

Funny mag.

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BY

SUNDARA OTHUVA
MURTHY

OF

TINNEVELLY.

Hutchins & Co.,

RECORDING DEPT.,

Mount Road, Madras.

20th August 1935

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FUNNY MAG

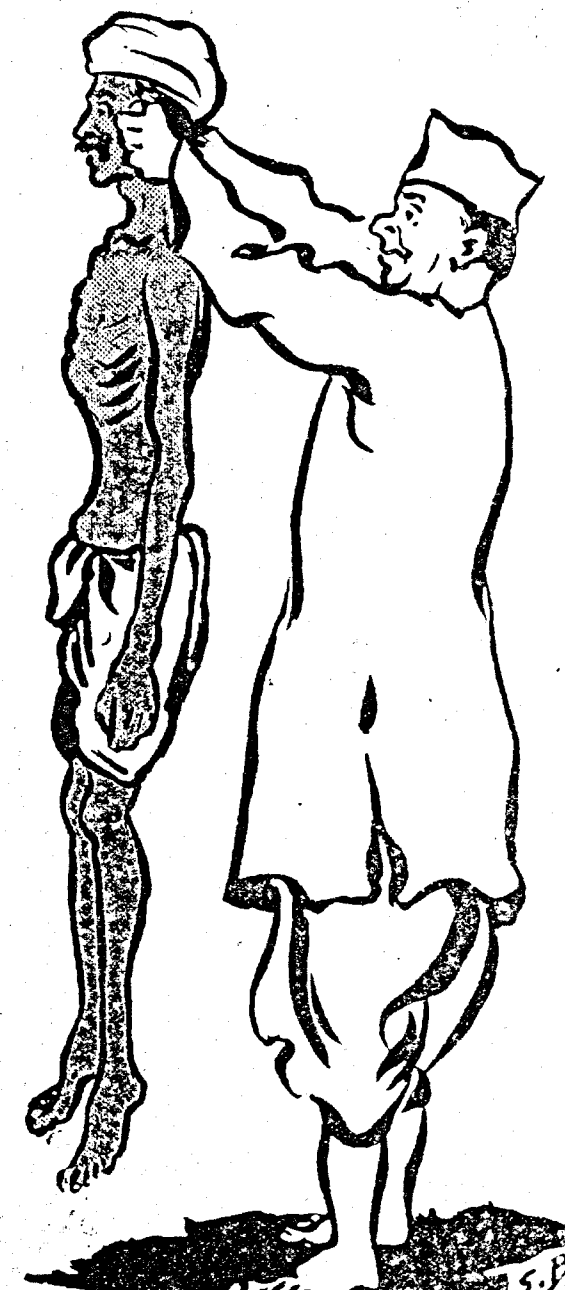
PUBLISHED ON THE 5TH & 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol III.

MADRAS, 20th AUGUST 1935.

No. 2.

**HARIJAN
UPLIFT ?**





"Have you ever had an internal bath?" No, thanks. The external, is trouble enough.

"Is it a fact that some insects can sting only once?" Well, that depends on the generosity of the victim.

Hardened race-goers never watch the horse that is winning money for then, complains a reader.

They are right. It is safer to watch the book-maker.

An Irishman has just had 116 nails removed from his stomach.

Iron for health, 116 nails removed from his stomach.

"We have a reputation for not keeping our customers long" announces a firm.

We believe it is a thing to be hushed up.

We hear nudists in America insure their lives.

Against the rules, I call it, to get covered.

A middle-aged woman declared that her husband

was one of the best. Of course, she meant, one of the many she had had.

"It always pays to keep to the straight path"—says a professor.

Oh! Dear! Has he ever attempted to cross Mount Road during the rush hour?

"My boy insists on learning Latin—a dead language" complains, a mother.

Encourage him, madam. He is bound to succeed as an undertaker.

"I would like to be a mounted police man, chief" begged the new recruit.

It would certainly be easy to make oneself scarce in times of danger.

"My wife poured boiling water on my head, yesterday night", complains the young man.

Ungrateful wretch, not to appreciate the warmth of the reception!

"No one should bathe or wash or fish in this tank"

notice at the Corporation tank in the People's Park.

We suggest a glass wall built round it.

notice at the Corporation tank in the People's Park.

We suggest a glass wall built round it.

"Satya murti Versa James!"

We are reliably informed that many people returned disappointed, for want of sufficient accommodation.

Why not stage the fight in the S.I.A.A. Ground?

"Original Sarangadara!"

"Original Valli"

"Original Vel"

Quite original that! Isn't it

"Hallel every body, Madra Corporation calling! The next item is a song in raga Brrrr... whew.....tup....."

Will the next music conference, tell us something about this new raga?

"She has a heart of gold declares, a fond husband. Hush! keep quiet, my marriage may be exported at any moment."

Judge "So you are both anxious to hear that important witness"

Counsel "We love to see him in the dock, your Lordship."

Thank God, their love did not go further!

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Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

He fainted:—

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff went to see his latest horror picture "The Bride of Frankenstein" in a Hollywood theatre. As he entered the door of the theatre a girl rushed towards him carrying a young man who had fainted. Her load too heavy to carry far, she was forced to drop the man on the floor and in doing so, cried, for help.

Karloff, close at hand, lifted the man to his feet and shook him. Slowly, as the crowd gathered closer and theatre ushers ran for water, the man's eyes opened and he straightened on his full height. Then he saw who was holding him up—and fainted again.

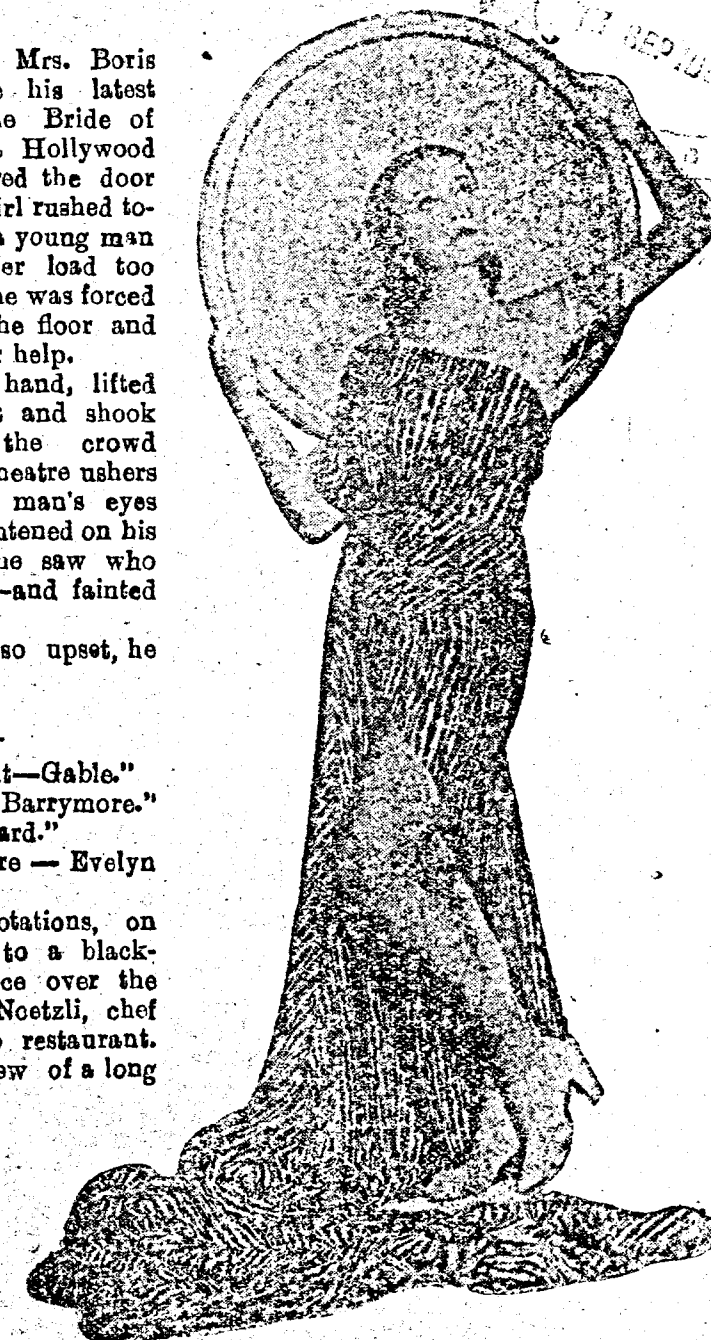
Mr. Karloff was so upset, he went home.

Kitchen Exposures:—

"Not too much salt—Gable."
"Omit the sugar—Barrymore."
"Beery likes mustard."
"Has to be rare—Evelyn Laye."

These cryptic notations, on slips of paper pinned to a blackboard, adorn the space over the work-table of Jean Noetzli, chef at the M-G-M studio restaurant. They are only a few of a long list.

It is from these that the busy chef knows how to serve his clients. Any chance remark dropped by a player about a preference in food is noted by the waitress who attends the celebrity. It is a literal cross section of the likes and dislikes of the famous ones.



"Let Miss Garbo add her own" reads one slip. When luncheon is sent to Greta's dressing room, the sugar, salt, and

other condiments go along so that she may prepare her own flavouring.

"Plenty of potatoes" is the notation under the name of Jeanette MacDonald. This singing star has a generous portion sent with whatever she eats—usually a vegetable dish.

"Spice for Miss Hayes" reads another notation. Lemon juice salad dressing for Joan Crawford, is another warning on the board.

Lionel Barrymore takes French rolls with his lunch.

Norma Shearer wants whole—wheat bread or rolls.

The boy.

Hollywood's new sensation is a ten-year-old boy. He's Freddie Bartholomew, the English lad who has leaped to fame almost overnight as a result of his performance as the child David in "David Copperfield."

Certain stardom is predicted for this youngster, who is receiving the adulation of the film colony.

But fame means nothing to little Freddie.

A magnet, a small camera and a fountain-pen are his chief interests in life.

Ice-cream doesn't interest him. But chocolate, malted milks, extra-thick, are something else again. He hasn't learned to tea

California olives, but he can write on the type-writer—he received one for Christmas from David O. Selznick with one finger dexterity.

Hollywood is telling innumerable stories about this new wonder-child, who bids fair to eliminate



Greta Garbo.

all competitors in the race for top position among child stars. But the one that intrigues most interest, deals with the unwavering faith that Freddie and Freddie alone, should be chosen to play "David Copperfield." So firm was this faith that he finally persuaded his aunt and guardian, Miss Millicent Bartholomew, to bring him across the sea and the continent to Hollywood last September—only to find himself hopelessly lost in a sea of 10,000 boys who were being considered and weeded out for the part.

But Freddie, nothing daunted by opposition, battered on the studio gates until he won a screen test, and the role of Dickens' best-loved boy hero.

Another story about the child and they are legion—says that on the evening of the preview, before he and his aunt left the house for the theatre, Freddie went into his

room and prayed that the picture would be a success.

This is one side of this amazing child. The other is the elfin sense of humour that leads him to play all sorts of practical jokes on his co-workers at the studio, and then to bob up with a whoop of joy when the joke is successful.

—"Varieties"

Do you know?

Because Norma Shearer will not return to the studio until long after the arrival of her new heir, Metro is arranging for the re-release of "Smiling Through" just to appease Norma's fans.

Ruth Chatterton, since her arrival in Hollywood is at the airport each day, taking her many friends sky-riding in her new plane.

Boris Karloff is a dog fancier.

M. G. M. have decided to spend approximately \$ 300,000 on their new version of "Broadway Melody." Roy Del Ruth will direct the picture.

The successful "Flirtation Walk" team (Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Ross Alexander) will reappear in "Anchors Aweigh" a naval cadet story.

FILMS TO SEE

"Below the Sea"
(Columbia)

Directed by:—Al Rogell.

Chief actors:—Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray, Fredrik Vogeding, Esther Howard and Trevor Bland.

Ralph Bellamy makes a first class he-man hero, with Fay Wray playing with sufficient ability to hold her own as the rich heroine of the story. Among the supporting cast, Fredrik Vogeding deserves mention for his splendid performance of unscrupulous villainy.

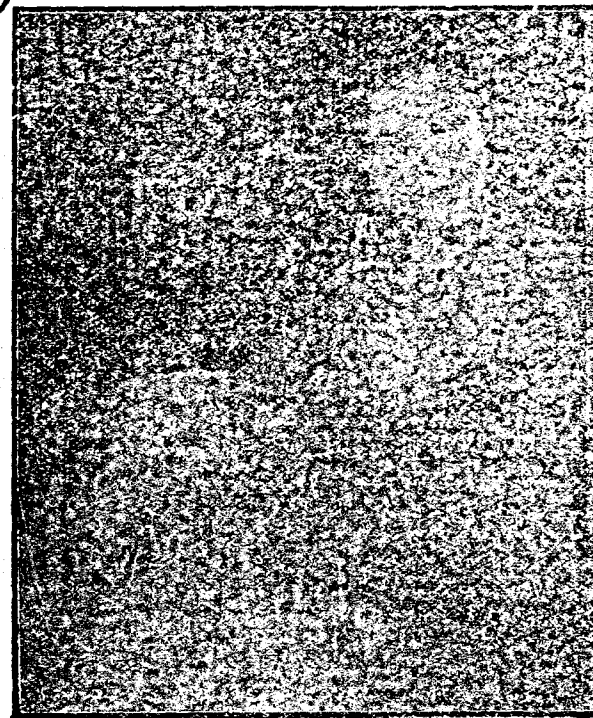
The story supplies the opportunity for quick fascinating scenes under the sea, combined with a complete demonstration of how under-water films are photographed. The director, cameraman and author deserve credit for their respective works.

Queen Christina.

(M. G. M.)

This picture is a beautiful production with Greta, magnificent in the title role. Also in the cast are John Gilbert, C. Aubrey Smith, Lewis Stone and Jan Keith.

Many people who missed this picture, will be glad of the opportunity to see it; you will be pleased to view it again. The whole thing is extraordinarily well done and is worth a second visit.



Myrna Loy in this Paramount production gives a brilliant performance as the stunt flier Sheila, opposite Cary Grant who does the best acting of his career in the part of a blind but keen aviator. (Ken Gordon). Beautiful direction and outstanding aerial work. The praiseworthy works of Loy and Grant make this film wellworth a visit.

WELLINGTON

"Here is my heart."

(Paramount)

Directed by:—"Frank Tuttle"

Chief actors:—Bing Crosby, Kitty Carlisle, Alison Skipworth, Roland Young and Ceceila Parker.

As Paul, Bing Crosby simply strolls through the picture, in that pleasantly casual way of his, interspersing his performance with mellifluous crooning. Kitty Carlisle is attractive as the Princess. Roland Young and Reginald Owen as the Princess' two brothers and Alison Skipworth as Countess Rostova get the utmost in shy comedy out of their respective roles. A delightful comedy and one of Bing Crosby's best.

"WINGS IN THE DARK"

(Paramount)

Directed by:—James Flood.

Chief Actors:—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, Roscoe Karns and Hobart Cavanaugh.

Studio Gleanings.

(New Theatres) Calcutta.

"Bhagya Chhakra"—New Theatres next Bengali Talkie is making rapid progress, and is expected to be ready for the screen by the middle of August. Nitin Bose the Director—Cameraman is doing his best to make the film something bigger and the Bengali screen may see something unique in the picture. R. C. Boral has introduced some special song-hits and Mukul Bose the recordist will show his genius in recording. The cast which includes Uma, Pahar, K. C. Dey, Biswanath, Durgadas, Amar Mullick is surely a strong one for any Bengali Talkie. Bengal expects pictures of the highest standard and quality from New Theatres—and in the coming pictures New Theatres will not fall Bengal's expectation.

"Devadas" (Hindustani)—is now in the Editors room and will be ready for release by the 1st week of August. Everywhere in India fans are eagerly waiting for the picture and they expect something higher in "DEVADAS." It is certain, they will be glad with the picture. The story, treatment, Camera work, sound record-

ing and other items of interest in the picture have attained perfection. Director Barua is now considered to be one of the best Directors in Bengal and after his Hindustani "DEVADAS" release, Barua will occupy a very high position so far as direction is concerned in Indian screen world. In this connection special mention of Mr. J. N. Mitra should be made. The production of Hindustani "DEVADAS" was under his direct supervision. And his experience acuteness and knowledge go a long way to the picture's success. Mr. Mitra is now busy with the production of "RAJA BHOJA"—a Tamil Talkie with a selected cast of Tamil Artists.

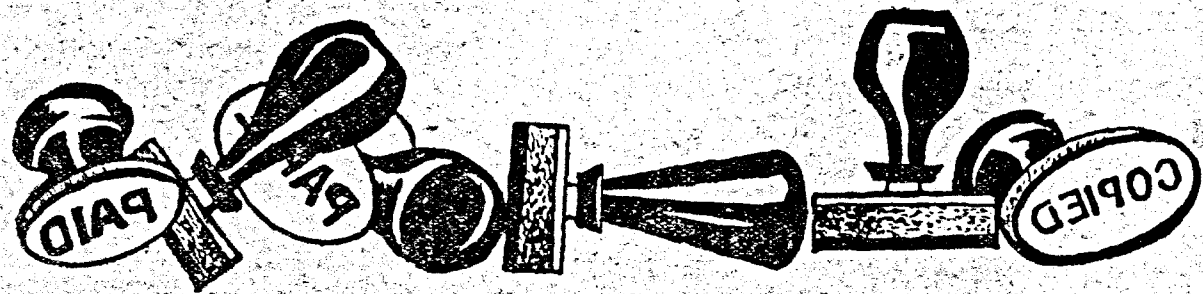
"BEJOY" will be taken up very soon under the able direction of D. R. Dass.

Mr. Nitin Bose's "Dhup Chhaon" is nearing completion. The cast which is at once distinguished and large includes K. C. Dey, Nawab, Pahari Sanyal, Biswanath Bhaduri, Miss Uma, Miss Deb Bala. Melodious songs and lilting music are two special attractions in the film, apart from the gorgeous sets and

(Continued on page 12)



Nalini Tarkud.



