senses recognised the face. Yes, it was the same pretty baby face. The dimpled cheeks, the kinks of curly hair flying about the face were all there.

During the course of his journalistic career, he had seen her first picketing in front of a foreign cloth shop, using neither professional parlance nor the encomiums of khaddar, but only her personal charm of innocence, to dissuade the assembled crowd from spending money on imported foreign stuff.

That day she had more than interested him. In fact, he had wanted to see more of her and had wondered when and whether that happiness would be his for it was according to his convictions, rare and refreshing to come across a beautiful girl, who is not sex-conscious.

The fatigue of the day, did him a hasty farewell, and closing his eyes in sweet content, he dreamt about the girl in silent ecstasy, about a hundred thrilling incidents, in which the two of them featured side by side.

Even when he woke up at the stroke of Four, the memory was so vivid, that he felt pained to find himself alone.

That single thought, kicked the complex wheel of Fate into action. Baburam decided that he would capture and consecrate that fleeting moment of happiness for ever and for ever. He committed the substance of his dream and hopes into a short story, and hanging on to a shred of Hope, sent it for publication to one of the most popular weeklies of India.

There was no mistaking the meaning of the story. The appeal was irresistible. The hunger of his heart was patent in every line. The reward came.....and clinched the issues. He was called upon to make good the hinted promise, that peeped between line and line.....Baburam leaped and danced with joy.

Within a week Wedding Bells were ringing.

The reverse of the Medal. While wedding bells were ringing and Baburam's friends were making whoopee at the marriage pandal, in another house, thousands of miles away, an old man was hurling hot curses over his head, to the accompaniment of his pretty daughter's suppressed sobs.

That was Baburam's uncle, and his cousin. Baburam has become the villain of the play.

The alarming proportion of girls to boys, revealed by the last Census Report, has brought before us new problems demanding immediate attention, and the run upon the unmarried male population has been on the increase.

As the head of a joint Hindu family, and thinking in terms of property, Baburam's uncle it seems had decided, especially when Baburam showed promise of making good in this world, after a few youthful ca-

capades, that he was good enough to lead his fair accomplished daughter to the Sacred Fire.

But Baburam's romantic marriage frustrated his hopes, and showed like a red rag before him. In his impotent rage, he cut out the poor boy from the family without a pie, and gave vent to his venom against the other members of the household too.

After fast and furious negotiations with eligible bachelors of different 'degrees,' that injured girl was given over to a brilliant Barrister, at a heavy cost, half of it being debited to 'commission' and brokerage.

And in spite of the copy of 'Marie Stopes' and a dozen 'double rimmed'.....presented on the day of marriage by an anonymous admirer, Baburam's fair cousin gave birth exactly on the 288th day after marriage, to the consternation of friends and family alike; to two rosy-cheeked cherubs of absurd likeness.

Although kicked out of the ancestral hearth without even the proverb-

bial cent, the unwritten Law of compensation or the new supplemented planetary combination of his horoscope has given Baburam a seat inside the door marked 'PRIVATE' in a big exchange Office, where he sits on a plush-covered swivel chair, under the rustling caress of an electric fan, watching the progress of the world, content in the comforting company of his beloved wife, and the thought that what little he has, neither Death can deprive.

In spite of the combined efforts of the Press and promoters alike, the crown of oblivion has settled upon the name of Millie Clarke. The Day of Swaraj is yet to come. Being at a distance where no man's worth can reach, and of an age pregnant with possibilities, Baburam still hopes that what an irate uncle has swapped from his birthright, might yet be replaced a thousand-fold by the Irish Sweep.

The final issue rests in the lap of Time, and so also the final 'sequence' of the story.....

Correction Slip.

Rajim & Co, TRIPPLICANE, MADRAS.

Page 38. PUZZLE No. 5.

Word No. 7 is misprint as

R E R — — T. It ought to be

R E T R — — T.



By G. S. RAO.

BENEATH the cool shades of the whispering cypress trees which adorned the people's park, was seated a young girl of about twenty, whose beautiful countenance was overcast by the cloud of despair, which she was trying in vain to hide. Standing by her side was a man of about middle age, whose dress proclaimed him to be a brother of some religious sect. The girl was talking earnestly, striving to keep the attention of her lover, who manifested but a calm indifference to her pleadings.

"Reginald, dear" murmured the girl, "Have you ceased loving me?"

"I love you still, Julia, but I cannot marry you," replied the other.

