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TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Only articles of a humorous nature originally written and certified as such by the contributor may be sent. Copied articles or Slightly garbled ones need not be sent. All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place. The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of the paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections if any. After the Editor has finished considering the articles rejected manuscripts will be returned if they are accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any. Contributions must be addressed to:—Editor, Funny Magzin.

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THE FUNNY MAG

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

Vol III.

MADRAS, 5th AUGUST 1935.

No. 1



as per. 1e to 9 "UNDERWEIGHT"



When a storm demolished a garage and the side of a house in America recently, the owner didn't worry very much at first.

He merely thought his wife was arriving home again with the car.

Last week, a competition to find the person with the jolliest laugh was held on a seaside pier.

We understand it was won by a farmer suffering from loss of memory.

"A married couple must learn to share and share alike," says a writer. A wife will very often give her husband a large piece of her mind.

"In modern business enterprises a competent cashier goes a long way," declares an industrialist.

And often it's the dioxens of a job to catch him.

A London boy sees everything much smaller than it really is.

He will become a public benefactor if he grows up to be a gas-meter reader.

Many Scots have the gift of second-sight, we read.

There was, for example, the Aberdonian visitor to London who examined the extended palm of a waiter and correctly predicted that he would suffer a financial disappointment.

A correspondent says he always gets a stiff neck when he travels by train.

He really should buy a newspaper of his own.

A well-known book-collector has offered a considerable sum of money to anyone who will exterminate insects that have burrowed into some of his valuable volumes.

Evidently they have got into his bad books by getting into his good books.

Old shoes, says a gossip-note writer, are not often seen at modern weddings. Except, of course, the ones worn by the bride's poor old father.

An American was recently fined a dollar for putting out his tongue at a distinguished physician.

He got off lightly—our doctor recently charged us a guinea for doing the very same thing.

One of the members of the latest French Government was once a wall-paper-designer.

Quite a lot of them have been Cabinet-makers.

"A woman shouldn't stand in her husband's way when he wants to go out in the evening," declares a novelist.

What usually worries a husband is that she will be standing in his way when he gets back.

We are told that a striped suit tends to give the wearer an appearance of height.

This may be some consolation to the small man who has sat on a newly-painted park seat with his new flannels on.

"I believe in a young man holding firmly to his ideal," states a lecturer.

Provided he isn't trying to drive his car at the same time.

"Looking at an income tax form makes me laugh," says a business-man whose balance sheet has shown a loss for a number of years.

He had better be careful or the authorities may charge him entertainment-tax.

According to a contemporary the youth of the country is taking up tennis seriously.

And as usual father stands the racket.

Worms three feet long and four inches in circumference have been discovered in Africa.

In order to catch these, we are told, the local birds have to be large as well as early.

"Forty thousand years is a very small stretch of time for a geologist," stated a lecturer.

Convicts of course would appeal against it.

"I swear by a small piece of flat fish three times a week," declares a correspondent.

Bless my sole!

An inventor claims to have produced an "almost human" knitting-machine. Something of this type is already employed behind post office counters.

"Man has always been a collector," said a speaker at the Poultonic Congress. "whether of scalps or wives, of stamps or match-boxes or books." Or taxes.

A circus elephant being taken for a walking exercise was startled by an explosion which tore up a main street. The frightened animal tore up a side-turning.

Miners do not whistle in dark places as they think it unlucky. Burglars have a similar superstition.

A correspondent wonders what would be a safe place in which to store a small quantity of—of— We suggest he use an automatic lighter.

A competition was recently held at a South-Coast resort to see who possessed the most beautiful nose. Hundreds turned up.

Tropical Limericks BY O. W. F. PRENTICE.



*There was a young man called Smoker,
Who wrote the story about the poker,
He had a young girl,
Whose hair wouldn't curl,
Now he's gone away and forsook-her.*

*There was a boy named Palmer,
A son of a local farmer,
He fed the old cow,
Instead of the sow,
Now his nerves are getting calmer.*

*There was a woman called Nook,
Who every where would look,
She got to market,
And rain had started,
Stranded she was, without her book.*

*The chief clerk's name is Satin,
Now a new path, he's taken,
He's just like Smut,
From the other hut,
Now spot cash, he is making.*

*There was an officer called Pell,
And a story he could tell,
His little dove,
He doth love,
With her he's getting on swell.*

*There was a girl called Mary,
Who lived at the local dairy,
She wanted to make,
Enough money to take,
A trip where it was more airy.*

*There was a padre named Rex,
He never knew the golden tex,
May I now say,
He's always gay,
Playing about with the other sex.*

*There is a girl called Rose,
Who can walk upon her toes,
I think she may,
As people say,
Be able to give a better pose.*

*There was a drunkard called Joss,
A double headed coin he'll toss,
He'll have his drink,
Then he would sink,
Into a sleep, if he ever lost.*



Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

Film industry in China.

The movie studios in China are gradually adopting American methods and before long intend to make tempting offers to Hollywood stars,



Laurel and Hardy.

writers, directors and technicians to travel to the Orient and help them in the manufacture of their films. The Chinese movie-going public is fond of American players, especially Ginger Rogers, who is one of the biggest box-office draws.

"The Waif."

After several years of inactivity, Charlie Chaplin has just finished work on his "Production No. 5", which will probably be released as "The Waif". Paulette Goddard is his leading woman, and others prominent in the

cast are Chester Conklin, Carter Dehaven and Tiny Sanford. Charlie wrote the story, directed it himself, and although the rest of the characters will speak, he

lovely long hair at home.

Norma Shearer is going to play Juliet in a film version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet". Robert Donat has been suggested as Romeo and it is possible that John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, will adapt the play to the screen. "Romeo and Juliet" will follow Miss Shearer's next film, "Marie Antoinette."

Carol Ann Beery, five-year-old adopted daughter of Wallace Beery, makes her screen debut with her father and Jean Harlow in "China Seas."

In M-G-M's "The Great Ziegfeld" there will be a thrilling dance number in which the chorus will do their steps in an arena with 12 lions!

Elisabeth Bergner has been selected by Gawmont British to play the title role in "Joan of Arc" with John Barrymore cast in the leading male role.

Sam Goldwyn announces that "Hurdy Gurdy" will be the title of the next Eddie Cantor flicker.

Robert Montgomery is the new president of the Screen Actors' Guild, with James Cagney first vice-president; Kenneth Thomson, secretary; Boris Karloff, assistant secretary; Warren William,

Treasurer; and Noel Madison, assistant treasurer.

Myrna Loy, whose last few pictures show her as a world-



Robert Montgomery.
His recent picture is
"No more Ladies"

ly wise woman about town, saw New York for the first time in her life last May.

FILMS TO SEE PARAGON

Cockeyed Cavaliers. (RKO-Radio)

Directed by:—Mark Sandrick.
Chief actors:—Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee.

Wheeler and Woolsey are here again on the screen of the RKO Radio with a bag full of new tricks, crazy capers, riotous comedy and gorgeous girls. The two comedians trip through a melange of merriment, melody and misfortune with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee. In the costumes of the period, Wheeler and Woolsey are funnier than ever before—and that is attaining a new acme

in comedy. Although the story is laid in the early days, the dialogue and music are modern. This comedy will enchant any audience in any part of the world.

The House of Rothschild. (Twentieth Century.)

Chief actors:—George Arliss, Helen Westley, Loretta Young, C. Aubrey Smith and Robert Young.

This great picture again comes to this theatre. We had the opportunity to see George Arliss in his masterpiece "The House of Rothschild" a 20th century. George Arliss is at his greatest, so far, in this picture as Nathan Rothschild, who founded the famous London house. In this story History and fiction are blended to produce a fine entertainment with a fresh old-English atmosphere. This picture is no doubt quite able to relieve you. As



Ramon Novarro.

Rothschild's daughter, Julie, Charming Miss. Loretta Young never looked lovelier before. It's one of the films you will ever remember.

WELLINGTON

"All the King's Horses" (Paramount)

Directed by:—Frank Tuttle.

Chief Players:—Carl Brisson, Mary Ellis, Jack Oakie, Edward Everett Horton, & Katharine De Mille.

Carl Brisson neatly portrays the duel role of the King and Carlo Rocco and enchants the audience with his personal as well as vocal charm. Mary Ellis, the Broadway star, as the queen sings and acts beautifully enough to be an important personality on the screen. Jack Oakie as the movie star's press agent, is a wow and Edward Everett Horton aids in provoking mirth. The dance ensembles are also highly enjoyable.

"LITTLE MISS MARKER" (Paramount)

Directed by:—Alexander Hall.
Chief players:—Adolphe Menjou, Shirley Temple, Charles Bickford & Dorothy Dell.

It is a Shirley Temple picture but honours in major scenes are stolen by Dorothy Dell from such veterans as Adolphe Menjou and Charles Bickford, both of whom give good account of themselves in their respective roles. This picture is worth your time and money.

THE LOVE LETTER

By Sheik Iftekhar Rasool.

MY friend Paul has always inspired me with a certain amount of awe. He is one of those happy, nonchalant, devil-may-care sort of fellows that everybody likes, and he has a way with the girls that is positively fascinating to watch. As staunch a pal as a man could wish for, there is something about his relations with the opposite sex that contradicts everything else I know about him. I hesitate to say he is fickle, but the fact remains that he has been engaged more times than any other man I have ever known.

When I heard about his rupture with Sheila I decided to try the effect of a gentle remonstrance. I called at his house. Paul was seated at his desk, painstakingly copying something on a sheet of writing-paper. His concentration was terrific. Not until he had finished his letter and was addressing the envelope did I care to interrupt him.

'Awfully sorry to hear about you and Sheila,' I remarked casually.

'Sheila?' he spoke the name as though trying to crystallise some vague memory that it conjured up. 'Of course—Sheila. Yes, rotten, isn't it? I am frightfully cut up about it, old chap.'

'Nice girl', I commented. 'Would have made you a jolly good wife, Paul.'

'Sure', agreed Paul, reaching for the blotting-paper.

liked her, too.'

I hesitated a moment.

'Of course, it's nothing to do with me,' I said, 'but you and Sheila are both puls of mine and—well, it's a pity you quarrelled.'

PAUL shook his head gloomily. 'It had to be, I guess. It was my fault. She found out I wasn't worthy of her and—'

'Not. How did she find out?' 'I told her. Simply had to. Couldn't go on living a lie, you know.'

'What did you tell her?' 'That I was a fickle, wayward creature and wasn't worthy of her splendid trust, and all that sort of thing.'

'And did she believe you?' 'Had to, old man. You see, the night before she had seen me going to the movies with another girl friend of mine and—'

I sat up and took notice.

A spark of enthusiasm showed in his eye. Suddenly he became alive with animation.

'An absolute peach, she is! I must introduce you. Has a small part in 'The Kangaroo,' and her eyes, you just wait and see.' His voice became low and earnest. 'It is serious with me this time, old chap. You'll understand when you see her. I have just written to ask her to marry me.'

'You have what?' I gasped. 'I have asked her to marry me.'

I looked at him aghast. 'Do you really mean what you say?' I asked in surprise.

'Rather. And that reminds me. Have you got such a thing as an anna stamp?'

I looked at him with exasperation.

'Do you realise what you are doing? That girl may not be like Sheila. If you changed your mind about her there would be an action for breach of promise, and you know what the consequences of such a thing would be.'

Paul looked pained.

'She is not that sort, I assure you. You never know, I warned him.'

'I have never been wrong yet,' he reminded me.

My mind travelled back. He was quite right. He had flirted with almost all the young ladies in the town and had never got entangled. It struck me suddenly as rather amusing.

'Look here, my friend,' he went on, 'there is no need to worry on my account. I know you mean well, but well you can take my word that my new flame will never sue me for breach or for anything else.'

'You seem pretty cocksure about it.'

With a quick movement he took the letter he had just written out of its envelope and tore it across to me.

'Read it,' he said curtly.

Slowly, with a feeling that I was prying into something sacred, I unfolded the letter and read it:—

'Dear Little Girl,

Only a short twelve hours since last I saw you and yet how long it seems! Minutes drag like hours, hours like days, days like weeks, when we are apart, and life is just an arid waste.

How I love you, darling. I can not say? I have not the courage to ask you to be my wife, and yet I say so.

You hesitate. You are surprised, but for your sake we will agree that either party hereto may rescind his or her promise, by giving twenty-four hours' notice in writing to the other, addressed to his or her last known place of residence, dearest, proof of posting to be accepted as proof of delivery.

Hasten, my sweet, and say you will be mine (subject to the above provision) and end the unendurable suspense of

Your own Paul.'

'That's never brought me a refusal yet,' he said. 'Gad! I wish I could write like that.'

I suddenly remembered that he had been copying the letter as I came in.

'But—I don't understand. Who wrote it?'

Paul damped the flap and struck it down with his fist.

'My lawyer,' he said, giving the envelope a final thwack. 'Now, what about that anna stamp?'



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Minimum Sum of Rs. 45 GUARANTEED for each correct solution!

Last date for posting entries 21-8-35.

Adder No. 9.