RUBBER STAMPS

BY
Y. Balram.

RUBBER-STAMPS are a perfect nuisance. Not that I owe them any grudge. But they gave me a lot of trouble when I first made their acquaintance in the office and on the very first occasion made me look small and ugly before my colleagues. I hate the whole paraphernalia—the ink and the ink-bottle,—the entire lot of them required for stamping purposes.

I WAS literally forced to indent upon their services this way. My third day of service at the office saw me neat and trim, for having had the rare fortune of obtaining a permanent job at the very outset. I saw my tailor with what they call an "urgent" order for a full suit on the very evening of my joining duty. Shining thus with sartorial splendour, I was working away with all the enthusiasm of a novice. My boss,—a middle-aged monstrosity of five and forty with a shaven head that had seen much war, and a brownish-white turban that had not had a wash for the last two or three years,—was watching me with his cryptic glances and commenting on the extravagance of modern young men. Not content with making scolded-for remarks behind my back he began to pick holes in my work and the first direct remark was about the "urgent" order. He said that those rubber stamps, which I do not seem to notice, were the cause of his trouble. He said that the worst thing you could have happened to him was to have a stamp of his name on his office

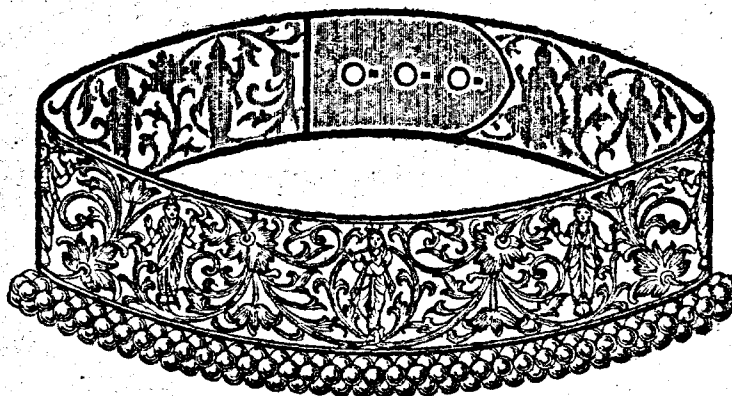
and my designation below, and saved that much precious time. And look here, you must have wasted two clear minutes by scribbling this 'Registered Post' in that slovenly manner. You should have taken only a fraction of a second for it, by using the 'R.P.' stamp. No, no, sir," he ended, staring at me and shaking his head sideways, as if he was refusing some compromising offer, solicitously made by me.

I settled down to turn out better work with rubber stamps, and in the next series of papers "disposed of" by me, I started to stamp away for all I was worth, anywhere and everywhere. And here is the result of my sincere labours.

The right hand top corners which showed the stamp of our office presented a long ribbon-like trail of violet-ink, and the "designation-stamp" below, glared tipside down, inviting the boss to sign his name, and present his proper official title by turning the paper topsyturvy before affixing his signature. The u and i alone of the "urgent" stamp were visible and could have stood for anything from "upset" to an "upshot," reminding one of the ubiquitous "fill-in" competitions. I discovered that the "self-inking" pad was soon as "dry as the remainder biscuits after a voyage" and needed an external human agency to "ink" it in spite of the supposed self-inking propensities. My mind was full of the precious "value of time" and I hastened to open the violet ink bottle and wet the pad as quickly as I could. I felt something skilful and steady in my right hand, and the next moment I was slightly gazing at the stained "summit" of all the five digits of the right hand. The entire of my part that followed this

awkward situation were silly and foolish in the extreme. The others,—senior clerks who had long ago settled down and become used to rubber-stamp work,—sat watching me and looking on with exasperating indifference. Some of them even exhibited their amusement at my discomfiture with ill-suppressed giggles. In trying to set matters right, I only managed to spread the copying stains to both my palms and eventually to my face and neck. The handkerchief which I pulled out frantically, slipped on to the desk and equalled the confounded pad, and was soon sodden out of identity. My whole being was indeed a colourful and picturesque study. In my nervous confusion, I had involuntarily fingered my coat and trousers, and, happening to glance at the boss, I was staggered to find him openly gloating over the altered appearance of my erstwhile brand-new suit. Finger and thumb impressions that could unequivocally establish my identity, stared me in the face all over the papers. My wife had almost fled and I had a good mind to hurl the stamps, pad and bottle on to the uncanny head of boss. Discretion, however, got the better of my feelings and, mumbling some formal words of "permission to withdraw," I ran out of the office, and pedalled furiously home on my Raleigh, and spent the rest of the day under the tap.

I have given up wearing suits, and using rubber-stamps ever since that memorable day. And to give the devil his due, my boss very tactfully refrains from mentioning either,—suits or stamps.



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The Lure of Lalitha

By Ananta Narayan

SHE was strikingly beautiful. Of course I mean Lalitha the sweet charmer. Three months ago she startled sleepy Sholingur by joining a Men's Tennis club and has been startling it ever since by her wonderful beauty. Nobody knew where she came from. Like a bolt from the blue, one fine May morning she had arrived with her aged mother, engaged a house and had been jogging along pretty comfortably all these three months. Nobody knew where she got her money either. But there she was, all calm and serene if you please, driving every fellow in town quite crazy with her ethereal beauty.

THE Tennis Club was a small affair before Lalitha's advent. But after Lalitha's rather dramatic entry, an enterprising Zemindar built a huge club-house and several tennis courts. He didn't stop with that. Had he done so, there would not have been any story to tell. He bought a brand new racquet and came to play there daily at 4 o'clock sharp, in the evenings. And whenever he partnered or opposed Lalitha, a strange sparkle in his eyes was observed by one and all. Yes, you are right, the Zemindar fell and fell pretty hard for Lalitha. Did you ask me why the Zemindar did not pop the question? Ah! a most legitimate query. Between you and me the Zemindar was afraid. Lalitha was a spirited girl. The Zemindar was not much of a looker. So he was really afraid she might refuse him. So he waited.

and though only twentythree, had the wisdom of the sages in him. But as is the case, he had nothing else. He was poor. A bachelor who could make both ends meet with some difficulty. But his tennis was superb. It was because of this that he was thrown largely into Lalitha's company.

He fell head over heels in love with her. His case was different. He was handsome but he had not the wherewithal to marry. So he also waited.

Things came to a climax when the Zemindar confessed to Shankar one day his burning passion for Lalitha. Shankar and the Zemindar were good friends. They studied together, played tennis together and did so many things together from childhood. So this confession gave Shankar a terrible jolt and he felt a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach.

"Why shouldn't Zemindars mind their own business? Falling in love, indeed! the blighter, I will teach him" thought Shankar.

Here is a case wherein you see the evil influences let loose by a woman. Two life-long friends, a woman intervenes, both their minds are poisoned, the forged link breaks. The one begins to plot against the other.

Shankar went home that day with a very thoughtful air.

But what were the thoughts of Lalitha, that sweet charmer of souls? From morning till night, the face of Shankar haunted her. She too had succumbed to mischievous cupid. She loved Shankar with all the strength of her being. But, for her, marriage was impossible, at least with Shankar. He was poor. She was decently well off. But not so well off to marry. Even if she were very well off Shankar would never consent to sponge upon her. He was a thorough gentleman and Lalitha knew it.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. So Lalitha decided to confide in her mother. So one night she told her mother all about her love affair.

The old lady listened patiently.

Lalitha finished her story.

Then the old lady spoke.

What she said was very different from what Lalitha expected.

But Lalitha broke out into peals of merry laughter.

"Oh, Mother you are a darling" cried Lalitha and kissed her mother affectionately.

"There! There! M'dear!" lisped the old woman.

The Great Fine Arts exhibition was to begin in a few days. Every aspiring painter has submitted his picture for the competition. Shankar of course had submitted his. But he was despondent. What could one expect from a lovelorn artist?

The great day dawned. The judges grouped in into the sanctum sanctorium to consider the merits of the exhibits. The Zemindar was one of the judges. He seemed highly elated. In fact he had some reason to feel elated. That morning he had received a note. That was from Lalitha, and she had asked him to buy pictures for her and also requested him to consider carefully a certain picture (she gave the title). The Zemindar understood or thought he did. Lalitha was merely asking him to buy some pictures and also declare a certain picture as the best in the exhibit and the reward for this trifling act was to be great big kiss! No wonder he felt elated. He opened the exhibition and announced the winning exhibit. Shankar gaped. It was his. Had the Zemindar gone potty?

Wonder of wonders! Shankar nearly reeled! Every one of his twenty-five exhibits was sold! Ten were bought by the Zemindar at a thousand rupees each! The other fifteen were bought by a Northern Indian prince at two thousands apiece!

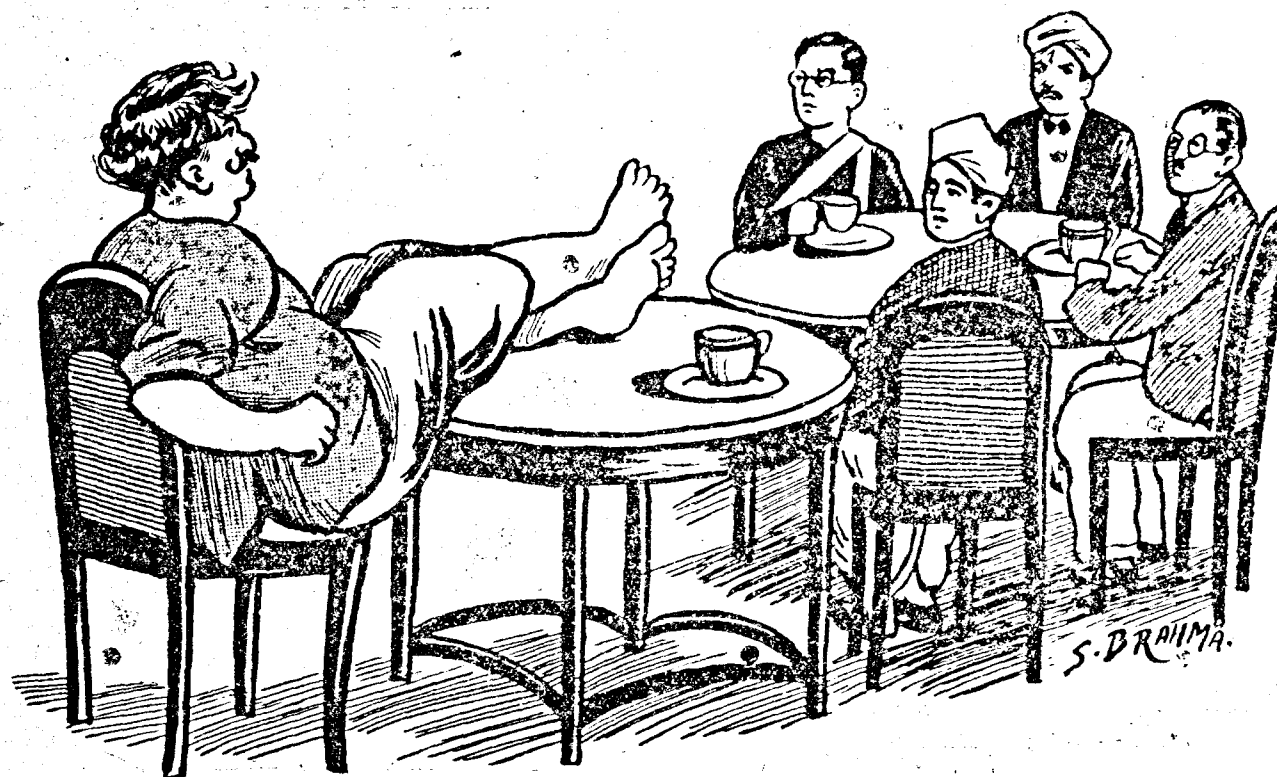
Shankar was rich beyond avarice! He steadied himself and slowly walked home.

He reached his chambers and took a long drink, pinched himself to assure (Continued on page 11)

AUGUST 20, 1936

IT WORKED

BY
JACK SPENCER.



"MUSCLE or no muscle, I'll knock him cold man" growled Sunder baring his sharp teeth in an ugly grimace. He chewed hard and spat a thin scarlet stream on the damp cement floor.

There was a tense silence. The three rough looking men at his table sat erect and stared wildly at him.

"Hey, got fed up with life or what" sneered Kishore leaning over the table! Remember there is not a single guy miles around here that would touch Chandi, the giant. And you.....!"

"Shucks," interrupted Sunder banging the table with his podgy fists. "A single

blow in the tummy and the Chandi balloon busts. Who says he is tough?" smiled Sunder, working his shirt sleeves up. A ripple of laughter broke loose from his comrades.

"It's playing with fire, boy. Chandi sure, would run rings round you in the breeze and count your bones in no time.

It would be high time you said your prayers if Chandi heard you now," advised Kishore in a whisper.

Sunder stood up to his full height and bent his thick head menacingly over his comrades. "Bet you a hundred chips, I squeeze the precious life out of Chandi right here and now, come, friends," he grinned.

Kishore's jaw dropped in amazement. His friends

leaned back and rolled their eyes. It was incredible, the slim and slender Sunder, barely topping five feet six, in shoes, meant business.

"A hundred chips, I maul him," snapped Sunder as he swung round and pointed at the corner table near the window.

KISHORE and his friends turned towards the indicated table and emitted a low gasp. There was Chandi seated in a low chair, with his strong hairy legs stretched carelessly over the table. He was of medium height and was bordering on corpulence. An abnormally large head on a powerful neck set between broad and strong shoulders, he looked like a monster out of mythology. A shock of bristly hair, hung down over his bulging forehead. His small shifty eyes never seemed to be at rest and his thick coarse lips

were constantly twitching. Chandī was ugly and repulsive.

"Listen to me Sundar, it is death to approach him. He seems to be in a bad temper and if you....."

"Nonsense," cut in Sundar. "Talk business boys. If you want some fun, place the money here and see your Chandī crash to the floor."

Kishore and his friends emptied their purses on the table and Sundar counted out a hundred rupees. "A hundred chips to knock Chandī over," chuckled Sundar as he fondled the jingling coins.

"Well, boys, now watch the fun!"

With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his small, head erect, Sundar walked straight towards Chandī and jumped on to the table. Chandī swore and moved uneasily in his chair. He grinned at the funny figure before him.

"What is the swell idea?" scowled Chandī.

Quite unperturbed, Sundar kicked down his legs from the table, and fixed a pair of hypnotic eyes on that ugly species of humanity.

"Stop staring and place a chair for me, you wind bag" commanded Sundar.

With a vicious growl like that of a famished dog standing guard over a bone, Chandī shot up straight, and roared.

"Place a chair or I wallop you," repeated Sundar in a thundering voice. "None of that stuff on me, you brute. Obey me, quick."

Chandī the giant seemed taken aback by the sudden attack. He felt nervous at the intense gaze of Sundar and shrunk back. He kicked into position and looked at Sundar who jumped into the chair and crossed his legs carelessly.

The whole crowd in the 'Hotel Anna' watched the scene and were surprised to see Chandī obey meekly the orders of the weakling Sundar. "A strange contrast," they whispered to one another. "What has come over the giant today?" questioned Kishore of his friends. They stood beside a pillar and watched Sundar, the hero of the hour. "What that's this cowering before a giant?" murmured an old man in a corner sipping tea softly. "Chandī obeys?" continued the old man. "Watch some brushing up, though I wonder if this young boy would say 'No' to a giant." "Sure," answered

"Remember how, Chandī kicked that young servant who took a month to walk about. The merciless brute," he finished.

"Give me a cigarette," observed Sundar with cold contempt in his eyes.

I take cigarettes from the type of you, fool, and I offer no one," retorted Chandī, his eyes flashing and his upper lip curling over his tobacco stained teeth.

"Quick with a cigarette" was the calm and cool reply.

Chandī rose and leaned toward him, doubling his fists!

"Shut up," he roared. "I'll break your bones."

Like a flash Sundar leaped at Chandī, caught him by the neck and shook him like a rat. His small eyes emitted fire. "That will teach you," scowled Sundar as he forced Chandī to his chair.

For a moment Chandī stared at the contemptible creature before him. He pulled himself up gnashing his teeth, and missed landing a powerful blow on Sundar. The puny little chap saw his chance and crashed a heavy fist full into his top. Chandī crumpled under the blow, went wobbly in his knees, and dropped heavily to the ground, hissing and cursing. There was a general outburst of appreciation from the gazing crowd. With an effort, Chandī stood up on his tottering knees, and rolled his eyes. He looked funny.

"Sit down" ordered Sundar as he pushed Chandī into a chair.

"Now, be quick" he laughed.

"Meekly Chandī fumbled in his pocket, and offered a silver cigarette case. Sundar inserted a cigarette between his thin lips and asked for matches.



"Light a cigarette and smoke," ordered Sundar puffing out a blue ribbon of smoke straight into Chandī's face.

"No. I don't like to smoke now," replied Chandī rising up from the chair and edging to the door. Sundar observed the move out of the corner of his eye and his brows wrinkled.

"Stay there" shouted Sundar rushing towards the door. Chandī trembled slightly. Sundar caught him by his sleeve and dragged him to the chair.

"Do as I say." It'll do you good. Obey me!

Chandī obeyed. His hands shook visibly as he struck a match. The cigarette quivered between his lips.

"Stand" up," thundered Sundar suddenly.

Chandī instantly obeyed. His cigarette fell to the floor.

"Pick up the cigarette, you fool," said Sundar. Chandī bent low to pick up the stub, but Sundar crushed it under his bare foot and smiled.

"Now get out," commanded Sundar standing up, and surveying the incredulous crowd.

"My cigarette case," stammered the giant.

"No. I am keeping it." Chandī the giant walked through the crowd his head hung down, and disappeared down the street.

Pin drop silence in the hall. The crowd collected in a corner and were whispering to themselves. They knew Chandī too well to believe his being licked by a puny undersized Sundar. The incredible had happened.

Sundar lit another cigarette and walked into the centre of the hall unmindful of the crowd who were anxious to shake hands with him. He was looking for Kishore and his companions, and found them standing at the door way smiling at him.