"Why not, Reginald? you used to tell me that we could be married, and now you don't seem to care any more for me," sobbed the girl.

"Don't be a fool, Julia; it is impossible. I cannot marry you."

"I beg you, I intreat you Reginald, to have pity on me, at least for the sake of the

love, you have so often professed for me."

"It's out of the question, girl. I've got my people to consider, and also my promotion," said Reginald angrily.

"Oh!" sobbed the unfortunate girl, "you promised to marry me, and that is why—that is why, I—" and the poor girl hid her face in her hands, unable to control her grief.

The man kept silent.

"Is there no hope for me," begged the girl, going down on her knees, in her endeavour to soften that stony heart.

"None" hissed the other, pushing her away, rudely from his side.

The girl got up from her kneeling position and confronted her seducer with flashing eyes: "You cur, I trusted you: trusted everything you said, and now it has come to this," she cried fiercely.

"And you have enjoyed yourself mighty fine, all these days," taunted her lover.

"I trusted you, and I gave myself up, never thinking you would turn out such a cad.

Oh! Reginald" cried the girl in tones of anguish, "How can I meet my people after this? Oh! Oh! She started weeping."

Reginald got infuriated. "Will you shut up? I don't want to be made a fool in this public place."

BUT the girl showed no signs of abating her grief. Reginald got wild at what he considered her sloppiness and with a muttered imprecation he left her side determined to escape from the uncomfortable position. He had scarcely taken a few steps, however, before he was stopped by a young gentleman, who barred his way and made exit impossible.

"You will marry the lady," said the new comer.

"Who, the Hell, are you, Sir? that you dare interfere in my affairs?" roared Reginald furiously.

"I am some one, whose spare time is chiefly utilised in teaching fellows like you, some good manners."

"Oh! very glad to meet you sir!"

"You needn't be so glad, Mr. Reginald, of course, I get to know of fellows like you, purely by accident but, when I once get hold of a man, I never leave him till he walks in the right path," said the stranger, looking at Reginald with open contempt, "Now, are you going to marry this lady or not?"

May I know how that concerns you?" asked Reginald.

"It won't have been my business Mr. Reginald, if you had not proceeded too far," answered the other "And now, you have got to marry her, or I will make you do it".

Reginald pushed aside the stranger, infuriated by his talk. The stranger let his fist fly with full force to Reginald's face and sent him spinning to the ground. He followed his first blow with a second and a third, and started showering blows on his adversary. Left and right, his fists smashed in quick succession; and Reginald writhed on the floor, as he received this furious licking. The stranger continued raining down blows after blows, reducing the hitherto haughty Reginald to mere pulp.

"Now, will you marry her? Will you? will you?" continued the stranger punctuating every question with his fist.

"Yes—Yes—I will" moaned Reginald, who had not enough strength left with him, even to sit up.

"That's right. But just remember if you don't carry out your promise, I will kill you next time, remember" and with a final significant flourish of his hand, the stranger disappeared from sight, leaving a cowed and crest fallen Reginald, grovelling at Julia's feet.

Reginald never forgot the thrashing, he had received, but the sting wore off, as days after days passed on, without any other indications of Julia's mysterious champion, turning up to mend matters. More than ever, he now began to show the cold shoulder towards Julia, who was driven almost to distraction by his neglect and her unenviable position. Yet Julia never gave up hope and waited patiently for the appearance of the kind and noble stranger, who had once taken up her cause. One day, while she was walking along the China Bazar, a young gentleman, who appeared to be a student by his dress and demeanour, came up to her and wished her good evening. She turned round surprised at the greeting; for, she never remembered seeing this gentleman before.

"Excuse me, Miss Julia, a certain gentleman has asked me to enquire if you were married," asked stranger.

Julia could not find any resemblance in outward appearance between this

person and the one who had fought for her cause, in the people's park. This gentleman was fair and handsome, while the other was dark and had bushy eyebrows, which served but to enhance the marked plainness of his features. But Julia, observed with a heart, which thumped nineteen to the dozen, that the tones of the gentleman who now addressed her, were strikingly and convincingly, like those of her champion.

"No—I am not yet married, and I won't be I suppose until I die."

"Thank you, Miss Julia, that's all I want to know" saying which, the



G. S. Row.

young man wished her good evening and walked briskly away.