Words.	Meanings.
PRIM —	First.
SH —	Pretence.
CHU —	Surly fellow.
STR — KE	Hit.
QU — INT	Unusual.
ST —	Stall on.

Fee: As 4 for first entry & As 2 for each subsequent entry by M. O. Only. Send single entries with 16 quarter anna stamps.

General Rules: Add a letter per dash & make the word. Ref: Chambers XX Cent. Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. Plain paper entries will do. Enclose M. O. receipt. Key solution is lodged with Editor of Funny Magazine.

Results will be published in 5th September Issue and Prizes remitted on 30-7-35. No need to claim. For result sheet send addressed and 1 anna stamped cover. Decision of Competition Manager shall be final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual. Last Posting Date is 21-8-35.

Results of Adder No. 6: Key: SNAR NEB. CHAI CLARTY.

Following 13 Win Rs. 25 each for sending correct-entries: S. Visvanath, Trivendrum. N. Kumaraswami, Repalli. D. P. Sankar, Pona. Y. Krishnamurthy, Jalkapur. S. S. Nar, Trichy. Y. Danadappa Setty, Bellary. S. Mani, Coimbatore. T. Runga Rao, Guntur. N. D. Kapur, Lahore. Miss. Sugana Bai Dantia, Bangalore Cant., B. L. Mitter, Howrah. S. Kamal Ahmad, Cumbum. S. S. Mudaliar, Vellore.

Extra Prize of Rs. 5 each has been awarded to Messrs: B. J. Bilmorfa, Allahabad & G. G. Iyer, Tituttani. Since the response was very encouraging we are allowing Extra Prize of One Entry Free for our Comp. No. 9 to every one error winner and non-winners who sent more than 10 entries.

Rs. 100 2nd Prize is shared by 85 one error winners. First 2 get Rs. 15 & 10 for largest entries & First Six share Rs. 25 for sending entries early.

If you extend same generous response we will give you more EXTRA and CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Comp Manager, THE RIDDLE SOLVER, SECUNDERABAD, (DECCAN.)

(The Riddle Solver: An interesting and illustrative Weekly will be out shortly. It will contain Solutions of almost all Puzzles Advertised in India besides other useful tips and matters.)



8

PURRY MAGGIE



A Scots teacher came upon the following "howler" among his class exercises:—

"A prime minister is a clergyman at his best."

An American film producer was selecting a chief for his scenario staff. The producer insisted that the successful applicant must be a college graduate. He looked with favour upon one applicant, and asked if he had had a college education. The answer was in the affirmative.

"Show me your diplomas," demanded the producer.

The applicant tried to explain that it was not customary for college graduates to carry diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," demanded the producer with a slight sneer, "say me a big word."

"Now, sir," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice. I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to."

And without a moment's hesitation the singing master replied: "Whispering."

A young man who had unexpectedly inherited a fortune decided to learn how to behave himself in society. He went to a School of Deportment. A bowing Frenchman begged him to enter.

"Do you give lessons in deportment?" asked the young man.

"The best, m'sieu," gushed the proprietor. "My system is perfect. Two weeks ago a young man like you, m'sieu—he only take two lessons in deportment—then he was deported!"

She was bidding her lover a fond farewell, for he was going on a business trip round the world.

Tearfully she clung to him and asked: "My darling, will you be true to me when you are far away? Promise that you will write to me from every town you visit!"

And as he gathered her in his arms, he cried: "Oh, Ada, is it love that prompts you to say this? Do you really love me, or are you merely collecting foreign postage stamps?"

A grocer caught one of his assistants with his hand in the till.

"Young man," he demanded, "what's the meaning of this?"

"I was just taking my fare home," pleaded the assistant.

Opening the man's hand, the grocer exclaimed: "Good heavens, man, where do you live? Australia?"

He: "I didn't make a sound when I came in late last night."

She: "But the noise woke me up!"

"Well, don't blame me. It was the four fellows carrying me who made that!"

Waiter: "How did you guess we had a new dish-washer, sir?"

Diner: "The fingerprints on the plates are different."

A doctor was called upon to attend the butler of an aristocratic but impecunious patient. When he arrived he found the man in bed and a very superficial examination revealed the fact that there was nothing the matter with him.

"It's like this, sir," said the

butler, in a hoarse whisper, "my ladyship owes me £6 in wages, and I'm goin' to stop 'ere until I g-t it." "And a darned good idea," said the doctor. "Move over. She owes me £50."

Mrs. Brown had a treasure of a maid, and she was praising her wonderful qualities, especially her trustworthiness to envious friends, when the girl herself entered the room with tea.

"Oh, Jane!" said Mrs. Brown, "will you run upstairs and fetch that letter I left on my dressing-table?"

"Er—er—which one, ma'am?" inquired Jane. "The one about your brother's divorce or the one about the hire-purchase payments being late?"

"How much would it cost to send my son to Oxford?"

"By bus or train?"

"If you don't want to marry her, why on earth did you propose to her?"

"That's just it. She proposed to me."

"Why didn't you turn her down, then?"

"I couldn't. She worded her proposal so cleverly. She said: 'Will you marry me? Have you any objection?' Thus, whether I said yes or no, she had me."

"Not at all. You should have preserved a discreet silence."

"Just what I did, and she fell into my arms, murmuring that silence gave consent."

The actress hit upon what she thought a first-class plan for ensuring the safety of her pearl necklace. She always left it on her dressing-table with a note: "This is only an imitation. The real one is kept at the bank."

But when she returned one night from the theatre the necklace was gone. In its place was the following note: "This necklace will do, thanks. I'm only a substitute myself. The burglar who usually looks after this district is in prison."

"Graham, you have been with this firm a week now, and I find that you have not the slightest idea of office routine. When I engaged you, you told me that you were a handy man."

"Well, so I am. I live in the next street."

The Pilgrims Progress

(With apologies to John Bunyan)

By MAGPIE.

I BELONG to the orthodox school, that is, I always sit facing east when I have a shave, and facing south when I talk to my mother-in-law. And when my wife broadcasts her views, I am always silent. That accounts for this short account about my progress towards Heaven. Read, kindly lights!

When my mother-in-law says I must attend the Rishapavahana Mahotsavam at Mylapore, she means what she says; and when she says I must go even without my lunch, she means my salvation through starvation. But, in spite of my mother-in-law, my motherwit advises a peep into Le Bonda Cafe. I follow the advice—the Goodman that I am—and order imperiously—"Bonda Sambar!"

It is as well as tasting Ambrosia when you breathe the sweet incense of a pair of Bondas rising right to your nostrils. And as I bent over the piping pair with greedy eyes and smacking lips, I dreamed a dream. The bonda tempted me, like the round and chubby cheeks of a blooming blonde. And peeping from within its fair round surface was a pepper small, more beautiful than the beauty-spot below Mae West's cheek. Its pleasing smell filled my nasal cavities

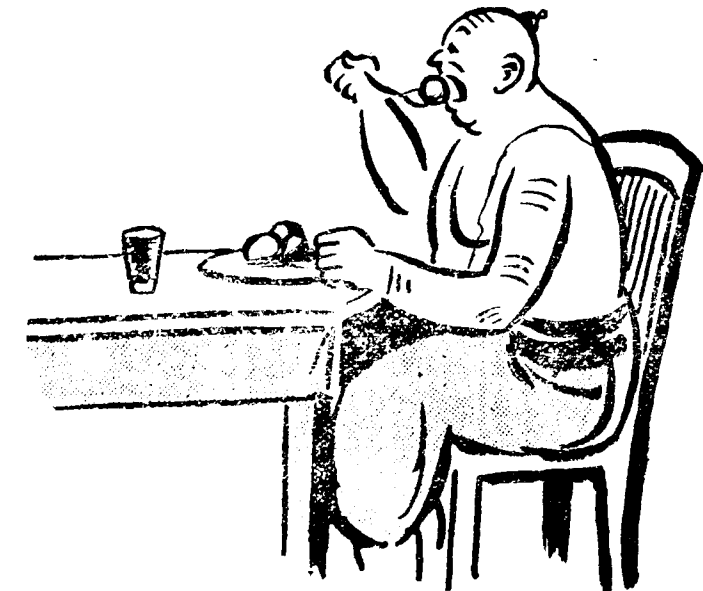
like the fragrance hovering around a scented belle. I turned it round, and it showed up a red surface, like a blush.

IT was not in me to resist. I pressed it fondly, softly, slowly. And like a coy maiden it hissed, steaming hot, but showed an inside pure, untainted, white as a lily. And as a love-sick Leander pouring Cupid's

trial gates would be opened to me if I went to it in buses, experiencing no more trouble than the knocking of the knees and my fellow-passenger puffing right into my eyes. I wondered if God would make salvation so easy; and decided that the more risks I ran of being knocked down by a tram and crushed like jelly by the latest Ford, the more easy it would be for me to reach God's arms. So I put my left

leg before the right and right before the left and walked on.

"The way to heaven is not paved with roses" said somebody. Mr. Somebody was certainly right, if God is only in Mylapore and Mylapore is heaven. On the contrary, it is paved with trams and buses and juktas and viragoes. I do not know wherefore the authorities provide the last-



"Bonda Sambar!"

potion into his lady's heart, I murmured, summoned up courage, and poured a spoon of Sambar, right into the heart of the bonda. It cooled, and would no more resent my caresses, and offered itself up as wholly and with as much abandon as Juliet. I devoured it like a passionate lover hungry for his lady's flushed cheeks; and satisfied, passed once more into the street, and turned my nose towards Mylapore, where Kapali condescended to descend from Kailas on his heavenly bull, and paraded the streets at midnight, once a year.

"Mylapore, Mylapore, Mylapore."

That was the Madras Bus conductor calling. I was not sure whether cele-

named commodity, specially for the Rishapavahana Mahotsavam. Probably, that is to make you realise that you are one of those poor unfortunate sensitive beings who cannot withstand Billingsgate hurled in tons, for the simple fault of your little finger accidentally knocking against the hem of some privileged saree.

Surviving all perils like a swash buckling screen hero, I came to vanity fair where physical attractions and chemical diamonds forced my attention away from the temple tower. The diamonds shot out blinding rays, but

Raffles to the right of them.

Raffles to the left of them.

Raffles behind them.

Rallied and plundered,

ble. "What about your promise? What about the oath in the name of *Mariamman*. You swore?"

There was suggestiveness in the words that reached every ear, and in the silence that followed the guests were aware that the large and majestic figure, of their best grown strangely limp.

He spoke flutteringly "I am not able to get it, Gramany, I am not able I am not—honest!" "Oh! you are not able to? We will see about that?" the arrack-vendor's well known face rose with temper.

"Will you repeat those lies before your daughter?" demanded the infuriated Gramany.

"They aren't lies Gramany," replied the ex-constable staring shamefacedly.

"What are you both talking about?" demanded the voice of Nalini appearing from the kitchen door.

"About the money he owes me!" vociferated the Gramany loudly. "A five hundred rupees and an interest of six rupees and odd. He says that you have kept the money and won't let him pay."

Astonishment brought to most of the guests. Nalini's lips twisted a bit.

"Well Gramany, where did you get so much of money to lend to my father?"

"The savings of years from my sales, Nalini," he looked accusingly at the ex-constable. "Had it off me in rupees and annas he did, promising to me the interest and settle up to-day when his amount from the Chit Fund came. I was waiting in my shop till seven o'clock when he sent word through one of my servant saying that he couldn't get the money, he says you have snatched the money from him. A blooming lie, I call it."

Nalini turned disgustedly on the oringing culprit—her father.

"So this is the grand investment you bragged about, this is what you wanted it for?" she fired "why wouldn't you say so, father? Do you owe this Gramany the money or don't you?"

"I do", responded the ex-constable with a lump in his throat; then plucking up a little courage, "And I told him that I would pay him out from my Chit Fund."

"Your Chit Fund?" Miss Nalini began, then her lips closed hard on the words. She felt sorely tempted to reveal the mendacity of her erring

parent, but pride forbade her. She looked, instead, at Gramany contemptuously and the schemer who was standing nearby, appeared to be a bit shivering.

"I only want my rights and nothing more," he muttered slowly. "And if I don't get my money, I am jolly well going to the court about it!"

"You threaten my girl like that, beware you dirt. I will wring your neck", roared Rangan, thrusting a furious face at him. "Wring your dirty neck I will!"

"Be easy, my dear" Nalini was the calmest person present. "I want proof of the debt," she demanded.

Gramany, glad to escape from the proximity of Rangan's menacing hands, edged forward and took out a bundle of promissory notes from his pocket.

"Here is the proof", properly signed and dated for the five hundred and odd rupees. His shrewd eyes swept the company of the guests.

"But I ain't no usurer, give me the bare five hundred and I will waive the rest."

There was a full and Nalini went into the kitchen in stricken silence and returned quick.

She flung an envelope before him and said:

"There is the five hundred—count it! you will get the remaining dues when my father's next pension comes in. The family of Government servants don't accept favours from men of your sort!"

With feverish fingers the vendor counted the notes.

"Five hundred-rupee-notes, that's five hundred that's right." He made to thrust them into the cover and into his pocket.

"Stop a minute!" Nalini's hands shot out. "That money cannot be yours till we have got a proper receipt for it."