"Well boys, come in and have a bite with me," laughed Sundar watching them with amusement. Like dumb sheep they followed him to the nearest table.

"So you are a marvel, Sundar," breathed Kishore sipping the hot tea. "By the look of Chandī I thought he would....."

"All bluff," cut in Sundar placing the cup on the table. If he had shown fight, you would have seen his carcass now," chuckled Sundar.

"You win, Sundar. The money is yours and you have earned it," congratulated Kishore as Sundar left them with a warm hand shake.

It was nearly half an hour later, when Sundar met Chandī in Queen's Park and smiled at him.

"Oh! boy, how well you acted." "I wondered if you would play it up to the end!" He handed back the cigarette case.

"It's all right, buddy, but did our scheme work?" asked Chandī smiling back at him.

"O. K. boy, splendid. They knew no one would touch you and backed seventy five chips. Half and half eh!" "sure," agreed Chandī, his mouth watering at the sight of the money.

No wonder he sang on his way home.

(Continued from page 8)

himself that he was quite awake, and then went to sleep.

The Zemindar's Limousine drew up in front of Lalitha's house. The Zemindar jumped out, cleared the steps in a jiffy and was knocking at the door before you could say Jack Robinson! Wonderful the way a man behaves when he is in love! The door opened and an old lady invited the Zemindar to come in and sit down. She introduced herself as Lalitha's mother. After this preamble, the Zemindar got the biggest shock of his young life!

It seemed that by a curious coincidence mother and daughter had the same name! It was really the mother who wrote the note, and would the Zemindar be kind enough to claim the kiss?

The Zemindar fled. Claiming the kiss indeed! He would rather die first. Oosh, if this story got about he would be ruined!

From that day, the Sholingur Tennis Club lost an influential member. A little point before I finish the story. Lalitha's mother's name was really Sabita, but all is fair in love and War! Lalitha was really one of the Royal Family of N—a North Indian constituency. And that explains the sale of Shankar's pictures. Things came to a rosy climax when the engagement between Lalitha and Shankar was announced. If you had been lucky enough to visit the Shankar-Lalitha household you would have seen in the large guest-hall, a lovely portrait of a woman and underneath it in gilt letters, "The Lure of Lalitha."

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(Continued from page 5)

exquisite natural sceneries. It is interesting to note that of the songs, to be heard in "DHHUP CHHAON," there are a few classical songs by Mr. K. C. Dey, Mr. R. C. Boral is in charge of music, and



Mukal Boes in change of Audiography

It is gratifying to learn that the Hindi film, which is now in the making under the direction of Mr. Hem Chander, will present the beautiful Bengali dancer Miss Molina in an entirely new type of role. Co-Starring with Saigal, who will sing several numbers in this picture, she will appear as a damsel in distress, who chooses cinema as a career amidst much social opposition and finally clears away what the public wrongly attributes to the life in a film studio.

The story, among other things, points out that a studio man, at best, is a human being and, at worst, has a predilection for obscenity only; that an actress under the existing conditions can lead a good life, if she so intends and that men, situated in different stations of life, spend more time and energy in love affairs than an actor does. Further, it states, that the danger of falling in love with an actress lies not so much in the actress herself as in the belittling scepticism with which she is viewed by our society. One reason, why the public should like this film is that it takes love seriously but not the lovers and dwells in the main, on those aspects of love-making which cause mirth rather than headache.

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No. 11, DARBHANGA.

Brought before a civil magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly behaviour, a wretched old man was asked what he had to say for himself. He smoothed his grey hairs and exclaimed: "Your worship, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn'. I am not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as—"

"That will do, angrily shouted the magistrate, "Seven days! And officer, take a list of those names, and arrest them, too. They are as bad as he is."

At a court gathering, a gentleman said to Lord C. "Pray, my lord, who is that tall awkward woman yonder?" "That lady, Sir," replied his lordship, "is my sister." The gentleman reddened with confusion and stammered out: "No, no, my lord, I beg your pardon, I meant that ugly woman who stands next to the Queen." "That lady, Sir," answered Lord C, "is my wife."



By R. SUBRAMANIAN.

"THESE gramophones have become a nuisance," cried my friend Pasupathy, when my neighbour Muthanna, after a hearty meal, began plying his De Luxe Model, Portable Gramophone. I completely concurred with Pasupathy. But Muthanna is not so much to blame. It is his wife that brings the "phone" downstairs and adds to our misery. Muthanna plies it for only half an hour or so, and he goes off promptly into his siesta. And while Muthanna is in a state of suspended animation, his son is hardly more wakeful at college!

Muthanna's son and others of his type nod their sleepy heads with drooping eyelids, under the very nose of the Lecturer oftentimes. The Lecturer, has been dealing with Cardinal Newman, his style and writings, but what that great sage wrote is unfortunately so stale, or his expounder has ceased to be interesting. There is also a breeze coming in, and some of the 'taught' are sensitive to its

charm and solace; and on ears accustomed to more melodious things like gramophones, this treatment of Newman jars as twaddle, so that the spine relaxes and books are made pillows of. It is a voyage to dreamland in broad daylight, often accompanied by a SNORE. The visit is extremely pleasant, for that land is so tranquil, and without a Cardinal Newman or a professor in it. Indeed, there are more things there than Newman or the professor dreams of. But there is very soon the home-coming, the painful home-coming, and it is now "Paradise Lost," perhaps only to be "regained" some other day!

A sound way of sleeping in class is not certainly that way of sleeping with a sound, and a strikingly short nap may go unheeded very often. As a matter of fact, many students who possess that knack of having a short nap, do it and do the Lecturer too. But those wavering fellows who do not want to sleep, but cannot help doing so and go on nodding their heads, are caught, caught napping. So long as they sleep in silence, they are comparatively safe, but once they snore, they are lost.

It will be borne in mind, that the professor knows how to survey the whole class with that vigilant, as well as genial look of his, and find out the man he wants, even though he be dozing off eleven benches away in a corner. His turban sits on his head like a skull-cap, and there on the tip of his formidable nose rest his spectacles over which he observes the "block" intently. The professorial breast swells with righteous indignation, hands are thrust into pockets, and out comes a stunning reprimand. "Well, Kuppaswamy, just awake? ... That's good. What does Newman say, says you should have a sleepy time of it in the class? Really, you are a sight for the Gods. I saw you yawning sometime back, and now you've got up from your slumber! Delightful reverie, I suppose. What was I saying now?"

Kuppaswamy is not to be beaten this way. He remembers the professor saying "George Bernard Shaw's." That was before the trance. When he woke up, the professor was saying something of the "Pilgrim's Progress." So putting two and two together, Kuppaswamy with a chuckle of triumph answers, "You were talking of George Bernard Shaw's Pilgrim's Progress." The whole class roars with laughter. "Fine!" snaps the professor, "But were you asleep when I talked of Newman's 'Hamlet'? You won't do

(Continued on page 16)



"My wife has been working on the car, Simkins," the proud husband said to the chauffeur.

"Very good, sir," replied Simkins. "I'll go and put everything right."

Circus-Owner: "What was all that noise I heard this morning?"

Assistant: "The two-headed man was having a fight with himself over which face should be shaved first."

Young Smith: "I have benefitted greatly from your treatment doctor."

Doctor: "Why-er-were you a patient of mine?"

Smith: "Oh, no, but my uncle was. I was his hair!"

The boxer's manager met the trainer as he left the dressing-room and asked: "Does our man know that his opponent is a big black man and that he has to give away a lot of weight?"

"Yes, how he does!"

"That is fine. Is he fit?"

"Yes, he is in good now."

"Can you guarantee this anti-wrinkle cream?"

"Absolutely, Madam, it would smooth out corrugated iron."

"Yes, he left her at the altar. His carriage deserted him."

"So he's teaching you to swim? How much have you learned so far?"

"That he's twenty one, single and has a good job."

Railway Porter: "Victoria?"

Sweet country girl (shyly): "No Violet."

Little girl (to shopwalker): Have you seen a lady going about with me?"

Old Lady: "Constable, can you direct me to the Flying Squad?"

Policeman: "What do you want with the Flying squad ma'am?"

"Oh, I want them to capture my canary, it's escaped!"

"Did you pass your exam?"

"Well, it was like this—you see—"

"Neither did I. Shake!"

Barber (surveying top of customer's head): "Hair-cut or polish, sir?"

"My wife has been nursing a grievance all the week."

"Been laid up, have you?"

Peck: "My views on bringing up the family are—"

Mrs. Peck: "Never mind your views. I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal."

Jones: "Your office sent me a sack last week."

Employment Office manager: "Yes, that's right."

Jones: "Well, it will give me the greatest pleasure if you dine with me to-night."

Policeman: "Miss, you were driving sixty miles an hour!"

She: "Oh, isn't that splendid I only learnt to drive yesterday."

"I hear your cashier has absconded—did he take anything with him?"

"Yes. My wife."

"Anything of value?"

"When I was a baby I was left an orphan."

"What did you do with it?"

"There is not much wasted on bananas, is there?"

"No; even the skins make good slippers!"

Magistrate: "What is your age, madam?"

Woman witness: "Twenty-one years and some months."

"Just how many months? You know you are on oath."

"A hundred and twenty."

Teacher: "Do you know the population of London?"

Pupil: "Not all of them. We have only lived here two years."

Cautious customer: "Do you rectify mistakes here?"

Chemist: "Yes, sir—if the patient is still alive."

"I suppose your home-town is one of those places where everyone goes down to meet the train."

"What train?"

"How are you getting on with that Radio set I sold you three weeks ago?"

"I'd like you to tell me again all the things you said then. I'm getting a bit discouraged!"

"What is leisure, daddy?"

Leisure, my boy, is the two minutes rest a man gets while his wife is hunting up something else to him to do."

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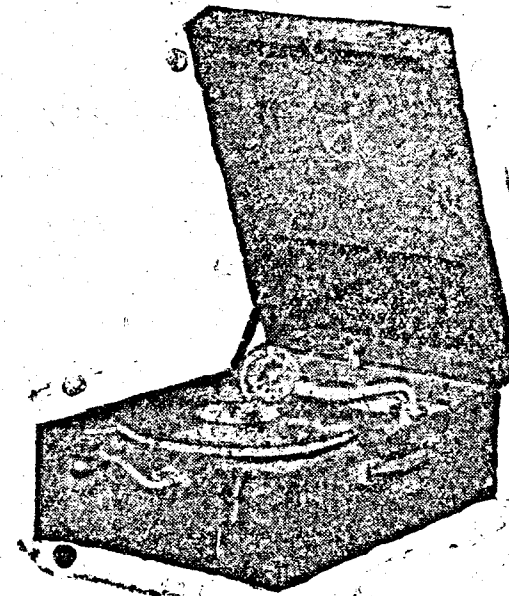
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Wishing to be polite to the officer of some troops newly billeted in her neighbourhood, a lady sent him an invitation: "Mrs. Jones requests the pleasure of having the company of Captain Brown to tea at four o'clock on Monday."

Monday arrived and the whole place was full of soldiers. Mrs. Jones hurried downstairs and Captain Brown came forward, apologising: "It was very kind of you to ask us to tea. I am sorry I could not bring all the company, as several of my men are away on leave!"

(Continued from page 13)

that again, I think, eh? Once bit, twice shy!" Kappuswamy grins like a greenhorn. But how does the professor know this cardinal fact,—

Delicious *vadais* and *applams* too,

Panneer rasam and *mors kuzambo*,

And a lot of rice with spoons of ghee,

Are undergoing digestion in Kuppuswamy's belly,

And a breeze so balmy
Must tuck Kuppuswamy!

Let not class-room-sleepers look small in the eyes of the world. Hats off to them. K-k-r-r-r-h.....rises the snore, and soon the drowsy guy stands up, the very picture of vacuity; and where once monotony hummed, there is now merriment and laughter. Call it Lucretian pleasure, but if one is not so cruel as to laugh at his uncomfortable predicament, one also will not be such a killjoy, as not to be tickled by his perspiring face and red eyes. He and his like are haters of sameness and bringers of variety. Of course, they bear the brunt of it all, still they have fulfilled their mission.

Sleep on, Master Muthanna! You and your father have slept at the same time, though in different places. None will be such a simpleton as to advise you to refrain from having a good meal in the morning, none so wicked as to ask you not to attend college, and nothing quite so natural as the Lecturer boring you, nothing so lulling as the mid-noon breeze, nothing so sound as the nap that follows, and when you have done your FORTY WINES, "none so poor to do you reverence!"



"Gentle Grafters"

By P. V. Gopalakrishnan B. A. (Hons.)

ON a bleak December morning I alighted at M-Road railway station from a train, that can easily win the "blue riband" for slow motion and primitive conception of comfort. An eight mile drive on an ill-kept road in slashing rain completed, what the train half achieved, in making me thoroughly unhappy. However, the very warm welcome extended to me by the "K's", restored my good humour.

About seven o'clock in the evening, an urgent call came for K-, who, by the way was a business man; his partner required his presence immediately in their Town office, a few miles distant. As I had evinced a desire to see the Town earlier in the day, K- came down to my room and asked whether I had any objection to accompany him to Town and spend the night there, if necessary. I jumped at the idea with alacrity, as I hoped, the drive would to some extent relax my over-wrought nerves.

We drove straight to the Dak bungalow, only to be curtly told, it was occupied. "Some Tim-God of a Government Official", muttered K-, "that means knocking about the streets till you find a hotel to rest your head."

THE air was lifeless and benumbingly cold. We marked our way through tortuous lanes—identically called streets and anchored finally opposite a single storeyed building. A woman greeted

and obsequiously showed us into a large room, sparsely furnished. What was beyond the room we didn't care to enquire or explore. We were too tired or disgusted to worry about. After a hurried meal, K—went out to attend to his business, telling me not to sit up for him. It was probable, he added, that the business might detain him till next morning.

Loneliness is not always enjoyable or desirable, and that, in a large dingy room without a book or even a cigar. The old woman had a face ugly enough to knock me down at the mere sight of it. Yet, even she would have been welcome; but surprisingly she was nowhere to be seen.

I bolted the door, curled myself in the bed and composed myself to sleep.

Barely an hour had elapsed. I woke up with a start. Yes. There was a succession of gentle taps on the front door. Why were they not bold? What was the idea of the knocker— whoever he or she might be, in trying the Morse Code on a door? Surely it was not my friend, who generally signalled his arrival with a big bold rap, that always evoked an "Oh" from Mrs. K?

It took me only a minute to light the lamp and unfasten the bolt. "May we come in", some one enquired gently. "Surely", I replied, and they came. I never met in my life, a more ill-assorted pair than the one, I saw before me.

The man—rather a youth, was fair, courteous, a trifle timid and afraid, and singularly enough, ill-dressed. The woman—I have no mind to call her a lady—was athletic, and passing fair, a bit bumptious but sullen, altogether. Matches are surely made in heaven I thought; else, how could this fair youngster muster courage to go through life with that woman. Perhaps she also had her good points.

"Sir, if you will permit us to say so we are the owners of this house. We reside in a near by village and visit the Town only occasionally when there is a good programme in the local cinema. We pass the rest of the night on such days in this house. We didn't know that it was let, to-day, till we reached the doorknobs. Else we

would have sought lodgings, elsewhere. Now it is too late for us to go out, but if our presence be in the least disturbing or objectionable to you, we would rather roam the streets than cause you any inconvenience. We will be up very early to-morrow and by the time you get up, we will be away. If you please, you may ask the caretaker to bear testimony to our bonafides."

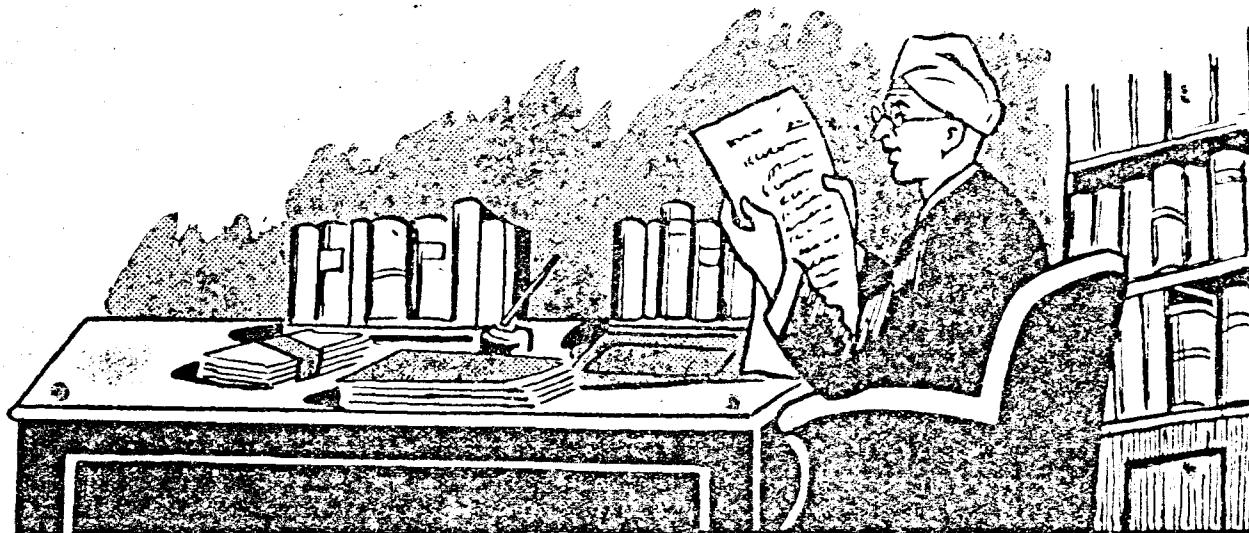
He spoke in a peculiarly pleasing voice and his demeanour and deportment were perfect. I disliked the old woman so much, that I felt I could trust this young man. I said "I have the least objection. But it is obvious, you can't share my room. I don't know what is beyond this. Of course, you can find a suitable one for yourself."

After profusely thanking me, the pair opened the door leading to the inner rooms, and disappeared in the gloom.