The next morning, at the church of St. Bruden, where brother Reginald was conducting the service, a young man made his way very near to the altar and quickly took his seat in one of the pews. After the service was over, brother Reginald came down from his pulpit and sent round the hat for the humble donations, which the congregation used to give at the end of every service. The people assembled, put their mite, into the hat, which brother Reginald was taking round, and one by one, departed from the church. After all his flock had gone out, brother Reginald ran his hand through the collection for the day, and was surprised to find a small and newly printed card lying at the bottom of the hat. He took it out and glanced at the contents. The card bore the sign manual of the dreaded 'Avenging Hand' and contained a

message which sent brother Reginald, rushing to the Police in a dead fright. "If you don't do what, I have asked you that day in people's park, you are going to have rather a nasty time. My arm reaches far and I won't stop to think that you are priest. I will think of you only as the cad who ruined Julia Lamont".

Reginald rushed to the Mount Road Police Station and after erasing the latter part of the message addressed to him by the 'Avenging Hand' he presented the card to the Inspector and begged him for protection. The Inspector felt elated at the prospect of having a tussle with the notorious 'Avenging Hand' and perhaps, the chance of noting this dreaded personage, which his brother Inspector of the Flower Bazar had in vain tried to do many a time. So, he took two of his best subordinates and accompanied the curate to his residence.

The curate stationed the officer and his men in vantage positions round about his house and went in. He felt confident that the 'Avenging Hand' would not dare to come near his house when it was being guarded by the Inspector and his posse, and so with all his fears set at rest, he stretched himself on the easy chair, in his study. But he had not correctly estimated the daring and resourcefulness of the man, who had set out to avenge other people's wrongs. The 'Avenging Hand' had foreseen that Reginald would run to the Police station and taking advantage of that, he had made his way straight to Reginald's house, after leaving the Church. Arrived there, he attired himself in clerical robes, there was an abundance in the house and waited calmly for the owner to arrive, with the aid, which the Police Station might furnish him. It was thus that the curate found himself confronted by a tall and ascetic-looking figure which had made up to his side unknown and unseen by the Police who guarded the house from outside.

Reginald sat up with a jerk. His visitor ordered him to keep silent, on pain of being shot down in cold blood and dangled before the eyes of the frightened curate, an elegant but dangerous looking revolver. The sight of the weapon was convincing enough a display and Reginald did not have any desire to infuriate this person further by any show of resistance. Moreover, he remembered the severe

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thrashing he had received, not so very long ago. The stranger put down some typed documents on the table before him and handed a pen to Reginald.

"Sign these" he said, pointing with his pistol towards the document, "one is a requisition to the Bishop, asking for permission for you to marry; and the other is just a promissory note, which says that you will hand over to Miss Julia Lamont, the sum of Fifty-thousand rupees, in case you find it impossible to marry her".

"And" continued the stranger thoughtfully, "Since we require some witness, you will please call in that Police Inspector and his men. And Mr. Reginald, any slip of your tongue would make me furious and I might empty both the barrels of my weapon into your face at the slightest provocation."

Reginald called in the Inspector and his men, who duly attested the documents, which he signed with a trembling hand. During this procedure, the stranger in the clerical garb, was sitting close to Reginald and playfully nudging him with his fist, which was hidden by the loose garment, he wore. The Inspector noted the excitement of the curate and turned towards him.

"You are shivering like a leaf?"

The stranger answered the implied question, "you won't except a would-be bridegroom to be quite composed; would you, Inspector?"

The Inspector smiled. "Oh! I see, congratulate you, Sir!"

Reginald accepted the congratulations placidly. The stranger pocketed the documents and addressed Reginald.

"Now, we will go to the Bishop's house," he said, dragging Reginald with him. "By the by, Inspector, please keep your eyes open during our absence and pinch that impudent 'Avenging Hand' if he happens to come along."

Later in the day, two forms in clerical garb entered the Bishop's sanctum and requested his sanction to solemnise the marriage of brother Reginald Clubfoot with Miss Julia Lamont. One of these two, who introduced himself to the Bishop as Fri Handle of Semaw, urged the Bishop to make it possible for the pair to be united next week itself. The Bishop

remonstrated with both the persons who had approached him, but, his persuasions had no effect.

"You will lose your promotion, brother Reginald," said the Bishop as a last shot.

"Never mind that your worship" answered Reginald from his seat beside Fr. Handle, who kept his hand on the young priest to control his youthful excitement. Much against his will, the Bishop granted the request and wished Reginald a happy future.