She went into the kitchen again and fetched an ink-bottle and pen and a sheet of paper.

Elbows akimbo and tongue protruding the Gramany wrote to her dictation, and Rangan who was standing near by also signed as a witness.

As Nalini reached for the receipt, her ear-borcer caught the ink bottle and a black stream shot across the cloth of the Gramany. For that occasion the Gramany had donned his best. He rose with a yelping his new dhoti, while others pressed forward to render first aid.

Nalini's clear voice rose above the clamour. "You can wash that off at

home, Gramany—at home.

"The arrack vendor glared and took the hint, gathered his spoils, and beat a hasty retreat.

Order was restored, and supper resumed, but the guests left the house in gloom, burning to spread this news of the ex-constable's perfidy.

Rangan alone remained. Since the bomb had dropped, he had made no efforts to keep things going, but to Nalini his gaiety did not ring true. He avoided her questioning eyes. Now she stood her back to him and wondered with a sinking heart just how much money she had lost.

"Cheer up, young lady! An arm stole round her. "Money is not everything—you said that yourself."

Her beautiful eyes began to search his face.

"It's my strong hold for the future gone and I am not going to hold you anyhow to your promise now."

The ex-constable muttering something about, vanished unnoticed into the night.

The pressure of Rangan's hand increased.

"Money or no money, you are the girl for me! we will have to wait a bit for the shop, that's all. If we save hard for a couple of years we can start a small one."

"You still want me"—the rosy lips were quivering—with nothing?

With a happy sigh she nestled against his broad chest.

Clear of the road and the fields, Veerasamy the old constable went towards the trysting place with the air of a conqueror. Despite the Gramany's confidence in their plan, he had hardly dared hope for such unqualified success; but the Gramany had proved his worth, was worthy of very anna of the promised reward of fifty rupees.

"You! Veerasamy," the milk-woman's voice hailed him from the darkness. "I have got a news to you. The arrack-vendor, Gramany, as you know told me to wish you good-bye."

The ex-constable started and unpleasant shivers ran up and down his spine.

"What's that you are saying?"

The milk-woman repeated herself and added, "He boarded the Ceylon Boat mail while I was near the station-platform. He was laughing like a fool. What's the joke?"

Karuppan another friend of the constable who passed the way in the meantime also confirmed the fact and the victim, constable gasped and blew

out his cheeks. The utter simplicity of the way he had done left him mum and wordless. He had known the Gramany the past five years, and despite his reputation for artfulness, had found him honest but what to do opportunity makes the thief.

The Course of the Ex M.C.C.

To his credit it must be stated that the old man's second thoughts were of his daughter. All along he had intended, after paying the Gramany the commission of fifty rupees agreed upon, to put a hundred in his pocket for his emergencies and return the rest to his daughter. But now.....

He began to move at last as the street-dogs began barking mistaking him to be a burglar, and with horrible gnawing of his stomach, he plodded back to his home.

The lantern was still burning in the verandah of his house, but of her daughter or Rangan nothing was to be seen. With extraordinary rapidity the ex-constable opened the dark bottle which was lying in the dial of his house and emptied the last half a dram of arrack which was left over during their brawl. Then he sulkily went into his house shamefacedly to meet his daughter's reproachful eyes.

She ran to him, pity overcoming all else.

"Are you ill, father! Please take rest."

Rangan also who was standing nearby stretched out a mat and stood

mum in a comfortable distance, while the old man brokenly told the truth.

Nalini shook an admonishing finger at him and said, "Oh father—father, fancy robbing your own daughter. You never owe money to anybody at all."

"I know, I know my dear, but I meant to share it with you, Nalini. And now neither of us has got any money."

"I am going after that feller, Gramany!" announced Rangan with great decision. "I will find the thief!"

"You can't do anything now," she contended. "My father admitted the debt before all those guests. Besides it isn't worth while going." Her hands stole coyly down the neck of her jacket, to take a fat envelope and the five hundred rupees of notes were taken out and held before the protruding eyes of her father. "I let the knowing ones go on just to see how far they would go," she spoke to Rangan. "And when the Gramany wrote the receipts, I upset the ink-bottle to take a fat envelope and I changed quickly the envelopes."

"You what?" roared the ex-constable.

"Changed the envelope," repeated his daughter. "It was quite easy; when I gave the throw the envelope to the arrack vendor. There were two covers of the same size went jointly when I threw. The other cover

contained the Raffle Tickets. The Gramany mistook the covers and flew away with it leaving the other here.

The ex-constable breathed heavily. "Do you mean the Gramany gone a-travelling with a pocketful of Raffle-Tickets?"

"Why not? that's what you owed him."

"Then, then, you knew all along.....," gasped the stricken parent.

"Of course!" Nalini tossed her head. "That feller thinks he's mighty artful, but I know something he don't."

Nalini, who has changed her name as Mrs. Nalini Rangan is now doing the best grocery cum pan supari business in Marugur. While, Mr. Veerasamy the ex-constable... still an unreformed character—boasts of her prowess in the Arrack Shop:

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LOVE IS BLIND

FUNNY MAGAZINE

By "SEE OR ES"

IT was the conflict between love and honour. How could he ever forget that charming face, that made him madly fall in love with three years ago in Bangalore? No, he could not. The love he had tried to forget, but could not, in the lovely cells of the Vellore Jail, had returned with all its extra force. But, what was he thinking about? Was she not his brother's wife, his senior in age, who

her, the most blissful in all his life, and then the country's call was greater. He saw her in the Court, when he was sentenced to three years rigorous imprisonment as the dictator of the Congress Committee. Now he had returned to his brother's house after his release and what was it he saw there? His girl, his love—he was sure it was she—wedded to his own brother!



... you are a cheat ...

has been providing him with home and food and what all he wanted? He had not seen her all these three years. He met her at Bangalore in a friend's house—loved her at first sight, spent a week with

This was the state of affairs that Sekhar found himself in. He thought of making love to her again—his former love, the girl who wept for him when he went to prison. Had he not a right to press his

AUGUST 6, 1935.

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claim to her? Certainly he had, but it was under ordinary circumstances. But now, how could he do that? She was his brother's wife. There was no peace of mind and he was afraid that this mental trouble would wreck his already weakened body. So at last he decided to leave his brother's house and go away to some forlorn place. But before that, he liked to tell her the truth. He was afraid to tell his brother and it was more easy to tell her.

So it was that one day he sat at his brother's desk and took up the pen and

wrote a letter to her. He told her of their former love and how he had been disappointed to see her wedded to his own brother. He also told her that it would only torment both her and himself if they remained any longer under the same roof and hence that he had proposed to leave the house at once. Having finished

"No," said a loud voice. the letter, he left it on her table and set off.

Chander, Sekhar's brother, returned from his shop and, being in need of a needle to stitch something, went to his wife's table. What was that letter

addressed to his wife? The handwriting was his brother's. There was no doubt. What could his brother mean? His trembling hands opened the letter and he read the whole of it. His doubts were confirmed. With the letter in his hand, he went in search of his wife, but she herself entered the room.

"Look here, Saroj, I want to ask you a very serious question. Will you be frank and answer it?"

"Have I ever refused to answer your questions, dear?" Saroj replied.

"Will you tell me whether you have seen my brother before?"

"No. But, why do you want to know it?"

"You have not seen him even in Bangalore?"

"No", she said firmly. When she heard the word Bangalore, there was a change in the colour of her face. Chander was not slow to notice it.

"Will you please not talk about Bangalore, dear? There is a very tragic affair relating to that place and our family."

"What is that?" Chander asked in an angry tone. His doubts were fully confirmed. His wife, whom he loved so much, had been and perhaps still is his brother's love.

"I can't tell you. It is a secret. I shall be revealed only by itself in its own time," Saroj said.

"It is a secret! Secret known to the whole world and yet you call it a secret! It is as much a secret as you are a chaste woman. I know it. I know everything. I know your past love for my brother, how happy you were in Bangalore with him—and perhaps God knows. You may still love him. Oh, women, you are always faithless and wretched. I despise you. I hate you. You are a cheat—"

"No", said a loud voice from the entrance. Chander turned about and looked. There was his brother. Yes, Sekhar with another girl.

"Chander, brother," said Sekhar,



"please have a cool drink and keep calm. The whole thing has been a comedy of errors. This is Saroj's sister, Molly. I had met her in Bangalore three years ago and we fell in love with each other. But we were allowed only a week—oh, that blissful week—to enjoy, for the country's call took me away from her. Molly never told me she had a sister—that is Saroj, your wife. After three years of imprisonment, I was released and I went to Bangalore in the hope of finding Molly. But I was disappointed. Nobody knew where she had left all of a sudden, and I returned to Madras to live with you. But, oh, how funny it is! I mistook Saroj for Molly due to my sight becoming bad after I had been to jail and all the old memories came to me again. I felt it was so cruel of her to marry my brother—the girl whom you love, to be seen married to your brother—and I wanted to leave this place, but I wished to tell her how I felt. So I wrote her a letter and went away."

"But, how did you meet Molly?" asked Saroj.

"I met her at the Central Station. I could not recognise her. I was passing along when I heard some one arguing with a porter about carrying the samans to Chander's house at Srinagar. So I turned round to see who it was that was in search of my brother, when I found Molly. First

I could not believe my own eyes. Then I slowly approached her and called out 'Molly'. At once she cried out 'Sekhar'. I told her how foolishly I had left my brother's house and she told me that Saroj was her sister and they were born twins."

"Why the devil you did not tell me all this time that you had a sister?" asked Chander.

"That is the secret. She left my father's house without informing anybody three years ago. Perhaps she did not like to live in Bangalore after her lover was imprisoned and we were searching for her. We misunderstood her but only a few minutes back I got a letter from her that she would be coming to me from Bombay to-morrow. I wanted to tell you everything to night, dear, but God has willed that it should be revealed now," replied Saroj.

"Yes. First I thought of starting to-day, but since I got my leave order sanctioned from yesterday itself, I left yesterday and arrived here to-day. I am the Secretary of the Bombay Women's Social League", said Molly, but before she could talk any further, Sekhar took her away and silenced her by pressing his lips against hers, giving her a warm kiss—Kiss that he had longed for, for three long years.

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The Misses Intervenes

By Miss Saguna Bai Daniel.

"THE first wealth is health" pleaded Karuppusamy, the cloth merchant to his wife and thus sent her and the five children to her brother's house. He had been in trouble. I mean Karuppusamy, for a long time. The result was that he led a wretched life hiding everything that concerned him from his wife who was ever ready to help him financially. The brother mentioned above was a rich village landlord, fortunately an old bachelor who loved his only sister Ambika from his heart. Whenever Karuppusamy needed a hundred or so, Ambika just pretended to be ill. Then Karuppusamy will send word to his brother-in-law to come and see her. When once he went, it was an easy work. Ambika will lament over her lot and tell him the state of her husband's affairs.

"POOR girl, you fall ill very often simply because of your exaggerated worries dear. Calm yourself, I'll help you. What is my business after all if not to spend the money I've hoarded for your benefit? I'll sympathize and as soon as he reached home, he sent the required amount by M. O. to Karuppusamy. That was the usual way of liquidating their debts.

Now a serious calamity worse than all the previous cases had happened. Karuppusamy had incurred a very heavy loss by buying damaged foreign goods that didn't sell. Fearing his wife's wrath, because he had only recently induced her to get Re 50 for the goldsmith Karuppusamy kept quiet.

Meanwhile Ambika got an inkling

of the matter through the shop boys. Thousand rupees! To lose such a big sum that could buy a pair of diamond ear-rings? It was too cruel for mention she thought rebelliously and waited to hear the calamity from her husband. But that was not forth coming for a long time. Hence Ambika became sullen and melancholy having lost all confidence in her husband, the gentle, coaxing fool of old.

On the other hand, Karuppusamy grew thin and hardly ever spoke to Ambika or the children for some days. Whenever any one entered the room he looked around bewildered and trembled unnecessarily. "Police, police!" he'll cry in the night and weep in his dreams.

Thus seeing him going down and eaten by remorse because he was still silent on the subject, she looked herself up in her room and refused to partake a morsel of food. Karuppusamy was in a dilemma. All at once he was tremendously concerned at her strange behaviour and poured out soft words.

"Go to your brother's house for a week or a month and...and I'm sure the healthy air of the village will benefit you. Take the children too. I shall get my meals from the hotel," he said and from the way he said, Ambika detected a great anxiety,—an anxiety to get them out of his way. Well, she wasn't willing to live with him anymore considering his secretive, unmanly attitude.

"Yes, that is the best thing to do. I am not going to suffer any longer," she said curtly. Then Karuppusamy had said that the first wealth is health. After that Ambika spoke not a word and as soon as the children came home from school she bundled them off with the beddings, trunks, boxes and sacks that seemed too much for a month's stay. As a matter of fact, she had taken all the clothes and valuables with her. Afterwards she and the infant son with the cradle went in a jutka with a shop boy who got the tickets for them.