I blew out the lamp, and went to bed, but I couldn't sleep; however much I coaxed myself into it. I could not find a single excuse for the man's choice of such a wife, who though not positively ugly, was surely not a "ray of sunshine" to brighten one's home.

Occasionally, fragments of a muffled conversation reached me, but I didn't care to decipher them. Finally, out of sheer ennui I fell into a deep sleep, and woke up only, when my friend shook me violently by the shoulders. "Get up.....G—. You have been done in, I find by that precious pair the "C—Couple" as we know them by. They have fooled many a new comer to this town. The 'man' is a charming young lady and the 'lady' is a man, both educated, well connected, and clever. I believe they put over you the landlord stuff. Well—find any missing?"

After all I didn't lose any money, as I didn't bring any, in my hurried departure. My valuable sleeve links, pearl buttons and silk scarf—I believe it caught the real lady's fancy—however were "found missing". But I didn't mind it very much.



Letters from My Son-in-law

By Father-in-law.

"I HOPE you do not mind the unconventional manner in which I always commence my letters. You can take it safely for granted that we are quite alive and kicking till you hear anything to the contrary. I shall always presume the same of you and promise not to be alarmed, if in your communications you omit any reference to your state of health.

I know that your time is very precious as a busy lawyer and I shall therefore without any further preliminaries proceed straight to the point, and that is, as you have already guessed, I am very badly in need of money. Of course I quite realise, that every time I stand before you in this suppliant attitude, I descend one step lower in your estimation, but I am absolutely helpless. Please do not for a moment imagine that I do it

in a flippant or casual manner: I have to swallow a great deal of my pride before I venture upon this particular course of action. That however does not matter, because it is nothing short of arrogance for a poor man like me to entertain any such pride.

SOMETIMES however, I feel that I am not entirely without justification in indenting upon your generosity, because I spend very little upon myself from what I receive at your hands. The trouble is that your daughter is unable to reconcile herself to the idea that she is now primarily the wife of a poor humble and obedient servant of His Majesty, who (not His Majesty) is perpetually faced with the problem of making both ends meet. Having been brought up in the lap of luxury, she finds it impossible to reduce her wants and adapt herself to the altered conditions. Of course, it is my duty as her husband to provide for her comforts and conveniences, but if she refuses to be satisfied with what is available, what can I do, except turn to those who are interested in our welfare and who can afford to succour me? The only persons who are interested in the

advancement of my well-being are my parents and your good self, but no useful purpose will be served by my appealing to the former as they are poorer than myself and entirely dependant upon my earnings. I have therefore no other course open than to approach you, however demeaning and derogatory it might be.

As I said before, the money is intended exclusively for the entertainment of your daughter. The only benefit I derive from it is the incidental pleasure of seeing her contented and happy. I do not mean to insinuate that you would discountenance my appropriating a minor share towards my own requirements, but what I wish to emphasise is the fact that practically the whole of it is for the purpose of replenishing your daughter's wardrobe. After all, wealth by itself is valueless unless it makes its possessor happy and what greater happiness can there be to a loving father such as you are, than beholding your only daughter contented and care-free?

I do not wish to take up any more of your valuable time by dilating further on the subject, though the philosophy underlying it is extremely interesting. I hope I have said enough to convince you and I shall therefore be expecting a remittance of at least a hundred rupees by the next post. I thank you in advance."

CHANGE OF DRESS

BY HAYBA.

DEAR READER, have you ever paused to consider what a lot of things would happen, some pleasant, some very unpleasant, if you merely changed your dress and put on a different set of clothes?

Probably not. You may take it from me, the world itself would seem to have changed, at least so far as you are concerned. Quite possible you might get into some awkward scrapes. If you do not believe me, try this simple experiment.

Discard your silk shirt, serge coat, stiff collar and Salem lace dhotie, and put on a Khaddar Jibba and Anga-wastram. Complete the transformation by adding a Khaddar dhotie and Gandhi cap. Your friends flock round you, stare at you incredulously, and wonder since when you became a devout follower of the Mahatma! Some mistake you for one of the volunteers who worked for Satyamarthi in the elections, and congratulate you heartily on the well deserved success of the congress candidate. The policeman on duty eyes you suspiciously: probably he believes you are a revolutionary from Bengal. For long the C. I. D. are in your track!

You might wreak your vengeance on the police man by burning a Sargeant's or Inspector's uniform. What happens? You are set upon by you are, and

by what right you came by that symbol of law and order. Constables click their heels, stand at attention and salute your honour, and bus conductors vacate the front seat in deferential haste and offer you a free ride. Even if you tender your fare, they wouldn't receive it. If the bus is overloaded, they might even pay you something to keep mum!

If by any mischance you are admitted into a hospital, things change there too. You are deprived of all your individual and distinctive attire and you are given a red lungi and a white blouse. With the surrender of your dress, you lose your whole individuality. You are no longer Ramasami or Krishnasamy, but merely "Bed No. 18 of Ward No. 4!" You may be a Collector or a District Magistrate, you might be an Editor—you may be an anything, but that simply does not matter in a hospital. You are all treated alike—you are all mere numbers!

The worst misfortune comes however, when a woman is admitted into the hospital and turned into a number!

Earlier in the day, my wife had been admitted as an in-patient in the 'Rukamani hospital' and I was given permission to come and see her in the evenings. I went accordingly and was directed to the 'Ripon Ward'. I went round and round, looking anxiously at every bed, but I couldn't find my wife. I stopped a nurse who was running for all her life to answer probably a call from some superior officer, apologised for my rudeness, mentioned my wife's name and enquired where she was. But the name meant absolutely nothing to her, and when I protested that my wife had been admitted into that ward that very morning, she smiled. "So, you are the husband of Bed No. 16, this way please."

And surely, there she was. But, what a change! Gone were her diamond thodu, nose screw and bangles, the scarlet saree and green petticoat had yielded place to a much washed red and white hospital attire!

She was looking just like any other patient in the ward, and it took me a full minute and a half to realise that the figure lying in the bed was none other than my beloved. We chatted pleasantly for half an hour, I gave her all the encouragement I could to bear the suffering in patience, took an affectionate farewell for the day and came away, leaving the fruits, and biscuits which I had brought for her consumption.

The next day I had no difficulty in locating the bed, I saw her again, and was assured that she was vastly improving.

The third day, I went as usual. But to my surprise, I found her sleeping, with her head turned the other way about. Had she had a relapse? I was warned not to disturb 'Bed No. 16' and I had to come away quietly, with not even a word from my dear wife. I left the basket of fruits under the bed, requested the nurses to take care of her and inform me promptly if there was a change for the worse.

The next day, the same story was repeated. The nurse, a new one on duty this time, told me not to disturb the patient.

The fifth day when I went, I was determined to have a word with her, sleeping or not. Sure enough, she was fast asleep with a blanket covering her from head to foot. I woke her, up, with a brusque "You, my dear!" Horror of horrors—the blanket rolled down from the face and revealed not my wife—but an entirely different woman!

"What?" thundered the enraged dame. "Help! Help! where is the nurse?" She sat up in the bed, and began raining a volley of vulgar abuse!

Soon, there was a crowd. Nurse-ward boys, and attendants came running and surrounded me. I had to apologise as abjectly as I could. My wife had been transferred to another ward three days back!

I went upstairs and began a painful search in the new ward, among the

(Continued on page 20)

JEEVES ASSIMILATED

By AREN.

'HULLLO Doc! Hulllo, hulllo, hulllo!' The Doctor stiffened and visibly froze.

'You said?'

'Hullo Doc' I said

'Dog?'

'Yes, Doc!'

'Young man, you imply I am a dog?'

'Dash it—Aren't you a—?'

'Dog?'

'Course! You are a doc?'

'D—O—G?'

'Oh No! Not Dog! Doc! D—O—C!'

'And pray what is a Doc?'

'Take it easy, old bug! You know—don't you know—'

'Bug?'

'Old Egg, then—I say—'

'Egg?'

'Oh! old bloke—bean anything!—But—'

'The Door!' he thundered.

'Ohh Myy! Plea—ease!—'

The Doctor calmed a bit.

'Well then, what do you want? Be quick about it and get thee gone!'

'But please, just let me explain first! Doc is simply an ab for Doctor.'

'And what is an ab?'

'Don't you know ab is an ab for ab—what—do—you call—it?'

'Never mind, never mind! Just tell me your complaint' soothed the Doctor in a voice that hit me at about the third stud of my shirt and passed right through the back. There was that in his eyes—sort of suspicious glint—suggestive of something that wounded my pride and roused in me—; but with the restraint of a life-time, I put on a genial count.

'Just this! The bally old bean is bursting!'

'Eh?'

'The old onion is simply splitting!'

'What?'

'My top is aching terribly!'

'That is it, is it?' he said and rose.

He buzzed about for a few minutes and came with a glass of sparkling—I don't-know-what

'Is it good old Jeeves! (No offence meant Jeeves; 'course you are a gentleman's gentleman and all that!'

'And no offence taken, Sir!' responded a faint voice) B—and—S?'

* Bicarbonate of soda.

'Never heard of it!'

'Anyway it doesn't contain animal fats?'

'No'. But why animal fats?'

'Animal fats, you know! Anything that doesn't contain animal fats must be good, you know—at least according to the ads.'

I drank off the stuff in a whisk.

Just then G—wheezed into the room headlong.

'Say H—!' That is me.

'Say!'

'Darn it sonny! None of yer interrupting interjections here! Hear me out!'

'Out with it!'

'Say, H—I you remember the insure brought in by the post-man while we were playing chess to-day? The thing has disappeared—sort of evaporated. And I can swear that none had come into the room after your departure, for immediately after that, I myself made my exit, carefully locking the door behind me, and the lock you know is Godrej's.'

I was taken aback and knit my brows, but only for a split second. With a flash of final decision I said solemnly:

'Well G—Old boy, there is only one thing to be done!'

'What is it?'

'Consult Jeeves!'

'Jeeves?'

'Yes, Jeeves!'

'Sir?' The man sort of manifested himself just like the Gods must have

done before the "Tapasvins" of old! "You heard, Jeeves?"

'Yes, Sir!'

'Well then, rally round—buzz around—bulge your benn and pop it out!'

'Very good, Sir, well, Sir—'

'You don't mean you see your way already Jeeves?'

'Yes Sir!'

'It is a study in psychology, Jeeves?'

'Exactly Sir!'

'Seeing that none but me could have taken it, which I d didn't—'

'Precisely Sir!'

And knowing as we know the procedure G—adopts towards all letters received—

'Especially when desperately engrossed in a losing game of chess! Very good Sir!' said Jeeves.

'Good Heavens Man! You don't mean to say—?'

'I do, Sir!' with which sane remark, he vanished into thin space.

Puzzled G—and still more puzzled Doc stared at each other, and at me, as the above seemingly one-sided conversation, or rather—conversational soliloquy—was going on.

'Dear H—I are you off your nuts?' cried out G—,

'Spoken like Bertie! But, No Fears!'

'Then with whom were you talking this while?'

With Jeeves!'

'Jeeves! But there wasn't anybody here besides we three!'

'Correct, the very first-shot! According to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse Jeeves doesn't and couldn't exist except between the covers of his books. But he forgot, that Jeeves gets sort of assimilated into the system of the intelligent reader, who adores him! And there you have me—Jeeves is in me—in my blood—right within!'

This was too much for the poor old Doc. He could stand it no longer, with the result, the next moment I found myself embracing fervently and with an excess of warmth, Mother Earth, outside the Doctor's window.

G—came running round. He was all sympathy.

'Say, old boy!' he began.

'Tis nothing.' I put the cork rather severely, and legged it home.

G—followed hard.

'Ho—! Hey—! H—!'

'Keep off lad!' I legged it faster.

'But H—!'

Hop off chappie!

'Dear H—!'

'We are out, you blighter!' I slowed down.

'Yet H! It wasn't my fault, was it?' he whined.

'All right! All right!'

We walked hand-in-hand.

G—simply beamed at me. In his most captivating style he started,

'Most Dear H—! Friend of my youth! What did Jeeves say?'

'Jeeves?'

'Yes, Your Man Jeeves!'

'There is no Jeeves! You don't believe in Jeeves!'

'I do! I too have read about him, though he is not in my system!'

That made me proud—relent a bit.

'You have, have you? Well, Jeeves said "Search the waste-paper basket!"'

'Come, come, H—! This isn't time for joking!'

'It aint joking, old nut!'

'You said waste paper basket, what?'

'I said waste-paper basket, I mean waste-paper basket, and it will be the waste-paper basket!' I retorted.

And the wonderful part of it was—it WAS the waste-paper basket all right!

'You are a brick!' said G—

'Yes?'

'And—'

'Really?'

'By-the-way, you aren't in need of a fiver?'

'Thank you! I just now sent word through the Doc's asst, that you would foot the bill for me, though the fellow insisted on my paying, and paying at once for fear that once I got in through the doors of the Lunatic Asy—'

'You have though? Well, Toodleo—o—o!'

'Pip—pip!'

(Continued from page 18)

numerous red- and - white patients. The search ended at last and when I stood before my wife, she was bitter in her denunciation. She wept loud at my callousness and utter indifference. Why did I not come and see her for three whole days? I was in a fix. I couldn't confess the blunder that I had committed unwittingly though. It was all I could do to appease her with some silly story of heavy office work. She believed it for the moment—dutiful and obedient girl that she was—and I thought I was safe.

But the next day, I was disillusioned. The story of my tragedy of mistaken identity downstairs, had gone the whole round of the hospital during the day and had reached the ears of my wife in due course. Thank God, she believed me when I protested my innocence. She smiled as much as to say how ridiculous for a husband not to be able to identify his own wife, after seven years of married life!

'I bowed down my head in shame. What became of the oranges and biscuits I had left under "bed No. 16-Ripon Ward" downstairs—is still a mystery!

TALKING HORSE

By ANON

THE Rev. Samuel Stone was a very pious and conscientious gatherer of souls. A true and faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus, he sympathised with the poor and afflicted, wept at their sorrows and made them his own. He was a nice, good and sociable man, but having been only recently transferred to our parish, he was of course totally unacquainted with his flock.

That was how it happened that during his pastoral calls one day, he committed a very serious and ludicrous blunder.

The other evening he called upon Mrs. Williams. She had just lost her husband and quite naturally supposed, that his visit was relative to that sad occurrence.

"I am so sorry to hear of your sad bereavement, my dear Mrs. Williams," the Rev. gentleman began his condolence.

"THANK you, Sir. It was a terrible blow," faltered the poor widow.

"You never expected that you would lose him so soon?"

"I never dreamed of it, Sir."

"He died in the barn, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, he died here, right in this room, on my lap," said the surprised woman.

"Ah—well, you must have loved him a great deal."

"Of course, Sir."

The minister was not quite convinced, however, and he continued.

"Blind staggers, was what he suffered from, wasn't it?"

"No Sir" cut in the widow, "Rheumatism."

"Indeed you must have fed him too much, in season and out of season"—the person argued.

"He was always capable of looking after his own needs, Sir."

"Sure, he must have been very clever and intelligent. He suffered much, didn't he?"

"He did, indeed, Sir" the widow wept "God bless his Soul."

"But I was told, you had to hit him hard on the head with an axe, to put him out of misery and spare him the pain."

"How dare you say so, Sir" snapped the woman. "Poor James died quite a natural death."

"Of course" replied the perplexed minister, "he kicked the side of the barn in his dying agony, and brought it down, did he not?"

"No, Sir, he did not do anything of the kind." Mrs. Williams wondered.

"Well, Mrs. Williams, I am sorry, but I suppose I must have been misinformed. How old was he?"

"Thirty-five, Sir."

"He couldn't have been of much use to you then. Perhaps you are much better without him for you can easily get another in his place."

"What?" cried the astonished woman, "how can you suggest such a thing Sir? Never will I see one as good as he!"

"Oh! yes, oh yes! you will. But really, now, Mrs. Williams, did he not have a vicious temper and a dangerous trick of suddenly halting and kicking?"

Mrs. Williams was stunned. She remained speechless for a minute. The Parson smiled and drove home his point.

"You see, after all Mrs. Williams, I am right in saying that you are better without him."

"He was not a mad man, Sir" was all Mrs. Williams could plead.

"Probably not, of course, there were, some good points about him."

"You are right Sir. We loved each other very much. He was warm-hearted, generous to a fault and quite frank and honest."

"Very good qualities indeed! But how long did it take him to go a mile?"

"Why Sir, about fifteen minutes. Just the same for all of us, I believe!"

"Not much of a goer. His hair was too shabby?"

"He had no hair, Sir, he was bald-headed!"

"Quite a curiosity, then?"

That was the limit. Mrs. Williams flared up in righteous indignation.

"No, Sir, no more of a curiosity than you are."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a couple of minutes. The poor parson was in a fix and didn't know what more to say.

"Did you use the whip much, on him?" he began afresh.

"Never, Sir" the woman snapped.

"He went along without it eh?"

"Why, of course, the very idea!"

"He must have been a very good animal, then! the parson came to the point at last.

Mrs. Williams could stand it no longer. She couldn't bear it, she broke down completely and the tears flowed freely down her swollen cheeks. "Why do you come here and insult me, Sir, in this manner. Your references to my poor dead husband have been a series of insults. I cannot stand it" and she cried.

The Parson looked dumbfounded.

"I am really sorry. Mrs. Williams if I have offended you, unwittingly. But I was given to understand that one of your horses died and I thought it my duty to offer you my sympathies."

"I never owned a horse, Sir. It was my husband who died last week!"

The right Rev. Samuel Stone came out of that house, with the saddest face ever seen on mortal man.

"And to think" he murmured as he walked home, "that I was all along talking horse to that woman, and she was talking husband!"

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- | | |
|-----------|-------------------|
| 1. J—Y | gladness. |
| 2. T—P | cover. |
| 3. C—R | a vehicle. |
| 4. —ING | ring. |
| 5. HER— | a demigod. |
| 6. B—ND | tie. |
| 7. RID— | overlap. |
| 8. CE—SE | stop. |
| 9. —SSAY | attempt. |
| 10. LU—KY | having good luck. |
| 11. PRIM— | first. |
| 12. BL—SS | wish happiness. |

HOW TO SOLVE:—Substitute each dash with a letter to suit the given meaning. Only words from CHAMBER'S XXth Century Dictionary (Pages 1 to 1150) used. Bracketed words are not used. The word No. 1 is JOY. Now find the other words.