A week later, brother Reginald Clubfoot was united in holy wedlock to

Miss Julia Lamont at the Church of St. Bruden, Fr. Handle of Semaw, acting as the best man. The bride and groom received numerous presents and congratulatory epistles, but the one thing which, the happy bride hugged to her bosom with tears of silent gratitude, was a small and neatly printed card, which bore the emblem of the 'Avenging Hand' and contained the cryptic message expressive of the pleasure of that one person, who had done so much to make her happy. "God make you happy Mrs. Reginald. But if ever trouble threatens, inform me. The Avenging Hand lives for people like you".



The Limit



Along the country road walked a man and a woman. The latter was bullying the meek little fellow who trudged in front of her with downcast head.

Suddenly the woman saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She took refuge in the hedge, but her companion kept on, unconscious of everything but his woes. The bull caught him up and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch. Then it continued on its wild career.

As he crawled out of the mire he saw his wife coming towards him. Plucking up a little courage, he whimpered: "Maria, if you hit me like that again you'll really get my temper up."

The Servant Problem

By BOBBY.

IT is high time that some quill driver wrote about the servant problem, and how to combat it! For this servant problem is getting on my nerves and fairly driving me crazy.

The most exciting indoor sports at our house nowadays is a game called 'Not offending Maragatham'. The object of the game is to see how long one can talk on any topic without receiving a warning glance from my wife or a kick on the shins from my daughter.

Maragatham is our current servant and highly-sensitive. During the short time she has been with us the scope of our dinner table conversation has narrowed down rapidly. We have to keep a guard on our talk. We had to be very careful what we said about Justicites, for she is a strong Congressite, or about crime, for her father is doing time in Lahore Jail having been convicted for the gentle art of pick-pocketing.

As the reader can see this leaves us very little subject matter for talking except of course the weather and that as you all know is a pretty dry topic.

ONE day last month my brother-in-law paid us a visit. Hoping to enliven the table talk, he began to let off a few yarns. Of course I for my part knew fully well that he could out-Falstaff Falstaff and even Baron Munchausen when it came to lying. But I always pretended to believe whatever he said.

He began by telling us how he had once been the guest of the nawab of Koochperwanipore and how he had shot two ferocious Bengal tigers with a pistol and how he had saved and doctor many a wounded in the recent earth quake havoc. Later that night we found Maragatham in tears, and came to know that she had a brother who perished there. So now the talk of earthquakes is taboo!

Now my wife has found out an ingenious method of protecting the feelings of our servant-maid. Whenever a guest drops in he or she is handed a printed list of topics and actions which are taboo, on account of the servant!

But though Maragatham is so sensitive and highly strung she is heaps better than her predecessor, an Amazonian woman with a stiff upper lip. She was a Telugu woman and named Gonkamma. When we first engaged her, we had not the remotest idea that she had been a celebrity in her day. She intimated to us immediately she took possession of our kitchen that she had formerly been in the employ of Mrs. Narayanasami a Zemindarini, who had recently been convicted of murdering her husband with a carving knife.

My wife almost swooned when she heard this for she had read the papers and knew all about the murder.

"Were you there when the—the—affair happened?" she asked.

"Of course I was, Amma," said Gonkamma with quiet pride. "I even testified at the trial. Indeed it was my story that trapped her. It was a heinous crime amma, for the *yejaman* was such a good, gentle, pious man. I never heard a cross word between them and you could have knocked me down with a gust of wind that morning I found him in the garden covered with crimson—"

"Yes, stop. I remember all about it," said my wife hastily, not wishing to hear the gruesome details.

"Of course," continued Gonkamma, "I only told what I saw. It was the stains on Mrs. Narayanasami's petticoat that really brought about"

"No doubt", interrupted my wife with firmness. "But let's not talk about it any more. It ain't a pleasant topic, and I am sure you too would like to forget all about it."

When my wife disclosed Gonkamma's past to me, I was all for getting a new servant at once. But my wife pitied her and said, "After all we cannot blame her. She was only a victim of circumstances. She could not help being in their employ."

But our quiet household was very often disturbed by shrieks in the middle of the night. Blood curdling shrieks that made my neighbours wonder whether I was murdering my wife.

When dissensions between me & my wife arose, she watched us hoping there would be another murder, and she could come into lime light again. One day my wife and I had a heated argument about the underdone meat. My wife became furious. She dashed into the kitchen. "Gonkamma where is the carving knife?" she demanded.