Karuppusamy was surprised to see the bare room of Ambika. Everything of value was removed and his hope of

selling the silver vessels on emergencies faded off. Even his newlaced angavastrams and jewellery he had kept in a small suitcase were gone. At least he had the tables, chairs and a few brass vessels. Well that'll keep things going for a month. His shop was closed and he sold the furniture and other materials to a brother merchant. Considering the heavy loss that was in truth more than 3000 rupees, the sale money did little or no good to clear the old debts. The shop already mortgaged for 1500 rupees and the miscellaneous expenses like the arrears of pay to the shop assistant, cashier and a dozen other boys plus the home account fell heavily on him. Sitting in his room surrounded by papers and bills he scratched his head till it bled.

The calculation went on for a long time and he with sheer disgust and anger rose at last and called the single retainer Shankar, a boy of twelve years.

A thousand rupees worth of a draft was in his chest and the whole evening his thoughts wandered from murder to suicide. The well was too deep. Hanging was terrible and last of all there was no poison in the house. At last his wandering mind settled upon a special kind of crime. The clock struck ten. There was a sudden jerky tap on the door and in five minutes he was seen ushering in a middle-aged man who from his greedy looks and rich miserliness cried "moneylender."

"Hope I'm not intruding? The misses and kids gone? Good. To our business then," he said slowly looking about him. He had come to demand the Rs. 1,000 Karuppusamy had borrowed from or to commit him to a debt of Rs. 1,000 plus cent percent interest. A veritable Shylock! Karuppusamy's brain worked and a sudden anger seized him. The moneylender was a small lean man probably 4' 11" even shorter than Ambika, thought Karuppusamy disgustedly. Then without a warning, he caught the moneylender's hands in a vice while his eyes blazed. The small man gasped.

will please confine yourself to answering my question: do you or do you not?"

Percy was about to protest further but, happening at that moment, to intercept a glance from his future mistress, a glance which did not fail to speak, mutely but eloquently of impending disaster, he gulped painfully and replied meekly: "I do."

The parson, satisfied turned his attention to Mrs. Percy to be.

"Do you," he said, "take this man to be your wedded husband?"

Mrs. Percy's eyes glinted, this was the hour of her triumph, not only over Percy, but also over her intimates who prophesied (behind her back of course) that she was on the shelf for keeps.

She did not fail to relish the exquisite enjoyment of the moment. She took her time, drinking deeply from the fountain of triumph, before she essayed to pronounce what seemed to Percy, to be the verdict and death sentence rolled up in one.

Slowly and with an inimitable relish the words began issuing from her rather wide mouth.

"I do."

"Wait!"

The effect of the interruption upon the assembly, coming as it did, at such a critical stage of the proceedings was electric; with one accord all eyes were turned to the entrance for a sight of the interrupter, who when he had succeeded in posting his way through the throng to the very front, turned out to be no less a personage than the village constable Jeremiah Bindle.

Bindle looking a trifle flushed from his recent exertions and having had to call upon himself the attention of the whole gathering, stepped up to the side of Mr. Poggewick, and having one ponderous paw upon that worthy's shoulder addressed himself to the parson:

"You'll excuse me Sir," he apologised.

"But I have my duty to perform," and being a man who was conscientious in the discharge of the duties of his office; without further ado turned to Percy:

"Percival Poggewick," he said, in his best official manner, "I have a warrant for your arrest."

The effect of his words upon the whole gathering was startling from all corners of the building came the sound of a sudden intaking of breath; but not the least surprised of them all was our Percy.

Upon hearing Bindle's words he jumped exactly three inches up into the air, his face was the picture of amazement.

"A warrant for my arrest Jerry," he asked, completely baffled, "why, whatever for?"

Police Constable Bindle, a little over pompous in his bearing, extracted his note book, turned the leaves with a moistened forefinger, to read.

"Percival Poggewick, I arrest you on a charge of cruelty to animals. You are alleged to have kept out suspended in mid-air by its fore paws, which were secured together, by a piece of ribbon, the loose end of which was secured to a hook embedded in the ceiling of your store. You are alleged to have kept the poor beast

in this position, without food or drink for the past forty-eight hours.

I hereby warn you that—
But he got no further for at this juncture Mrs. Poggewick to be hysterically but most emphatically and definitely stated her opinion on Percy and announced that she had determined after all not to be Mrs. Poggewick, and having spoken her piece, subsided in tears to be led away by the fossilised atom of humanity who had accepted the honourous



task of giving away the bride. One by one those present took their departure with not a word or look of pity for the poor broken figure of Percy; for truth to tell, each and everyone was struggling with the problem which had in the moment of suspense, come uppermost in even of their minds; for each of them in anticipation of enjoying Percy's bountiful hospitality had suspended all ordinary operations for the day.

The end of five minutes found the church empty except for Bindle and his prisoner.

"You can chuck the old stuff now Percy," he said; "they've all cleared out now."

Slowly Percy raised his head and as a only his face which was a picture of woe, creased into the semblance of a bright smile.

"Glad Jerry," he said, "You just came in time, one second later and I would have been done; but thank God I'm saved."

"Saved," echoed Bindle, "I guess so, but I'll have to take you to clinic now, and bring you up before the bench to-morrow, but don't worry, it will only be a fine of a few shillings which you can afford; and these money partners around this place will be satisfied that it's a straight deal."

And so, with a flourish but singing jubilantly within himself, Percy was sent to make his way down the main street of Little Munchton, in the custody of Bindle, towards the village lock-up, to carry out the last phase of his salvation.

People are still wondering at the sudden influence of Bindle and family on the heads of a certain charitable institution which looks after the welfare of stray cats and wondering as to the identity of the mysterious donor of £200, which proves that Percy had not been parsimonious in his thank offerings.

AUGUST 5, 1936

THE PENITENT FENCER

PURUSHOTHAM was one of the most well-behaved chaps in the village. He was a young man who was till lately engaged in pious meditation and in helping those of his less fortunate brethren who sought his aid, whenever he could get some spare time from his arduous work in the village school where he was a teacher. Day in, day out he was inculcating the principles of education into the young girls and boys of the neighbourhood; and for years he was known and admired in the neighbourhood for upright way in which he moved with the girls. Young girls are a temptation to all young men, but Purushotham was not one who wavered in his righteousness of conduct.

ONE unfortunate day it so happened that this young man came upon the most damnable book in creation written by an author who has earned a deserved reputation for notoriety and has even been billed in some papers as such. The book was called 'Moshier India.' Purushotham had heard the biting comments passed upon this devilish production and a natural curiosity to see what was wrong with it, prompted him to look in. He started reading it a pure soul but when he had read through the stuff he was as rotten as the book itself.

And thus it was that it happened one morning, Purushotham's wife was confronted with the delicate task of keeping her husband under proper control. Purushotham had brought home a young girl of eighteen to stay with him and be of some help to him in the house. "I picked her up from the streets where she was starving" was what the husband told in explanation of his uncalled for act of humanity.

But within three days of the girl's coming the wife of Purushotham found out on her own initiative that her husband's interest in the girl was more than one of ordinary kindness. A young girl of eighteen and that a beautiful one is not a safe companion for a family man and Mrs. Purushotham was cocksure that Purushotham had not told her the truth when he talked about having picked her up from the streets. You don't get beautiful girls of eighteen to pick up from the street," was what the wife of Purushotham told herself.

So the wife started making inquiries and soon came to understand that the girl belonged to a village some miles away, that she was well off and had no necessity whatever to be picked up from the streets and that she had eloped from her village with a tall dark man who later on was identified as Purushotham himself. Purushotham was ignorant all along of the zeal displayed by his wife in laying bare his secret and the first intimation he got of the affair was when he returned home in the evening after his day's work.

The wife had lots to say about the matter, as well you might guess, and all Purushotham could do was to beat like a lamb that was unwittingly led to the slaughter house. After half an hour of this interesting performance which was ably supplemented by the villagers who had gathered round the scene of action, Purushotham thought it wise to beat a retreat, and marched off from the village with the girl at his side—never to return to the place of his birth as he said.

The wife was disconsolate at her early bereavement, for Purushotham's departure amounted to that. But she was a good woman and a pious one,

and spent most of her time in praying for the soul that was lost instead of cooping herself in the sordid pleasures of life. Most of us in the village tried to give her what comfort we could, but none of us had any hope that her life would ever again be a happy one.

You can imagine our surprise when after the lapse of one year, Purushotham again made his appearance in the village. He came a chastened and repentant man and begged his wife to forgive the heinous crime he had been guilty of. The wife of course gladly forgave him and they are now happy in each other's company the live long day.

It seems Purushotham went to Madras after leaving our village with the girl and fate so arranged matters that he took up residence with another chap who had one elopement to his credit. The poor fellow was experiencing the after effects of his rash deed when Purushotham got into his ken. His partner in crime was dead and he was all alone in the world with a broken down constitution and none to befriend him. A few months after Purushotham took up lodgings with him, the poor fellow died in agony begging Purushotham to reconsider his ways and purge himself of sins if he wanted to escape the death agony which he was experiencing.

That had a lasting impression on our teacher and when his girl left him in search of a brighter city mate, Purushotham thanked the gods for their mercy and came home to begin a purer life. And before finishing story, it has got to be said that Purushotham never again went astray and all his spare time was utilised in destroying all pernicious literature so as not to leave any for the young folk to spoil themselves.



night, and this showed some way of dodging the man. Why not tell him it was with my man-servant, or, with my clerk in the yonder coach, feeling in the meanwhile that I would then look like an important officer. This showed some encouragement.

At this time I felt I should spit. I opened the shutter nearest the door-

of. I knew it would not be safe to remain there, and so was ready to get down. I kept my bag and blanket under the seat, hoping to come back in case the Ticket Examiner forgot that carriage.

I paraded the platform up and down—up in the direction indicated by the sign board as "Up trains" and down

question. I had a novel in my bag. I thought it would be a change and when I looked for the bag, it could not be seen! My heart beat high. That bag, which contained the ticket, the scanty money and possessions! I looked for the label, "Ladies only" to find if I had entered a wrong compartment. Indeed I had. I found



S. BRAHMA

Felt an iron hand grip me.

way, and, peeping out, beheld a piece of cardboard tied to the handle being watted in the wind. I turned it to the light and was off my breath to see the words "Ladies only" written on it. At once I pulled down the shutter. All the importance I had assumed as a preliminary to my looking like an officer had gone. In fact, I felt very much feminine—at heart.

Now, I came to be aware that the train was slowing down. I could hear loud metallic noise of the shunting of vehicles. It was Villupuram! Which ranks next only to Trichinopoly in the number of Ticket Examiners it boasts

indicated as "Down trains." I saw a number of people near the upper class carriage, in addition to a Ticket Examiner. It was time for the departure of the train. Hence, I thought it wise to travel in 3rd class until I was sure I would be safe.

The train reached Chidambaram, when I saw the T. Examiner get down from the upper class coach and board a distant one. I stealthily got into the corridor and waited for the departure to take my seat in the first class. I entered the compartment, sat on the seat and began to think of many and sundry things. Sleep was out of the

the label on the handle of the opposite compartment.

I entered by opening the door. The train was perhaps speeding along a curve, for I felt myself sway to a side. And in the movement, I fell on the seat. Before I could ascertain the cause of the seat being of such a curious shape, I heard a shriek that rent the air, and felt an iron hand grip me. I jumped up frantically and clutched at the panels for support. I caught something like a handle and the train came to an abrupt and uncalled for stop. I freed myself with a savage attempt, squeezed

through the window, and in a second I was on firm ground. I could see in the distance the big bright lamps of a railway station. I ran with all my strength, through a multitude of wagons and coaches berthed there. When I reached the platform (it was Mayavaram) the train was still where it had stopped. At last I had escaped. I should think I had pulled the alarm chain handle in my hurry. Thank God! I did not put on the lights and reveal my face to the lady, for it was a lady I think I had combated with, with very unusual dimensions, if my memory could not mistake and my faculty of understanding through feeling and touching was not upto limit.

At last, the train arrived on the platform. I had no courage to go and have a look at the lady. I could see a lot of persons near that coach. So, I quietly reconciled to the third class. Came a ticket examiner and asked for my ticket. I told him it was with my master in the second class. Judging from my innocent looks that I was a bonafide servant, he left me.

I heard the bustle of passengers getting in and out. On inquiry I found it was Kumbakonam. The next stop will be Tanjore, my destination! I should have my bag. I got down. And a plan struck me. I would wake up the lady saying that I was an inquiry Inspector of the Railway and wanted to see whether there was a bag and a blanket left by a passenger who got down at Villupuram. Yes, I went up to the door labelled "Ladies only" and tapped several times to all of which I got no reply. Calling "Madam" in a respectable voice also found the same success. I tried the shutter and looked in. But the lady had disappeared.

At once, I got in by the corridor, and the train started. I looked for the bag, but with no success. The loss was too much. I crumpled on to the seat with grief.

"Madam," called a voice. I woke up.

"Madam" and a rapping. "Madam" I went red and blue at the word. Who in the world had any courage to call me a madam? But, presently, I remembered I was in the carriage and made a movement so as to indicate that the intimate was awake.

"Tanjore, madam, Chota Hazri madam," said the fellow.

"Madam" again, and it was Tanjore.