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Ramanan The Graduate

By 'INCOGNITO'

RAMANAN graduated in his twenty-seventh year. No sooner did an obliging brother-in-law send him the news by wire from Madras, than Ramanan borrowed a cycle from one of his friends, and executed a series of breakneck rides round the town to celebrate his victory. He sought out the best signboard painter, and commissioned him for three times his usual rate, to paint his name in bold staring capitals. Next day, to the accompaniment of the town band, the board was hoisted up to face the world, and on it were these words "Mr. T. K. N. Ramanan-Graduate." From all which, it will appear that our hero was passing quixotic. Indeed, he carried his quixoticism a step farther. He began to sign his name thereafter as T. K. N. Ramanan-graduate. Even in money order acknowledgments and in subscription lists he was just T. K. N. Ramanan-graduate. "What is the use of hiding one's talents under a bushel?" he used to remark now and then. "Why not I broadcast and parade the hard earned degree which I have won after seven years' continuous bombardment?" Modesty was never one of his weak points.

BUT we are concerned here with Ramanan's love adventures, and not with the strong points of his amiable character. Our hero had read the story of "Bala the Beauty" in the pages of "The

Merry Magazine" and he wished earnestly, to come across another Bala, with whom he could alope in circumstances, more refined and more in keeping with the dignity of his University degree. But no Bala ever crossed his path, and so, he made up his mind to go a-bunting after her. And meet her he did, but in what strange surroundings and with what disastrous consequences!

"May I offer you the protection of my umbrella?" asked Ramanan of a young lady.

It was raining cats and dogs, the sky was still overcast with clouds, and now and then a streak of lightning flashed out amidst a peal of thunder.

"Thank you sir, but I would rather not inconvenience you. As it is, this roof is protection enough for me," replied a voice which our hero straight-away classed as angelic. But he was not to be denied. He had come all the way to meet adventure and having met it, was not going to be turned away with a word. "It is getting late, and how long you will have to wait here, heaven only knows. You had better accept my protection," he offered. "Don't refuse me this favour," continued our hero in a soft and soothing tone. "I am a respectable man, and you may trust me like a brother. Here's my card. T. K. N. Ramanan-Graduate—at your service." The lady contemplated the persistent admirer and found him a green horn. She decided to accompany him home. And so, the two walked along under the same umbrella, past the Esplanade, past the mercantile houses, and finally turned into a narrow ill-lit street which our hero who knew the town quite well, had no difficulty in recognising as the Jew's Street. Ramanan had heard and read many stories of the exceeding wickedness of this ancient sect, and as he walked along the street, he could not help murmuring a word of prayer to the most High, to safeguard him and his companion. Nothing untoward happened however. On arriving at the gate of a loose rambling pile of buildings brilliantly lighted within the young lady stopped and

said "you can come no further. Thank you so much for your kindness, young sir, which I feel I can never repay," and our hero felt her touch his hand gently, while a sweet and alluring smile flashed across her face. "Oh! no mention. As it is, I am sufficiently repaid already," answered our hero gallantly, and would have gone on. But at that psychological moment footsteps were heard rapidly approaching and our hero ended with the conventional-matter-of-fact words. Good-night! Shall call on you some time tomorrow evening just to see if you have caught a cold or fever." And before he had finished, he found himself alone on the pavement. But it was a very different Ramanan who slowly retraced his way home. His head was on fire, what was going to happen next? If only our hero had the gift of second sight, he would have bidden farewell to Jew's Street and its fair inhabitant for ever.

Mr. Ramanan trusted to hope and was content to let things take their own course. Next day, our hero attired in his best, went to Jew's Street to pay the promised visit. With an air of assurance, he rang the bell, which was almost immediately opened by a liveried domestic, who, looking at Ramanan for the fraction of a second, bade him walk upstairs to the drawing-room. "I shall send word to the missus presently, but she bade me tell you sir, that you have not acted quite wisely in entering this house. She asked me to inform you further, that you are to remain inside the room, and on no pretext whatever move out of it."

Ramanan sat in the room thinking. In the previous day's excitement he had forgotten to wind his watch, and it now stood at 2-30, although it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening. A slight drizzle had commenced. As to his thoughts, sure they were his own. They were long thoughts too, and bewildered ones. "What is the meaning of the message?" he asked himself. He sighed. His anticipations, and the time table he had admirably planned with reference to Bala's elopement had all gone wrong,

AUGUST 20, 1935

Possibly, the realisation made him restless, and unhinged him not a little. Opening the door which was not locked, he walked down the passage across the landing, down the stairs. All was silence everywhere. He thought of the gulf between himself and these ancestral folk. Their outlook, depressed and down-trodden as they were for centuries, must decidedly be narrow. Repulsive looking though the Jews were, yet their womenfolk were like the bewitching hours of paradise.

Engrossed in these meditations, our hero recollected himself only when he reached a brilliantly lighted hall. The sight that met his eyes there sent a thrill through every nerve of our hero's already over wrought frame.

A crowd of ladies singing and dancing like angels! And oh! what delightful music! Sound may intoxicate the brain as well as wine. No wonder the warm glow of inebriation mounted to Ramanan's brain. As in a dream, he saw bewitching eyes and smiling lips dance to the measure, and the music played, wild passionate strains. How the ladies paced and curtsied, how their curls flowed, and golden ringlets fell into the white arch of the necks! And the shimmer and dazzle of satin and brooches! Ramanan felt his pulses outpace the measure. How the music thrilled him, calling, calling.....! Presently, one of the figures in a shimmer of white satin, came out of the crowd of excited dancers and beckoned him. Ramanan obeyed impulsively, and followed the figure to the room into which he had been shown at first.

The lady threw herself in a corner of the sofa and frankly invited Ramanan to sit. "You did splendidly" commenced he, now as bold as brass, and hoping he was not assuming too patronising an attitude. "Comments can wait" returned the lady "do you know we are in danger of our lives? If my cousin knew of your presence here, he would choke the life out of you. What prompted you to brave all the danger?" "Your sweet self!" ventured Ramanan who had digested a lot of real and imaginary romances. I fell in love with you at the very first sight, and I want you to come with me, and be mine," murmured our hero. "Oh! I have arranged everything. If only you consent" proceeded our hero, and was about to raise her hand to his lips. But at this time a voice spoke in the doorway "Break away there!"

Ramanan jumped up, his blood tingling—and turned angrily. In the very act, he met the lady's upturned countenance. Never had he seen so much distress on a lady's face. "Come hither my Gentile friend," roared the voice at the door "and I shall teach you what it is to defile a Jew's house and commit sacrilege by making love to a Jewish lady." And the man at the door raised his knife threateningly. Ramanan was in a fix. His love for life was infinitely stronger than his love for the lady—she was ever so lovely. All his heroism fled. He thought only of safety. He was unarmed, and seeing no way of braving the danger, definitely lapsed far below even his customary standard. Doing a bit of swift thinking, he darted to the young lady, and grasped her tightly round the waist. Using her as a shield, he rushed to the open window, hurled her at the oncoming foe with such force and shrewdness of aim, that his assailant fell as if he had been knocked clean over the head. And long before he could regain his feet, the window had slammed and there could be heard faintly, the sound of a heavy body dropping to the earth, with a dull thud.

Such was the ignoble exit of Ramanan from the paradise of his expectations. But, as it happened, it turned out to be far worse than he could ever have imagined. He did not fall on terra firma, or on a garden bed as heroes in romances arrange to fall, but, found himself in a mire which slowly sucked him in, after bespatter-

ing him generously all over. Too late, our poor hero realised the truth of that ancient adage, "Look before you leap," for the place where he found himself was a dung hill! What an awkward predicament for a full-fledged graduate! The frantic efforts he made to get out of the stinking hole only dragged him in yet deeper and deeper, till his feet encountered hard surface, when he was well nigh immersed up to his chin. Finding himself more comfortable now, our hero decided to remain there till the early hours of the morning, for it would have been a problem staggering even to a graduate how to go home in all that mess, even if he had succeeded in getting out. And here we shall take leave of our hero and leave him to his own reflections.

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Ways And Means

By K. R. N.

THE young man cursed freely, fluently and finely.

"And if you ask me," he concluded fiercely, "I'd sooner eat up a couple of live scorpions, attempt to make an elephant walk on a suspension bridge of creepers, or even interview editors of humorous magazines than go about searching for a suitable—ed—ed—house."

All this the young man said, and even more. And all this, of course, he said to himself, for the very good reason that there was nobody else to whom he could say it all.

The simple, sore fact was, he had been doing what scores of others everywhere in the world are doing almost every day. A very common but a very nerve-racking mission. He had spent the greater portion of the day, hunting in vain, for a suitable house.

NOT that there weren't vacant houses with the 'To Let' legend flapping outside. They were, on the other hand, as plentiful as the cholera bacilli. And about as useful to have any dealings with. One house seemed to have been built from a plan for the Home of Lost Souls; another was evidently meant as a residence for war-retained veterans who had learnt the art of trench-life. The owner of a somewhat tolerable house, persisted in imagining that the figure he quoted was merely the rent and not a first instalment on the sale-price. And there was every vacant house he

inspected—something was wrong somewhere.

Almost at the end of his long quest for the ideal house, small, compact, airy, neat, and cheap, in a decent locality, he was naturally greatly chagrined to find so vast and proud a city devoid of such a model house. No wonder then, he cursed with such fervour!

It was a long and weary pilgrimage through lanes and bye-lanes, and yet the ideal house was nowhere in sight. Hours and hours of ceaseless hiking yielded no other result than that queer sensation in the stomach which announced that the time for re-fuelling was overdue. He entered a restaurant and there, while making short work of a plate of fruit-salad, he pricked up his ears.

Two people seated at a neighbouring table were conversing. One said; ".....Yes, my house is still vacant. Such a good, cheap house too! I wonder why people don't stage a rush for it. Must be my luck, I've had it empty on my hands for the past six months."

Our youth hastened to introduce himself to the man with the grievance. He would finish the day's work, he told himself, with one more house. Inside of half-an-hour, his desire was gratified—for he was beholding the ideal house!

It was incredibly good—and it was absurdly cheap. He could scarcely credit his own eyes or ears!

"Have another look around—the house, mister," said the house-owner. "I have got a little work to attend to and shall be back in half-an-hour."

Five minutes later, another youth entered the house.

"Hullo," he greeted the first young man, "so you are the gent who wants to take this house, eh? Father told me just now."

"So you are the house-owner's son? Glad to meet you. Yes, I'm anxious to rent this house."

The house-owner's son looked into the youth's eyes searchingly. Then

a curious expression came over his face and he drew near the youth.

"Look here, mister," he said, in a sort of urgent, dramatic undertone. "I am young and educated—like yourself, and you strike me as being a particularly good man. Nothing pleases me more than to serve others. I would like to tell you something. This house—there is a sinister curse upon it. It is a house of death. It always takes toll of young lives. Of course, telling you this would lose my father a good sum of rupees—but not telling you would lose this country probably a good number of lives—if there are other young people in your family. Sh-h! Father is coming back—not a word of this!"

The house-seeking youth was not particularly prone to superstition. He did not bother very much about himself, but he was newly-married. Suppose anything happened to his beloved girl-wife, he could never excuse himself.

With a heavy sigh, he gave up the house. "I shall let you know about this some days later," he told the house-owner and with a silent look of thanks at the frank and altruistic youth, he took his departure.

"And what about you, mister?" asked the house-owner in almost anxious and sad tones, turning to the youth who had called himself his 'son.'

"I've brought the advance. I shall pay it to you now and enter into an agreement for three years if you'll take thirty and knock off the extra five."

"All right," accepted the older man with a gesture of resignation.

The clever, resourceful youth chuckled!



The CONVOCAATION

By An Old Graduate.

m2, m33 PM
N35, 3, 2

IN an age when ritualism and meaningless ceremonials are rapidly losing their hold on men's minds, and wherein ideas and usages are being weighed more in the scales of utility than mere sentimental appeal, it is rather difficult to understand why our universities should continue to stick to this annual ceremony of a "convocation" with all its attendant inconveniences and expense. The object of holding these convocations (they have now multiplied to two per annum), is apparently to confer degrees and diplomas upon the successful candidates. Why this harmless process of "confering" should assume the shape of such an elaborate pageantry, passes one's comprehension, especially when it is observed that an increasing number of the recipients prefer to take their degrees "in absentia." At the last convocation held by the Madras University a very fair percentage chose to receive their hall-marks of university education, in "absentia," and it can very safely be asserted that they are none the worse for it—not the least odium or opprobrium attaches to their absence from the convocation hall. They are as much graduates or masters as those who desired to receive their parchments (nowadays paper is substituted on grounds of economy) from the august hands of the chancellor himself. The Government ser-

vices do not bar their entry into their clerical grades, nor do the other employers stand aghast at their impudence.

IN the first place it involves considerable waste of time, energy and precious money on either side—both the giver and the receiver. The University has to spend considerably from its already impoverished exchequer, and the unfortunate candidates—the majority of whom can ill afford it in these days of comparative poverty and unemployment—are compelled to travel all the way to the Metropolis from distant parts of the Province. The incidental expenses of a sojourn in the city, the return journey home—all told—it is indeed a serious problem to be considered, whether, after all the game is worth the candle! From one point of view, however, a particular class of people do stand to gain—I mean—the briefless lawyers who secretly loan their gowns for a few rupees!

What actually happens at the Convocation Hall, is more of the nature of a theatrical entertainment than anything else. Rows and rows of gaily-dressed young men and women, (I wonder why the ladies should not be given the option of wearing gowns of a more attractive colour!) the solemn procession of senators and other functionaries, (suggesting something funeral in its aspect!) the dais on which they take their seats, (like children in a class-room!) do remind one of a pantomime show! What exactly the procession is intended to signify is rather difficult to imagine. Like mannequins in a dress-parade of any fashionable millinery-shop, the unfortunate gentlemen are marched past in single or double files amidst rows of mischievous and critical eyes, as though they were condemned prisoners escorted back to their cells after their morning ablutions!

A death-like silence now pervades the hall, and amidst this sombre stillness, the usual questions are asked and the candidates swear allegiance to somebody. In a spirit of the most perverse bravado, the majority mur-

mur their answers in a definite negative. What a colossal joke! what treason! Then follows an apology for an introduction which never ripens into friendship—no, not even a casual acquaintance! One has to pity the poor chancellor (who is all the while inwardly cursing the whole affair), who has to keep on extending his arm—like a semaphore—to be shaken up and down vigorously for over an hour. Shaking the arm might be good exercise if it is indulged in occasionally—like kissing—but if it extends to something like an hour at a stretch, it is bound to degenerate into positive pain!

The most tiresome part of the function is however, at the end—just as the saying goes, that the sting is always in the tail! The presentation and handing over of the visible symbol of learning at last finished, one would certainly feel thankful to be let off. But no! Somebody has been specially brought down (probably at great expense!) to deliver a sonorous sermon. It is usually a long and tedious address, which nobody cares to listen to, for it could be read in the evening papers at leisure and digested if need be with the help of a substantial dinner! The learned gentleman pours forth his ideas in an impassioned effort to convince his hearers and goes with the supreme satisfaction that he has done his best. Certainly, he has reason to be proud of his performance, for it is not always that a speaker is able to address such a quiet and undisturbed audience! The address after all, contains nothing new, nothing that the candidates do not already know or could not express better!

It is high time therefore that the Universities, consider afresh, the purpose or utility of the annual assemblage, and take steps in the direction of economising expenditure on their own part, and saving the students from a wholly unprofitable outlay! The "Registered Poet" could indeed be a very good alternative!!



THE BROKEN DIAL

BY
P. S. Shaw.

DETECTIVE Inspector Benoy bent over the stiff and lifeless body of Mrs. Swarna. "Strychnine. Must have been dead half an hour."

The room was small and decent; a marble topped table and a small desk chair on which stood a bottle. Kanthi was standing by, gazing vacantly at the figure on the cot.

"Now Mr. Suresh, tell me everything you know of this," said the detective as he kicked a chair into position.

"The position is this, Inspector. My mother took ill a week back. Heart trouble, and Dr. Arya was attending on her. This morning—it was exactly nine—I left for Guindy to settle with a creditor of mine. While going out, I instructed Kanthi—that's my wife—to give my mother a dose of medicine every three hours. The doctor told me the medicine contained strychnine, and that an overdose might prove fatal. I warned my wife to be careful and went out. I stayed at Guindy till five and returned home by the 5.10, to find my mother dead. I rushed to the bottle on the table and it contained only one ounce, instead of three. I questioned my wife about it and she sort of blinched at me. She was as much baffled at it as my own self. And to clear up the ghastly mystery, I called in the Police. Sir, I finished Suresh looking at the body on the bed and brushed away

an imaginary tear.

"HOW many members are there in the household?"

"Only we three, Inspector. I live here with my mother and my wife. We don't keep servants."

Inspector Benoy stirred uneasily in his chair. He lighted a cigarette and puffed out thin circles of blue smoke.

"Can I leave the room, officer?" pleaded Kanthi who was standing by the table all the time. Tall and good looking she was elegantly dressed in a green silk saree and a rose petticoat.

Fumbling with the hem of her saree she stood there, her whole frame shaking visibly.

"Of course, but answer me a few questions and I could settle this in no time," Inspector Benoy puffed out his chest.

"When did you give her the last dose, madam?"

"I never gave her any, sir. I slept from twelve to four in the evening. Toilette finished, I came here and she was lying there, cold and stiff."

"Did your husband leave you any instructions when he left?"

"Yes, asked me to give her—his mother—a dose every three hours and warned me to be careful about the over dose."

"Do you sleep in the day time also?"

"I'm accustomed to it."

"Well, how do you account for the shortage of two doses. The bottle contained five doses when your husband left home and you didn't give her any. It needs explaining madam."

"I'm sorry I cannot explain things further, officer. I finished my meal by 11, read a bit and slept away. I quite forgot about the medicine."

