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THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II.

MADRAS, 5th APRIL, 1935.

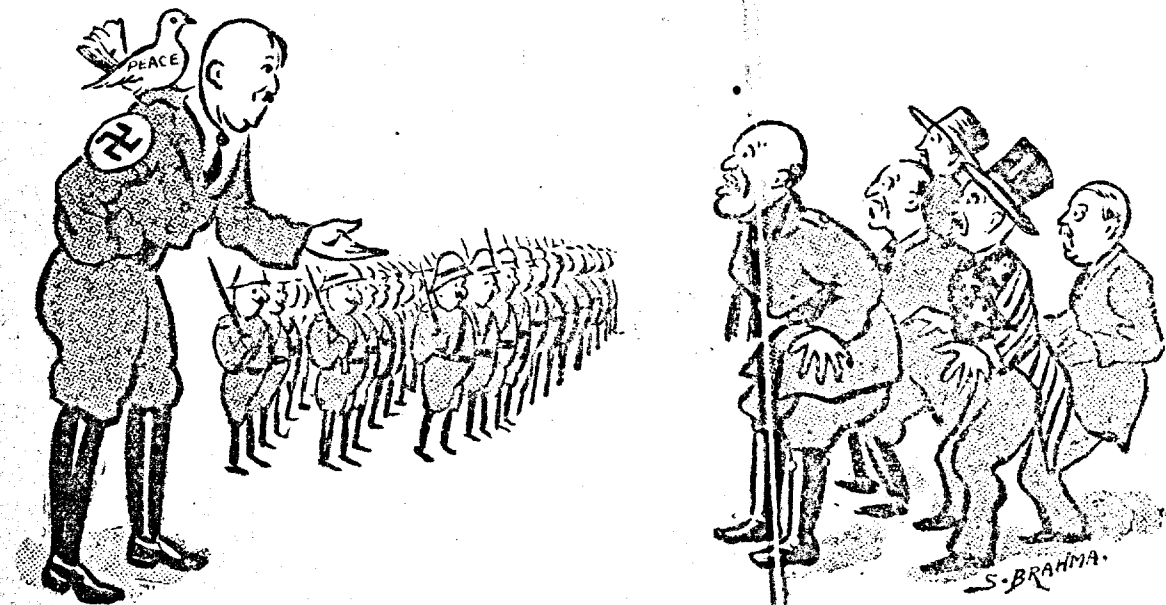
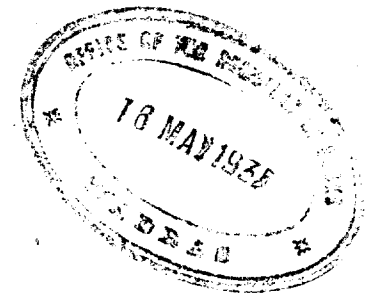
No. 17.

Hitler's Great "Peace" Army Shocks the Powers.

Hitler arms the Nation purely for Defence

Hitler's men ready for any "Peace" emergency

"Can peace doves belch out bullets?" wonder the Powers.



Hitler : "Just for mere "Peace," Gentlemen."

Powers : "The motive is excellent ; but the look is so terribly martial.
Such 'Peace' army needs must be met by 'Peace'
armies on our side."



"When a thing is troubling you," says a psychologist, "sleep on it." This is difficult advice to follow if your trouble happens to be a lumpy mattress.

It seems that a cheque for £100, which was received by a London hospital the other day, was unsigned. Evidently the donor wished to remain anonymous.

A dentist declares that he will keep a diary throughout 1935. Trust a dentist to fill in the open spaces!

A man was recently charged with having written over a hundred abusive letters. We understand, however, that the plumber has now called to see about the tap.

Clad only in pyjamas and a dressing-gown, a Liverpool resident chased a burglar into the street and captured him. To describe him as a husky he-man is quite correct, because as a result of his experience he has caught a nasty cold.

"There is no such thing as certainty in this life," declares an essayist. But optimists will continue to back it.

A new novel deals with a man whose wife goes in deadly fear of him. It seems as though a novelist has hit upon a really original idea at last.

"Few things travel more quickly than whispers of scandal," we read. Personally, we should have said they were generally behindhand.

"Most small boys dislike a vigorous rubbing with the towel after their evening bath," says a woman writer. They prefer just to be blotted.

"The octopus has an extremely poor memory, we read." That's why Nature gave the creature the power to tie so many knots in itself.

Herr Hitler declares that no race has had more harsh things said about it than the German. It might comfort him to hear a few punters' views after the Grand National.

However many kittens a cat may have, says a naturalist, she will always miss one that is taken away from her. She evidently holds regular Kitty inspections.

A Mexican judge dismissed the case against a man charged with assaulting his rate collector. No doubt he was the judge's rate collector, too.

FUNNY MAGAZIN

A spaghetti-eating contest was recently held in a town in Italy. We hear that one of the competitors was given twenty yards start.

A novelist says that he once went to a moneylender to ask for a loan and was snubbed. He wanted to raise the wind and was given the air.

"Would you call debt-collecting a profession?" asked a man, in court. We should be inclined to call it pursuit.

A political speaker had a quantity of fruit presented to him when he was addressing a meeting last week. Fortunately the donors were rotten shots.

"Collecting foreign coins is a fascinating hobby," says a writer. But we doubt if proprietors of automatic machines are particularly enthralled when counting the takings.

We read that many young men nowadays pay for their wedding by instalments. The usual arrangement is seven-and-six down and all the wages weekly for the rest of the lives.

"When a man has a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach after a heavy meal," says a doctor, "it means that he has eaten it too quickly." Or that he hasn't enough money to pay for it.

An American pugilist claims that he can foretell the future. After a contest he goes into trances by being knocked into the middle of the week.

"When a young man falls in love begins to spend more money," says a writer. But he should economize on shoe-leather, as young men in his state of mind invariably walk on air.

APRIL 5, 1935



By SHEIK IFTAKAR RASOOL.

"YOU are looking at my scar?—Ah no, don't trouble to apologise. I assure you don't mind, I'm quite used to it. As people talk to me I notice their eyes continually wandering up to the top of my head—as yours have been doing—and I know they are looking inquiringly at the curious shaped weal that stands out red against my white hair.

"It attracts your attention in an unaccountable manner? You are interested in it? Ah! but you would be still more interested if you but knew how I came by it! In a thousand guesses you would not say correctly by what agency it was created.

"Some sharp implement?—A knife, perhaps?

"You would like to know. It is the mark of vengeance of an ancient Egyptian, dead and mortified these three thousand years.

"You think I joke? You hold that a three-thousand-year old mummy cannot inflict knife wounds? Once a mummy, always a mummy, eh?

"But I assure you I am perfectly serious. Does not Shakespeare say: 'There are

more things in 'heaven and earth....'

"Now I will tell you the story if you care to hear it," said Pierre Chekov, whom I met in Cairo a couple of years ago.

'Not long ago I was carrying out some excavations for the Department of Antiquities of Egypt, and was working in the Arabian Desert near Philae.'

'From various indications familiar to the archaeologist I knew I was in the neighbourhood of some important tomb probably situated deep down in the rock and hidden by the shifting desert sands. By the great piles of stone chippings near by, it would probably be a royal tomb, and I hoped to make important discoveries were I lucky enough to hit upon the right spot.

'I had spent several weeks with my band of Nubian servants digging and delving in the immense deposits of sand with no result until, late one afternoon, when I had almost decided to abandon the search as hopeless, we struck the unmistakable signs of a tomb entrance. I soon had a short flight of steps cleared, and there, exposed to view, was a usual rectangular opening—hewn in the living rock.

It was too late that day to do more than remove the piled-up stones which formed a dry wall at the entrance, for darkness falls suddenly in Egypt, and

we were all tired out with a heavy day's work.

Yes, it is tiring work excavating! Dig, dig, dig, from sunrise to sunset, scorched by the sun and the dry burning heat of the desert.

Well, I got the dry wall pulled down and discovered immediately behind, instead of the usual inclined passage, a shaft sinking perpendicularly into the earth.

It was of no use to attempt to do anything more that night, so I allowed most of my men to go back to their village—some four miles distant—keeping back three, besides my body-servant, to act as guard in case of possible marauders.

Unnecessary precaution, you think? Ah yes, you cannot imagine, but I know better. Bandits are by no means unknown in this part of Egypt even today, and if they scent a newly-opened tomb it is no uncommon thing for such gentry to make a raid on it in search of treasure—if they think it can be done with a reasonable amount of safety.

I was dead tired, so after a light supper I set two of my men to keep guard at the mouth of the tomb, while, I lay down in my tent to snatch a few hours' sleep before relieving them of their vigil.

I seemed to have hardly laid my head on the pillow before I was awakened by the sound of a shot, quickly followed by cries of alarm from the Arabs.

Snatching up my revolver I dashed out of my tent almost into the arms of a great Arab who was levelling a long rifle straight at my chest. I just managed to knock up the muzzle as in

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went off, and almost simultaneously with the sound of the bullet wizzing over my head I fired my revolver point-blank at him.

No, don't look shocked; it did not kill him, it did not wound him—it did not even go off! My much trusted body-servant was in league with the ruffians, and had taken care to extract the cartridges from my revolver while I slept.

I was soon overcome and tied up securely with ropes. Their leader with four others descended the steps to the tomb entrance. I watched them gradually disappear down the shaft, while the light flickered in reflection on the roof above, and in a few moments it was all dark.

The rest of the Arabs squatted round the hole, mumbling to each other their hopes of the expected treasure, while they waited for the return and instructions of their captain.

Ah! But you cannot imagine my feelings! There was I as helpless as a trussed fowl, while the raiders were ransacking my booty, mine by weeks of toilsome work.

A sudden hush seemed to have come over everything, and the only sound that came to my ears was the intermittent hooting of an owl somewhere in the hill above us. The silence was becoming oppressive; even the owl had ceased its weird call and I could almost fancy I heard the quick beating of the Arab's hearts in the utter stillness of the night. Overhead it was pitchy dark, the stars seemed suddenly to have been extinguished, and only the Arabs squatting inside the tomb entrance were made visible by the flickering yellow rays from a lamp they had lit.

Thus we waited. Then all of a sudden the spell was broken by the confused sound, and then shriek after shriek came echoing up the shaft.

The Arabs took to their heels and ran as if the ghosts of their fathers were after them. The shrieking ceased, and presently there came inarticulate, almost animal, cries for help from the bottom of the shaft.

Seeing that nothing had followed them in pursuit, one of the Arabs, came back and threw down the rope, and in a few seconds a terrified figure clawed and scrambled its way over the brink.

His eyes were fixed wide open in fright—dark patches red in a face

drawn and pallid beneath its natural bronze. Never before had I seen fear incarnate so stamped on the face of a human being.

Then, as he turned towards me, I had another and a greater shock. His cloak was soaked with blood, it welled

Ah, my friend, sometimes I dream of that hour.... When I start up out of my sleep I have to strike a light before I can assure myself that all is well....

One gets strange fancies living alone in the desert, especially the excavator



... A long knife dripping with something dark ...

out from a gaping wound in the shoulder!

With a wild gesticulation the figure pointed down the mouth of the shaft, and turning, staggered off like a drunken man out into the darkness of the night.

The others? They too were gone; and I? I was alone, alone bound and helpless.

whose daily work and thoughts are intimately connected with the pitiful remnants of the past civilisation. was part of the Egyptian belief that their spirit would one day come back to re-inhabit their mummified body. Could this be?

Dawn was breaking over the distant hills by the time I had wormed myself along the ground and taken possession

sion of a knife dropped by one of the retreating Arabs. I soon freed myself from the ropes, but my limbs had become so cramped and stiff that it was bright daylight before I was able to get up and move about with ease.

Picking up my revolver I filled all the chambers with cartridges and reached the bottom of the shaft, I was surprised to find the entrance to the passage partially blocked by the lid of an immense stone scarophagus.

What was it doing there? I kept my mind from extravagant fancies; but, my friend, it was—difficult!

I stooped down, leaning forward to see better where the ray of light was coming from, and as I did so, there was a sharp click, followed by a painful burning sensation on the top of my head, and something horribly repulsive and alive brushed heavily against my face as I tripped and stumbled down the stairs. I fell in a heap at the

bottom, the light underneath me, and I found myself in complete darkness.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered my senses—for I had been slightly stunned—I struck a match and lit the lamp. Its sickly yellow rays revealed to me the dead bodies of the two Arabs one on each side of me. The faces of both unfortunates wore a look of inexpressible terror.....

I looked about me; nothing unusual, save the two Arabs, was to be seen. Remembering the movement of the top step under my foot, immediately followed by a click, I commenced to examine the roof and walls above the stairs.

Something above me caught and reflected the light, and I discovered fixed to a metal arm in the wall, a long knife dripping with something dark.

Then in a few moments I understood the wondrous ingenuity of the trap. By an arrangement of springs the knife swung out with terrific force as weight was applied to the top-step, and returned to its original position as the wretched victim fell to the

bottom of the flight of the stairs. All was in perfect working order, thanks to the wonderful Egyptian climate and the perfect air-tightness of the tomb.

So now, my friend, you know to what I owe this disfiguring scar. The live thing that brushed against my cheek as I fell down the steps was a bat—got into the tomb during the night, I suppose. Bats are plentiful in Egypt, and tombs are naturally the chosen abodes of such repulsive creatures.

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NAME THE RAILWAY STATION No. 17.

WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1. ACCO — — T	Statement.
2. B — — S I	Break into pieces.
3. CLO — —	Covering.
4. DRES —	Put clothes upon.
5. E — MOVE	Move.
6. FE — —	Companion.

1. M A D — — —
2. R A — A P U R A M
3. — A — A L K O T
4. — U B — I
5. M — T — R —

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The Manager, MIDLAND COMPETITIONS, Mint Buildings, Madras.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

By BOMBARDIER.



THE shrewd remarks of that soft-soaping rascal the bogus Fortune-teller, though they are not always refutable may yet be combated by persons in the know.

What fellow has not, at some period of his life, suffered from severe illness or had bad luck! Yet these very thoughts expressed in the oily eloquence of some mysterious looking stranger are sufficient to inspire in many people absolute confidence in his occult powers.

These professionals are, in fact, only a type of confidence-trickster or another and more brazen species of pick-pocket. Their sole aim is to fleece a victim of his money as quickly as he can be made to part with it,—by persuasion or trickery.

By no means uncommon, these remorseless seekers of their own fortune are like "box-wallahs" and other

hawkers and visit from house to house. But often they choose their victims with no small amount of preparation and care.

"Fortune teller!" (pause) "Me tell you vone very goot fortune, sahib!"

This one hears in a forced parrot-like tone of voice from a saucy looking individual who peers at one over the front gate or from an angle of the house. Usually the signs of his calling are a book in one hand and a necklace of large black beads.

"Go'way!"

If this retort is not made with sufficient precision and finality the issue is fatal. For, entirely uninvited the thug will approach and with great skill fearlessly proceed to shuffle his testimonials into the hand of his prospective victim. This operation he frequently interjects with, "Money come and money go, but you can keep money no," and other similar aphorisms.