Gonkamma gasped, handed her the carving knife and followed my wife to the dining room to see my wife murdering me. But her face fell when she saw my wife carving the roasted meat into small pieces.

Apparently the disappointment had proved too much for Gonkamma. Next morning she was gone and so were our silver cutlery. It was obvious that we had failed to live—or die—up to her expectations.

So our new maid is far better compared to Gonkamma even though she has deprived us of the right of free speech which according to the Englishman, every mortal in this world possesses!

But any way one cannot always be talking about vegetables and weather and so I have now found a way out. I and my wife have decided to study Hindi. You see Maragatham knows nothing of Hindi. And dear reader should you ever desire to visit us at our house, be sure you know Hindi otherwise you had better not call on us!

Rs. 100 for your opinion!

AS announced previously, we have decided to award a prize of 150 Rs. for the best article appearing in this Annual Number, according to the judgment of the readers. As an inducement for you to register your vote in this popular ballot we are offering a prize of Rs. 100 to the voter whose list tallies exactly with the list of the three articles which secure the largest number of votes. There is no entrance fee but only entries in the coupons will be valid. Entries must reach the Editor not later than 10th August.

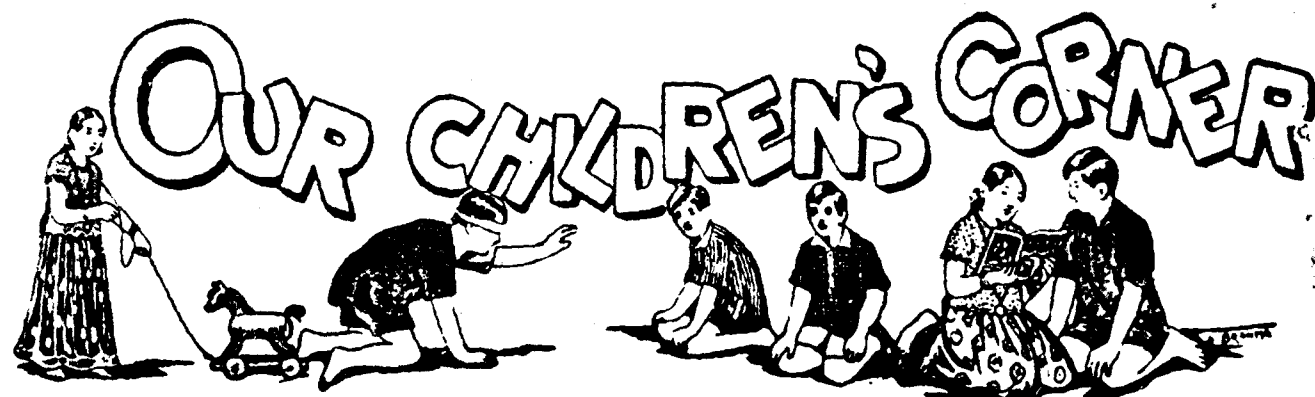


I consider the following three the best in order of merit.

1.
2.
3.

Signature.....

Address.....



The Old Treasure-Table

By "COUSIN EDDIE"

Hello, Children!

I am sure you would like this fortnight's fare. I have written a story for you this time since none of the entries sent in came up to expectation. I have also stopped the puzzles, as the Editor doesn't believe in encouraging young folk to compete for money prizes. In future only pens, books etc. will be awarded as prizes. I am awarding a surprise packet for the best animal story submitted before 20th August. The entries must not exceed 400 words and only juniors below 18 years can compete.

Yours affectionately,
"Cousin Eddie"

IN a little house not far from my home there lives an old lady with snow white hair. The house is neat and clean. The furniture is polished till one can see one's face in it, and the copper and brass vessels glisten like gold from constant cleaning. I used to often visit this old lady and have a chat with her. During these visits I have often been intrigued by

a very old broken table in a corner of the hall. This old rickety table seemed so out of place in the hall, where all the other furniture were neat and shining.

One day the old lady whose name was Subbu Patti noticed my intrigued look at the table and guessed my thoughts.

"You are wondering what the old broken table is doing in the hall, aren't you?" she queried.