Inspector Benoy darted a bulging eyed stare at the woman.

"Thanks, madam. You can go now."

Inspector Benoy was busy writing official notes the next morning, when Rupsingh entered swinging his Malacca cane.

"Where have you been hiding so long, Rup?" said the Inspector motioning the criminologist to a chair.

"Busy learning the technical secrets of watches, old man," observed Rupsingh taking out a silver cigarette case.

"A cigarette."



AUGUST 20, 1935.

"Oh thanks, but what in the name of heaven were you doing that for, Rup?"

"Tell you soon. Have you made any progress in yesterday's case? What was the autopsy report?"

Inspector Benoy lit his cigarette and leaned back in his chair.

"Progress! Why, I have nearly drawn up my official notes. The husband and the wife are under arrest on suspicion. The autopsy report is, death due to Strychnine poison. Of course an over dose. It's a simple case, if you want to know."

"I know Benoy, how you hate my butting into your cases but murders interest me. I had been to the scene after you left and did a bit of investigation myself. Now, who in your opinion is guilty?"

"The wife of course. It is clear. The husband is out and the mother-in-law helplessly sick. Just an over

dose and the hated woman will be no more. What more do you want?" remarked the Inspector thumping at the table.

"It might have been an accident," suggested Rup smiling lightly. "She takes the bottle to her mouth and an extra dose just slips down her throat."

"I thought of that of course, but the doctor assured me the patient was too weak to get up and reach for the bottle on the table. So that squashes your theory. The girl did it all right and no doubts about that."

"I completely differ from you on that point, officer. If she really had done it, she would have either broken the bottle and blamed a house cat to explain the shortage, or added the necessary water to it. And you don't have positive proofs to convict her."

"What is your theory then? Not

the husband anyway?" put in the Inspector feeling irritated.

"But why not, you haven't checked up his alibi."

"I have. His alibi is air tight. He was talking with his friend at Guindy till noon and they both slept away. Suresh left Guindy by the 5.10 and his friend swears to that."

"No offence, Inspector, but if you don't mind, I would like Mr. Suresh to answer me a few questions." The Inspector nodded assent.

Suresh felt like fainting under the hypnotic stare of the great criminologist.

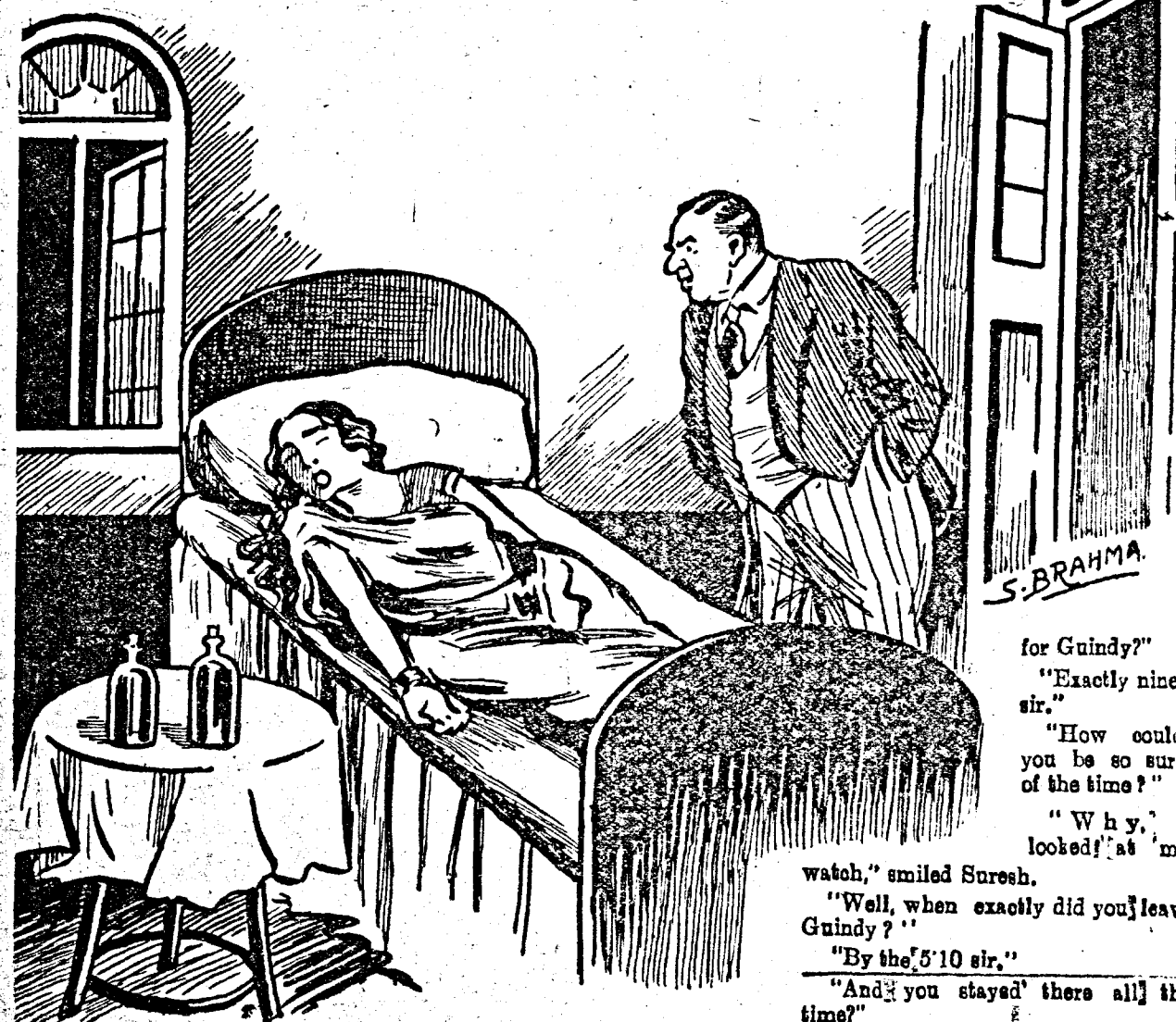
"Is your mother insured, Mr. Suresh?"

"Oh yes sir. We

are all insured."

"That's fine.

What time was it when you left home



for Guindy?"

"Exactly nine, sir."

"How could you be so sure of the time?"

"Why, I looked at my

watch," smiled Suresh.

"Well, when exactly did you leave Guindy?"

"By the 5.10 sir."

"And you stayed there all the time?"

"Oh yes. My friend would swear to that."

S. BRAHMA.

The Man She Kissed

By MARTIN.

CHANDRAN lounged idly, watching his wife at her toilet. He had often sat thus, noting the various processes of her toilet, and drinking in her beauty. And Sarasa, was undoubtedly beautiful. He counted himself extremely lucky in getting her, for she had refused many a suitor before him. As he watched her carefully powder herself—face, ears, arms, and neck—he recalled to mind the loving words she had said but last night, when he had suddenly surprised her with, "Sarasa, do you love me?"

"You are my one and only lover, Chandran. Will always be. Kiss me. And don't stop till I ask you to."

"Then our love shall last for ever, dearest! Nothing will ever separate us!" he had vowed, kissing her passionately.

Idly, he noticed Sarasa scent her hair, those exquisite curly black locks, which contrasted so pleasingly with the cream of her skin. He recalled their first embrace, when those locks had played not a little part. She had nestled her lovely head against his shoulders and as he brought his face close to it, a truant lock let loose by a kindly gust of wind, hit him right in his eye, and thrilled him exquisitely.

She was still only half-clad. She pulled open a drawer and selected a pair of shell pink

stockings. She studied them a moment—their shimmering length drawn out—as if to see whether they would suit her for the occasion, then, sitting down, she proceeded to draw them up. What perfectly-shaped legs they were! Might have won her a fortune as an actress!

That reminded him of the ticket, his wife had given him, during the day. It was for a variety entertainment, her club was giving that very evening. Sarasa was to be featured in a scene from an ultra modern play, and he was looking forward with anticipation to witness her histrionic talents.

Strapping a pair of pretty sandals to her shapely feet, she rose and went to the mirror, and deftly employed a lip-stick. Her eyes met her husband's in the mirror during the process, and she smiled. Chandran smiled back.

"CHANDRAN!" she laughed, "haven't you yet unravelled the mysteries of woman's dress? Will it ever be a mystery to you?"

"I am wondering" he returned, "just how many yards it takes to conceal my wife's lovely body from the gaze of others!"

"Oh!" she laughed. "Shall we begin from the outside? First there is my saree, which, as you know, covers all my other items of clothing."

"Or is supposed to cover! Well, that's the topmost layer. Then comes your sleeve-less jacket, and next...?"

"Don't be naughty."

She again laughed that pleasant, rippling laugh of hers and chose a saree from a chest-of-drawers, and un-

folded it. A light-blue affair of shimmering silk it was, with gold borders. How deftly her fingers worked, fixing it round her waist, and gathering its length neatly around her. It fell into pretty folds at her feet, and came saucily over her shoulder.

Chandran had a contempt for the saree as an artistic form of apparel. But, then, one formed that opinion when one saw so many women dress in thick, unshapely, heavy-coloured affairs, that were merely gaudy at their best, though made of silk.

But with Sarasa it was different. Sarasa's sarees were real works of art. She made them express her lovely personality.

"Chandran!" said his wife, pulling him out of his reverie. "Come, come, you lazy boy. Help me on with this saree."

He went up to her. "How shall I do it, sweetie?" he asked. He liked doing little bits of service for her, while she dressed. In fact, he loved playing the 'maid' to her on such occasions.

"It's slightly up, at the back. Pull it down gently—just a wee bit." He stooped down and pulled the saree a little, to cover her ankles. "Thanks," she returned. "Now is everything all right?" She studied herself in the mirror.

"I should say so! Milady's toilet is charming! How about a kiss for my services, darling? You are looking so awfully sweet! I can't resist myself."

"Oh, not now, Chandran," she protested. "I've taken so much pains over my toilet, and you'll ruin the effect, if you kissed me now. You see, I've got to appear in this very dress on the stage. Reserve the kiss my dear, won't you?" She smiled and patted his cheek. "And Chandran, you're coming to our Variety Entertainment, aren't you?"

"Oh, sure!" he replied. "You did not think I'd miss it? I'm all agog to see it! I've got the ticket you gave me right in my breast-pocket. Where do I have to sit? I hope it'll be close to the stage?"

"What made you go to Guindy yesterday?"

"I would rather not answer the question, officer. It is quite personal I assure you, and has no bearing on this tragedy," observed Suresh standing to his full height and looking defiantly at the criminologist.

"I will put the question more plainly Mr. Suresh. Perhaps you would answer me. You owed your friend at Guindy six thousand rupees and he threatened legal action. Is that right?"

"Yes" stammered Suresh diving, his nervous fingers into his coat pockets.

"What is the time now, Mr. Suresh?"

Suresh pulled out his chain and took out a silver watch.

"I am sorry sir, it has stopped."

"It needs repair, perhaps."

"Don't bother, sir, this is not mine."

My watch got dashed against a window in the train and I gave it for repairs. I got this from the repairers for temporary keeping till my watch is ready," explained Suresh clearing his throat.

"Let me see it, please."

Rupasingh leaned his eyes on the watch for a moment as though it was a rarity.

"Now, Mr. Suresh listen to me."

You might as well come clean. Your watch was all right in the morning when you left home. It got dashed in the train and you gave it for repairs. Am I right?" questioned Rup in a voice as commanding as it was clear.

"Yes sir."

"Then how do you explain the presence of these in the sick room, Mr. Suresh?"

Rupasingh unfolded a tiny packet before the wildly staring eyes of Suresh.

"I found this pinion under the sick bed and also this glass splinter from the dial of your watch. Can you explain?"

Suresh felt clean beaten. There was the subtlest but irrefutable proof against him. White as a sheet, Suresh's face strained into an expression of genuine fear. His legs shook under him visibly. His face glistened with clammy beads of perspiration. Rupasingh moved nearer to him.

"Suresh, I charge you with the wilful murder of Mrs. Swarna—your mother—and warn you that anything you say will be taken down and used in evidence against you."

"I did it, I did it!" screamed Suresh and bared his sharp teeth in a horrid grimace.

"You did it all right, Suresh, and I'll

tell you how. Your friend slept in his own room at Guindy. You feigned sleep and later slipped out of the house. It takes less than fifteen minutes for the Electric train to get you here. You knew the back door of the house would always be open. You also knew your wife would be sleeping. You sneaked into the house through the back entrance and gave your sick mother the fatal overdose. While you bent over the bed, the watch fell out and dashed against the bed. The pinion slipped and rolled under the bed. You went in a mad hurry to get back to Guindy before your friend got up. And you didn't observe either the missing pinion or the broken dial." Rupasingh turned towards the stupefied Inspector and smiled.

"Well, officer, here is your man. I got a line on this affair from the Insurance company. You know, the 'Madona Insurance company' insure lives against death by unnatural circumstances such as death by hanging, poison and gallows. Suresh wanted to collect the Insurance on both his mother and wife. He thought his wife would swing for a crime which she never committed. A cigarette!"

"Oh thanks."

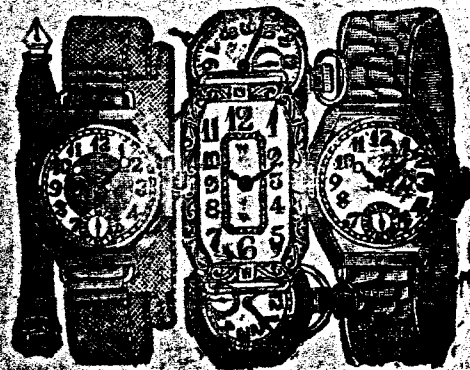
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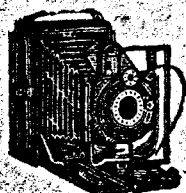


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"I guess it will be somewhere in the centre of the hall, Chandran. The front sofa-seats are five rupees each. You see, the whole plan's been sold out. The Governor and his wife, are attending the show. Of course, the whole proceeds go to charity."

Chandran drove her to her club in their little two seater, deposited her there, and then drove on to his own.

At his club he found quite a bunch of his acquaintances discussing the attraction at the Ladies' Club. Apparently it was the event of the day.

"Hello, Chandran," greeted one of the men as he went up the stairs.

"Chandran's wife, is, I believe taking part in it," said another. Got it just now from Shankar. Shankar's wife, it seems, borrowed his best pants from him to act a he-man role in some modern drama. None of your Rama-Sita or Nala-Damayanti stuff for her. I bet she wears the pants at home, too."

The men had a hearty laugh.

"What's that? Did you say Chandran's wife is taking part?" queried another. "In that case, I'm going. I've still got a soft corner for her in my heart—though she gave me the slip, and flew to that wily bird Chandran. Alas! women are so blind," he sighed.

"I'm afraid, my dear fellow," returned Shankar. "You'll get no seat, unless, of course, Chandran parts with his ticket. The whole house is sold out."

"Me part with my ticket?" retorted Chandran. "My dear man, my condolence and all that, but Sarasa's husband is as eager to see her act, as her ex-seller. May be, Shankar will oblige."

Chandran played a few indoor games, read the newspapers, then got into his car and motored down to his wife's club.

He parked his car in the compound and went into the hall where the show was to be put on boards. It was almost filled yet. He glanced at his watch. It was not quite seven, and as the entertainment was to commence only at seven-thirty, he contemplated a pleasant stroll through the grounds of the club.

It was a beautiful night. He walked along listening in the air, which was filled with the rustle of night-flowers. The moon shone through the trees, and the garden patches, on the lawn. He recalled to mind, that it was the first time he was sitting as this, in the garden, with his wife when he

courted her. Faintly to his ears came the laughter of the ladies in the club, at their various games. He turned round a corner and paused.

"Darling". He stopped dead. It was his wife speaking, but to whom? He listened anxiously.

Seated close together on a bench under a tree, not far away, the moon playing on them through the foliage, he saw Sarasa and a man holding her hand.

"Darling, put your arms around me. Hold me tight! Now kiss me!" The voice continued.

Chandran saw the man bend over her, saw their lips meet.....

His head swam, his heart stopped beating, and the next moment raced wildly within him. He swayed, almost lost his balance, then recovered himself. The man said something in a low, passionate voice, but he didn't hear what he said. He had seen and heard enough! Sarasa, his own Sarasa, was carrying on a low and vulgar intrigue with a stranger. That was all that mattered.

The man's voice, he seemed to recognize. It was that Anglo-Indian photographer, Hudson, who was their next-door neighbour, who was talking to his wife. So this was what was going on behind his back! His Sarasa! And only last night, she had vowed eternal love and fidelity to him! A dagger seemed to pierce through his heart.

His first impulse after recovering from the shock of the discovery, was to rush on them both, wife and lover, and kill them, on the spot. His breath came in laboured gasps. His hands clenched and unclenched.

With a great effort, however, he controlled his wild impulse. He must think first. Think calmly how to act.

He walked away from the place—stumbled away would more adequately describe his method of walking, went blindly in the direction of his car. Sarasa and her lover were so engrossed in each other that they did not even heed his foot-falls when he had suddenly come upon them!

Getting into his car he drove furiously. The road, luckily for him, wasn't one of the busy thoroughfares, or he might have come to grief. As it was, he narrowly missed running over an old woman, scraped the mud-guard of a car coming in the opposite direction, and almost bumped into a burly constable on patrol-duty.

He drove wildly for some time, then turned homewards. The situation demanded calm and critical analysis, and home was the place for it.

He left his car in the garage and went straight to his room. Closing the door, he sat down heavily on a chair. He was almost panting for breath. Sweat oozed from every pore of his body, and his shirt was wringing wet. He pulled out his coat and threw it on the floor. He buried his face in his hands. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" he cried aloud.

He had to think—think calmly, but he was all worked up. His nerves were unsteady, and his brain refused to work. He went to a cupboard in the wall and brought out a bottle of whisky, and a glass. Never a habitual drinker—he usually kept a bottle of whisky to entertain his friends, and drank only on such occasions—he now felt the need of a stimulant. What did men usually do when they were crossed in love? Drowned their sorrows in drink.