VERY gradually, and with the tact of a lawyer, he will work into these interludes, pieces of your family history. These, a discreet inquiry after his departure may show, were generously contributed to him by household servants in the cook-house, over a cup of tea probably. But the moment any statement is questioned he will abandon his recently acquired information for the more orthodox principles of his profession.

"Show me hand; Ah?" he said phantly).

"You vaery lucky—you live to ninety-two; you vone time vaery sick but now alright!"

(Impatiently) "I know all that; tell me something about my future."

"Me tell eaverything!" Here follow a few strange mutterings accompanied by a scrutinising of your palm, then:—

"You vaery lucky—eight days vone letter come across the sea—you get plenty money—all your trouble gone—no hardship—no enemy!"

After this he extracts a miniature Chess-board from his pocket and requests his victim to place his finger on one of the squares.

"Put it finger on vone square."

You may be sure you have serious cause to doubt his honesty of purpose in posing as a fortune-teller if he fails to follow up this victory with:

"Now put some silver: what you like!"

"How much?"

"Three four rupees enough."

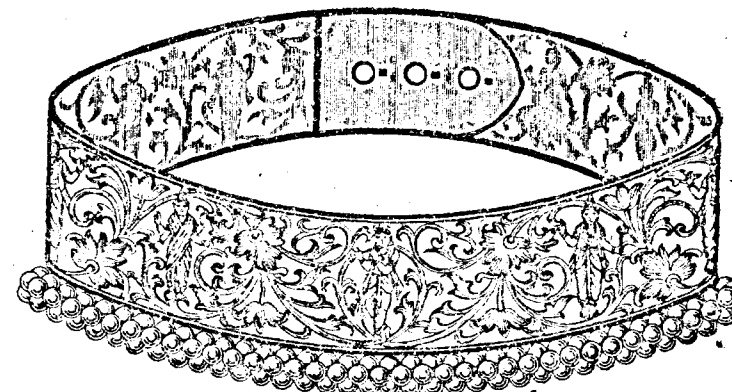
The majority of persons at this stage consider the interview at an end. The more shrewd will have already passed their minds with perhaps a little free talking on the evils of licenced defrauding. Where as, some others, who, like myself are easily gulled or, from motives of curiosity will remonstrate with their captor on the large amount of silver required and will perhaps moderate the sum to eight annas or a rupee.

One of this rogue's remarkable characteristics, and, I suppose, one that is as much a part of his professional

Continued on page 8.

APRIL 5, 1936

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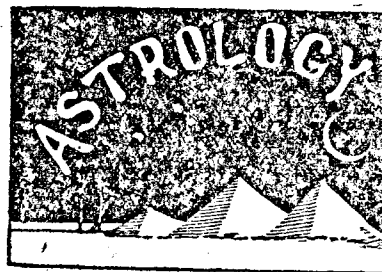
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Continued from page 6.

training as the art of plausible lying, is that no matter with what opposition he meets, he never loses countenance or stops chanting his victim's bright future.

The Chess-Board has also another use, though one not so closely allied to silver. While choosing a square and discussing the minimum amount of silver that may be put on it, this artful rogue has a few moments in which to view his surroundings and size up the personality before him. He is not slow either to form deductions.

If the unfortunate victim was found with a paper or magazine drowsing in an easy chair, the prophet feels no qualms of conscience in reproaching him thus:

"You sometimes lazy, Sir—bawth suth—but Sahib has plenty work—pay small!" (Then in an undertone)

"I tell you, you have vone vaery goot friend—he give purnotion."

On the occasion of my initiation into the wiles of Indian fortune telling, this little confidence was followed by him thrusting his hand somewhere into the inner recesses of his waistcoat and producing some brass dice,—his second "philosophers' stone."

I held the dice in my closed fist and threw them when requested. But what he learnt about my future from the position of the dice he didn't say. (Perhaps he learnt that an auspicious moment for himself had arrived.) Instead he seized my right palm again and after a few seconds gazing at it asked me to cross it with silver.

I complied, but carefully refrained from leaving it on my open palm. And to this he objected, making the excuse that by my removing the money again the charm was lost. However, believing the money to be safe in my own hand I consented.

The prophet, with sleight-of-hand that would have done credit to a professional juggler, quickly removed the coin to his own pocket.

However, I must say, and to his credit, that all my reproaches and protests proved futile in the face of the very plausible excuse he offered,—something to the effect that he had done it to remove any possibility of the charm being lost. The charm, indeed, was my precious eight-anna-piece.

Had I tolerated the fellow, he would, as I've learnt from the experiences of others, worked right through his repertoire of money extracting wiles, leaving me a poorer but a wiser man. The observer saved me.

It is not uncommon to be accosted in public by one of these fortune-tellers, and, moreover, such an occasion can be one of great embarrassment. To have such intimacies as the following called out after a fellow when he is in company is to put it mildly, disconcerting in the extreme.

"Sahib you vaery lucky—I tell you —two girl love you—but you no love —you love only vone"

In such moments we may even try hard to smile and pass it off, but what would we not give to catch that fellow alone in some quiet out of the way spot.

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

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THE FUNNY MAGZIN.

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The Wheel of Terror

By K. R. Hariharier.

HARRIS moved towards the door of the laboratory with a feeling of trepidation.

As he approached, it flew open disclosing Dr. Murray

prepared and so painfully memorised. What was the advice his thrice-married chum Jartan had given him?

"Oh, don't worry. Put him at ease. Soothe his feelings.

At a distance the advice had certainly seemed to be the real goods, but at the present moment it appeared to be so absurdly inadequate.

To prod that horror in the tummy, and say, What ho! By God! He



himself, a lank, lean man, at the sight of whom Sara, his niece, waiting expectantly in the hall, became agitated and vaguely tearful.

The Dr. was in no mood to entertain unwelcome visitors. He curtly indicated a chair with his head, and went on with an experiment he was conducting.

As Harris waited, he tried to remember the grand opening speech he had so carefully

The heat became insufferable.

Pat him gently on the back and say 'What ho' Prince of Doctors or something of that sort. Prod him tactfully in the tummy and spin that delightful yarn about the quack Doctor"

might as well tickle him behind the ears and call him 'Dada'.

Dr. Murray at last transferred his gaze to Harris losing by the action, for the test tubes and retorts were a joy to his eyes, which Harris decidedly was not. A well-dressed Harris in his laboratory, a human carcass was to him; not so much a suitor for his

niece's hand as a chemical body composed of so much of calcium, so much of carbon, sulphur, phosphorus and what not; only fit to be stretched on the table and experimented upon.

With an exclamation of annoyance which sounded very much like 'dammit', the Doctor deposited the test tubes on a rack, and then regarded the visitor steadily from under a pair of shaded glasses which lent a sort of threatening aspect to his gaze.

An uncomfortable feeling that he had been weighed and found wanting trickled down the spine of Harris. An uncontrollable desire to prod that old bean, and cry "what ho! what ho! Prince of Doctors" seized him.

"So you presumed to hope of the hard of my niece?"

The question was so unexpected that Harris could not marshal his thoughts, and he found himself uttering wildly.

"Doctor, doctor, doctor, Prince of what Hos!"

The Doctor stared at the visitor oddly and thought it prudent to step back a pace or two.

Harris felt that the interview was about to terminate. He found himself angry and confused.

"Come, Come, Old Man! Let me tickle you behind the ears,—just once! I shall spin that delightful yarn about the quack Doctor. It's rollicking, Dada, absolutely rollicking!"

The sound of the slamming of a door and Harris was alone in the room. His anger vanished and a feeling of exhilaration surged over him. Now that he had formally made his intentions known, other things didn't matter a bit. He felt pleased with himself and the Doctor.

Jauntily he stepped over to the table and inspected an open bottle that had been left carelessly by the Doctor. He fingered it, he inspected it and then smelt the contents.

What was that cloud passing across his eyes? A sort of brown vapour? And his legs were feeling so wobbly—wobbly too. Moreover, there was a buzzing sensation in his head.

As in a dream, the young man found himself following the Doctor into a strangely silent room. It was utterly devoid of furniture, but in the middle of that barren hall there squatted a weird looking machine.

Where had he seen such a contrivance before? Not in such a gigantic scale of course, but—yes, it was a Mammoth hot-air-driven Jost fan!

Meanwhile, the Doctor was reeling off a short history of that Mammoth Machine.

"Direct your attention to the wonder machine of the age. My lad, a world revolutionizer so simple, yet so efficient. What simpletons must the inventors of the Jost fan be, not to think of this idea.

Look here! In ordinary Jost fans you place your heater in this hollow cylinder. The heat induces a current of hot air which turns a mechanism rotating the blades. I owe as much to the Jost manufacturers.

Now, what I have really done, is to utilise the revolving blades to produce some more heat energy. This is done by making the blades rub against another steel surface. The friction produces a lot of heat, and this energy is conducted by means of wires and utilised to rotate the fan.

Thus the heat causes rotation, which causes friction which produces heat, which causes still more rotation and so on & so forth. Do you catch the idea?

Yes, of course there are objections. The initial heat to set the fan revolving has to be supplied, and also a part of the heat energy generated is lost by radiation. But I have provided effective methods to make the loss of heat as little as possible.

Now you shall see my wonder machine working!"

The Doctor set it going and Harris watched with unwinking eyes. As the revolving blades became almost invisible due to the speed of the rotation, the Doctor started up and cried.

"Wait here, Mr. Harris. I will come in two minutes," and slamming the door behind him, went out.

Five Minutes. Ten Minutes. No Doctor. Harris examined the door. It was locked on the outside!

By this time the wings were whirling at a prodigious rate. The room was becoming slowly heated. Perspiration was appearing on the forehead of the perplexed Harris.

The stricken young man circled round the room. There was not a single window or other aperture. An only sky light was hermetically closed and it was too high to be got at.

In fact, Mr. Harris was in an air-tight compartment.

The heat became insufferable. The beads of perspiration were now flowing fast. Harris found it even difficult to breathe!

"Oh, my God! To die thus. To be suffocated alive! Villain! Villain! Open the door!" cried the desperate young man striking the door in vain.

His throat was parched. The tongue had assumed a bluish tinge. The breathing was in mouthfuls of gasps.

In the agony of a lingering death, Harris casts a last glance around, and sees, in a corner a tumbler full of water!

He rushes towards it and puts it to his lips. "If I am going to die let me die in comfort" he cries. Suddenly he stops. An idea flashes across his brain. He would dash the water on the machine, cool it and thus stop it!

He lowers the tumblerful of water!

Dr. Murray entering the room followed by the butler who had orders to eject Harris forcibly, was neatly met by a bottleful of Ammonia. As he fumed and fluttered a young man was shouting:

"What ho! what ho! what ho! Saved from the Prince of Doctors, by God!"

5 SENSATIONAL OFFERS

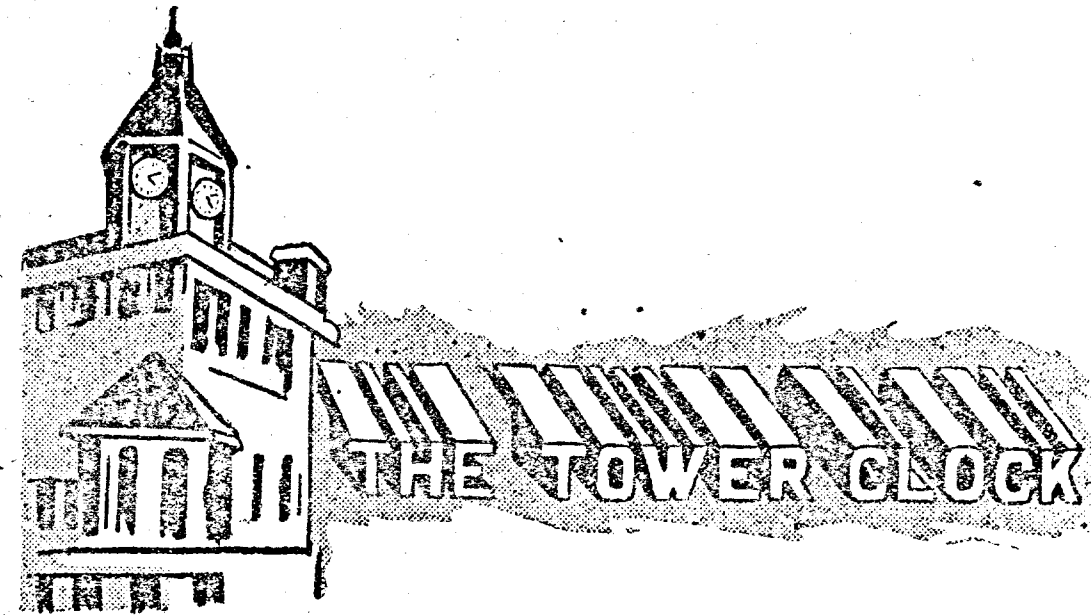
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NADARPET is a country town about three miles long and about one street wide, or so it seems to the visitor footing it for the first time. It is strung along a road that wriggles its way through verdure paddy fields and at the end it widens out like the head of a puffing adder.

There in the centre of the town rises the majestic tower of the C. M. S. church. The visitor who expects to see pictures, paintings and statues will be quite disappointed, for it is a Low-Church and entirely devoid of picturesque ornaments.

But should the visitor chance to meet the sexton who rings the bell, he is certain to be told the story of the wonderful Tower-clock, which had stopped but once in its lifetime of forty-seven years.

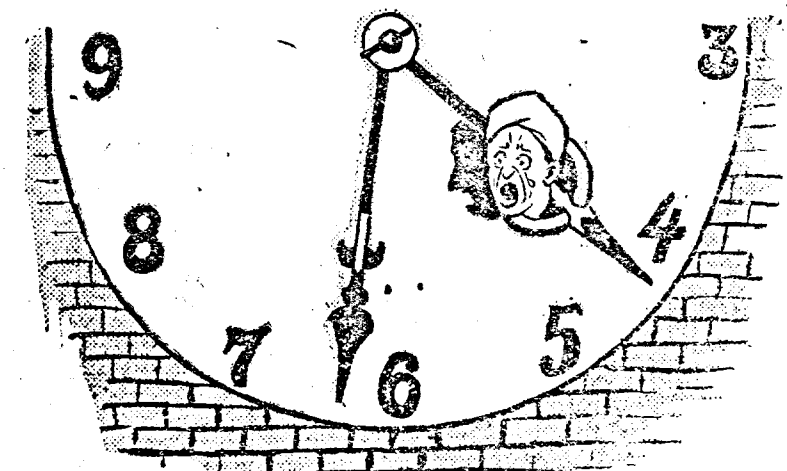
The story is briefly this. The sexton had been in his younger days a notoriously bad man. One day as usual when he went up to wind the clock he found that a square piece of glass from the dial had fallen down leaving a gaping hole in the face of the clock. Now it

By T. L. EDWIN.

had always been the desire of the sexton to look down on the world below, from the dizzy heights of the tower. So he thrust his head through the aperture and looked down upon the glorious view. Green paddy fields, majestic palmyra trees swaying to the gentle

dur was going over the bridge. How small it looked from his dizzy eminence. It seemed like a centipede crawling along!

Truly it was a beautiful sight. Was there anything he mused more wonderful than Nature? Surely Nature was powerful and mighty but the Gods the Christians worshipp-



The ponderous minute hand was on his neck.

breeze and the entire town met his eyes.