I peeped through the blinds. It

was already twilight. I disguised my voice as feminine like as possible and told him that the madam did not require chota Hazri. He went away.

I came out to the corridor and was much relieved at the absence of a Ticket Examiner there. But, when I stepped down on the platform, I was conscious of one looking at me as if he had been watching me all the time. I wanted to avoid him, but, without my own consent, I had walked up to him.

"Where is the train for Tanjore, sir?" I asked him lightly.

"Where on earth are you?" he asked. I raised my brows with indignation. He pointed to the board near by.

"I mean Nagore, sir," I said with a stupid look.

"There she lies," he pointed to a rake.

"Perhaps that is the refreshment room?" I asked. He nodded. I thanked him and walked up and down the platform (without showing myself to the person I had been speaking to) looking for the time when the man at the gate would be off his guard, when I can bolt away to the public road since, you know my ticket was lost with the bag. But, happily, the situation was saved by a crowd of men who had come to see some local bigwig off, returning. I took advantage and joined them. The ticket collector stood respectfully away as we passed out through the gate.

I believe there is one Providence, though after this incident, but for whose intervention, I might well nigh have landed in jail.

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in his pockets. A bearded and uncouth stranger bumped heavily against him and passed on with a muttered imprecation at the sergeant who had the temerity to stand in his way. Sergeant Chandran was not in the habit of being trumped and blasted by any stranger in the street and he followed this impudent individual to demand an explanation and perhaps also some fine. The stranger got into a rikshaw and shaking his fist furiously at the Police officer, rattled off. Simultaneously a man in the garb of a well to do Casteer rushed up to the sergeant and complained that the individual who had just boarded the rikshaw had robbed him of his purse. This gave the sergeant cause enough to call two of his constables and start in hot pursuit of the rikshaw which was fast disappearing from his sight.

The rikshaw stopped in front of a go-down and the stranger disappeared into the building after paying off the rikshaw man. A minute later the sergeant came upon the spot with his men. He stationed one man near the entrance to guard it in case of contingencies, and pushed his way into the interior. The go-down he had entered was packed with rows upon rows of heavy cotton bales and the sergeant had great difficulty in picking his way through these obstructions in his path. Suddenly as the sergeant came round a heap of bales he came upon the individual who had affronted him and congratulated himself that he had so easily caught his man. But his congratulation was short lived. The stranger noiselessly sprang forward and landed his fist full on the jaw of the unwary Police officer and brought him to the ground. Bereft of the sustaining influence of his officer, the constable melted like wax and allowed himself to be firmly tied up by the mysterious stranger without offering any great resistance. The constable at the door had not any cognisance of the events which were happening inside the place and he continued his serene existence unruffled by the fate of his companions.

After disposing of the Constable, the stranger jerked up the dazed sergeant to his feet. Then he flourished a whip before the eyes of the furious Police officer and ordered him to hand over the money in his possession. The sergeant, of course refused to comply with the request. The stranger brought down the

whip on the shoulders of the sergeant who writhed on the floor in pain as the stranger applied himself vigorously to his task.

"Now you will know what it is to get a whipping" remarked the stranger. The swish, swish of the whip continued, putting the fear of the devil for the first time into the hearts of the sergeant and his man.

"Mercy, Mercy" shrieked the sergeant as he handed over the money to the stranger.

"Mercy for you! I warned you twice and yet you showed no mercy to those poor fellows" remarked the stranger again making use of his whip.

"Oh pardon me" pleaded the sergeant. "I will never again oppress anybody."

"That's right" said the stranger throwing aside the whip. "I had an idea of parading you along the streets with a placard on your back, but since you so positively say that you will desist from further tyranny I will let you go."

"Thank you, sir, thank you" murmured the sergeant.

"I hope this will be the last I see of you sergeant and if any of your brother officers feel inclined to try the same mean game, I suppose you will use your influence to correct them."

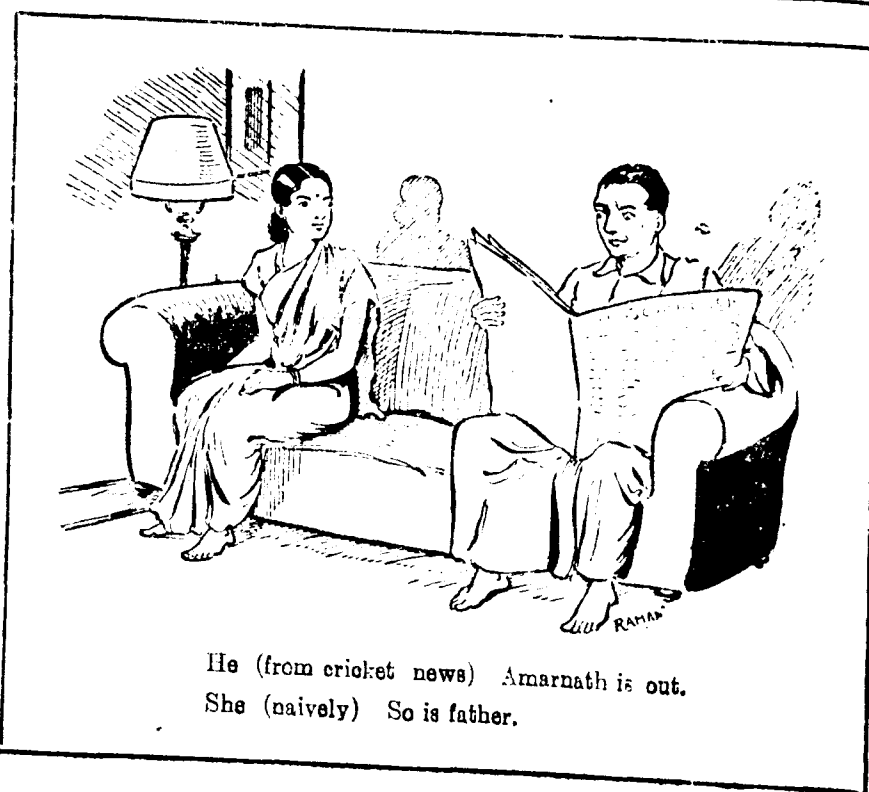
"Yes Sir."

"Now you can go, sergeant. It will be of course no use trying to catch me. To-day I am in the guise of a Sikh gentleman but it won't help you much if you start overhauling all the Punjabis in the city tomorrow. You can't get me that way. Do you appreciate that, sergeant?"

"Yes Sir."

"But your Inspector knows something about me. If you feel so inclined you can take this card to him to support any story you might like to relate. That's all" and throwing the symbolic card of the 'Avenging Hand' to sergeant Chandran, the mysterious stranger noiselessly disappeared from the scene.

Sergeant Chandran returned to his quarters a sadder but a wiser man. He didn't report for he knew it was no use trying to locate a man who had the audacity to punish a member of the Police force in broad day light and in the very heart of the city. It is also to be noted in this connection that sergeant Chandran took the correction he received in good sport, and continues his connection with the Police force as one of its most up-right and efficient officers.



He (from cricket news) Amarnath is out.
She (naively) So is father.

The Mother-in-law Come to Stay

By MARTIN.

THE morning mail was delivered, and the butler handed me a fairly fat bundle of letters.

"Which one is mine James? This one?" I said, taking the one on top. "Your mistress, I believe is in her room. You can take them over to her."

"All of these are for you, Sir. Only one for madam, to-day."

"Eh, what's that! Ha! that's pretty. Tables are turned to-day, what, James?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"One, two, three.....mm, a dozen in all. Very good."

The butler came back a minute later to say that Barbara, that's my wife, you know, must be bathing or dressing, as he'd knocked and got no reply.

"Give it to me. I'll hand it to her—and show her my mail too, incidentally," I said, taking the letter from him.

I knocked at her door.

Who is it? came from within.

"It's me, dearest. I have brought you your mail," I replied.

"Come right in."

I opened the door, and had no sooner put one foot in than I felt like drawing it back and slamming the door, for my wife was in a perfect state of nature, powdering herself before a glass. However feeling that it was cowardly to turn back, having once put my hand to the plough, so to speak, I modestly averted my face from her, and going up

to where I judged her to be, held out the letter.

"Open it and read it, darling," she said. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"So I see. Very busy! But you can't be busy and hear letter at one and the same time. I'll be back later when you've finished." I said, making to go.

"Come back, Jack! I can listen to it."

There was nothing else I could do. I turned my face towards her, and then immediately turned it away again. Picking up a bath-towel I went up to her and laid it on her shoulder. "Here, grab hold of this, girl," I said. "You may catch a cold, you know."

"Oh, all right, modest," she laughed, deftly adjusting the towel across her figure. "Now read."

"I tore open the envelope, smoothed out the sheet of note-paper, and the next moment stared at it in horror."

"Go on! Why don't you read it?" she rapped out impatiently.

"Barby," I said tonelessly, "Prepare yourself. There's bad news."

"What is it! Don't stand there like an idiot! Tell me!"

"It's about your mother."

"What's happened! Is mother dead?"

"Calm yourself, darling. Did I say good news? She says she's paying us a visit."

"Is that all," she said relieved, and letting the towel drop at the same time. "You

gave me quite a fright!"

"Is that all?" I repeated, amazed at her attitude. "You know how long and tiresome her visits usually are, and all you think of saying is, 'Is that all'! I'm surprised at you, Barby!"

"What else does she say?"

"My own dear children,

I am so glad to hear that you have won a lovely car in the lucky prize scheme organized by the Great East and West Stores. I am so eager to see the car. It's so long since I saw you, dear children, that I am thinking of coming down to see you. Life is apt to get boring at times in this hill-station with only a horse-carriage to drive in. I'll wire you the exact date of my leaving, so that you could meet me at the Station—in your new car. I hope you will be able to drive me out often in your new car. I do so like long car drives.

Bye Bye children.

I'll be seeing you soon,
Your own loving,
Mother,

P.S.—I hope you have got rid of that old car you had, which need to jolt me about so much.

"So she's coming," I said, sitting down with a resigned air.

"We can't help it, if she wants to," said my wife.

"It could have been helped. Why did you write her about our luck in winning a car? Why didn't you tell her it was a rotten old Chev. or Ford, or something?"

"Well, I guess I just couldn't contain myself. I wanted her to know of our good luck. I just mentioned what a beauty it was, and that I wished she could see it."

"Oh, you said that, did you? Well your wish is going to be granted."

"Oh, don't get so sore about it, Jack. You and mother, I've noticed, could never get on together. Why not try this time? You may not find her so unpleasant after all."

"Young lady," I said with some asperity, "You are suggesting the impossible! Do you want me to turn gray overnight? And it wouldn't be so bad if she just stayed for a week or

two, as all relations should do, instead of making her home here for months."

"Well? What do you purpose to do about it?"

"I must think," I said.

I walked up to the window, and drew the curtains apart. After this grave news my numbed senses needed the oxygen badly. I took in the air in big gulps. My head cleared. My thinking-apparatus began to function more efficiently.

"I have it!" I cried. "I'll write her an affectionate letter—a very affectionate letter—telling her how pleased—how very pleased—we were to hear that she is coming, but that we are at the same time awfully sorry. Plague is rampant in town, and we fear for dear mother's life, if she came to live in this plague-infested city."

I accordingly wrote her by the next mail, but two days later got the following reply:—

My own dear children,
What a pity there is plague in town. But I suppose this trouble—some disease breaks out almost every year in big cities, doesn't it? And it isn't any worse this year than it was last year, is it? We too, had a few cases here barely two months ago, and I got myself inoculated. That ought to make me pretty immune for the rest of the year at least, isn't it? You are a doctor, Jack, and ought to know. Expect me by Saturday morning's Express, children I am looking forward to be driven home in your new car.

Your own loving,
Mother.

It couldn't be helped. Early on Saturday morning we drove up to Central Station and waited for the arrival of the train. It did so ere long, and I looked into all the Third Class compartments, and returned triumphantly to my wife.

"Come, darling," I said, grabbing her arm and propelling her towards the exit. "Mother's changed her mind. She must have thought that after all a hill-station was better than a large city, and stopped away."

"Mother never changes her mind, silly!" she said. "Are you sure she isn't in this train?"

"Quite sure. I looked into all the Third Class compartments."

"Silly! Mother always travels Second."

We turned round, and my countenance fell, for sure enough we saw her partly form emerge out of a Second Class compartment, shoeing away a

couple of porters, saying that she wouldn't require their services as she was expecting her son-in-law, who would do the carrying. (The cheek of the woman!)

"Mother!" said my wife, running up to her.

They clasped each other and kissed—a sight which made my soul revolt. Having embraced my wife, the mother-in-law made to kiss me, but I firmly offered her my hand instead. The hand-clasp method of greeting was more in my line where ma-in-laws were concerned.

Gathering up her suit cases, I followed them, tottering, towards the exit, and deposited them in the car. And so homeward bound with wife and mother-in-law installed in the back seat, cooing to one another over the merits of the car, myself at the wheel, worming my way through the dense traffic to the best of my ability.

I came home from my office for

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For details see our Cinema
page in the next issue.
(20th Aug. '35)

lunch, feeling particularly hungry and made straight for the dining-table, to find that the wife and her mother had already commenced the meal. With a brief "Hello" to both, I drew my chair to the table and almost fell to eating when,

"Jack!" said the mother-in-law.