He poured out half-a-glass of the whisky and drank it at a gulp. Pouring out another half-glass he placed it on the table. Now he felt a little better, his brain cleared, and he could think.

Scenes from the past, words he had spoken to Sarasa, or she had told him, paraded themselves before his mental vision.

"I worship you! I adore every bit of you!" he remembered telling her, soon after they were married.

"Then show it. Hold me tight and kiss me!" she had yielded. Strange, hadn't she said something very similar, to that man on the bench?

He remembered how, two years ago when she was a college-girl of nineteen, he used to scale the hostel-wall, and wait near a clump of bushes. She would evade the hostel-authorities and meet him. How they would clasp each other and talk in passionate whispers! One moonlight night they were almost caught red-handed by two girls who happened to stroll close by them. But Sarasa had promptly saved them both by addressing him in the feminine gender. When she went home for the following summer vacation, he had travelled along with her in the same carriage. He had put up in a hotel in the little town. Every evening he'd meet her near her house and they'd stroll arm in arm, along a deserted road. The ecstatic hours he'd spent with her! He had married her soon afterwards.

But then—he was brought back to the harsh realities of the present—was she not, merely repeating now what she'd done then? This clandestine love-affair! Hadn't she tricked him to meet her lover, just as she had evaded the hostel authorities, and then her own people, in order to have a clandestine love affair with him? She didn't kiss him that evening; she made some excuse about spoiling her make-up. But she let this other fellow kiss her, nay begged for his kisses. His heart turned a complete somersault in his breast as he thought of it. He was just a refuge, a mere convenience, some one to feed her and buy her clothes, while she had all her romance with another. He tore at his hair in agony.

"Sarasa! My Sarasa!" he cried hoarsely. "oh, God, have mercy on me!" He gulped down the second glass of whisky, and poured out a third.

And only that evening, he was admiring her splendid form, and graceful curves. "I am just wondering, darling, how many yards it takes to conceal my wife's lovely body from the vulgar gaze of others!" His own words were flung back in his face. No, he did not have sole possession over that alluring body of hers. Others, shared it with him. How they must be laughing in their sleeves!

"Sarasa!" he said again in a hoarse whisper. The harlot! She didn't deserve to live! Her body must be quartered and thrown to the vultures!

The tortures of a man flayed alive or condemned to die a slow and lingering death, were nothing compared to the tortures he was suffering. Life for him had suddenly lost all interest. He drank every drop of whisky there was in the bottle, then sat still, his face buried in his hands.

Presently, the cook came in, and inquired whether master would dine. "Please don't serve dinner to-night, Narain. I'm not hungry" he answered calmly.

He heard the man close the door, heard his faint foot-falls as he walked away. Some where in the house a clock began to strike. It was eleven 11'0 clock and his wife wasn't home yet! The variety entertainment at her club must have ended long ago. Maybe she was having some more fun with that cad of a photographer. He hadn't arrived home yet, his noisy old motor-bike would have promptly announced his arrival.

Another half-hour of agony and suspense; he heard the sound of a motor-

car at his gate. He heard his wife's voice from the car. Quickly he switched off the light and looked cautiously through the window. He saw his wife wish a good-night to the couple in the car, and then the car drove away. His wife was coming towards the house now.

What should he do? What had he decided to do? He must kill her of course. Then kill himself. Opening a drawer of the table, he pocketed a revolver and went quickly up the stairs to their bedroom. She would come in there to undress. He heard the servant open the door, heard her ask him something. Then she came up the stairs and pushed open the door of their bedroom.

"Why, Chandran!" she exclaimed, catching sight of him. "You almost gave me a fright. I thought you were a cat-burglar! Well, and how did you like our show? How did you like my acting?" She was unscrewing an earring as she spoke. "Why didn't you wait for me, selfish boy? I had to ask Jaya to give me a lift. Why Chandran, what's the matter with you!"

She had suddenly noticed his odd appearance—his dishevelled hair, and blood-shot eyes, with the glint of murder in them. He was breathing as if he had run a mile. She went near him. "Don't touch me!" he hissed out.

"Why, Chandran! What's wrong?" How she could act! How innocently she put him that question!

"Wrong? What's going on behind my back?"

"What? I don't know."

"I saw you this evening! Thought you were safe from me, hey? Thought you wouldn't be noticed!"

"What are you hinting at?" she demanded.

"I saw you—saw you kiss a man!"

he blurted out. His hands clenched, and his teeth shone.

"I did not!" she retorted. "I don't know what you are talking about!"

"Don't know, hey? Well, explain this: explain or I'll kill you! What were you doing this evening—in the grounds of your club—with a man? Tell me!"

"Is that all? I can explain that." "Is that all! And you are going to explain that!" he shouted.

"I can," she answered coolly. "That wasn't a man you saw me with. That was Jaya in man's garb. She and I were just rehearsing a love-scene. As it was a moon-light love-scene, she wanted to rehearse it properly in the moon-light, before acting it on the stage. Our performance, by the way, was the most highly applauded."

Chandran couldn't believe his ears! The news was too good to be true. "But-but," he stammered, "I-I not only saw some one in man's garb. He had a man's voice, too."

"Jaya's voice is naturally low, silly! And she lowered it still further to resemble a man's."

The relief was so great that Chandran wanted to laugh out or shout or dance. Instead, his mouth twitched and the tears flowed freely down his face.

"Sarasa! Sarasa, my love!" he quavered. "I still forbid you to touch me! I'm too low to be touched by you. I don't deserve you, for even daring to think you could be unfaithful to me."

"Oh, that's all right, silly," Sarasa laughed and continued matter-of-factly, "Come let me dry your face; unfasten this pin, and you can have that kiss I promised."

Chandran buried his face on her shoulders. The torture, the nightmare, was ended.

RESULT OF FUNNY MAGZIN JULY COMPETITION.

The correct solution of the July competition is as follows;—

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|-----------|
| 1. BAY. | 4. SINGLY. | 7. LEMON. |
| 2. CAP. | 5. CRASH. | 8. PUG. |
| 3. (Not taken into consideration) | 6. SOFT. | 9. RUSE. |

No competitor had succeeded in sending a correct solution or one errored solutions.



He wrote 1200 Books.

On July 24th, 1802, a great writer was born in France. His name was Alexandre Dumas. Almost exactly twenty-two years later—on July 27th, 1824—there took place an event which can be recorded in those very same words: the birth of a great French writer named Alexandre Dumas.

Does this mystify you? Then, like a great many other people, you evidently did not know before that the author of "The Three Musketeers" had a son scarcely less talented than himself.

Over and over again the elder and the younger Dumas have been confused with each other, yet actually, in spite of their close relationship, they were as different as men could be. The father was notoriously immoral and a hopeless spendthrift, who frittered away the whole of his huge earnings and left a mountain of debts behind him; the son was a moralist who died rich.

It is, however, the books, of the disolute elder Dumas that the majority of us know best. In addition to his stories of the gallant D'Artagnan and his three friends, he wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," which is still read widely to-day and was, of course, recently made into a successful film.

The output of Alexandre Dumas the first was staggering—it puts even that of Edgar Wallace in the shade. He produced no fewer than one thousand two hundred works in all—in the average of one a fortnight throughout the forty-seven years of his writing career. But it is only fair to add that he made frequent use of collaboration.

The most famous work of Alexandre Dumas the Second was "La Dame aux Camélias," a play which is still produced from time to time on the London stage, and a film of which has also been successful.

One thousand men have wanted to marry Gloria, the beautiful London mannequin who is considered to be one of the loveliest girls in the world. She is known all over Europe as "Miss Gloria." Few people know her surname, and it is never published or used in business. To everyone she is "Miss Gloria" or just "Gloria."

She is a Yorkshire girl, and she was trained as a mannequin in London. She has travelled a great deal on the Continent. In the last seven years Gloria estimates that she has worn over 50,000 dresses.

At a freak show in New York they are showing a lead pencil with which (so the proprietor says) Noah checked off the animals as that came out of Ark.

The name of the newly-appointed post-master of Haiti is Mr. Dayid Kaphokohakimlekewosaknema-jhanok.

A mushroom found in Saxony measured 3 ft. 2 in. across. It was 17 in. high and weighed nearly 25 lb.

Radio pillows were exhibited at a recent wireless and electrical exhibition in Sydney. Inside the pillows, which are made of sponge rubber, is a wireless set, so adjusted that only an ear on the pillow can hear the broadcasting.

In China, at dinner-parties or feasts, soya bean "bean curd" is often served. It appears in little white cubes and tastes like burnt milk. The Chinese have no cows, no milk to give their children. When a mother is unable to nurse her baby the child is fed on a preparation of soya bean with excellent results.

A Birmingham horse attached to a railway van, having remembered the exact spot where it was knocked into a motor car by an omnibus six months previously, bolted down a steep hill and struck another van.

Electric Salad.

Salads are now being grown by electricity.

When the National Electrical Convention was held recently, it was demonstrated that the growth of crops can be stimulated by running heating cables beneath the soil.

For four years go-ahead farmers have been experimenting, and it is now possible to buy mushrooms and lettuce which have been grown by electricity. Experts prophesy that within the next few years cables in the soil will be part of the equipment on all up-to-date farms in this country.

A British inventor produced quite such an astonishing device as an alarm clock recently patented across the Atlantic? This clock makes doubly sure of awakening a sleeper by squirting water on to his face at the same time as it rings!

Another ingenious American has patented a balloon propelled by large birds. They are attached to it by harness, and it is claimed that they can be made to fly in any direction desired.

Funnier still is the idea of spectacle for chickens! These are intended to safeguard the hens from being pecked in the eyes by other birds.

One gentleman has devoted his brain to the task of exterminating bed-bugs. He has patented a device which is guaranteed to electrocute them!

An original method of rat-catching is suggested by a trap containing a collar which is snapped on to the creature when he walks into it. A bell is attached to the collar, so that a noisy announcement of his death may lead to a swift removal of his body!

Cutting the Gordian Knot

By R. V. PARSI.

A newly formed Taluk Board Office was in sore need of a typewriter. The typist met the newly elected President privately, and respectfully pointed out to him his inability to function as a typist without a typewriting machine. "A taperator! What is a taperator?" inquired Mr. K. M. N. S. Sheik Meran Rowthar Bahadur, the President, and Visvanath the typist explained "with bated breath and whispering humbleness" that it was a machine costing about 200 chips, which when manipulated by a competent operator, would do the writing, neatly-almost printlike.

Mr. Rowthar uttered a blasphemy, and spoke his mind to the typist, "Damn you and your impudence; if you lazy fellows, you clerks that are paid liberally for your illegible scribbling, should need a machine to do your writing, I cannot understand why you lazy lubbers should be so generously paid for. You and your cheek; I've a good mind to give you the sack." And Visvanath had to utilise all his resources to point out to that worthy, the difference between a typist and an ordinary clerk, in which task, he was greatly assisted by the President's secretary, who happened to arrive there just then.

So the President consulted his secretary, who suggested to him the desirability of convening an extraordinary meeting of the Board, to discuss the necessity and propriety of the contemplated purchase.

So, the newly elected members, met on a certain day to discuss the matter, under the presidency of the illustrious Rowthar. Mr. Visvanath dwelt at length on the importance of purchasing a typewriter for the office, and how it would not

only expedite the office work, but also enable the other clerks to carry on their work neatly and quickly. But he had to explain a good lot, to give even the haziest of an idea, what a typewriter was, exactly!

An earnest discussion followed and ended in a heated debate for, though the Board was newly formed and only some weeks old, yet it was not behind its more aged and experienced colleagues in the matter of Party Politics. There were two distinct parties—the one headed by Mr. Rowthar and the other led by La. Pa. Na. Karuppanna Chettiar Esquire. The two above mentioned leaders had formerly contested the much coveted Presidentship of the Taluk Board, which the Rowther was now lucky to secure by the narrowest margin of a single vote.

The House was unanimous on the importance of a typewriter for the office, and sanctioned its purchase. But the question was, where to get it from. Mr. Visvanath read out the several quotations received, and explained that two companies at the District Headquarters had offered a suitable machine, at the same price Viz. Rs. 200/-. Rowther and his party were for purchasing it from Messrs. Zachariah Sait & Sons, while Chettiar and his party were for purchasing it from Messrs. Meharwanjee Bros.—the other company in question.

The debate was long and the parties most uncompromising. When there seemed to be apparently no possible solution, up rose Mr. Karuppanna Chettiar, offering to cut the Gordian Knot, in such a dextrous way that both partymen would

(Continued on page 35)

POETIC JUSTICE

By R. Meenakshi Sundaram.

WHAT exactly is meant by this expression, I do not know, in fact most people do not—but this much I can tell you, it is neither poetry, nor justice. If it were so, all our poets would be entitled to a seat on the bench and all our judges would be ex-officio Post Laureates. Sweet poetry and stern justice can never be combined—the two are poles apart. Poetry gives you beautiful rhymes and exquisite ideas; it captivates your soul. Justice deals in ugly sentences and uncomfortable cells; it crushes your body. Judges do not dabble in poetry and, a poet never gets justice—he is seldom honoured in his own country. You just sign, quite absent minded, somebody's name in your cheque book; what the judge gives you is not a piece from Browning or Burns, Tennyson or Tagore, for your intellectual delectation, it is six months' hard labour.

Poetic justice is a pure figment of the imagination.

In fact, poetry has to struggle against very heavy odds in this materialistic and soulless world, and, justice is so long delayed that one regrets he ever sought to invoke its assistance. The wicked thrive at the expense of the virtuous, the villain escapes scot-free, the black-guard and the scoundrel are not touched, while the honest, harmless and law abiding citizen is very often the scape-goat. Here I am, scrupulously honest and truthful and all that, trying to eke out a miserable hand to mouth living, by writing fantastic stories for foolish editors. Am I not competent to edit a dozen such magazines? After all, what does an editor do except select the best of the bunch? Any Tom, Dick or Harry could do that and yet, the Editor

pockets a clean two hundred every month and grumbles to pay two and a half rupees for an excellent essay on "What would happen if there were no women in the world?", or say, cows, sheep, buttons or bees.

Am I not fit to be a Minister or a Judge? I know more of the world than either of those learned gentlemen do. Can I not travel in Saloons, receive welcome addresses in silver caskets, open roads and bridges, and say "I want notice" every time an inquisitive member asks an inconvenient question in the council? I can write beautiful poetry on bobbed hair and banana skin—I challenge even the Prime Minister to do that. I can talk extempore on any subject from the League of Nations to lightning and thunder, I can write volumes on Birth-Control and Bi-metalism, I know ancient, medieval and modern law and, can easily sentence every one of you to eternal damnation. I can handle any job to perfection, except perhaps making both ends meet, which however, as you know, is a geometrical impossibility. I can be a successful governor, and a very popular and sympathetic Viceroy. And I ask, where is poetic justice? I want plenty of money and nobody cares to give me—there is the fellow in that big bungalow who has heaps and heaps of money, but does not know how to spend it. I ask, Sir, where is poetic justice?

Kamala was my class mate and, we were great chums. Why, we were more than that, we were perfect lovers and we loved each other whole-heartedly. Our tastes were identical, we were very fond of music, we adored the stage and worshipped the screen, and devoted more time to them than to our studies. We both failed in the

(Continued from page 33)

examination, and we both passed out successfully the next year. We were indeed meant for each other. We were just two heads with one brain and, two bodies with one soul, and everybody took it for granted that we would be married as soon as we went home. But I was poor and she, the daughter of a retired Judge; that made all the difference. Her father dismissed my suit, and bestowed her upon an old widower, whose only qualification was that he had pots of money. If there is such a thing as poetic justice, if life is really regulated by this excellent principle, I have a right to shoot the father, bury the old man alive and, instal my erstwhile darling as the mistress of my house (to the immense discomfiture of the present incumbent). But I cannot do anything of the kind.

Pilate asked in jest "where is truth?" I ask, in all seriousness, "where is poetic justice?" Echo answers, "Where?"

A Mayor of a small town being called upon to preside at a banquet, was advised that in proposing the health of the King and Queen it was not necessary or desirable that he should make a speech. Profiting by this advice when the time came, he said: "Gentlemen, I will ask you to join me in drinking a toast to the King. I am told, and I am sure you will agree with me, that the less said on the subject the better." The toast having been duly honoured, he rose again. "And now, gentlemen," he said, "the king being drunk, I give you the Queen."

be satisfied. All the members hailed the offer with acclamation which they evinced by prolonged and loud clapping of hands.

Mr. Chettiar cleared his throat, blew his nose, wiped his spectacles and looked about him with an air of self-importance. He began "President and Members! We are assembled here to peacefully discuss things, and not to unnecessarily waste our lungs and precious time over trifling points. (Repeated shouts of Hear! Hear!) You would all agree with me, when I point out to you, that both the companies are on friendly terms with us, and offer the same make at the same price; some of you here want to purchase it from one of them while others wish to favour the other one. Why not resort to a via media and please both our parties and indirectly both the concerns? Well, my suggestion is this. Remit Rs. 100/- to each of the concerns and ask them to send half and half." After thus delivering what he thought, a long and learned oration, the Chettiar resumed his seat with a triumphant air, amidst loud cheers.

The typist and the other clerks who were standing respectfully behind the President's seat, managed to stifle a great outburst of laughter at the dextrous cutting of the Gordian knot.

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THE NEXT WAR

By Dr. CYNICUS.

WE have scarcely got over the effects of the last, and yet the world seems to be rapidly heading towards the next. Almost everybody, who is anybody, is anxious to predict when, where, and how precisely, the next war is going to be fought out. One says "up in the air" and the nations vie with one another, in manufacturing aeroplanes and air craft machinery. "Down below the sea" says another, and each country hastens to possess the largest number of unsinkable submarines and impregnable destroyers. On one side we hear of the frantic and almost pathetic attempts made by the League of Nations, to checkmate this hectic race for armaments and, on the other, we hear everyday of battle-ships and bombing planes being built openly and secretly. Germany is biding her time to wreak her vengeance, France is sullen and suspicious, Austria is in the melting pot, Italy casts covetous glances across her frontiers, Japan wants to swallow China, and uncle Sam may at any time pounce upon the debtor nations if they don't cough up every penny of the war debts, while England watches silently like the proverbial cat on the wall.