The winding canal and far away the clear Tamraparni river could be seen. Yes. Even the iron bridge over the river could be seen in the distance. Just then the train to Trichen-

ed...pah....He did not care a snap of his fingers for the God he was supposed to worship. He only rang the bell inviting people to the church but that he did for the pay it brought him.

Thus ran his thoughts and he did not notice the fleeting time. Suddenly he felt an icy contact on the back his neck. He tried to draw his head back, but horror of horrors.... he found he couldn't and that he was held fast. The pondrous minute hand was on his neck.

His hair bristled with terror as he again and again tried to draw back his head. Then he began to shout with all his strength but as his throat was now pressed down by the weight of the minute hand he could only produce a weak half articulate cry!

He then did what he had never done before. He prayed to God humbly and madly to save him. Promised God that he would restore the Gold Holy communion plate he had stolden from the church a few months ago.

"Ah! God, this is Thy vengeance, help me!" he cried.

Scared night birds circled over his head.

The face of the clock grew dimmer and dimmer and everything vanished before his eyes.

Early next morning the people saw the sexton and rescued him by breaking the clock-face. Though he was insensible, he soon came to himself. His raven-black hair had turned white during that single night. God in his infinite mercy had spared his life by stopping the Tower clock. The sexton was a changed man thereafter. And now he is never tired of telling visitors about his miraculous escape and about the only time the clock had ever stopped.

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No.	WORDS.	CLUES.
1.	— — SKET	1. Found in houses.
2.	—AL—	2. A Tree.
3.	A— —D	3. Old.
4.	SA—	4. Cutting instrument.
5.	— —G	5. Swine.
6.	P— —	6. Cooking vessel.
7.	P— —	7. Used when writing.

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given clues.

RULES:—Every entry must be accompanied by an entrance fee As. 2 either in postal stamps or by M.O. or by Postal orders. Entries may be submitted on plain paper with your full name and address. The first prize of Rs. 300 will be awarded to the correct solution, that is one which exactly tallies with the sealed solution deposited with FUNNY MAGZIN and the second prize of Rs. 200 to the one who offered solution. In case of ties the prizes will be divided. The decision of the Manager is final. Results will be published in the Funny Magzin issue of 20-5-1935. Those who require results should send 1½ as. and the Funny Magzin copies will be posted only to them on the 20th. Money orders will be sent to all the Prize winners within 10 days after the closing date.

Address all your entries & M.O's to—

The Manager, MARUTHY & Co.,
Perambur Barracks P.O., MADRAS.

Bobby Visits the Editor



"Where is Bobby, Dolly?"
"Look for him in the pantry."

"Failing which?"
"You are bound to find him in your office, smelling the bottles, and heaving sighs of satisfaction."

"What are you talking about, Dolly?"

"I am talking sense, Albert."

"H'm! this is news to me. If I ever catch him at it I shall make him a non-collapsi-

"Fite-ened be hanged, go and get dressed, we're going out."

"Where, daddy?"

"Never mind that, go and put on your best suit, and wash yourself properly."

"Which foot shall I wear?"

"Oh, wear any damned suit, put on a combination one."

"Should I wash my neck also, daddy?"

"Of course, yes."

"My ears, too?"

"Then what?"

"Do I have to wash the back of my ears, too, daddy?"

"Oh, yes, don't talk like an idiot, we are going to see the Editor, and you must be quite clean and tidy."

"Editor, daddy?"

"Yes, the Editor, our burra sahib, and you must behave yourself in his persence. you must create an impression that...."

"What nipression?"

"A good impression."

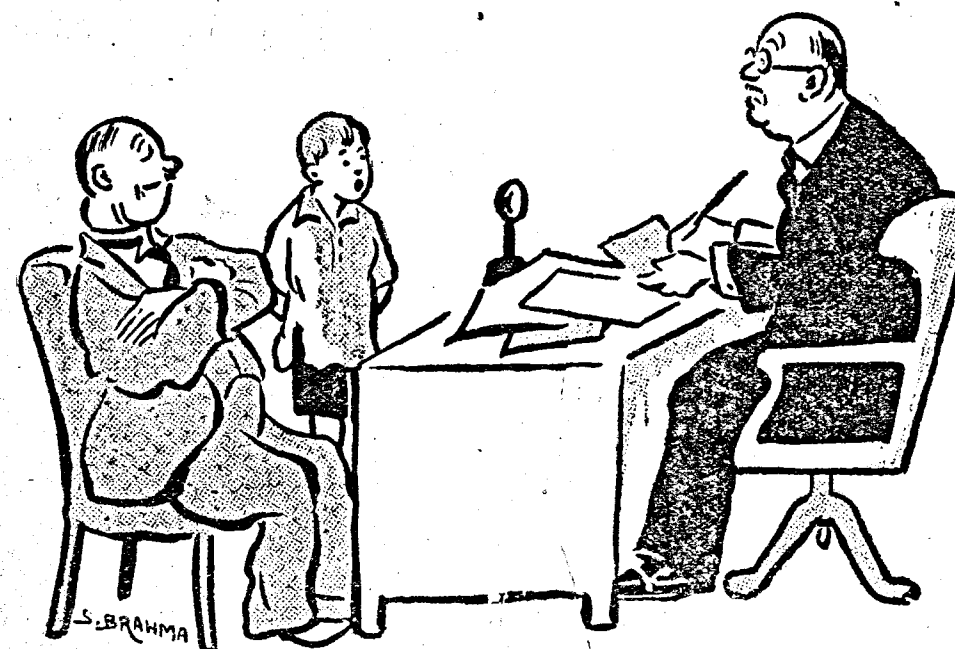
"What is an impresssion?"

"All right, never mind what it is, just remember to be a good-boy, and address him as 'Sir'."

"Does his wife address him as 'Sir' daddy?"

"Shut up, shut up, don't make an ass of yourself. 'you must address him respectfully, and call him 'uncle'."

"Has he got a mouf-taff like Uncle Chapman, daddy?"



"But I don't follow your allegation that Bobby will be smelling bottles, moreover I do not comprehend which bottles, you are referring to."

"The whisky bottles, you limpet. Do you mean to say you have never caught Bobby sniffing your empty whisky bottles?"

"The hell he does?"

"Of course, just taking after you, he's a chip of the old block."

ble model for ten days, with a cane."

Fortunately, for Bobby he was neither in the pantry, nor in the office, smelling bottle's but was testing the elasticity of pan's ears.

"Bobby", I yelled out like a seargent-major, he jumped up, as if somebody had driven a hat-pin in his reverse-gear.

"Ow-you fite-ened me, daddy."

"Don't be silly, buzz off now, and get yourself ready."

A few minutes later, Bobby emerged from the ordeal neatly dressed, with his hair neatly brushed back. I hailed a passing tram, we got in, paid our fares in good 'King's' money, and were soon near Flora Fountain, which as everybody knows, including King Kong, is on the Hornby Road. In the tram I had some difficulty in keeping Bobby away from the evil path of staring at strangers, and passing remarks.

For instance, there was a very dark man sitting a few benches away, and Bobby wanted to know if he was black like that all over. Then there was a very fat lady sitting close to us, and Bobby asked me how she got in through the door, and whether the conductor had a sweet-heart, and what he did with his pocket-money.

Finally, after stepping on two gentlemen's toes, falling into the lap of two Brahmins, whose Equator seemed to be competing for the World's championship, we got out, and reached the Editor's office. I sent my card in, was ushered into the august presence, and introduced Bobby. The Editor seeing Bobby gulped twice, blinked, fidgeted with a pen, picked up a ruler, in self defence, put it back, toyed nervously with a paper-cutter, and returned Bobby's compliments.

"Why do they call you, 'Sir'?" "Shush, shush," I nudged Bobby, "say something pleasant to the gentleman," I prompted.

"Can you wiggle your ears, sir?" "Now, now, Bobby," I was almost ashamed of him, as my son.

"Where do you keep your wiffky, uncle?"

"I don't drink, Bobby," the Editor enlightened, and said something under his breath, which I could not catch.

"Why do you say 'damn' uncle?"

"Did I say 'damn'?"

"Yeff, uncle, you did, why do you curse, uncle?"

"I don't," explained the 'uncle' and looked daggers at me. I pretended as if I am quite unaware of what is taking place.

"You like jam, uncle?" was Bobby's next contention.

"Of course, I do, Bobby, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Nothing, uncle, I was just finking that daddy says that you don't give off any jam with bread and butter."

"So?"

"Yeff, uncle, won't you give me a tummy-ride, uncle?"

"A w—w—what?"

"Tummy-ride, 'uncle'."

"A tummy-ride?" What is a tummy-ride, Mr. King? "I don't grasp the full significance of this ab-phraee."

"He means to ask, Sir, if you will please lie flat, and let him roll and stamp on your anatomical projection, commonly known as the stomach."

"Ah I see."

"Why have you such a big tummy, uncle?"

"Shush, shush, don't talk like that," I persuaded him, accompanying such



persuasion with a tight pinch, but Bobby was incorrigible.

"Have you got a sweetheart, uncle?"

The Editor jumped up from his seat, changed his position, shook his legs, arranged his china. He wasn't accustomed to such questions, especially from boys of Bobby's age.

"Why do you ask that, Bobby?"

"I have got a sweetheart, daddy has one too."

"Who is your sweetheart, Bobby?" I asked, just to lead this rascal away from the evil course he was following.

"Why, daddy, Amy Thompson's my sweetheart."

"Oh, she is, and who else?" I encouraged him.

"You like horses, uncle?"

"Horses, what horses?" queried the Editor.

"The horses what put your shirt on. Daddy says you will put your last penny on one, if your wife didn't stop you."

"I feel sorry to note, Mr. King, that you scandalise me like that," the Editor turned to me.

"Don't you believe a word of what he says, Sir, he will scandalise even an angel."

"Do you call your typist an angel, uncle?"

"What do you mean?"

"Daddy calls his typist 'angel', and he calls my Nanny 'duck'. Have you got a Nanny, uncle?"

"No, Bobby, I have none. I had one, when I was a kid."

"Did you wink at her, uncle?"

"Did I? Now let's see." The Editor seemed to be in a humorous mood, "when was it, No, I don't think I did."

"Do you kiss your typist 'Good-morning', uncle?"

"Bobby, Bobby, what are you talking about?" I fixed him with a stern eye, but all to no avail, you may as well try to strike terror in the heart of the Statue of Liberty.

"Bobby, you seem to be a very naughty little man," observed the Editor. "You must be giving your dad a lot of trouble."

"Do you know why you got married, uncle?"

"In a moment of weakness." I almost whispered.

"Which school do you attend Bobby?" parried our Editor.

"I go to the Tiddlums Girls School. They have a lot of girls there, nice girls, they all give me toffees and chocolates, and then Daddy comes to see me now and again, and I like a girl's school."

"Do you ever get punished for anything?" the Editor asked, more as a suggestion, than as an enquiry.

"Yes, uncle, once I drew teachers' face, on my slate, and Mabel went and told the teacher, so I was detained after school hours and had to go without my tiffin, and I don't talk to Mabel now. She is a naughty girl. Do you snore, uncle?"

"I do what?"

"Snore, at night, when you sleep."

"Snore, what me? ah no, not at all, never."

"Do you like a tork uncle? Daddy says he doesn't like torks."

"A tork, Bobby, what is a tork?"

"A tork is what brings babies, good babies and naughty babies."

"Oh-ah, you mean a stork, well I can't say I do not like one."

"Did the tork bring you also, uncle?"

"Don't be rude, Bobby, why can't you ever talk sense."

"Why are you so fat, uncle?"

"Am I?"

"Yeff, do you eat too many cakes, uncle, do you eat sausages? I like sausages, but I don't like fat uckles. Do you play 'trains'?"

"No, Bobby," the uncle explained. "I am too old for that now but if you burning your train' to my office some-time, I shall play with you."

"I don't have no trains, uncle."

"But I sent you one, last Christmas."

"Yeff, you did, but Daddy took it, and he plays with it at night, and he doesn't give me."

"Well, it's like this, Sir," I guiltily explained, "I use it as an alibi, at night. I wind it fully, and let it run on its rails, in our drawing room below, and while its running out its course, I just 'pop out and have one quickly, and come back, and Dolly hears the noise of the train from the bed-room, thinks I am busy playing. You understand, what I mean, Sir?"

"Oh yes, Mr. King, I quite follow you," agreed the Editor, "as a matter of fact I also have a device, something on those lines, which works quite satisfactorily, but sometimes the wife gets suspicious, so I have to be careful, otherwise you know, you understand, Mr. King?"

"Oh, of course, I do, Sir." I sympathised, after all a man is a man, for all that, and all that."

"By the way, what is your favourite, Mr. King?"

"Well, I always prefer whisky, Sir, its so soothing in the long run."

"Ah—that's mine, too. So what about it?"

"I don't mind, Sir, I'm quite game." And so we bluffed Bobby to go and see the new chuck-chuck (engine) in the Printing press below. As soon as Bobby disappeared, two glasses were soon produced by the Editor, and we were well on our way to Scotland, when we heard the pattering of Bobby's feet, and immediately the glasses and the bottle disappeared, but not before this little fellow understood—the game.

"Me, too daddy," he begged.

"Me too what?"

"Wiffky, daddy."

"Shut-up, Bobby, if you talk more I'll lather you right here."

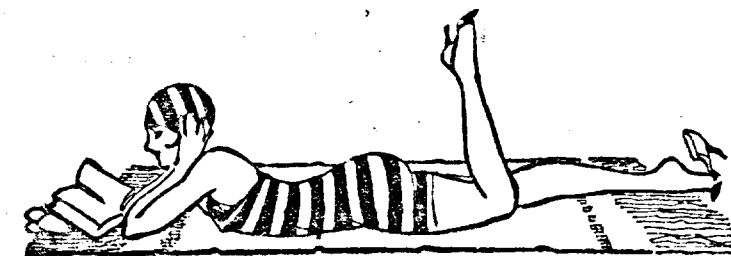
"OO-daddy."

"Shut up, none of your nonsense. Now come and wish Uncle Goodbye, we are going, and say something nice to him."

"Good-bye, uncle, dear, youse so nice."

"Good-bye, Bobby, come down some day, and I'll show you the press, r

"Right, uncle. Can I smell you' wiffky bottle, just for once?"



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MANY SAD RETURNS.

TO be born on the First of April is really rotten. It is, as Fred would say, like starting under a handicap. Everybody calls you a fool, and in the end you actually feel that you are a fool. What I can't understand is that is not my fault that I was born on this day, and yet I have to put up with all this teasing and fooling.

Last year I managed to fool Papa and Fred and Sue, but in the end I got fooled, and when I think of the thrashing I got on the night of my birthday, I feel that there may be some good in trying to be good.

This year I made all my plans, and then on the night of 31st March, Papa gave me eight annas and told me to be good the next day. I said I would try. Oh, how rotten I felt that night! To try to be good on April Fools' Day was like trying to be bad on Christmas Day. Everybody would fool me, and I would have to be as quiet as a mouse. "Anyway," I said to myself, "a promise is a promise, and I will try my best."