I looked up.

"All good husbands, Jack, kiss their wives first thing on entering the house. It seems as if you value your chop more than your lovely wife."

"Ma," I told her impatiently, "I ain't the kind which displays love to his wife before others. Understand Ma? Such intimate things like kissing, and the like, I like to do in private with all doors bolted. I ain't the kind, Ma, that would shine as an actor. Also—also, Barbara has her mouth full, see?"

"Young man!" she said sternly, "how dare you talk to me in that way. Put down that chop!"

I put it down.

"Now, come back and kiss your wife like a dutiful husband. Do as I tell you—as I hesitated.

I seaped back my chair, to show my annoyance, and going up to

Barbara kissed her on the mouth, the said mouth, being full.

"Now you can go back to your seat," said the mother-in-law. "You ought to be extremely proud, young man, to possess such a charming and beautiful wife like my Barbara. And she's brought you such luck, too."

"All the luck I've ever had in my life has been due solely to my pluck," I said, resuming my seat.

"Oh, is that so! Who won you a handsome car then, may I ask? Barbara. You ought to be very thankful to her."

"Ha! I like that!" I laughed. "Barbara won the car, did she? And after spending away eight—or was it nine—hundred of my good money on dresses, too! I spent just twenty rupees and won the car. The thanking ought to be on her side."

"Young man don't you lie!" roared the mother-in-law. "Barbara was just this minute telling me all about it. How you kept scolding her for buying a few hundred rupees worth of clothes—which she needed so badly too, poor dear. Young man, you've got to realize your duty to a wife. She's got to be decently clothed. She can't go about the streets in rags, two or three years old! Well, as I was just saying, Barbara was telling me how she bought some clothes and was given a few prize-tickets with her purchase—fifteen, or was it twenty, dear?"

"Yes, mother. I—I think it was twenty," Barbara faltered.

"And she kept telling you that she would win and she did win in the end. Isn't it, darling?"

"Yes, mama."

"What!" I fairly shouted. For the whole truth of the matter was that Barbara, in spite of her possessing some eighty odd prize-tickets, for having bought goods worth over eight hundred rupees, did not win the car at all; but I did though I had only two prize tickets with me. Now she was talking all the glory for herself, perhaps because, as she had remarked when my ticket, B 2224 had won, she had brought me the luck for B stood for her name, Barbara, and her age, 22, had been printed twice on the face of the ticket.

"Young man," warned the mother-in-law, "Don't contradict your wife! Don't you dare contradict!"

"All right, let it pass," I said, anxious to resume my eating. "Barbara won the car."

But the mother-in-law wouldn't let

it rest at that.

"If this is a sample of what Barbara has to stand from you," she went on, "I am sorry that I gave my consent to her marriage at all. Why, this is gross ill-treatment!"

Barbara sniffed and looked down at her plate dolefully. Then, pushing it aside, she got up and walked out of the room without a word.

I was thunder-struck. What did it mean—Barbara acting in this manner?

"Now see what you have done," said the mother-in-law. "No peace even at meal-times. No wonder the poor child is getting so thin. Young man! Leave your lunch! Now go after her, and beg her pardon, and bring her back."

I obeyed without a word. Just as I was crossing the threshold into the next room, I heard her say: "Young man, you don't deserve such a good wife! You ought to be divorced from her! Poor child! Suffers everything in silence!"

I went upstairs and found Barbara lying prone on our bed, her shoulders shaking convulsively. Going up to her I shook her roughly. She turned over, laughing.

"Oh, yes, laugh!" I said. "Bring me into trouble and then laugh it off! A nice kind of wife you are! Why did you do it?"

"When you contradicted me and mother began to take my part, I naturally had to show I was hurt."

"Oh yes. Like a poor sensitive wife to my brutal ill-treatment, eh? Plenty of sensitiveness you've got! Your Ma sent me after you to beg your pardon and bring you back. Little does she know that it's you who's got to beg my pardon!"

"Do I have to do that, lord and master?"

"Eh? Oh yes, but not just now, let's go back to the table. I'm hungry. A nice pair you both are, mother and daughter—pulling a poor fellow to pieces like that. Did you hear all she said?"

"Yes. And I won't stand it either! No one not even my own mother—can abuse a husband of mine, and get away with it. If there's any abusing to be done, it's me who'll do it!" she said with some emphasis. "Jack, I'm with you in any plan to send away mother."

"Barby!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"I realize she makes herself a nuisance at times, staying too long. It does interfere with our life sometimes, doesn't it?"

"Barbara, is that the way you feel about it?" I said. "That's the spirit! girl! Keep it up, and help me think out a plan to get rid of her."

We returned to the dining-room, but the sight of the mother-in-law turned my stomach. I could not eat the chop, though it had been well done. Making up my mind to lunch in a restaurant, as I was still hungry, I made some excuse about having to see some patient immediately, and walked away. I had almost crossed into the next room when:—

"Come back!" said a harsh voice.

"Any thing wrong?" I asked turning.

"Everything! Did you kiss your wife before going?"

"I told you, Ma....." I began, but thinking better of it, walked back to Barbara and kissed her.

That night after dinner the wife suggested a visit to the cinema, but I refused to accompany her with some reference to a head-ache I saw coming if I went. For a busy man like me, with almost all his waking hours filled there isn't anything so soothing and relaxing as a couple of hours spent at a good cinema, in a comfortable seat—but with a mother-in-law for company it was different matter.

I read for about an hour, and then went to bed.

It was in the middle of the perfect dream that I was rudely awakened. In the dream, I had got the better of my mother-in-law in a fight, and had managed to grip her fat throat between my fingers, which I was trying to throttle for all I was worth, when some one administered a stinging slap on my face.

I woke with a start and found the electric-light turned on. Then I saw my wife standing by the bed.

"Who hit me?" I demanded of her.

"Hey, what's the idea?" she said, rubbing her arm. "Want to dislocate my arm, or something?"

"I was in the middle of a perfect dream, when you woke me. Can't a fellow even get a little sleep in this house?" I returned, annoyed.

"I just wanted to wake you and tell you the picture wasn't any good. I shook you to wake you, but you grabbed my arm and tried to break it."

"I'm sorry, darling."

"You ought to be! My, how it hurt! You were also mumbling something I couldn't quite catch. But if it had been something about a girl, I'd have brained you!" she said, with unexpected vehemence.

"Oh! So I've narrowly escaped a horrible end, eh?" I returned. "Listen, girl! I was just dreaming I was having a hand-to-hand fight with your mother. It wasn't about a girl, honest. Why, there is only one girl in my life....."

"What!"

".....And you know it's you. Now can I go to sleep?"

"Not until I'm undressed and ready for bed."

"Throw your clothes on that chair and get into bed, then. I'm sleepy."

But by the time she got into bed, I was wide awake. I can't easily sleep, you see, when I am disturbed. I thought the time might profitably be spent in discussing the ways and means of ejecting the unwanted relation from the house, and accordingly started to talk, when:—

"Shut up, will you?" came from my wife. "I want to get my beauty sleep."

"You didn't let me get mine, did you?" I returned. "You woke me, and now when I want to discuss something important with you, you tell me to shut up. Now, is that right?"

"Tell me in the morning."

"You know I've no chance, with this mother of yours hanging around. Why, she just monopolizes you! This is the only time I can get to discuss anything important with you. Incidentally it is about your mother..."

"Sleep over it, Jack. You can think clearer in the morning."

"I just wanted to suggest....." I began.

"Shut up, will you? Or I'll sock you on the nose."

Yes—I am sorry to have to admit it—but she is like that at times. Seeing that she was in no mood to be talked to, I lay in bed trying to evolve a plan by myself, but though I racked my brains for an hour I could evolve no feasible plan.

Morning came, and my wife shook me awake. Her mother, it seemed, wanted the early morning air, and I was to get the car ready. After breakfast the wife wanted me to use my bicycle to get to the office, instead of the car, as she wanted it to drive her mother round to the shops. Evening—another 'airing' for mother. Appetite killed at meal times on account of the mother-in-law sitting opposite.

Thus things continued for a full month and I was fairly sick of life. And I could think of no plan, either, that was at all workable, to get her out of the house. Thoughts of putting

"You look swell! Say, this city life is doing you a world of good! When are you thinking of leaving Ma?" She stared at me incredulously.

"Well, I was just thinking of spending another fortnight, or maybe a month, with you, Jack. Why?"

"What only a month more?" I said. "Look here, Ma! We want you here. Why stay only a month more? Make it two—no, three. In fact I was going to suggest that you spend six months of the year with us, and the remaining six months at your home. What do you say, Ma? Isn't it a swell idea?"

"I was thinking of making some such arrangement myself, Jack."

"That's great, Ma!" I returned.

"Oh, hello, sweet!" I addressed my wife, who had laid aside her knife and fork, and was staring at me open-mouthed. "I hardly noticed you, honey. Now for that kiss with which all good wives and husbands greet one another—oh, Ma?"—turning towards the mother-in-law.

Bending down, I grabbed her to me, and glued my lips to hers for a full minute.

The ma-in-law coughed. "Behave yourself, Jack!"

"Why, Ma!" I returned. "You always wanted me to kiss Barbey first thing on entering the house!"

"Yes, but not in that way. Such kisses are usually given in private."

"What, aren't we private?" Is there anybody peering in at the window? I looked at the window. "No, there isn't," I said, relieved. "Well, I'm kissing my wife in the privacy of my own house, with only my mother-in-law—who knows all about it—for witness. I'm not kissing you on a public thoroughfare, am I, Barbara?"

Barbara just kept staring at me, and then resumed her eating.

Soon after the meal, I went up to our bed-room, and sat down on the bed knowing full well that Barba would follow—to give me a bit of her mind.

She came in and closed the door with a bang.

"Now what the hell does all this mean?" she asked. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I have not. And don't swear! I won't have my wife do it!"

"Shut up!" she hit back. I caught her and pulled her down to my lap, and gave her a long and hot kiss.

"Kiss me like that again and I'll scream for help," she said. "Let go of me, will you?"

"I shan't," I said authoritatively.

And who's going to prevent me from kissing my own wife in my own house! Produce the person!" My lips clung to hers again for another minute.

"What do you want me to do Jack," she asked, subdued after the second kiss.

"Tell me, and I'll do it. Only—only don't kiss me like that again, for heaven's sake, you—you brute," she added with a display of temper.

"Say, darling," I prompted her, "not 'brute,' or I'll do it again."

"Darling," she said, half-heartedly.

"Now tell me. And may I please sit on the bed? I'm a bit uncomfortable you know, sitting on your knees you—you—"

"Darling," I prompted.

"Bully!"

"All right," I said seeking her lips again, "want another kiss."

"Darling!"

"That's better. Now I want you to listen to me very closely, Barbey. I've got a real brainwave of a plan to get rid of your mother. Oh no, you're comfortable where you are. What better seat could a devoted wife wish for than her husband's lap?"

"Promise you won't kiss me again, then!"

"My beloved wife," I said. With your luscious, fruity lips so close to mine—I was waxing eloquent—"could I—could I. I ask you, refrain from sampling them now and then?"

"What! If you still feel like it you—you darling, then do it—do it just once more. I don't like being kept in suspense with such kisses!"

"That's talking like a good wife. But I shall refrain from kissing you just now—though I'm burning to, with your mouth so close to mine. I must first tell you my plan, and then I shall help myself plenty."

"Help yourself now, Jack," she begged.

So I helped myself.

"Now, Barbey," I said, it's a brain-wave, a real brain-wave of a scheme."

"I've heard that."

"Mumps!" I said laconically. "Every one gets mumps. First the house-boy, then the ayah; then the cook. They are all sent home. But the butler catches it from them before they are sent away. He goes about into all the rooms spreading plenty of infection. Then you get it. By this time your precious mother is quite fed up with things. No service, no proper meal. Meantime I constantly din into her about the deadliness of mumps—especially when it

attacks the aged. She finally breaks it in hot haste to her native hills, leaving us free. See?"

"You don't mean this really? You don't want me to get mumps?"

"Of course, not sweetheart. It's all just a frame-up to frighten away your Ma. Every one will be as healthy as, say, field mice. You leave it all to a brain which plans everything minutely."

"Now I must be going, Jack. Mother will be wondering why I am away so long. I wish you luck," she said getting up.

"How about another kiss before you go?"

"Not another one for a whole week you—you—"

"Darling," I prompted her.

"Brute," she said vehemently, and slammed the door after her.

After that I summoned the butler to my study. James was the old faithful man of all work of my bachelor days, whom I had entrusted with all my confidences. He had vowed to remain in my service, until he was quite hoary with age. Here was a man, I knew, who could be relied upon to put my scheme into action.

"James," I said, as he entered the room, close the door behind you. But first of all take a look round to make sure no one is hanging about in the vicinity. What I am about to tell you is intended solely for your ears, James. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"James, you remember how I used to confide all my difficulties to you when I was single?"

"Yes, sir. And on such occasions I had advised you on the best course of action."