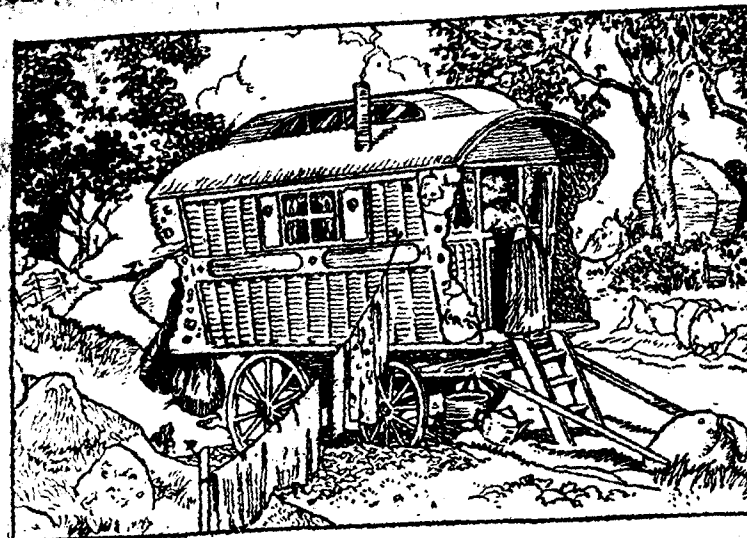
"Yes", I answered smiling.

"This house was my grandfather's and then my father's. After my father died I was able to live comfortably for a time with my husband. But later when he died, I had very little money and found it very hard to make both ends meet.

ONE day I found that I had not a pie left. So I decided to sell some of my furniture.

At night while I lay thinking about my plight, I heard a scratching at the door. On opening the door I saw a poor lame dog. The night was cold and rainy and so I took the poor doggie indoors gave him a piece of bread and tied him up to the leg of that table, so that he would not run about all over the house. Then I went to bed, and during the night I heard a terrible crash. I lighted the lamp and went into the hall and there was the old table on its side. My cat had come into the room and doggie had tried to get at it. In his struggles he had pulled over the table. On the floor was a heap of shining Gold Sovereigns! I counted them and found that there were 1091. I know what had happened then. I had often heard that when my grandfather died no one knew where he had left his savings. He had hidden them in the leg of the table which was hollow. When the table's leg broke, out came the money I was saved! Now you know why I still have that table!"

JULY 30, 1935



Below is a picture puzzle for you to solve. Hidden in the picture are four members of a gipsy family, a donkey, two dogs and a horse. Find them. No prizes are offered for the solution of this puzzle.



There was an old lady of slough
who went for a ride on a cow.

"This is better by far"

She said, "than a car"

"For you needn't change gears,
anyhow!"

Here are a few tongue twisters sent in by a Youth Leaguer. Try and say them swiftly.

"Say Susie" said Sam, "Shall Shelia send some short silk socks?"

"These thick thistles," shrieked Susie,

"Are sickening. Throw away the sickening thick thistles."

Frightened Freda, fleeing fleetly fell flat.

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Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of
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Father's or Guardian's Name.....

His Occupation.....

Sex.....

Address.....

Signature.....

Date.....1935

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No.	Words.	No.	Clues.
1.	- T T A R	1.	Perfume.
2.	- R E	2.	Before.
3.	I S L E -	3.	Found in the sea.
4.	- L D	4.	Not young.
5.	- - N K	5.	Contains water.
6.	N - - -	6.	Close.
7.	- O I L	7.	Labour.
8.	W - N D	8.	Turn.
9.	P - T	9.	A game.

HOW TO SOLVE.

You will find 9 words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. At the side clues are given and with the help of those you have to find out the correct words by substituting one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

There is NO ENTRANCE FEE for this competition. Entries must be in the Special Funny Magzin coupons printed in this issue. Plain paper entries will not be accepted. All the entries must reach this office before the evening of 10-8-35. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered. The first prize of Rs. 600 will be awarded to the correct solution that is one which exactly tallies with the sealed key solution and the decision is final and legally binding.

Address all entries to :-

The Competition Manager, FUNNY MAGZIN OFFICE, Sowcarpet, MADRAS.

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

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor and enter this competition.

Signature

Name Mr.

Miss or Mrs.

Address

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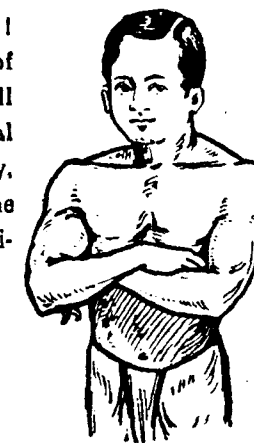
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