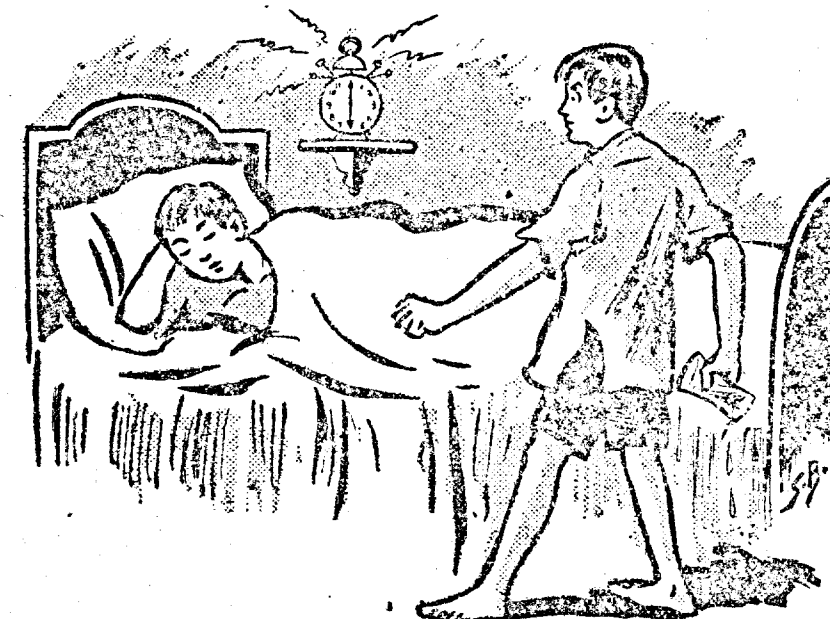
I set the alarm at 5 O'clock that night as I wanted to go to Church next morning. It rang at 12 midnight, and I knew that Freddie had done the stunt. "I'll teach him," I said, and taking a glass of cold water I went up to where he was sleeping. Suddenly I remembered my promise to Papa, and the glass nearly slipped through my fingers,

which would have done the trick all right, as I was holding the glass just over Freddie. Keeping the glass in its place, I went back to sleep.

Next morning at 5-15 I jumped out of bed. I dressed up in a hurry, and in less than ten minutes was on my way to Church. By now I was quite determined to be good. I said to myself, "To-day, Joe, is your birthday. Teacher told you that on your birthday you must make

place where it should have been. I felt for my other pocket, but this one too had disappeared. Then I went cold. Where had my pockets gone? I heard Mike Mousey giggling behind me and I wondered why; and then I looked down at my coat and I knew. I had put it on, the reverse side up.

I began to perspire terribly, and my shirt was soaking. I put my hand in my trouser-



"I'll teach him."

good resolutions for the year. And besides didn't you get eight annas from Papa, so why shouldn't you try to be good and escape the spanking you get every birthday for trying to fool your elders?"

Kneeling down in a pew, I put my hand in my pocket for my prayer book. I could not find my pocket. My hand just slipped over the

pocket and found the pocket hanging outside. I had put on my trousers also the wrong side up. By now I could hear at least three distinct kinds of giggling around me, and I wished that the whole building would come down on me, or that I would be swallowed—as teacher would say—into the bowels of the Earth.

BEFORE Service was over I sneaked out of Church and went home. My head was swimming and I was almost run over by a bullock-cart. When I reached home I said to myself, "This is enough! I'm not an angel. They started it, so now let them look out for themselves."

If Freddie could take mean advantage of my habit of dressing up in a hurry and in the dark, and turn all my clothes up-side-down while I was asleep, I too could do things to make him feel funny. And Sue also was in the joke, I was sure. War was declared, and like China, I was the defender country!

There's a fellow living two houses away from us who is a sub-editor of a daily paper, and I went to him after breakfast.

"Good Morning, Mr.—," I said, "and how are your rabbits getting out?" I had given him a pair of rabbits about a year ago and now whenever I want him to do anything for me, I begin by asking him how his rabbits are.

"O.K.," he replied, "anything I can do for you?"

I gave him a piece of paper on which I had written, "Lost or strayed on Sunday, pair pigeons, one jet black, one white with brown head. Finder please return to James Sharper, —Street."

"When do you want this inserted?" he asked.

"This evening," I replied, and he pocketed the note.

I then went over to James' and told him that if my brother Freddie gave him a pair of pigeons that evening, he was to keep them and pretend they were his, and I would take them back the next day.

Just as I reached home again, Mr. Spick knocked. Mr. Spick is a thin, lanky fellow, with a pince-nez that always looks like dropping off his nose. He comes almost every day to see Sue.

Every year Sue gets engaged to a new young man. Something always goes wrong at the last moment. The last fellow threw her overboard because she shingled her hair just two days before the engagement. Poor thing, she wanted to give him a surprise, and she got one herself. And now she will never even be engaged to Mr. Spick, but it was not my fault. I did not do anything. I only went to her

room and said that there was a visitor for her.

"Thank you," she said, "but to-day is April Fools' Day."

Then I got a brain wave. The devil in me said, "Here is your chance." Sue was certain I was trying to fool her, when really I was not. As Dad would say, it was a heaven-sent opportunity.

"Sue," I said, "it's Mr. Spick who's come to see you."

"Is that so?" she replied. "Then tell Mr. Spick with my compliments that I am not at home." With this she slammed the door. My plan was working beautifully, and I ran downstairs to give Sue's message to Mr. Spick. He only smiled and began to examine our family-photo. Then I shouted to Sue:

"Hurry up, Sue, he's waiting."

"Is he really? Well, tell him that as far as I am concerned he can go on waiting for eternity."

That was too much for Spikey. Like Sue he was quite ignorant of my game. He picked up his hat, bit his lip and knocked two chairs on his way out.

In the evening while reading the papers Papa called out to Freddie.

"Fred," he asked, "what day did those two stray pigeons come among yours?"

"On Sunday, pa."

"Is one of them black and the other white, with a brown head?"

"Yes, pa."

"Then those two pigeons belong to the Sharpers'. You might return them to-night."

Freddie's face fell. They were really nice pigeons and I would have felt sorry to lose them myself, after having got them for nothing. In the evening he went sadly to the coop, and taking the pigeons, he biked over to James' house. When he came back I caught my stomach and laughed, and told him the whole joke. Oh, didn't he get wild! We played 'Catch Me If You Can' round the drawing-room table for about ten minutes, and then, when I told him that I would get back his pigeons next day, he cooled down a bit. Maybe also he was tired chasing me.

That same evening Sue took little Myra out for a stroll to the beach, and when she came back she burst into

tears. Mama rushed to her and asked her what had happened. But she simply would not stop crying. It was only after one hour's questioning that she managed to blurt out that—at the beach—she met—Mr. Spick—that—she—smiled at him—but—he—did not notice her—Then—she—called out—to—him—but—he just stared at her—and—walked right away—with his nose in the air.

"It's all Joe's doing," she ended between her teeth, "with his April Fool tricks." And she tried to pull out a bunch of my hair.

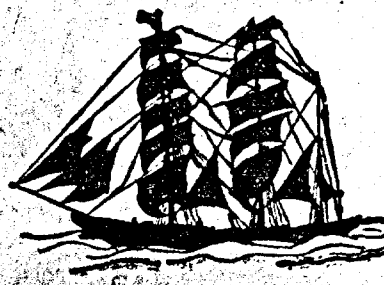
"Let him be," Ma said, "until Papa returns, and then he will get his deserts." That night I went to bed with a troubled mind.

Next morning I thought I would do a good deed, and went to the Sharper's to get back the pigeons for Freddie. I told James that it was very good of him to have kept them for me.

"Good be d.....d," he said "and if you want those two pigeons back you will have to whistle hard. See here, these pigeons belong to me," and he shoved the previous evening's papers before my eyes. "Your dad is a Bar-at-law, isn't he?" he went on. "Well, tell him with my compliments that the birds are mine. Perhaps he will take up your case."

All my arguing and coaxing was useless. I had played with a snake and I was bitten, and bitten hard. I went home sad. The moment I told Freddie about it, I felt a terrible bump on the seat of my trousers, and my head almost touched the ceiling. An hour later Papa came home and, Sue began her litany. And then—and then—well, I haven't the heart to say more about it.

Everything is quiet now. But I could not go to school yesterday and to-day because it was too painful to sit.



A Lesson in House Hunting

By J. H. ACOTT.

I'M a bit of an indecisive worm at the best of times, and when my wife sent me up to Delhi to choose a house in preparation for our impending move to that station I felt that my cup of sorrow was not only overflowing, but exceeding bitter also.

However, after having lost my luggage once, and myself about three times, (on one occasion I nearly landed up in Calcutta), I staggered out of the train on Delhi platform.

Being rather soft in the head, and with practically no idea at all of where I was going, I left my luggage in the waiting room and started on a series of aimless wanderings weary and blistery, that at last brought me to a large, ancient looking house in an isolated spot of Delhi. Something about it took my eye, and even as I looked at from the gate and realised that it was untenanted, I remembered my wife's parting words to me.

"Henry," she had hissed, her pendulous nose nearly sticking into my left eye, "If you choose a house I don't like, they'll bury you at sunrise. In other words, I'll squash you!" And there, dear reader, you have my wife and the reason for my peculiarly hen-pecked life. Can you wonder, then, that I didn't know whether to choose a house or merely anticipate my wife and die beforehand?

"Well, this looks a pretty decent place," I said aloud and nearly jumped out of my underclothes when a mournful voice at my elbow said,

"It's haunted!"

"What?" I said, and turned, to meet the gaze of a doleful looking man in a dark suit.

"Haunted," he repeated. "You know, ghosts and heebies that clatter about in the night in their hob-nailed boots and say 'Bo!' to you if they see you and don't like the smell of you."

"Rot!" I ejaculated.

"Not at all," he said calmly, and, I thought, a bit more cheerfully. "You're not thinking of buying it, are you?"

"I'm thinking of living in it," I said, and he actually gave vent to a laugh. Then,

"LET'S sit on the gate," he said, "talk this thing over."

We seated ourselves on the rickety old gate.

"Now, how is it that you come to be hunting for a house?" he asked. "You haven't had your previous one burnt down, or anything like that, have you?"

"No," I said mournfully. "My wife wants a change."

"Is she a large woman?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"With strong and mighty forearm?"

"Not half!" I said reminiscently. "Monstrously muscular!"

"That accounts for it, then."

"For what?"

"Well, for your wandering about looking like a lost sheep. Now, may I take the liberty of assisting you in your quest for a house that will suit your wife?"

"Only too pleased," I said thankfully.

"Ha! Now, to begin with, can you run?"

"You don't know my wife!" I said feelingly, and he laughed.

"Oh! She's that sort, is she? A pursuing hound?"

"With sharp teeth," I answered. "But, anyway, what's this got to do with a house?"

"Nothing. I was just wondering what sort of wife you had, and that was the best way of finding out."

"Good," said I appreciatively.

"Quite so," he went on. "How do you usually treat your wife?"

"I don't treat her at all," I said. "She usually treats me! I'm usually a mere spectator. Since I married her, I don't think I've spoken more than thirty six words in the presence of my wife, and every one of those thirty six has been 'Yes'."

He blew his nose sympathetically, and then asked,

"Has she ever taken a carving knife to you?"

"No, not quite. But she's often knocked me down and trodden on my face."

"Ah! Now, about this house business. From what you say, I think an isolated place would be highly dangerous and unsuitable for you."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Yes," was his reply. "Your wife would have an excellent opportunity of murdering you and secretly burying you in the jolly old garden."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "You're right!"

"But then, on the other hand, you'd be able to assert your manhood, murder her and bury her in the garden!"

"Good idea!" I said doubtfully, a vision of my wife floating threateningly before me.

"So, all things considered, I think you should have a lonely and isolated house."

"Yes," I said.

"And this one before us looks an excellent place for you."

I looked at the gloomy looking hulk of the house again and nodded.

"Unsurpassed!" I said.

"Quite!" he agreed. "Does your wife cook for you?"

"Good Lord," I said. "What the ..."

"Oh, nothing to do with a house," he apologised quickly. "But does she?"

"God forbid!" I answered. "She used to, but I soon stopped her!"

"How?"

"By going on a hunger strike. She got the wind up and thought I was going to die and leave her destitute!"

"Good idea!" he said enthusiastically and slapped his knee. "You have, I take it, omitted her name from your will?"

"Do I look a fool?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Good," I said. "My will is made out in favour of a charming girl I met in Bombay once."

"Ah!" he said eagerly. "You're full of good ideas? I'm damned glad I met you here. Well, anyway, about this house. I suppose you'll be moving into this one here pretty soon?"

I thought hard for a moment or two, wondering if I'd be able to murder my wife in the house before me, or whether she'd murder me.

"Go on," he said, "You must take the place!"

And then a nasty suspicion entered my mind.

"I suppose," I sneered as sarcastically as I could, "that you're the blasted landlord of the place. No wonder you wanted to help me! Kind of you, I'm sure! No! I won't take it."

I got off the gate, and, smiling, he did likewise.

"Good!" he exclaimed, clapping me on the back.

"Then you're not the landlord?" I gasped.

"No," he grinned. "You see, I'm like you, but with a purpose, my wife's like yours, and she's sent me out to do a bit of house-hunting! Thanks for the advice and for not taking the house!"

I often wonder, when my wife is chasing me round with a heavy stick whether a man or a woman is buried beneath the swaying turnips in the garden of that lovely home in Delhi!

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ON GARDENS

BY H. N. CLAY.

NOT very long ago, I had occasion to ask a young poet of my acquaintance the following question: "Bertram, don't you think owning a garden is the most exhilarating pastime known to our civilisation?" My friend pulled

can behave just as he pleases without fear of being dragged before a beak—or a magistrate, or dubbed a faddist. There is a famous plenipotentiary of my acquaintance who after hours of soul-destroying formalities at the court, comes home in the evening takes off

asking you three. But that merely in passing.

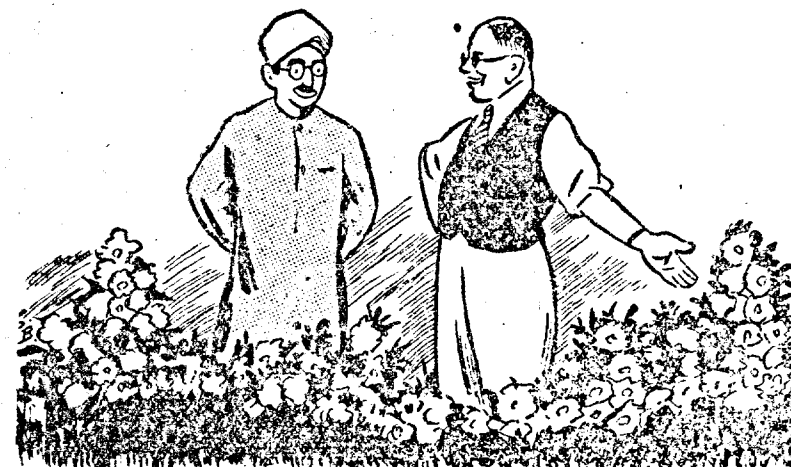
Being able to perform gustatory rotations without fear of being asked by a reporter if you are doing it for a bet, is then one advantage of owning a garden. The other great advantage of owning a garden is that one can crow over the fellow who doesn't own one.