"I admit, James. But just now it's not your advice I need, James. You are going to take a line of action. Now, listen to me very carefully, so that you may not bungle."

"Very well, sir."

"You may have noticed, James, that I am not over-fond of the company of my mother-in-law. In fact she gets on my nerves, James. Know anything about nerves?"

"A little, sir. I've noticed she's a bit bossy, sir."

"How long has she been with us now, James?" "I should say a little over two months, sir."

"Over two months! And you know how much longer she intends staying?"

"No, sir."

"Four months, James. For four months! Can you imagine that?"

"Not really, sir. Is she staying so

long?"

"What do you think?"

He clicked his tongue in sympathy. "Well may you sympathize, James," I said. "You know what my weight was before the mother-in-law came?"

"About a hundred and forty pounds, sir?"

"You've guessed right, James. One and hundred and forty pounds to an ounce. Can you tell me what it is now?"

"About six pounds less, sir?"

"Wrong, James. I've lost exactly 11 lbs. 15 oz. since the advent of my wife's mother."

"About twelve pounds, isn't it, sir?"

"That's about it. Now I've got to regain that weight, James."

"I should advise you to take a course of Vitaepon, Sir. I hear people are getting very good results with this remedy."

"In other words, James, the mother-in-law has got to go!"

"Sir?"

"It's this way, James. Listen carefully. First of all fire the house-boy, James. Get me?"

"Who will wash the dishes, sir?"

"The ayah."

"Very good, sir."

"Then the ayah's fired."

"Sir?"

"Then the cook."

"How will the household carry on, Sir?"

"It need not. These servants are infected with mumps and have got to be sent away."

"But nothing is wrong with them, sir!"

"No, nothing, I admit. But all the same they are supposed to be afflicted with mumps."

"I see, sir. Could they return after they are free of the supposed malady? You know, sir, it will be difficult to get new servants."

"All right. They can come back. Give them each a week's leave."

"Very good, sir. Anything else?"

"Oh, yes. Here's your part in my scheme. And remember everything hinges on you. To-night at dinner-time put on a gloomy air. I'll question you about it. It's the house-boy, sir, you answer. 'Has a peculiar swelling under his jaw. He also has a great desire to pop things into his mouth, but the moment he does so, he yells with pain and spits it out.' I yell with pain and follow you out. But look grave, and follow you out. But the fellow has already been sent home on a week's leave. I come back after a time with the news that the boy has

a bad attack of mumps, and has been sent home at once. I then discourse for about an hour on mumps, a highly contagious disease. At lunch, next day, you inform me that the ayah's borrowed the mumps from the boy. I follow you, and send her home. At lunch the day after this incident, comes the cook's turn. Now he has freely handled the food, so there's the risk of us being infected, see? I get so alarmed that I order you to send him home immediately. My mother-in-law, too, shares my alarm. She leaves her food. No, wait a minute. I think it will be better if you inform us of the cook's condition after we have finished the meal. That will act better."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes? Oh, yes. Now comes your turn. You have, meanwhile taken up cooking, in addition to butling."

"May I temporarily employ a girl-help to wash and sweep, sir?"

"Yes, do so. Now at what meal does the cook contract mumps?"

"At lunch, sir."

"Well, at dinner the same day, you serve at table with a towel tied round your cheeks. The ma-in-law notices the peculiarity, and questions you about it. You reply something about going in for a cold, and so are safeguarding yourself against an attack. At breakfast next day, appear in the same costume. I'll question you about it. You then drop your bombshell: 'Mumps, sir?'"

"Yes. And to make the effect more realistic I shall sock you a few times about the jaw in order to get up a fair swelling. Eh? Nothing like putting in the realistic touch."

"That won't be necessary, sir," said the butler. I was once an actor in a small dramatic company before I took up service with you, sir. I shall act like I had mumps."

"What, no need to put in a spot of realism? Very good. Now, let's drink to the success of our plan. James I poured out two glasses of wine, handed the butler one, and gulped the other down. I was grateful for the tingling glow it bestowed upon me."

At the dispensary that afternoon I was so elated that I clean forgot to demand my consultation fee from a rich bird, and the fellow taking advantage of my absent-mindedness walked off with a bottle of tonic too, without paying for it."

Dinner-time found me exceptionally hungry. I beamed on my mother-in-law, kissed the wife with great gusto, and took my seat at the table.

"My! am I hungry, or ain't I?" I remarked. "There isn't anything in the world like an appetite, is there, Ma?"

"I'm glad to hear that, Jack," said the mother-in-law. "I suppose you're working hard these days? There's nothing like work for a man; Jack."

"Oh, sure ma," I replied. "A man's got to work extra hard these days, if he wishes his wife to live in comfort. By the way, Ma, have you decided on the arrangement I proposed? It'll sure be a pleasure to have you with us, Ma."

"Yes, Jack, I've decided. I do like these car drives."

"That's great! Why, that's swell!" I returned. Then turning towards James, I said, "Well, James, everything working O. K.? Say you do look glum. Anything wrong?"

"It's the servant-boy, sir."

"Servant-boy? Well, what's he done this time? Smashed up any more plates and things? Fire him, James; and employ somebody else."

"It isn't that, sir," said the butler. "The fact is, the fellow has got some curious swelling on both sides of his neck. Says he hasn't eaten anything this whole day, sir. And that I believe because this afternoon, when master was at Office, and madam was resting, the greedy fellow ran out on the road to buy his usual supply of cocoanut toffee from a street vendor. But no sooner did the fellow put the sweet into his mouth than he rolled on the ground in pain. He spat the stuff out without eating it."

"Poisoned?" I asked.

"I don't think, sir. I bought some of the sweet from the vendor and tasted it myself. There was nothing wrong with the sweet, sir."

"Strange!" I said. "Very strange! Is he still here, James? Let me see him," I said, rising. "I hope it's nothing contagious."

I followed the butler out and gave vent to the laugh that was checking me. The boy had as arranged, previously been sent home on a week's leave. I came back to the dinner-table.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" asked the mother-in-law.

"What is it, Jack?" asked the wife.

"Oh, just a bad case of mumps," I replied.

"Mumps?" exclaimed the mother-in-law.

"Mumps?" exclaimed the wife.

"Yes, mumps," I replied.

"But—but the thing cannot be

(Continued on page 41)

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2 S ——— Y.	= A silly person.
3 ——— LE.	= To perplex.
4 ——— PUGN.	= To oppose.
5 CO ———	= A cobbler.
6 ——— O ——— Y.	= Tipsy.
7 S ——— LED.	= Fixed.
8 ——— O ———	= To cheat.
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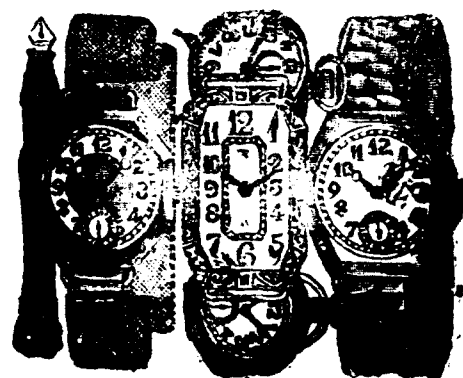
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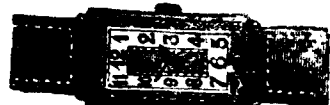
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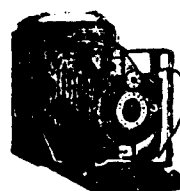


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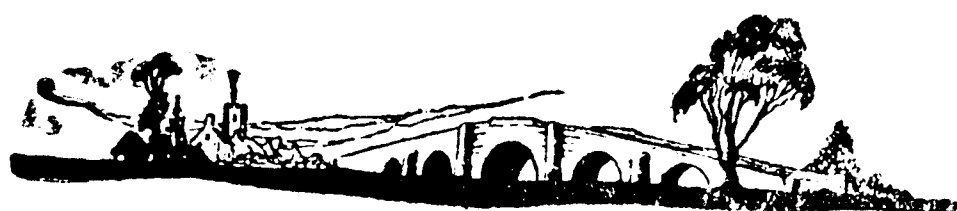
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(Continued from page 39)

allowed to remain here with mumps! said the mother-in-law. He'll spread the infection. Why don't you send him home?

"That I have done," I replied. "I wouldn't let him remain here another minute letting others catch it! Why mumps is positively dangerous!" And I expatiated for half-an-hour on the virulency of mumps, and on the complications that set in when people past the prime of their life were attacked by it. "Why, some people have been known to die through it!" I lied glibly.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the mother-in-law, "I never knew mumps was that dangerous!"

"Why, it sure is, Ma!" I said. "It kills as surely as does pneumonia. But then, don't you worry any more about it. I've instructed James to disinfect every bit of the house, and especially the centre of the infection—the kitchen. Do you think, Ma, I'd let my own wife's mother succumb to this treacherous disease? And what a death! Death, Ma, is mainly brought about through starvation. Not a pleasant sort of death."

"I remember having had mumps when a child," said the ma-in-law. "But I never thought it was so serious. Mother put me to bed, and fed me with milk and barley water."

"There you are, Ma! It was a perfectly rotten time, wasn't it? You had a great desire to gobble up things, but the moment you so much as thought of chops, or chicken for that matter, you had to hold your cheeks and roll with agony. Isn't it, Ma? I bet you lost half your weight by the time you were well again. But if mumps did attack you now—oh, I dare not even think of it! It's too horrible a—you go to bed, Ma, and forget all about it. Everything is going to be O. K."

"Thank you, Jack. I'm sure you'll see to it that every deadly germ is killed."

"You bet, Ma! I'm not a doctor for nothing. Your life is safe in my hands, Ma."

"I hope so."

The first act of my little drama was an eminent success. I was so elated that I suggested a picture-show, and compelled the mother-in-law to accompany us, even though she said she wanted to retire early that night. Never did I

enjoy a picture more than I did that evening—and that with the ma-in-law next to me. My sleep that night was deep and profound: and as I looked out in the morning at the rising sun, I rubbed my hands in eager anticipation of the day's developments.

At lunch that day James announced that something was wrong with the ayah.

"She's got the same trouble as the servant-boy, sir."

"What! Not mumps again," I ejaculated. "I thought I told you to disinfect every room, James."

"That I did, sir."

"Then how——? Does she live anywhere near the house-boy?"

"I was given to know that she shares the same house as the servant-boy's people, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I didn't think it mattered, sir."

"James," I said. "I am surprised at you! Send the woman home at once!"

"I think so, sir. She seems to have gone in for it worse than the boy."

"I am going to see her," announced the mother-in-law.

"What!" I exclaimed, fear clutching my heart, for supposing she were still in the house! The ma-in-law, however, mistook that "what!" to be uttered in concern for her precious life.

"Don't worry, Jack," she said. "I'll keep at a safe distance. Where is she, James?" She rose from her chair.

James, however, came to the rescue.

"She is not here, ma'am," he said. "I sent her home."

"But she was all right this morning

protested the mother-in-law.

"Yes, ma'am. she wasn't so bad this morning. She had just a slight swelling under the jaws, and with her saree drawn over her head, no one noticed it. Now she has got worse, and I sent her home before anyone else caught it from her."

"Attahoy, James!" I said under my breath, and aloud, "You acted wisely, James."

I discoursed for another half-an-hour upon Mumps and its Complications.

Yes, things were planning out well enough. In twenty-four hours, or forty-eight at the most, the city would be rid of one pest.

When, at the next meal James informed us that the cook too, had caught mumps, the ma-in-law, fairly jumped from her chair. It did me good to see the fork that was ready to transfer a savoury bit of meat into her mouth drop incontinently on her plate. She left for her room immediately without tasting the food. Barby and I too, left the table lest her suspicions be aroused at our eating food prepared by a fellow suffering from mumps.

Barby and I visited a cinema that night. The ma-in-law refused to accompany us. Later, James informed me that she sent him out to get her a roll of biscuits for dinner.

As for Barby and I, we both dined in an Italian restaurant, before going to the cinema. After many a long day I was once again enjoying my pretty wife's company—and she was especially charming that night in a blue dress-creation she had ruined me in the buying. I remember squeezing her hand several times that evening at the cinema, and under the table at the restaurant, like I used to



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do when I was courting her. Yes, I was going to have her all to myself now when that domineering woman, her mother, left us. The way she would monopolize Barby, leaving me out. Did she stop to think that I'd married her, and would like to have her to myself at times? No, not she! Well, well, we were going to have each other to ourselves for many a long day when she left.

There were no more cases of mumps the next day. But at dinner-time James appeared with a towel tied about his face.

"What's the idea, James?" I asked as he laid my soup on the table.

"Just feeling cold, sir," he said.

"Cold!" said the mother-in-law.

"I was just going to say it was warm to night."

He served us in his usually efficient manner and then left the room.

"No more cases of mumps, Ma," I remarked. "James has destroyed the germs thoroughly this time."

"It's a great relief!" she said.

"I should say so, Ma," I agreed.

Next morning at breakfast, James still had the towel tied round his face.

"Still feeling cold, James?" I questioned him.

"Sir—don't be alarmed, sir—but I—I think—I think it's only my imagination, sir."

"What is it?" exclaimed the mother-in-law.