"Don't own a garden Vijayraghavachariar?" one can show one's extreme astonishment, "Why, imagine one not owning a garden, Tch tch tch, what is the world coming to, one wonders."

To which said Vijayraghavachariar will reply either by glaring at one, or whisking out a watch and muttering, "Excuse me. I have just remembered I have an appointment at seven." In both the cases one can assure oneself that one is one up Vijayraghavachariar, and Vijayraghavachariar wishes one and all the gardens in the world to it isn't polite to mention where.

Gardening again is a healthy form of exercise, healthier in fact than bridge (which is notoriously unhealthy for your shins) or even Postman's knock. Let us suppose that we have to mow our garden. The first thing to do is to borrow a lawn mower, from our neighbour, which is both an exercise in diplomacy and physical culture. Neighbours, unfortunately are not easily induced to part with their lawn mowers, even for the purpose of a temporary loan. In fact, there are times when we have to use force to induce our neighbour to lend us his lawn mower. If however our neighbour is a tall man with a jaw like a promontory we should under no circumstance be tempted to use force. Otherwise our person would be in great danger of being lifted suddenly from the ground and hurled into our neighbour's neighbour's garden. Which I think would be harmful both to our dignity and to our bones.

Let us suppose now that we do succeed in borrowing the lawn mower from our neighbour. The next step is to haul it round into our own garden. This is calculated (a) To develop your biceps, (b) to develop your solar plexus, and (c) to develop your cuss word



"Don't own a garden, Vijayraghavachariar"

off his hat and ran his fingers through his long hair.

"Hm, ah, Eh, what did you say?" he replied, "Oh, Ha, no my dear sir, no. There's nothing to beat a large glass of peach brandy, especially if there is an equally large slice of Gorgonzola within reach."

I was quite shocked, and decided on the spot, never to buy another of Bertram's slim volumes of poetry, and to write a spirited and vigorous defence of the ancient and venerable institution of garden owning.

A garden I will say at the very outset is the only place in the world where a man

his coat, or is it his robe, and rolls about on his stomach in his garden.

"And why shouldn't I, pray?" he once said in answer to a question put by me, "does not the garden remind me that there were leaves and hornets and sunshine and mud larks even before there were plenipotentiaries? And what good are plenipotentiaries, I ask you, sir, if they are not human enough to roll about on their stomachs when in their gardens?"

Quite like plenipotentiaries, don't you think? I mean answering your question by

vocabulary; and to break (a) your wind, (b) at least two blades of the lawn mower.

It is a well known fact that all the people who own gardens feel at some period or other of their life the urge to grow a prize marrow. It is in the marrow of every true blue garden owner; the urge I mean, not the vegetable. And this article would not be complete if I didn't say anything about the gentle art of growing prize marrows. What is the best way of growing prize marrows is then the question.

Now to tell you the truth, (as I always do more or less) I have yet had no occasion to grow a prize marrow for myself; the reason being that you cannot grow prize marrows in a garret. One of these days believe me, I am going to evacuate my present quarters and buy a bungalow with a garden all around it. Evacuate my present quarters I will have to, I feel: one cannot go on for ever hiding under the bed when the landlady comes in with the bill, can one? And I have no doubt, my landlady.....there she is knocking at my door again. Now I will have to —where's that bed?

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MADRAS.

Seed of Bachelorhood

BY DHALO.

SURELY it is a rum world we are living in. Yet the rum-mest of rum things is the way in which minor events bulge into unexpected results. Leastways, but for a silly incident, my pen would not be scratching this bit of paper which,

anna bit one morning.

Well, as I have said, the little silver coin left its cosy abode inside Tuban's purse to brighten the heart and the grimy palm of the little chap who immediately invested this tidy fortune in a dozen scintillating marbles. Two

ought really to be blamed for what followed. The marbles with unbecoming emulative spirit imitated the hall bearings and Tuban slipped. The slip was so workman-like that the legs, not to be over done, caught the cart-whseling fever with the avidity



by the way, has not been dined upon by blood-thirsty mosquitoes and does not therefore need my service as a professional paper scratcher. But I shall not heed its protests, for, I must tell you why Vadavatta Tuban became a crusty ferro-concreted, and catehardened old bachelor just because he gave his little brother a four

of these, otherwise innocent, glass globes were left to fend for themselves on the doorstep of Tuban's house and Tuban hurrying to his office just stepped on them. The guy who sand-papared the grey matter in his coconut to start the ball bearing idea of a circus clown and landed their owner on his right arm which,

to avoid danger to itself, shoved the resulting on the unready collar bone. The collar bone snapped like a dry twig. A fractured clavicle is not a minor injury and Tuban had to be an in-patient in the government Major hospital.

Continued on page 38.



Lillian Harvey.

Scars and Broken Noses!

Radio pictures issued a call for men with scars and broken noses. 157 men responded. Many of them were ex-fighters.

Brain Wave!

Speaking of "Three Little Pigs," the head of a well known firm of building contractors in Glasgow, Scotland, is the latest to benefit from these entertaining porkers. Inspired by the wisdom exhibited by the third little pig,



Chester Morris & Cadrole Lombard in 'The Gay Bride' who built his house of bricks, this businessman hit upon an ingenious advertising idea. He purchased 100 records of the

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" song and distributed them to the architects in Glasgow along with advertising literature, which exhorted the recipients to follow the wise little pig's example and to build of brick—preferably the kind of brick handled by

REVIEWS OF RECENT RELEASES.

Life of a Bengal Lancer.

A good story, admirably acted. One wonders where it was shot; whether in India or California. If at Hollywood, it is really wonderful.

Guy Standing, Aubrey Smith are hard-bitten officers



A Scene from 'Karwan-e-Hayat'.

his firm! In Biblical days, the admonition was, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." The 20th century advice is to learn from the pig!

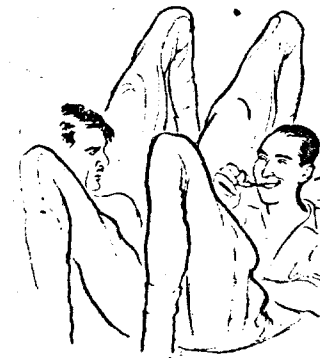
Gary Cooper acts as a seasoned lieutenant, quick to

APRIL 5, 1935

Quixotic impulses. Never have five men made a stronger combination.

The Gilded Lily.

This film has been made as a frame for that very attractive



Life of a Bengal Lancer.

actress with the agreeable curves and the soft rich voice—Claudette Colbert to be versatile in. Aubrey Smith also appears in the picture. The dialogue is exceptionally crisp and to the point.

Strictly Confidential.

A very well told and very well acted story of racing in America. Warner Baxter appears as the owner of the Winner of Kentucky Derby. Surprises continue to the last moment. Myrna Loy also puts in some admirable acting. Horses and dogs admirably trained, we have often seen on the films, but a chancicleer appears in this film.



The Gilded Lily.

Cine News

Miss Helen Twelve Trees, appearing in "Disgraced!" obtained her first role in films because she could lisp.

A letter whose only address was a picture of Miss Mae West's face, has been delivered to the 'star' at the Paramount Studio.

Mr. Gary Cooper is the tallest leading actor in motion pictures, his height being 6 ft. 3 inches.

Do you know the origin of the famous Greta Garbo's tag "I tank I go home? I will tell you." Cinema actor



Strictly Confidential.

Jack Gilbert and Greta Garbo had decided to get married. So they got into a car, drove to Santa Ana to make wedding arrangements. Suddenly Greta changed her mind. Finally she said "No I tank I go home!"

Wallace Beery's young daughter Carol Ann, aged four, is to make her screen debut. She will appear with her Papa in "West point of the air."

20th century will make "Clive of India" starring Ronald Colman. It will be a million dollar production.

Edward G. Robinson of 'Little Caesar' fame is starring in "The whole Town's talking."

George Arliss will make "Cardinal Richelieu" for '20th Century.'

Lee Tracy smokes about sixty cigarettes a day when working and 10 when not.

Helen Hayes, received 3500 Dollars for a thirty minute appearance on a Radio Program.

FILMS TO SEE ROXY

The Thin Man.

The year's greatest mystery novel come to the screen packed with laughs and thrills. A Film not to be missed. Featuring William Powell, Myrna Loy and Maureen O'Sullivan.

The Painted Veil.

A classic amongst films. Exotic alluring woman of flame and passion (Greta Garbo) in Somerset Maugham's Great Novel.

ELPHINSTONE

Flirtation Walk.

Full of tuneful songs and dance sets modelled after Footlight Parade '42nd Street' 'Dames' etc. With Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Pat O'Brien.

'I am a fugitive from a Chain Gang.'

Featuring Paul Muni of 'Scar-face' fame. Voted by the rational board of review as the best picture of the year.

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THE DIAMONDS

By T. DEVARAJAN.

SELVAN woke up late at eight o'clock in the morning. Surely it wasn't his fault. There wasn't Jeeva to wake him up at six o'clock.

Why wasn't there Jeeva to wake him up at six o'clock as it was the normal rule? He knew the reason.

Finishing up his early morning toilette, he entered the room adjoining the kitchen and called out significantly, 'Jeeva'.

'Yes', the usual musical voice replied from the kitchen and presently Jeeva came, and stood before him rigidly silent.

'I want tea', he said.

'Any breakfast?' Jeeva wanted to know.

'No, I want tea'.

'Any little breakfast?'

'No, I want the tea, the whole tea and nothing but the tea'.

Jeeva's eyebrows twisted themselves satirically. For a moment she lifted her eyes to Selvan's gaze and dropped.

Jeeva dashed into the kitchen and returned with a steaming cup and planted it on the table in front of Selvan. Then she stood assuming an attitude of unconcern, apparently not the least interested in other people's affairs of choosing unnatural tea, instead of a natural breakfast, and so getting into trouble.

Selvan raised the cup to his lips and the first sip tasted of castor oil and tea. The second sip tasted of coconut oil and tea. As Selvan had no intention to taste all the blasted oils in the world along with one's morning tea, he turned round to hear a word from her about it. Jeeva wasn't there. She had gone into the kitchen as he tasted his first sip. But Selvan knew about it all.

At ten o'clock, he called aloud for Jeeva, and wanted lime-juice. Now, lime-juice at ten was unusual. Usually he drank butter-milk at ten.

'Did you not say butter-milk?' asked Jeeva.

'I said lime-juice'.

'I thought we had really good butter-milk in the home to-day. I thought people would prefer delicious butter-milk to silly lime-juice.'

'In fact I want only the lime-juice. There is nothing like lime-juice in the world'.

Needless to say there was too much of sugar and an excess of acidity in the mentioned drink.

Selvan's dinner at twelve was interesting. There was an irretrievable supremacy of the salt element in all the curry and the sauce and the tomato beverage. There seemed to be a novel treatment of even the butter-milk,



... returned with a steaming cup ...

which tasted of sugar in the hands of Jeeva. That the potato chips looked and tasted like chips of coal, and that the hot-water was extremely hot as if it was fresh from a steam engine boiler, were among the other notable specialities in the dinner menu of Selvan.

Selvan knew. It was all the result of a difference between him and Jeeva over a certain matter, that had raged between them yesterday. It might be true or it was rather quite true that the attitude he took towards that matter was entirely wrong and that Jeeva was right and that he had no business to hold out against her. Nevertheless she shouldn't have taken it so conspicuously into her head as she had lately chosen to do. Was it not natural that she subordinated her own individual opinions to those of her lord, as women did in the past, right from the beginning of the Stone Age, instead of going about in the world carelessly bandying opinions with husbands? Surely these modern girls were sharing too many privileges with

their husbands. Before he married Jeeva, which was only recently, he had heard volumes of treatises from his relatives about the inadvisability of marrying an highly educated wife. Selvan's worst fear in the world was, he didn't want a misunderstanding to spring up between him and his wife to mar their domestic happiness. He dreaded greatly any slight bone of contention between him and Jeeva, a highly educated girl.

But all the same he said protesting 'Jeeva, I am sure one of these days, if you continued serving dinners like that, I would die of irritation, tumour, and boil in my stomach.' Jeeva tilted her head, rustled her rich pearl necklace and made no reply.

'Naughty girl,' said Selvan aside, as he entered his own room. He was worried. He must stop the rot that was fast developing between him and Jeeva. He must handle her cleverly. Surely these modern girls aren't to be trifled with. For that, he must think of a good plan, though plans are plenty in the world and though he was the successful head of a firm. And he got an idea.

He took a pack of cards that lay on the table. In his school and college days, he used to perform conjuring tricks with them. He used to be very clever there. But now he was all out of practice. He couldn't even handle a simple pass. But he tried hard over a certain pass. He managed with increasing success to get a desired character, say a Diamond, on the top of the pack, even after a seemingly thorough shuffling of it. He laughed inwardly at the deception he could now skilfully handle.

The after-noon tea and the supper overnight showed the same tendency of revolt from Jeeva. But he smiled through them, indulgently. A clever young man often smiles through things.

At ten o'clock in the night she handed him the routine cup of milk. When he had finished drinking it she picked up the empty cup, said good night and said she would sleep in her own room adjoining his, and attempted to walk like any of the Hollywood queens on the screen.

But Selvan stopped her. "Jeeva dear..." he said, "Yes...what now?" was her reply.

'Referring to that dispute between us yesterday,' he began gallantly; 'I think we should make light of it...it should be brushed aside as an insignificant, microscopic wasted, thin, consumptive, fading, filthy, cheap, inferior burr that vainly attempted to mar our domestic happiness. As it is purely a matter of opinion, wherein neither I could thrust my own opinions on you or you could on me, and as it is yet necessary we should arrive at a settlement over that disputed matter, I suggested one thing.'

What is it?' 'We shall try the system of casting lots. If by that system you are able to win, your opinion is the rule which binds over me, but if I win, it is vice versa, for you see, dear, there cannot be a dual system of opinions in a perfect household and so I suggested the system of casting lots.'

Jeeva visibly accepted the deal. 'Here I have a pack of cards,' he continued, 'you and I shuffle it impartially and place it on the table face down. Then we come to the vital point. I bid, for example, that the topmost card is, say, a Spade. We then verify it by turning the top card over. If it really happens to be Spades I am the winner. But if it happens to be Clubs or Hearts or Diamonds, you are the winner.'

Jeeva carefully shuffled the pack and handed it over to Selvan, who after shuffling it placed it neatly on the table. 'I say the topmost card is a Diamond,' said Selvan. Then he turned it turtle.

It wasn't a Diamond, it was Spades. His skill had failed him.

The surprise of the thing! He went pale. The very idea of bowing down to Jeeva like an old henpecked rascal. He began to think rapidly. He could remember the word of his relatives who advised him not to marry an educated girl. Jeeva could notice the confusion and the dark-lin that suddenly formed themselves under his eyes. Some times sensitive men behave themselves curiously, she thought. But she lost no time in enclosing him in a sincere embrace, as she whispered innocently, 'Let us imagine dear, it was really Diamonds.'

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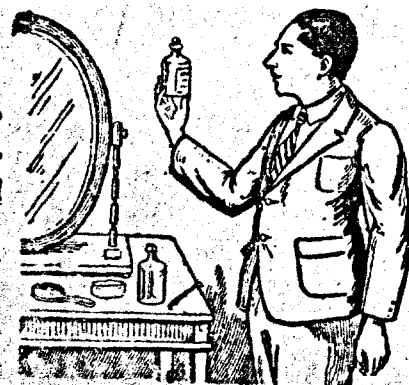
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Not Home to Him

It was in the early hours of the morning that P. C. Smith espied a top-hatted man frantically banging a lamp-post with his stick and crying: "Let me in! Let me in!"

The policeman approached the belated reveller and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hi," he said, "what's the idea? Nobody lives there, old chap."

The reveller blinked at the policeman and then pointed to the lamp.

"You're a liar, officer," he replied. "There's a light upstairs."

Wanted Some Beating

Two goalkeepers were arguing as to which had dealt with the hardest shot.

"Why, that's nothing," said one, after he had listened to his companion's account. "I remember once when Buster, of the Rangers, shot from a penalty and the ball hit me and—"

"And knocked you through the net, I suppose you're going to say," put in the other.

"Not only that," said the first, "but I had to pay a bob to get back into the ground again."

JONES was one of those nervous persons whose imagination, at times, afflicts them with all kinds of ills which never materialize. One afternoon, long before his usual hour for returning from business, he staggered into the house. He was bent forward. He tottered to a chair and, still curled into a half-moon shape, dropped into it. "Mary!" he gasped, "it's come at last. There was no warning. All of a sudden I found I couldn't straighten up. I can't lift my head. Hurry for the doctor."

When the doctor had seen the patient, Mrs. Jones inquired, fearing the worst: "Is there any hope?"

"Well, madam," said the doctor, "it will help a good deal if he will unhitch the third buttonhole of his vest from the top button of his trousers."

A Jew applied for the vacant post of caretaker of a little synagogue, but when it was discovered that he was illiterate, his application was turned down. So he got a job elsewhere; prospered; became an estate agent. In ten years he had made a fortune.

Finding himself for the moment short of cash, he went to a bank, explained his position to the manager, who knew of his success, and asked for a loan of £10,000.

"Certainly," said the manager. "Just make out a note for the amount."

"Sorry," confessed the other, "but I cannot read or write."

The banker stared at him in amazement.

"Well, well!" he said, admiringly. "And yet, handicapped in such a way, you've become a rich man! I wonder what you'd have been by now if only you had been able to read and write?"

"A caretaker," said the other, modestly.

A small Loan

THE lane was dark and almost deserted. Little Jones was suddenly accosted by two men, the larger of whom stopped him and said, politely: "Excuse me, sir, I wonder if you could oblige me with the loan of a penny, or some similar small coin?"

"Why—er—yes, I think so," Jones replied, feeling in his pockets, producing a penny, and handing it

over. "It's a small request. May I ask for what purpose you require it?"

"Oh, certainly, sir," the fellow replied. "My mate and I wish to toss the coin to settle our little argument as to which of us shall have your watch and which your wallet."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

No Hurry

Guard (to sole passenger on local train): "Sorry, madam but we have learned that the station where you intend to get off has been burned to the ground."

Lady: "That's all right; they'll probably have it rebuilt by the time this train gets."—*Grit.*

Her Job

Sonny: "Mother, we're going to play elephants at the zoo and we want you to help us."

Mother: "What on earth can I do?"

Sonny: "You can be the lady who gives them buns."—*Brockville Recorder.*

Fun

Lissen: "I had a most enjoyable time at the dentist's this afternoon."

Hurja: "I don't see how that could be."

Lissen: "It's true. When I went in, another dentist was working on my dentist's teeth."—*Faithfinder.*

We Shouldn't Wonder

A spinster named Lydia Leicester claimed strange men had never addressed her.

She said it with pride, Yet deep down inside Immunity must have depressed her.

—*Maclean's.*

Sheer Ignorance

"If your father got a gallon of milk from each of ten cows and half a gallon from each of another ten cows, how much milk would he sell to his customers?" the teacher asked Tommy, the local milk vendor's son.

"About twenty gallons," Tommy replied.

"You don't know much about arithmetic if that's the best you can do," the teacher remarked.

"And you don't know much about the milk business if you think he'd sell only fifteen gallons," Tommy replied.—*Smith's Weekly.*

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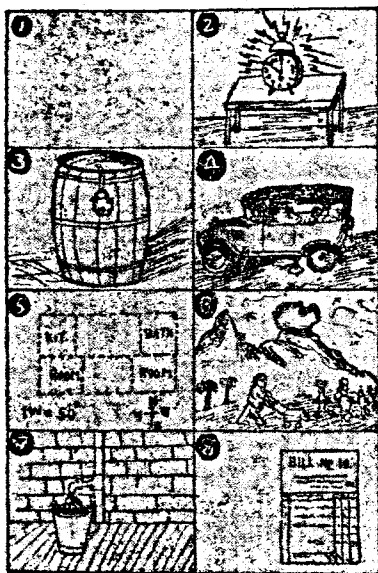
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"ET" COMPETITION.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here you have got 8 pictures. Each picture conveys a certain meaning. Add "ET" to that meaning and you will get a word ending in ET, as spelt or pronounced phonetically. For example take picture No. 1 it is blank, add ET, to it you will get 'Blanket' write this word before No. 1. Thus solve the remaining and write your solution on plain paper.



RULES.

- (1) An entrance fee of Rupee one must be sent by M.O. with each entry. All entries and M.O.'s must be received by last post 15th April 1935. Any received later will be disqualified. Stamps are not accepted.
- (2) A first prize of Rs 10000 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in an all correct solution which agrees with the sealed one lodged with the Manager. 2nd and 3rd prizes of Rs. 10000 will be awarded to runners up at the discretion of the Manager. In case of a tie or ties the prize amounts will be equally divided. Prize amount will vary in proportion to the entries received. Manager's decision is final and legally binding in all matters of the competition. A winning competitor will get only one prize. The manager takes no responsibility for entries lost, mislaid or delayed. Send one anna stamp for Result.
- (3) Write your name and address on the back of the cover in block letters with the number of entries sent. M.O. receipt should be sent with the entry. M.O. coupon should not be filled in as it will be returned in fact.

**Address all entries and M.O.s to :—
The Manager, "ET" Competition,
The Southern India Banking Corporation Ltd.,
GADAG. (Dt. Dharwar.)**

Her Sporting Sisters

YOU many call Samanthini a fanatic or you may call her a lunatic: doesn't matter which. But when once Samanthini takes up an idea she is consumed by the fire of her own enthusiasm.

JUST like her to do that. She took up Spinning when that was the fury some years back; you couldn't meet her on the marina or market or home or field without the Charka or the Takli.

If only she caught you without any of those implements by which it was said the Salvation of the motherland was to be worked out, well, you may sure there was half an hour's catarrh of facts and figures to be hurled down like nine niagaras over your head till at last you acknowledged your crime and purchased a takli and began spinning in her, presence no matter where you were at the moment or what your errand was.

Just the same when Samanthini took up the Salt affair that was so much in the air a few years back, she had only to catch you without the pate or sleeve and you didn't know what you had to stand. So much so that whenever her friends sighted her at a distance and couldn't escape her, a handful of Salt had to be got, dissolved in water and the "Salt-making" had to be done till you purchased your liberty.

Salt has had its day at any rate, with Samanthini. The latest gospel that she had chosen to preach was "Sport for my Sisters."

"Usha, Usha, she Shouted.

"Come in, Samanthini."

"Come in! come in what a shame, Usha! Hardly out of your cradle, old child!" she cried.

"No, no, Samanthini, Just come in and see for yourself if I am in my cradle as you say," protested Usha.

"No, no, there is no coming in for me after the dawn. It is only going out the moment the Suncame out. Just step out and let me see what you are really idle about?" shouted Samanthini.

"I have got my husband's chhota ready, the young ones are getting ready for their morning tasks," answered



Usha. "And you don't say that is idling away, do you?"

"Well, well, if you don't idle you are busy aiding and abetting idlers. That is what I call it. If your husband has got to have his chhota harzi, I suppose the proper thing is for him to do is to get it ready himself."

"And the kids?"

"CHITRAGUPTA"

This issue is a Special Annual Issue. Lovers of Telugu in Andhra Desa and outside will have just cause to be proud of the Special Annual Issue of "Chitrugupta" which is illustrated with about a hundred blocks and packed with Stories, Drama and Drollery of a truly enlightening and enlivening kind. It is not merely entertaining to the Refugees from hard toil but really suggestive and thought provoking. Each copy is well worth preserving and purusal. All congratulations, the Editor and Publishers of the Annual Issue of "Chitrugupta."

"That is as much his part to mind as it can be yours. Don't you know, Usha, I have been the Hammer of the Husband all along I can never to wrate the husband as the professional idlers are not ashamed to call themselves. Come out, Usha."

"Samanthini, don't you see my husband there," as the poor fellow was dodging away behind the curtain as noiselessly as the cat creeps away when disturbed.

"I am not come here to hold a review of the husbands of my friends, especially when they forget what they owe as their duty to helpless and submissive womankind. I have come on a bit of something urgent," yelled out Samanthini.

"What is that, Samanth?"

"You have your tennis racket?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, jump out and get into my car like a good girl. Don't waste the precious morning."

There was no putting off Samanthini everybody knew that. So "Take your best and go Usha," whispers the husband into Usha's ears at least to bribe the irrepressible Amazon into peace and silence.

What Usha did, Prema had to do likewise Lalitha and Shyemala and a dozen other friends of Samanthini. They were all led—for that was no better—to the Tennis Court.

"Look here, girls, you are not going to sit like mannikins in the chairs there as if you were holding a beauty competition," ordered Samanthini.

"We at a beauty competition, Samanthini? Never thought of that, laughed out some."

"Yes, you know these barbarous outrages those savages call Beauty Competition. Who the Beelzebub made these men—these male brutes—Judges over us? What right have they to sit in Judgment over our beauty? who made them the judge? How dare they assemble poor innocent girls and outrage them by their savage sight under the pretence of judging Beauty, yes, Beauty. what a cunning plot that word Art! what villainy is it meant to conceal! You know, girls, you all admire me for my form, But I should like to see some of these pands come up to me to compete in their Beauty Competition."

With that harangue, Samanthini left her friends for fresh converts for her Sport cult—of course to the immense relief of the whole group.

"Prem, that is splendid. Never that fine sara wonder where you got it?" "Sure, Lalitha, what a babe in the wood! It is there in almost every silk house."

Shayama fell into a serious discussion over the pattern of the necklace of Sunda while Parijathan and Pankaja and Valli were seriously discussing the bobbing of one of the lady vachers of Nalini's sister.

Batch after batch of ladies or 'girls' as Samanthini called them were brought to the grounds of the 'Friends' Freedom Club.' But in the Badminton court or with the Tennis bat, Samanthini is not able to draw her sisters for whose physical salvation she is so zealously at work beyond vigorous discussions over the latest styles of sarees of jewellery.

WIN Rs. 1,500

BY SOLVING THESE EASY PUZZLES No. 5 & 6.

Last date for posting entries :—26th April, 1935.

Prizes & Results will be posted to all entrants within a fortnight.

ENTRANCE FEE. For each Puzzle :—Annas 8 for the first entry & Annas 4 for each subsequent entry.

PRIZES. For each Puzzle :—1st Prize, Rs. 450, for the correct solution; 2nd Prize, Rs. 200, for one-error solution, and Extra Prize, Rs. 100, for three senders of the largest number of entries.

EASY PUZZLE No. 5.

Substitute one letter for each dash.

No.	Incomplete words.	Exact meaning.
1.	S—RT	Sharp.
2.	D—KE	A ditch.
3.	STA—	A pole.
4.	PE—	To peep.
5.	SH—	Pretence.
6.	M—TE	Anything very small.

EASY [cross word] PUZZLE No. 6.

CLUES ACROSS.

1	I	D	I	N	G.
	2	A	R	B	
3	W	I		E	
4	O	O	K	5	S
	R		I		
					B

1. Doing this for escaped convict is illegal.
2. Makes one smart.
3. Comforts you when life seems dreary.
4. Helps one to enjoy quiet hour.

CLUES DOWN.

1. An interjection.
3. Man's should be reliable.

5. Related by blood. 6. Whether.

RULES & CONDITIONS GOVERNING BOTH PUZZLES.

Ref. Chamber's XX Century Dictionary, pp.1-1150.

Entrance money for both Puzzles may be sent by one M. O. and any number of plain paper entries for both Puzzles submitted under one cover. It is not necessary to write all the entries in extenso: the various alternatives alone, if so desired by any entrant, may be indicated. For the detailed result a self-addressed stamped envelope, bearing 9 pias stamp, must accompany entries. In case of ties prizes will be divided. Amount will vary in proportion to entries received. The correct solution is one which agrees with the Chairman's sealed key solution. On all matters, relating to these Puzzles Chairman's decision is final, legally binding and an express condition of entry.

All communications to :—The Chairman,

Easy Puzzles Syndicate, Sialkot City.

Sealed correct solutions of Easy Puzzles No. 3 & 4.

E. P. No. 3. 1. TRACE. 2. REIVE. 3. LOUP. 4. PENDANT. 5. BAIL. 6. PETIT.

E. P. No. 4. 1. DUVA, PURL. 2. THAN, BAJL. 3. PAPATT, NAK. 4. RUPA, CWN. 5. BAT, PISU.

All prize amounts and detailed result leaflets were posted to all entrants on the 22nd March, 1935. For these LEAFLETS apply with 9 pias stamps.

Glorious Day to Poor Depressed in S. India!

Dr. Natesan made Dy. President of M. L. C.

Dr. Natesan, selfless Friend of the Friendless.

Labour and Poor Honoured by Dr. Natesan's Honor.



Bobbili, the Chief Minister, of the Madras is doing many fearless deeds for the cleansing of the Justice Party. He has given proofs that he cares not for favour but dares everything for duty.

Muthia Chetty, a young wealthy man, a money lender, was the Chief Whip, who joined Party for personal glory. And Bobbili gave Muthiah an unequivocal send off.

To-day Bobbili recognises *vox populi* of Madras; he finds out the Man who worked, suffered, fought, fell—all for the poor and Labour. And Bobbili honours him—Dr. Natesan.

Who is the greater man?

DR. NATESAN or as the masses call him, Natesan, was elected the Deputy President of the Madras Legislative Council: not by this Party or that, not by this group or that—but the whole Council—*nem con*—elected him.

Rather forced the honour down his throat—for he served for love of service—for the Cause—for the poor—for the Masses—he laboured for LABOUR.

As Dr. Natesan said it is honour done to Madras City. But well might we say that it is honor done to Madras Presy, to men my workers and men my Brothers

Though the honor is a bit late, yet never too late.

A score of years of faithful and patriotic service is crowned with glory

Justice Party has rendered Justice at its Temple of Justice. And the Chief Priest of that Temple is Raja Saheb of Bobbili!

FIVE and twenty years ago began Dr. Natesan to think of the Poor Brother, the Down-trodden, the Depressed and the Suppressed: People laughed at Dr. Natesan.