"I think I've caught the mumps, ma'am."

"What!" shouted the mother-in-law.

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Maybe it's only his imagination," laughed the wife.

"Oh, no, it isn't!" I said hurriedly. "James is not the fussy kind. Keep to your room, James, and don't stir out. I'll see you after breakfast."

The mother-in-law got up from her seat. "When does the next train leave the Hills?" she asked.

"Why, Ma, you're not thinking of leaving us? There's no fear, Ma, James will keep to his room. I shall see to that."

"Shut up, will you? I've had enough of this!" she shot back. "I'm packing my things. Get me a railway guide, will you?"

"Won't you at least finish your coffee, Ma?"

"I'll take it in the refreshment-room at the Railway Station," she returned.

"Mother, are you sure you want to go?" asked my wife.

"I must, dear. And would advise you to come away with me for a change, until the house is free of mumps."

"Thanks, mother, but I'll have to stay, you see, the Van Dines are coming over to see us shortly from Singapore, and I'll have to entertain them. Some other time, mama."

"Well, if you must stay, dear, do take care of yourself. And don't let that horrid butler come anywhere near you."

"All right, mama."

"There's a train leaving at ten this morning," I said, handing her the railway guide. "That ought to give you ample time to pack, Ma."

"Come, pack my things!"

"Barby will help you, Ma, I'm late for my Office."

"Do as I tell you!"

I obeyed.

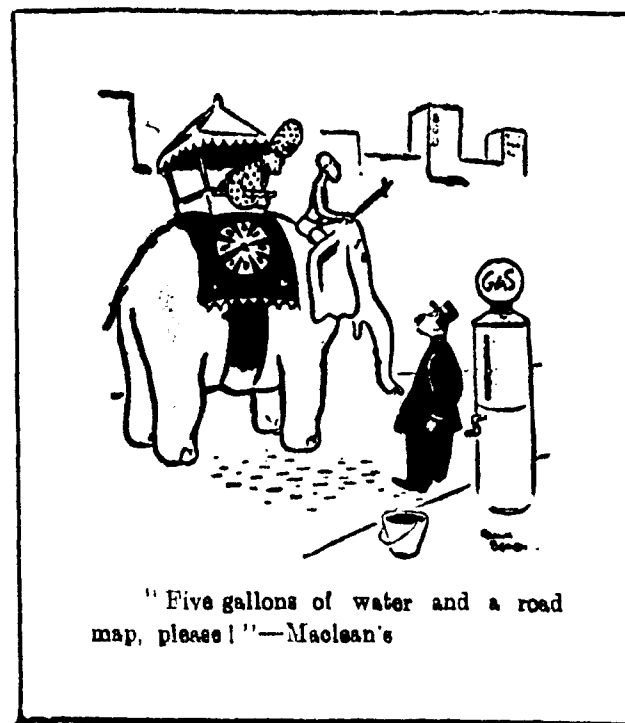
After the task was done, I kissed Barbara and literally sailed on air to my office—though my means of transport was only a bicycle. Once or twice I laughed out loud to the surprise of some pedestrians. I drank in the morning air in big gulps and it intoxicated me. A beggar-woman holding out her hands for baksheesh, received a handful of assorted coins from me. Was I happy! By the time I came home for lunch the house would be free of the pest of a mother-in-law—she would be a hundred miles away from town.

I cycled home for lunch in record time, and rushed into the house, shouting "Barbara!" I heard her reply from the dining-room, and charged right in—and literally, into the very jaws of death.

Pity me! When I was away at Office that mug, James let me down—he on whom I had staked all for my plot's success. Instead of keeping to his room, the fool must walk out, for something or the other, and my mother-in-law must happen to look out of her window at the precise moment. And the darned idiot must discard his towel, too! There's no explaining the actions of some people in this world. And the fellow explains to me, later, that he didn't for a moment think he'd be noticed, for the half-minute or so he was out, by that "eagle-eyed lady!"

Well, to cut a long story short, her suspicions were naturally aroused. She sent for a doctor and had James examined for signs of mumps. And there being no signs of mumps the doctor couldn't find any. Threatening him with dismissal the mother-in-law got the whole truth out of him.

All this I learned afterwards. No one even cared to post someone at the entrance of the house, to warn me about the turn of events. When I burst into the dining room I stopped dead in my tracks when I beheld the mother-in-law seated at the table and James obsequiously



"Five gallons of water and a road map, please!"—Maclean's

ministering to her needs. Looking towards Barbara for an explanation, I saw her suppress a laugh.

I must stop there. I haven't strength enough to describe the rest of that scene for whenever I recall it, I tremble at the knees. All the

ingenuity, the brain-work, I had put into this super-plot was wasted by a tiny slip made by the fool of a butler.

The mother-in-law stayed on for months and months—may be six in all—until, the heat drove her away to her native hills. What I couldn't

do Nature succeeded in doing. Maybe it's best to leave everything to Nature—slow and sure she wins in the end, where man in his haste does things imperfectly, or even fails completely.



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Baby Faces.

Why are there more baby-faced women than men? We might think this a question for Cupid alone. But Professor Wingate Todd, a Yorkshire scientist, who since 1929 has been studying and measuring the faces of thousands of children and adults, besides inquiring into their life records, now concludes that whereas girls' faces cease growing at the age of fourteen, boys' faces continue developing for several years longer, thus enabling them to recover from stunted effects in their youth.

Snub noses, he declares, are the result of under-nourishment in the early days of a child's life; lack of proper vitamins causes the nose to freeze prematurely.

Stamp History.

That there is "nothing new under the sun" is again illustrated when inquiry is made concerning the first use of a stamp bearing the monarch's head and printed at the Government "Stamp Office." It is generally assumed that this device is of comparatively recent date, but it really came into use long years before Queen Victoria came to the throne and Rowland Hill established the Penny Postal System. It arose from a duty on vellum, parchment, and paper in the reign of William and Mary, used for business and legal forms. There was no difficulty in striking the stamp direct upon paper, but the result was very indistinct on parchment, so a piece of paper was pasted on. This was easily detached, so it was secured by making slits in the parchment, inserting the ends of the paper, and clamping them at the back with tin-foil. The design was then stamped

on this label. In about 1700, a small ticket with the Royal initials was pasted over the clasp, and the design on this was changed with the accession of each new monarch.

£ 15,000,000 Sneeze.

Public enemy No. 1 at the moment is the common cold; it exacts a ransom from Britain alone which, on the modest estimate of five shillings a cold amounts to £ 15,000,000 a year. We can hardly wonder then at the indignant criticism of the Medical Research Council's decision to abandon its five-year-old quest for a cure. But so widespread are the ramifications of the microbes, of which no fewer than fifty different sorts inspire our common affliction, that inoculation with a vaccine obtained from a casual microbe hardly guarantees any worth while degree of immunity. There are the other forty-nine gangsters to consider.

Still, neither the Rockefeller Institute nor Halley Stewart Trust has surrendered the hope of discovering a remedy. The real solution lies with the individual: he must keep fit and adopt reasonable care to avoid draughts and stuffy surroundings.

Whereas few people initiate their own colds, all help to propagate the mysterious disease. The trouble is the sneeze. Every atishoo launches, according to the best medical authority, enough germs to send 100 people to bed.

Papyri to paper.

Before paper was invented, such things as stone, clay, wax, leaves, bark, and skin were used as writing materials. Stone came first, the characters being made by something harder, capable of taking a fine point. The reason our capitals have come to

us mainly made up of straight lines is, probably, that they were easier to carve than curved ones. The Assyrians recorded their history on sun-dried or fire-baked bricks. A great collection of these may be seen at the British Museum. Metals, such as gold, bronze, lead, tin were also used in very ancient days.

There came inevitably a demand for something more pliant and it was found in vegetable growths and animal skins, the first represented by papyrus—hence our word "paper"—and the second by vellum and parchment. But midway and overlapping these periods, wood, coated with thin wax, was much used, a stylus—hence literary "style"—being used to scratch the characters. The use of these waxed trays lasted a thousand years, even up to the fifteenth century. They were handy for accounts, drafts, letters, and school exercises. The butt of the stylus was flattened; thus the wax could be smoothed over, the writing erased, and the tablet used again. Paper made exclusively from rags came into European use in the fourteenth century, but it was known to the Chinese centuries before. It gradually displaced vellum, and manuscripts of this period are often a mixture of paper and vellum.

High Flyers.

A Butterfly has been seen flying at a height of 21,500 feet—that is more than four miles above sea level. Of late years aeroplanes have taught us much about the heights to which insects and birds attain. It used to be supposed that few, if any, birds rose more than a mile into the air, but some years ago the Swiss airman, Cartier, was attacked by an eagle when flying at a height of more than 15,000 feet. The eagle was out to pieces by the prop., but the plane was so badly damaged that the airman had to go down at once.

Migrating birds travel at heights of three, four, and even five thousand feet. It appears that they rise in order to find favourable winds. Wild ducks, geese, and swans have been seen a mile high, but as a rule prefer to fly at about two thousand feet. The vulture and the turkey buzzard hang up at four to five thousand feet, watching the earth for carrion with their telescopic eyes. The record belongs to the giant condor of the Andes which flies in the thin cold air five miles above the plains.

August 6, 1935



Dear Members:—

There has not been any appreciable increase in membership of "youth league". If each league would try to get one New member each week I am sure the membership would be doubled & trebled within a month. May this hope be entertained by,

Your,
Cousin Eddie.

While I was walking through one of the streets in George Town I saw two small boys playing with a parrot. Its wings were clipped and it was put in a cage. The treatment the two boys were giving to this poor thing was an unbearable sight. Perhaps boys of my age do not understand the cruelty they are inflicting upon this bird. This incident brought to my mind the story of Bhakta Ramadoss.

Ramadoss was a great devotee of Sri Rama who spent lots and lots of money on Sri Rama's worship. The jewels he made for the gods at Bhadrachellam costed him tens of thousands of Gold mohurs.

He was accused of using the Government's money for his own purposes and by the order of the Nawab was put in prison. For 12 long years he suffered and after the completion of that period Sri Rama & Lakshmana appeared to the Nawab & paid the whole amount which was used by Ramadoss for his purposes. This is the story. The question was asked why Ramadoss should suffer 12 years of imprisonment. During his previous birth Ramadoss caged a parrot for one long year and escaped punishment then. In the present life Ramadoss had to atone for that great sin with 12 years of stay behind the bars of prison.

We should therefore avoid being cruel to birds & animals.

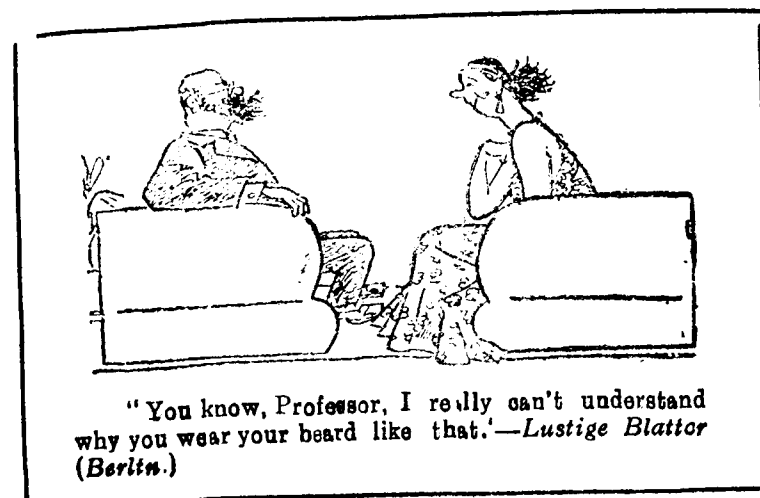
Prayer

Be kind, O Lord,
To your 'Children' dear,
Who seek thy shelter,
O God! here, here.
The storm is blowing,
We tremble with fear,
The blast is hailing,
O God! here, here.
The way is thorny,
No guide is here,
We all are alone,
O God! here, here.

Correct solution of Children's Puzzle No. 12.

A CLOCK HOUSE
B WATER SIDE
C SEA VIEW
D HILL HOUSE
E TREETON
F COW FIELD

As No competitor has succeeded in sending the correct solution or one errored solution the prizes have not been awarded.



"You know, Professor, I really can't understand why you wear your beard like that."—Lustige Blatter (Berlin.)



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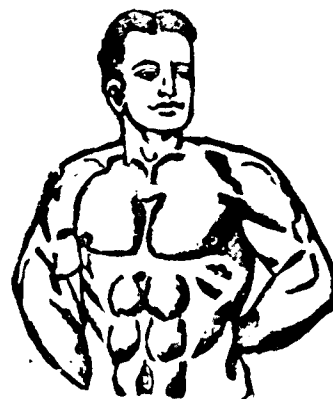
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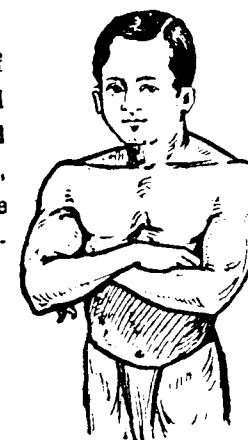
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