Dr. Natesan touched the untouchables, moved with the Unmoved; fought for the Friendless and boldly backed: the Backward Classes only to be laughed at, to be mocked and jeered and to be set a crown of thorns.

Never did Dr. Natesan deem of power or pelf or pomp; it was service, sacrifice, selflessness and simplicity: Never did he care or work for reward or recognition from the masses or the classes.

No wonder the honour had to be thrust upon him: for, by an act of tyranny by those that loved him was Dr. Natesan made the Deputy President to-day, though worthy of higher places which he would not let himself be lured by.

Well did Raja of Bobbili say that the honour of Dr. Natesan was an honor which the whole Council bestowed on itself by so honoring him.

The Crown of Glory is set to-day by Bobbili on Labour and Depressed classes, because the unquestioned and untiring Leader of the Poor, the Needy and Unemployed is Dr. Natesan and he has been honoured.

The greater the grace of of the honour both to Bobbili and Dr. Natesan because Bobbili gave it unasked and unsought; and Dr. Natesan got it unwanted and unexpected and even unwilling.

Rs. 500 for 2 Words!

"IN THE TWO-LETS"

OF THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA.

(A monthly Magazine of commerce and humour, annas 12 annual subscription by M.O.)

First Prize Rs. 350 (all correct) Second Prize Rs. 100 (one error)

Minimum Prize of Rs. 20 Guaranteed for every Correct Solution.

Rs. 25 for Correct Solutions posted on or before 15th April 1935.

Rs. 25 for the sender of largest number of entries.

Entrance Fee :—Rs. 1 per entry by M.O. Last Posting Date 20th April, 1935.

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

No.	Word.	Meaning.	No.	Word.	Meaning.
1	STR ----	Hit	2	CON ----	Agree

N.B.—Reference Chambers XX Century Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. For further particulars see the General Rules below.

RS. 300, AWAITS U

IN THE "MISSING LETTERS" COMP. No. 7
OF THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA

1st Prize Rs. 225 (all correct) 2nd Prize Rs. 100 (one error.)

Minimum Prize of Rs. 25 Guaranteed for every correct solution. Rs. 12, 8 and 5 to the senders of largest number of entries.

Entrance Fee. Annas 4 for the first entry and annas 2 for each subsequent entry (in stamps, for bigger amounts send M.O.)

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

Nos.	Words.	Meanings.	Nos.	Words.	Meanings.
1	G-BL-ND	Wreath of flowers	5	I-O-	Image
2	H-N-Y	Sweet thick fluid	6	GRAND--	Grand-mother
3	D--KEY	Ass	7	CLO-URE	End
4	S-L-AN	Mohammedan Sovereign	8	FAM--	Rumour

General Rules:—Reference Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. Bracketted Words are not used. The correct solution is one that tallies with the sealed solution in the possession of the editor. A competitor can win more than one prize and also shares. In case of ties the prizes will be divided. Entries may be sent on plain paper, writing in Block Letters, your name and address. The correct solution and the list of prize winners will be published in our May issue, (5th May 1935) and copies of the same will be sent only to those who enclose one anna stamp being the cost of the same. The solutions of both the competitions may be sent in one cover and also the entrance money in one M. O. Send entries, etc., to:—

THE PUZZLE EDITOR,

The COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA,

17 & 18, Broadway, Madras.

The Battle of the Brains

By K. R. H.

THE Central Station was a kind of Reserve Fund to K. E. R. R. of Pittur and M. U. R. R. Whenever they found themselves on the rocks, they'd drop in there, hook a finger in sight seeing college student's collar, recite the addresses of a number of crowned beauties of the town in a come-on-we-are-doing-this-for-your-sake sort of way, look over what he had, and give him back his match-box, half consumed cigarettes, used Razor blades and competition coupons and shove away without asking any questions.

Now this was rather an unlucky period for our precious pair and they were fairly up the pole. The King's pictures seemed to have acquired an unholy knack of shrinking away from their grasp as if they were suffering from a score of these 'don't-touch-as' diseases. The only palatable morsel in the soup they were floundering in, consisted of half a dozen chemical diamonds which they were unsuccessfully trying to dispose off on the sly.

AS the two sidled into the platform they found themselves engaged in as huge a crowd as they would have wished for, and prayed for, for according to the law of averages about half of every gathering consists of mutts waiting to swallow the fly, hood and line before it reaches even the surface of the current of their intelligence. "What do you think of that feller?" asked M. U. R. R.

A benevolent, old gentleman was boarding a second class compartment, his equilibrium being correctly poised by a large steel trunk which the porter was trying to wedge in from behind.

"Let me tackle him," one volunteered Kerr. "Two of us against one mutt is as unfair as a blooming Editor, budding Sub-Editor, and a sprouting colony of readers and assistants against a single mutty author."

"Have it your own way," replied Murr. "I will be somewhere near to see fair play."

Whistling a discordant tune, Kerr got a one-anna paper, 'Hindu,' strolled up to the carriage and got in. The benevolent gentleman sent out an appraising glance across and then went on with the interrupted task of picking his teeth.

Sundry attempts at attracting his attention failed miserably. The next time the old man turned in our friend's direction, Kerr was busily engaged in attacking the Editorial. Something in the position of the paper tickled the old gentleman immensely and he chuckled loudly.

"My good fellow," he said at last, beaming with helpfulness, "Are you aware that your newspaper is upside down? You are reading it the wrong way up, you know."

Kerr stared at him with an intense and pitying eye.

"Yes," he said gravely, "Yes, I know I am. And it takes a bit of doing too!"

And that supplied the external force which overcame the inertia of the ball of conversation, and set it rolling. In half an hour, Kerr had gleaned that the venerable gentleman went under the name of Harris, and that he was one of the Honorary Magistrates of Bangalore. He was on his way from Madras where he had gone for some jewels for his daughter. This gave a chance for Kerr and his sparklers to butt in. Of course they were admired and made much of. But the old gent was cautious enough to suggest that he could conclude purchases only after consulting a jeweller.

They got out at the next station. Mr. Harris engaged a car and they drove to the National Bank where the Magistrate cashed a cheque for self and then they went to Neo Satham Restaurant.

Kerr was in a dilemma. He knew that his diamonds would not stand a real test. Debating in his mind whether it would be safer for him to beat it, or face the music, he went out of the hotel immersed in thought.

When he came in, two hours later, he found Mr. Harris engaged in conversation with a bearded gentleman who was introduced as Mr. Mender, a renowned jeweller of the place.

Kerr nodded thoughtfully, and produced from his pocket the packet of dud stones.

"You behold, Mr. mender" said he "Some of the best sparklers that India has ever produced."

"Mender is my name" replied the jeweller bestowing just half a glance at the packet, "it's just as I told you, Mr. Harris....."

Now what are you talking about?" blustered Kerr.

"Don't get excited, Mr. Kerr. I'm not suggesting anything at all. What may the price of the stones be?"

Kerr decided to bluff through hell and heaven.

"They are dead cheap at Rs. 2,000, but I'll sell them for Rs. 1,600."

"Well, well, I should think so too. Mr. Kerr. In fact, I was on the look out for such beautiful gems. Here they are. So pleased to see them."

As Mr. Mender returned the gems...

"Click," "click."

The stood Mr. Mender and Mr. Harris, the two detectives.

"Really, Mr. Kerr, you are the gem we were on the look out all these days?"

The next Government Gazette records two bright medals for smart work to Messrs Mender and Harris.

(Continued from page 23.)

Vadavatta Tuban had not been inside a hospital before and knew not the ways of the nurses who tended the sick. Nurse Mugger, who was on night duty in his ward, was as usual very kind to all patients. She was a very comely girl, to boot. To Tuban's gaggling eyes she was a peach, an apple and an orange, all rolled into one. Although Tuban had fallen in unrequited love before with all the cinema stars he had seen on the screen and transferred his affections week by week from Garba Jan to Nalini Pickmary and others as they came before his goofy vision, the nurse became his dream girl. I do not say that this tender mushy-mushy guagle started in his heart at the very outset. The nurse, as was her wont, was very good to him and attended to all his wants with great sympathy. This, Tuban misunderstood. He thought his Adonis looks had floored the girl and she was slowly quitting off her oats about him. He had already meandered himself into the belief that he was a Ramon Navarro and this vanity helped the obsession.

Therefore when the surgeon in charge of the ward mercilessly ordered the discharge of Tuban, he was nearly heart broken. A discharge from a hospital is not unlike the discharge of a gun, far, after the report out you go

like a bullet and Tuban went, leaving his heart behind him like the sacrificed victim of the ancient Aztecs.

After this to love-lorn Tuban life was a blank, a variable blanketty blank. But he summed up sufficient courage to write to Miss. Mugger to meet him one night at the gate of Major hospital where he would be waiting for her in his two-seater. He had taken things for granted and had even suggested in the letter that the meeting may lead to something more than mere friendship. Pyramus could not have written a more gushing epistle to his Thisbe.

At the gate that night a heavily veiled figure did get into Tuban's car.

"Thank you Miss. Mugger for coming. I knew you wouldn't refuse," rattled Tuban with the air of Romeo meeting his Juliet.

"Drive quick to the beach" squeaked the figure.

Tuban stepped on the gas and halted at a loney spot. The veiled figure now got active like the business end of a rivetting machine. Punches which would drive into mere whisks the kicks of the kickingest of army mules rained to destroy the symmetry of the dial of moon-struck Tuban. Oath after oath, oaths that would peel the skin unshipped themselves from under the veil to keep time with the fisti-

cuffs. Tuban had a heavenly vision of stars and members.—

"This will learn you to write love letters to my sweet heart" growled the voice from under the rivetting hammer which achieved a record bag of thick ears, bent nose, black eyes, cut lips and missing teeth and what not a face could register in so short a time. Even Dempsey's mouth would have watered to see such maxim gun like delivery.

"Promise not to do so again" snapped the voice.

"I promise" squealed the victim as he spat out two incisors with lips which he felt were like two inflated air wheel inner tubes.

The veiled fury hissed a sigh of complete satisfaction as it peeled off a skirt festooned about its hips to display a pair of masculine trousers and walked westwards whistling a popular ditty.

Flummoxed Vadavatta Tuban went into hospital again but not to the Major hospital. He lost all his faith in women and treated them like body line bowling—best cut out. He is now a crusty old bachelor—all on account of giving four annas to his little brother.

"Oh! Come up you, old sinner. The baby is crying."

APRIL 5, 1935

39

ON CHIVALRY

By P. K. Raja Raja Varma.

I have tolerated with remarkable patience the many atrocities that are being committed in this modern age. But this one I can't bear, I simply can't. Chivalry is so dear to me and is so deep-rooted in my soul that I can't help getting a fit of frenzy when I see men publicly trampling it under foot.

The other day I managed to squeeze myself into one of the seats of a crowded tram car. On the way a person who looked like a gentleman and a lady boarded the tram with great difficulty they made their way to the centre of car, but there was no seat vacant. The gentleman held firmly on the hanging strap and looked jealously on those seated. The lady, not being quite ultra-modern, obviously felt that it would not be in keeping with her feminine modesty to raise up her arms for holding the strap. She clasped her hands and stood with her eyes on her toes. What else could an unsophisticated woman do when all that she could expect from modern men were penetrating gazes?

The tram jerked, and alas, the lady almost fell down on a fashionable gent. In breathless haste she regained her equilibrium. But in another moment, she staggered again. The gent on whom she fell down frowned fiercely at her. All the other valiant men in the tram merely looked at her with different expressions, some laughing, some staring at her face, some admiring the grace of her movements, some even showing a wry face. In the midst of such an unchivalrous company I too felt a little nervous to show my chivalry. However I gathered courage and began by making a hustling noise. It attracted the attention of both the lady and her companion.

"You may sit here if you don't mind," I said to the lady and looked at the gentleman for approval. I sought his approval purposely. He might happen to be her husband and husbands being what they are, I didn't

want my well-meant offer to cause any domestic trouble for the poor woman.

The lady was obviously glad and thankful. She moved to go and occupy the seat. But the gentleman made a sudden dash to the seat, saying to me "Thank you very much, sir. It is so kind of you."

I was stunned. The people jeered. The lady looked down sheepishly and perspired. I felt an inner call to deal a knock-out blow on the fellow's head. But, fortunately for him, and more so for myself, I got down from the tram at the next stopping place.

Daily I grew sadder and more gloomy, not in the least on account of the insult offered to me by the gentleman in the tram, but because of the thought that chivalry, that had once been the pride, pleasure and ambition of every man capable of growing a moustache, was dying an undeserving death.

"What's the matter with you? Not well?" asked me my friend, Mr. Smoke-well as he took my hand and felt my pulse. I feared he was about to search for a stethoscope when I said

"Oh, nothing of the sort. The trouble is not with my body but with the world. Don't you see good old beautiful chivalry being murdered by men all the world over?"

It took a full minute for Mr. Smoke-well to understand my idea. He then put in, "All the world over, except in our College! You may rest assured, chivalry is thriving with a vengeance there."

"Tell me, tell me" I said eagerly, "That is news."

"Just think of it!" said my friend. "For years together our professors have been awarding all medals and prizes only to lady students, though they form only a microscopical minority. Isn't it chivalry?"

My enthusiasm cooled down.

"After all, it may be mere justice, not chivalry" I said.

"Take heart, my friend," said Mr. Smoke-well "I have been scoring over 80 per cent marks in all subjects for all examinations while none of the ladies ever got more than 50 per cent. But, in the Frize-examinations, Miss Sweet-looks stands first in one subject, Miss Cherry-lip in the other and Miss Fair-face in the third! Frequent occurrences of such cases have led me to diagnose it as an acute attack of chivalry in the cardinal regions of our professors."

I heaved a sigh of relief that chivalry was not, after all, extinct.

My observations have since convinced me that old-world chivalry was not dying, but was only adapting itself to modern conditions. For example, now chivalry is not so wide and free as it was in days of old. Modern Chivalry is subject to age-bar. Females below the age of fifteen and above thirty-five (I am subject to correction) seem to have been generally disqualified from receiving its benefits. But, it must be said in fairness to grey-haired gents that many of them are known to be madly chivalrous even to older women, provided, of course, they are younger than their wives.

All women were equal in the eyes of classic chivalry, but modern chivalry is not so behind or unaesthetic. It has eyes to see. It sees and appreciates the beauty and aesthetic perfection of the fair sex. To get the benefits of modern chivalry, women have first to deserve it by affording pleasure and satisfaction to her on-lookers. The furious demand for face-creams, lipsticks and depilatory powders clearly shows that the fair sex is fully alive to the needs of the situation.

Since writing this, I had a terrible shock which makes me hesitate whether to withdraw my pleading for chivalry or not. It happened yesterday at the bus-stand. The rush was terrible and the buses that came had but few empty seats. I had pushed myself into one when I saw the disappointed face of a young girl after her futile attempt to board the bus. I got down immediately and offered her my seat. Expecting to see a grateful smile I



Doctor. The boy has a slight temperature. May be will have an attack of small pox.

Patient. "Hurrah! I won't have to go to School, then!"

looked at her. Good good! she was frowning. Instead of uttering a sweet "Thank you," she actually cried out "Damn you!" It took a few moments for me to recover my balance of mind.

"You dare thus to insult a lady in public?" she asked me in a fire-eating voice.

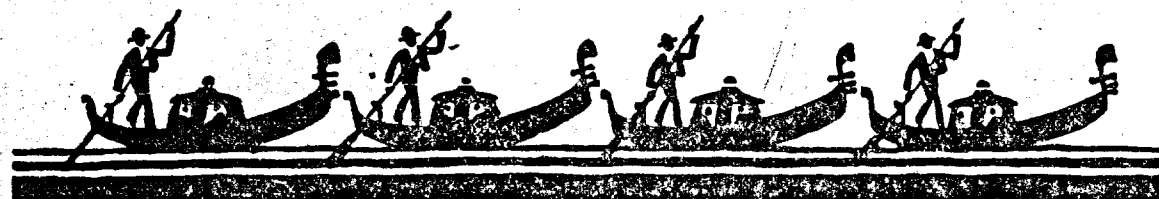
"I never meant any insult, madam," I said apologetically, "I merely wanted to help you out of this rush."

"To help me, a woman, out of this rush? Can't a woman board a bus without the help of you men? Mind you, we won't brook such insults any longer. We don't want your patronage, sir. We shall fight on equal terms even in the matter of boarding a bus."

I stood there dazed. Another bus came and she made a dash into its front seat.

"Mister," she coked from the bus. "So sorry you haven't been able to get in. Shall I vacate my seat for you?" She laughed ironically as the bus moved away.

So, chivalry has begun to flow in the other direction! Oh, I can't think of its consequences.



An Unique Opportunity to WIN Three Prizes in one attempt!! GUARANTEED RS. 400 IN PRIZES. in THE "MISSING-LETTERS" COMPETITION.

(Key solution and lucky numbers deposited with the FUNNY MAGZIN.)

First Prize Rs. 200 (all correct)

Second Prize Rs. 75 (one-error.)

Rs. 25 for the senders of the first five correct solutions.

Rs. 12, 8, and 5 for the senders of the largest number of entries.

Rs. 75 in Lucky numbers.

Free :—Every competitor sending 6 entries or more will be posted free one Kopran Tooth Paste.

Entrance Fee :—Single entry. Rs. 0-6-0. In stamps OR Rs. 1 for 3 entries by M. O. or Postal order only.

Last posting Date 20th April 1935.

Nos.	Words.	Exact Meanings.
1.	STE — — — — K	One of several small S. African antelopes.
2.	—RE—SE	A Malay dagger with a wavy blade.
3.	STR — — —	To punish.
4.	—O—DO—	The supreme evil spirit of the Voodoos.
5.	—OWL	To cry.
6.	B — —	Except.
7.	CL — — —	Bright

Rules :—Ref :—Chambers XX Century. The correct solution should agree with the sealed solution. Entries accepted on plain paper. The result will be published in this Magzin on the 5th May, '35 and prizes sent on the same date. For the result please enclose 9 pies stamp. The Manager's decision should be accepted as final and legally binding.

Lucky Number Scheme :—Every Competitor should give a number on the cover of his solutions. If it tallies with the number selected at random and keep with the Editor, prizes will be given as stated below. 11 numbers have been selected within 200. The first number will fetch Rs. 15/- and the rest at Rs. 5/- each. In case of ties prizes will be equally divided.

Please address to :—THE MANAGER,

The "Unique Competition," Amraoti, Berar.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

THE SPOILS.

She showed me pearls and rubies red,
And hining diamonds in their case :
Then with a naughty wink she said :
"Those are my trophies of the chase."

A WOMAN'S PROMISE TO BE ON TIME
CARRIES A LOT OF WAIT.

A fool and his money are soon petted.

The old fashioned woman who darned her husband's
socks has a daughter who socks her darned husband.

ADVERTISING NOTE.

The man who has the goods to sell,
And goes and whispers down a well,
Is not so likely to collar the dollars
As he who climbs a tree and hollers.

The modern woman needs to be tenacious, for she has
to keep her youth to keep her husband!

A man will always live down his reputation.

The poor will do much for money, the rich will do
any thing for money.

MANY A PENSIVE MAID BECOMES AN
EXPENSIVE WIFE.

LOVE, THE QUEST;
MARRIAGE, THE CONQUEST;
DIVORCE, THE INQUEST.

A man divides girls into four classes; those he loves
those he has loved, those he has not yet loved, those he will
never love.

CHARACTER IS WHAT A MAN IS
IN THE DARK.

Faith is believing the dentist when he says it isn't
going to hurt.

If you want to lose your heart over a woman, or even
lose your money, do it, but never lose your head.

SOME GIRLS ARE PRESSED FOR TIME AND
SOME FOR PLEASURE.

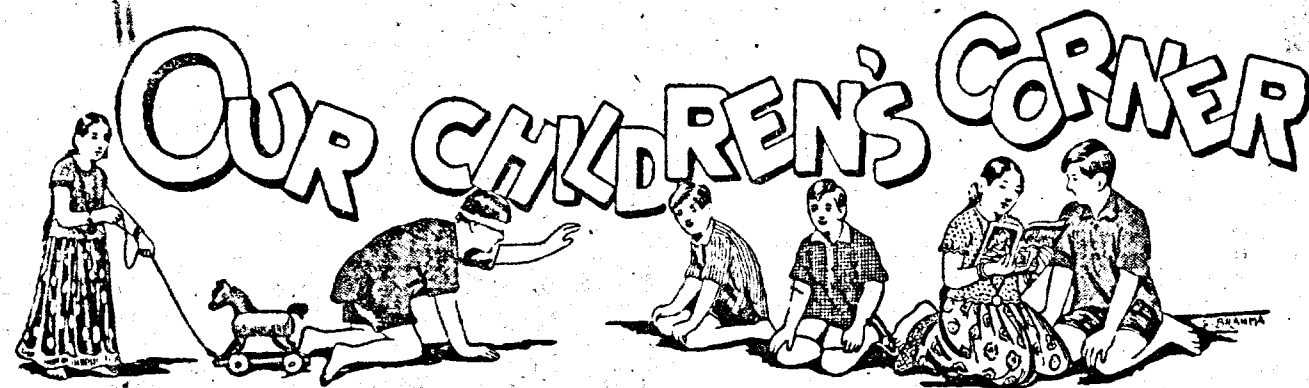
Beauty is but a flower which wrinkleless will
devour.

Marriage is a boundary line between romance and
reality.

The man who asks a woman if he may kiss her, has a
lot to learn.

He that chooses a wife will find that he has been
chosen by her.

BABIES AND GRIEVANCES GROW
LARGE BY NURSING.



Dear Cousins,

I remember having promised to members that they would have many special privileges. One of them is the Jubilee Children's Competition. I intend awarding a prize of Rs 25 to the best story of not more than 500 words submitted by a member of the league before April 30th.

Entries must be marked

JUBILEE STORY,

c/o, COUSIN EDDIE,

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathamby
Mudaly Street,

MADRAS.

SELFISHNESS.

Once upon a time there was a very respectable woman. She always did everything she ought. And in due time she died and went to hell.

She was surprised at being sent to hell that she raised a big outcry. This sound reached the ears of God, who sent an Angel to inquire into the matter. The Angel returned and said to God.

"Somebody has gone to hell who thinks she ought to be in heaven."

God said,

"It cannot be. If she has been sent to hell it is because she deserved it."

But still the noise went on and God himself came to inquire into the matter.

"What is it, my good woman? Why are you making such a hubbub?" he inquired.

"Lord they have wrongly sent me to hell," complained the woman.

"Have you ever done anything good in the world?" asked God.

"Yes, Lord. I have once given a plantain to a beggar," answered the woman.

"All right," said God "since you have given a plantain to a poor man, I will now drag you out of hell with the aid of a plantain. I will hold one end of the fruit and draw you up to Heaven."

The woman caught hold of one end of the fruit and was being lifted up slowly. Seeing this many other people in hell wanted to escape likewise. So they all came and caught hold of the fruit. Seeing this the woman began to yell,

"Let go. The fruit will break." Immediately the plantain broke and the woman fell again into hell. And God said to her,

"Because you were selfish you were not able to come up to Heaven. So stay where you are."

6. Rent
7. Hustler
8. Tasty.

The first prize of 15 Rs goes to

SOUNARARAJ JAMES,
c/o, G. P. James Esq.,
B.A., L.T.,
Pasumala

The Second Prize of Rs. 10 has been divided between the following four one-error entries.

1. MANI,
c/o, S. P. M.,
Veerarajendrapet,
COORG.
2. BASHIR,
c/o, G. H. Malik,
Malik Buildings,
SIALKOT CITY
- 3-4. A. R. DEVADOSS,
Power House,
MADURA

Children's Puzzle No. 8 Result.

Correct Clues.

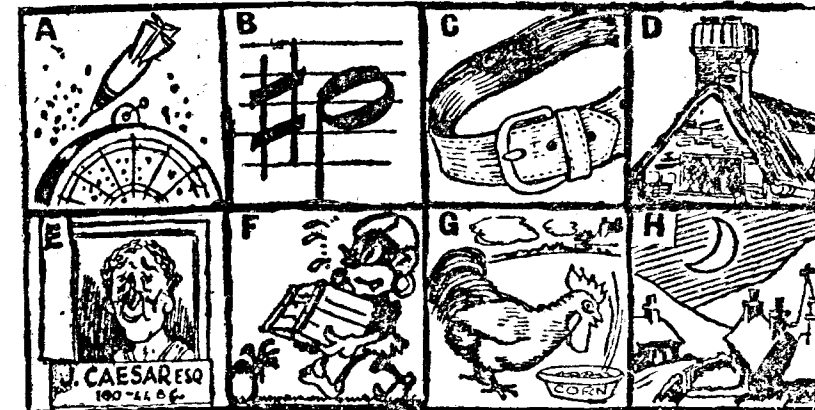
1. Fattens.
2. Brill.
3. Gaily.
4. Homely.
5. Rugged.

NOTICE.

Owing to an Error, the first clue in competition No. 9, in issue 20-3-35 has been wrongly printed as *Fattens*. It ought to be *Dart*.



COMPETITION NO. 9



Closing Date 12-4-35

1st Prize Rs. 15 (Only for Children below 18 years)

2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Below you see eight pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of these find the correct clues to the pictures.

For example A shows a *Dart*. Now proceed with the other seven.

LIST OF CLUES.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. Dart. | 10. Gable. |
| 2. Belt. | 11. Valley. |
| 3. Negro. | 12. Grain. |
| 4. Moon. | 13. Burden. |
| 5. Roman. | 14. Chimney. |
| 6. Cook. | 15. Peck. |
| 7. Sharp. | 16. Ruler. |
| 8. House. | 17. Note. |
| 9. Buckle. | |

Children's Puzzle No. 9 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 12TH APRIL 1935

A. DART. Age.....
B.
C. Address.....
D.
E.
F.
G.
H.

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name.....Date of Birth.....

Father's or Guardian's Name.....

His Occupation.....

Sex.....

Address.....

Signature.....

Date.....1935

Easy & Free Competition

Rs. 150 CASH PRIZES

In "Fill up" Competition

Closing Date Extended to 20-4-'35

What you have to do

Below you are given 8 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those letters with the aid of the clues given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. 1 FR— — are given. The clue for No. 1 is Not Bound and the answer for that is FREE. So the letters E & E are missing. Putting those letters in the place of the dash the word FREE is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved.

Words.	Clues.
1. FR— —	1. Not Bound.
2. —OIL	2. Labour.
3. S— — —	3. Found in the sea.
4. CHI— —	4. Infant.
5. —E—CH	5. Seat.
6. VI— —	6. Evil.
7. —IN—	7. Suggestion.
8. PEND— —	8. Hanging.

Rules & Conditions.

1. There is no entrance fee for this competition. The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available, entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with 1½ as stamps the price of the coupon.

2. Solutions must be addressed to the Editor "Fill up Competition" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 8, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th April 1935. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or entries received after the closing date will be disqualified.

3. The First Prize of Rs. 100 will be awarded to an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the Editor's sealed solution and the second prize of Rs. 50 to the solution with one error. Failing an all correct solution the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of tie, the prizes will be equally divided.

4. The Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or lost.

**FUNNY
— MAGZIN**

FREE

ENTRY COUPON

Closing Date 20-4-35

"Fill up" Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20th April 1935.

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

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name Mr.
Miss or Mrs,

Address.....

Results of Fill up Competition.

The Correct solution of Fill up competition are as follows.

1. FILL.	3. CHICK.	5. ELOPE.	7. LEETLE.
2. TYPE	4. CARRIOLE.	6. ERE.	8. FLYER.

The first prize of Rs. 150 has been won by the following competitors.

1. Mrs. Janakamma, Virarajendrapet. 2. E. V. Sheshavatharam, Kovvur, W. G. District. 3. P. V. Sambandam, c/o The Advance Trading Co., Madras. 4. G. Oupta, Bombay. 5. S. Srinivasan, Calicut. 6. Prameswara Row, Magalore. 7. S. Subbia, Guntakal. 8. Narasimma Iyengar, Madras. 9. 10. F. H. Stevenson, Bangalore. 11. Subbaramayya, Mysore. 12. Sampangi Ramayya, Mysore. 13. Narayana Mudaliar, Tanjore. 14. Abdul Khudus, Secunderabad. 15 and 16. V. Sundara Mudaliar, Vellore. 17. D. Ranga Rao, Vizagapatam.

The second prize of Rs. 100 has been won by the following competitors.

1. H. N. Mitra, Delhi. 2. Loons Cunha, Kasaragod. 3. S. K. Badsha Chiehti, Adoni. 4 to 7. P. V. Sambandam, Madras. 8. M. S. Nair, Bezwada. 9. B. S. Chelliah, Srivilliputtur. 10. E. Q. Solomon, Madras. 11. N. T. Sreenivasan, Madras. 12. M. Ragavendra Rao, Mathur. 13. T. S. Rama Iyer, Tripundurah. 14. M. Hanumantha Rao, Chittoor. 15. K. Kannan, Madras. 16. W. S. Saravanam, Madras. 17. to 19. S. G. C. Dharmalingam, Kumbakonam. 20. B. A. Nayak, Mangalore. 21. to 30. N. [K. Iyer, Anraoti. 31. to 33. Janakamma, Virarajendrapet. 34. to 42. G. Gupta, Bombay. 43. to 46. S. D. Ramanuja Iyengar, Conjeeveram. 47. to 50. Hanumantha Rao, Chittoor. 51. S. Subbiah, Guntakal. 52. to 65. F. H. Stevenson, Bangalore. 66. Abdul Khudus, Secunderabad. 67. to 75. S. Rajamaniokam, Bellary. 76. to 78. Rajamannar, Kurnool. 79. to 85. Sundara Mudaliar, Vellore. 86. Narendra Nath, Sialkot City. 87. R. D. Reva Doss, Madras.



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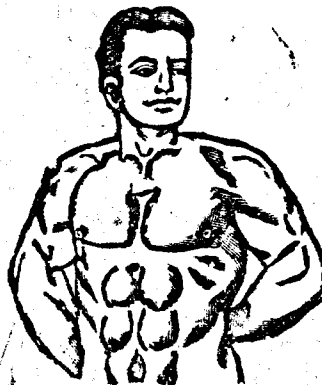
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