What I am immediately concerned with, however, is the fact that this belligerent spirit, this defiant and rebellious attitude, has destroyed

the peace and harmony of my domestic life. My wife has anticipated all the other nations of the world and declared open war against me—her lawfully wedded husband. Things have all gone topsy-turvey. When I married her, she was an ignorant little country mouse, and it was I who taught her English, spent days and nights trying to make her understand the beauties of the English literature. I gave her lessons in English history, told her the story of the French revolution and the American War of Independence—in fact within a few years, trained her up as the model wife of an educated young man of fashionable tastes and progressive ideals. I took her to cinemas and theatres, encouraged her to attend beach meetings and ladies' clubs and now the result is, the whole thing has recoiled upon my own head! The structure that I built up with loving hands has crashed and buried me in its debris. Ingratitude—verily—thy name is—woman!

MY wife is now a leading member of the Ladies' Club, corresponds with all the women's associations all over the world, and is one of the most virulent exponents of the Feminist movement. She wants to play the Hitler in my house, she proposes to lord over me and keep me under her thumb; I am to be just an earning machine and nothing else—a veritable hewer of wood and drawer of water. "More men must be taught his proper place

in the scheme of creation. The grossest injustice that the world has ever seen, is the subjugation of our glorious sex to the whims and caprices of the male. Men have ruled over us all these years, we have been their slaves and even worse, why not we be given a chance to show our mettle?" That, in brief, is the essence of her gospel.

Politicians, husbands, and statesmen of the world—I ask you in all seriousness, what are you going to do about it? How do you propose to combat this kind of a pernicious propaganda? Your international politics, your league of nations, your reparations problem, your Yellow Peril, your Imperialism, is nothing when compared to the danger that threatens you from within your very doors. All the world over, women are fast heading towards a crisis, there is a growing antipathy towards mankind as a whole, and if you will only open your eyes and read aright the writing on the wall, you will be convinced that your own drawing rooms are the future battle-fields. The next war is going to be fought to its bitter end, not in the fair fields of Flanders or, the desolate wilds of Siberia, but, within your very hearths and homes!

What the consequences of this terrible war will be—it is beyond even my powers to foretell—and I can think of only one way to save our skins, and that is, to sue for peace, to surrender completely all our cherished possessions, even before the war breaks out. Voluntary abdication is the only thing that will stop it. Give them everything, give them the vote, hand over the government, the army, the navy, the air-force, let them run our railways, let them manage our industries, let them bear the whole brunt and let them earn for us. We have been doing all this ever since the world began. Are we not entitled to a well-earned rest?

THE DEVIL

BY
'PISSOM'

WHO knows the Devil? Who does not know the Devil? "God", says the good man, "is the antithesis of the Devil." "The Devil," says the wicked man, "is a worthy antagonist of God, if there is one." "Truly," exclaims the fool addressing the wiseman by his side, "if I were the Devil and you were God, and if we fought between ourselves to settle the dispute as to who is great and who is not, it would be a wise method indeed." "That may not be," returns the pigmy who happens to be a shrewd man and one conscious of his physical inferiority. "Let us by all means try to settle the point at issue by a game requiring intelligence and not by mere physical strength. For," continued he, "modern battles are waged, destruction wrought and nations beaten not by mere force but by the strength of intelligence."

MANKIND may be classified into three categories for our purpose:—those who worship God, those who worship the Devil and those who divide their devotion between God and the Devil. And it may be safely stated that the number of the latter class is legion. Who has not at one time or other, in moments of desperation thought of the Devil and implored his aid to mollify the strength of his suffering?

We can trace the influence of the Devil to the days when Adam and Eve were practising the nudist cult extempore. The Devil's influence is considered to be evil but I cannot possibly bring myself to fall in with the popular conception. But for the tasting of the forbidden fruit by our original progeni-

tors where would all this varying nature of mankind be? Everything would be canal. There would no such people as good and bad. Piety would wake no approbation; places of worship would not have been built; and religion would be superfluous. Monotonous goodness is no less a curse than wholesale roguery. What a world would it be where there are no temples, no idols, no priests, no festivals and nothing of any sort that makes life worth living? Imagine the lot of the priests, devotees, humbugs, scoffers and all: what will they do? Perhaps, they will all be on an eternal unemployment list. The Devil, according to popular conceptions, has cloven feet, wings attached to the arms, the body of a man, the face of a wolf with projecting canines and prominent ears. If one is to conjecture the appearance of the Devil from his actions the above description may be considered as wholly unimaginative. But it has to be noted that the Devil's natural appearance would

almost terrify his would-be victims and thus constitute an impediment of no mean order towards the carrying out of his duties. To counter such a contingency the Devil is endowed with protean qualities. He is capable of taking all sorts of captivating shapes to suit the occasion in the course of his multifarious and multitudinous, 'inhuman' duties. Devil may be a force for evil. But take it from me, it is a necessary evil; for who can do without the devil? Can the editor cry "damnation" or 'perdition,' when he has lots of manuscripts to go through, or when confronted with an importunate contributor? Take Dante's Inferno. Would Dante ever have been able to write his great masterpiece but for our friend the Devil? Here is another. What about Mephistopheles in Goethe's Faust? Ergo, Devil! hater, take note that you yourself are a devil in the making, and would be a worthy successor, if His Infernal Highness becomes superannuated. Long live the Devil!

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My Lady's Fan

"If you want to learn a lesson with the fan,

*I am quite prepared to teach you all I can.
So ladies, ever one, please observe how it is done,*

This little lesson on "My Lady's Fan."

*If you chance to be invited to a ball,
To meet some one you don't expect at all,
And you want him close beside you, while a
dozen friends divide you,*

Well, of course—it's not ladylike to call.

*Just look at him a second, nothing more,
And cast your eyes demurely on the floor.
Then you wave your fan, just so, well—*

towards you, don't you know,—

A delicate suggestion,—nothing more!

When you see him coming to you,

Be careful what you do ;

*With your fan just idly play, and look
down, as if to say,*

He doesn't very much interest you !

Then you flutter and fidget with it, so !

And you hide your little nose behind it low !

*Till, when he begins to speak, you just lay
it on your cheek,*

In that fascinating manner that you know !

And when he tells the old tale o'er and o'er,

And vows that he will love you evermore,—

*Gather up your little fan, and secure him
while you can,—*

*It is just a delicate suggestion,—nothing
more.*

(Anon.)

SINCERELY

*The day I met you I'll never forget,
'Twas on the first day of the week,
But still I remember where you sat,
Now tell me wasn't it in the second seat,
Will I forget it, no; not never,
Because I was filled with such a thrill.*

*That little thrill touched my tender heart,
And tear drops filled my joyful eyes,
I thought it was too late to make a start,
Because I had heard so many lies,
I felt your hand come from behind,
Then I felt like committing suicide.*

(Prentice.)



A WARNING

BY RAMU.

THERE are moments in one's life, when one is tempted to do all sorts of things under the sun, to read, write, sing, dance, compose poetry, write magazine articles, stand, sit lie etc, and when these multitudinous impulses react on one another, they produce a resultant product of physical and mental lethargy, moments, when one falls an easy prey to that apparently harmless monster called by the name INERTIA. If any three of these or other tendencies arise in your mind in quick succession, then, rest assured, you are under the spell of this weird monster. My laborious researches into the psychology and physiology of this sorcerer, has enabled me to formulate the following facts, with a certain degree of precision.

Firstly, that it is a timid creature. Secondly, consequent upon its timorous propensity, it can be kept at a respectable distance by two processes—artificial and circumstantial.

By artificial I mean, the deliberate introduction of some stimulating agents into the nostril or mouth or the nervous papillae of the skin. I am sure,

every blessed reader of this article, from the learned Law Member to the light headed bumping school-boy knows the commodities that are generally applied into the nostril or into the mouth for the purpose under reference. It is quite plain—as plain as the Editor's bald head. But I am not so sure whether my readers do have any idea of the one simple, self-sufficient agent, I have in mind, that tickles the nervous papillae of the skin, to the nth degree where 'n' represents 'sufferable'. I am referring to the plain common pinch—PINCH a close compression of your finger and thumb with the delicate flesh of your body in the middle, the familiar outburst of friendship which you and I, and the editor, used to indulge in with our chums, when we were kiddies, and which even now we have recourse to, to ascertain whether a certain windfall is true or a dream, or to drive off that obnoxious parasite INERTIA.

BY circumstantial, I mean the accidental springing up of any exciting incident, the scintillating sparks of which cling to the mind with an ape-like tenacity, a grip that loosens, ousts, and displaces all other grips, even the grip of our enemy-friend, Inertia. And this exciting, incident may very well take the shape

of a pleasing, longing, lingering look of an old, interim, or a new pal of the opposite sex, the appearance or non-appearance of one's Register Number, in the University Examination results, the unrythical steps of one's debtor, not to say of the process peon in your corridor, the snobby gesticulations of collectors of income-tax, land-tax, water-tax, alms-tax, and its allotropic modification, subscription-tax, in a word, collectors of tax of every denomination at your door, and last but not least, the shrill, intriguing, self-complacent, self-confidence breathing, my-will-be-done voice of your mother-in-law.

Well, I was sitting, or standing, or lying—I could not say which—for, evidently I was inertia stricken—in my study; you may call that room by half a dozen other names, such as dressing room, smoking room, bad room etc., etc. For, I may in strict confidence communicate to my dear reader that I have only this single room, to cater to the various needs of mine. Yes, I was then under the embarrassing influence of inertia a pathological state certainly more pathetic than that of a bedridden piece of humanity. I had not to remain long in that state, when, thank god, my obsequious tormentor took to his heels higgledy piggledy at the sound of a shrill and pyrotechnic voice—a natural phenomenon, which, you will please remember to include in the category of 'circumstantial processes'.

"I think the contagion is spreading," emanated a shrill voice from the rotating chair in the parlour, with a characteristic authority.

There can be no mistaking about it. It was the voice of my dearest mother-in-law.

The door of my room was half-open, and peering through it, I could clearly discern the face of a gentleman in

white shirt, beside the rotating chair, the face of the Advocate Mr. Trimurthi, my father-in-law.

"Yes, the small-pox has made its appearance in the city early this year. The other day I chanced to see Health Officer, and he remarked something to that effect," Mr. Trimurthi replied truthfully.

"Whoever cares for your small-pox? I am not referring to it at all. Even if it comes, it will only take a few lives here, a few there or leave some marks on people some-where else. But what of that? One day or other we must relinquish our mortal coils. It does not at all matter whether that takes place to-day, to-morrow, or a day after eh!" sermonised Mrs. Trimurthi with a jerk of her head, which action, enabled me to have a passing glimpse of her spectacled face. And truly, every lineament of her countenance bore eloquent testimony, that she was making an original contribution to a knotty problem.

Mr. Trimurthi, the man of Law, appeared very very small, just a pigmy, by the side of this giantess of philosophy.

"But—but," the Advocate hesitatingly ventured to submit before her Lord (or Lady?)-ship. "I hear from reliable sources, that the infection has reached our next door house."

"Is it?" queried Mrs. Trimurthi, absolutely indifferent, almost callous!

"But they have removed the patient to a house in the suburb," hastily added Mr. Trimurthi in a consolatory tone.

My mother-in-law looked sideways and I saw the colour returning to her face.

"Let the small-pox come or let the small-pox go," aired Mrs. Trimurthi in her studied, casual way, but the contagion I was alluding to, is quite a different one. I was referring to the rapid growth of these magazines dealing with light literature, and the silly pruderies and anobberies of these so-called or self-styled literary stars. The majority of these shallow pig-headed fools, bring in their mother-in-law into their articles, and every one of them are Mayas! Miss Mayo in the art of misrepresentation, and exaggeration."

"Certainly it is very bad of them," retorted Mr. Trimurthi.

"That is not the right word, dear," said the word exorable. Read this passage (handing a copy of the Funny Magazine). "Now, this is the first time that I come across a magazine that is not the same

"My mother-in-law was at last dead—dead as a door-nail. Nevertheless, I was constantly obsessed with the idea that by some mysterious process, she would begin to breathe, move, rise up and burst upon me with all her pent up wrath," read Mr. Trimurthi aloud; and added by way of comment, "I would like to take it in another light. These silly writers are all cowards. Every word in this passage betrays cowardice, the satisfaction and the doubts of a coward. The fellow quails with mortal fear to face his mother-in-law alive. Does it not show the superior strength, intelligence and wisdom of the mother-in-law? And, if I am to be taken as a typical reader, I would consider the remark quite complimentary."

"Exactly, my dear, the difficulty arises when you bring in the word 'typical reader'! It will be the height of folly to expect your level-headedness, intelligence, and sense of proportion in the face of thousands of impulsive, sensation-craving youthful readers of to-day."

I saw Mr. Trimurthi blushing like a girl; a smile of intense satisfaction lighted up his features. Though he used to receive compliments from the presiding judges and clients often enough, compliments from his better half were few and far between.

"And," Mrs. Trimurthi continued, "If these things are allowed to drift, I am afraid that a country-wide sneer will be directed against a noble and useful fraternity of the body-politic. I have taken a solemn resolve from this moment to nip this evil, in the very bud."

"I am all admiration for your firm resolution. But, I wonder, how you can bring about the desired result. We have to note the facts of the case. These insinuations are not directed against particular individuals. The characters in these stories and sketches are fictitious. And as such, you are not in a position to sue for damages in a court of law. Nor can you petition the court, to restrain these editors and writers." The Lawyer analysed the situation, hoping to receive another compliment from his patroness. But the dear old boy was sadly disappointed.

"Pooh!" interjected the all-powerful mother-in-law, "whoever said that we want the assistance of your court of law? The courts of law and the police are for weaklings and imbeciles like yourself. I am glad that our fraternity has got sufficient

courage and strength to take the law in our own hands. These cowardly writers do not dare to come into the open to fight with us, and they resort to unmanly subterfuges to gain their mean and vulgar ends. Well! we will also pursue the same tactics. Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—that is our motto!"

A brief silence ensued.

"Well, this is what I propose to do," Mrs. Trimurthi continued in her self-assertive tone, "I mean convening a conference of all the mothers-in-law of this Presidency. Of course, I know it is not possible for all mothers-in-law to attend the proposed conference. Let each district elect its own representatives and send them to the conference, as delegates. But I will take particular care to invite the mothers-in-law of our enemies—Debi, Keki, A. C. P., G. S. R., V. R. R., M. S. N., R. M. S., Y. B., Neil; and the whole lot—to attend the conference in their individual capacity. As chairwoman of the reception committee I shall place before them my plan of campaign, indoors as well as outdoors. And these post-conference mothers-in-law I am sure, will see, that their sons-in-law behave more decently in the future."

Having uttered these words pompously, my mother-in-law stood up from her rotating chair. Left a right-about-turn on her part place me in the compromising position of playing the eaves dropper. I silently managed to creep into my bed to lie there with eyes shut pretending—you know what.

As soon as she disappeared from the parlour, I got up, and, being now completely free from the influence of inertia, took pen and paper and scribbled the whole thing without omitting a single detail, and with the veracity of a historian.

Now Mr. Editor, and brothers of the pen! Forewarned is fore armed. I hasten to communicate to you this clever manoeuvre on the part of my mother-in-law to bombard us in our den. Arise! Awake!! I am sure your fertile brains can invent a more powerful counter-move to meet this imminent danger that threatens the existence of our species.



Nothing Like the Sea

By JOHN NAIL.

JAMES Redfoot was a good writer but his theme disconcerted Peter. It seemed somehow to resemble his own life and that was why he snapped the book shut and stood up. Life seemed suddenly void and his thoughts raced back to four years when life with his sweet Marie, was one pleasant and uninterrupted dream.

Jack Peter was tall, good looking, and thirty and had more money than is good enough for a man of his age. He met Marie one evening at a waterfront in "Bimla" and decided that she was the woman for him. It was a question of love at first sight and Peters loved Marie as no man ever loved a woman. They married within a fortnight and life to them was what it is intended to be, till one night after a year, Marie vanished out of his life without so much as an explanation.

"Redfoot be hanged" he cursed clenching his teeth as he paced up and down the room. He suddenly remembered Marie's words—"there is nothing like gazing into the Sea, darling." The words were ringing in his ears. He recollected how Marie with her little head on his lap, would gaze into the sea for hours and whisper into his ears, "there is nothing like gazing into the sea, darling." The recollection sickened him. "Fresh air and the sea for me too," he whispered to himself.

THE blue sea stretching out in a vast glimmering expanse opposite to him, sparkled and lanced. A young moon sailing slowly away shone brightly in the cloud ridden heavens, among the myriads of twinkling stars. The slow music of the silvery waves lapping against each other towards the shore, stirred unpleasant recollections in Peter's as he stood there smoking and gazing at the sea. The laughter of children playing about the beach, and the sweet music from afar broke upon his dreams. He walked on and on as though he would walk till eternity. Thinking of his Marie and gazing at the sea.

Medium of height, a woman walked to him, a tray in her hands. "Cigarettes, Chocolates, Sir."

"Oh, sure," said Peter diving his hand into his

pocket when the tray fell heavily on his feet.

"Peter!" wailed the voice as he looked up puzzled at the figure before him.

"Marie" stammered Peter looking full into her face.

They stood stunned staring wide-eyed at each other quite unmindful of the drenched cigarettes and chocolates. Peter never expected to meet her at all and now she was there standing before him. His Marie, the very picture of health four years ago, now looked a ghost of her former self. The ruddy bloom of youth has left her cheeks and her florid complexion paled. The dirty blue frock and the cheap thin grey coat with an ugly rent near the neck, confirmed Peter's worst suspicions. "Marie! What does this mean?" questioned Peter looking into her tear stained face. "Are you broke?"

"Oh, nothing Peter. Please let me go," she mumbled unable to stem the tears out of her eyes.

"Go" repeated Peter. "Listen to me, Marie. What are you selling chocolates and cigarettes for. I don't understand."

"Ask nothing and please let me go," Marie pulled out a shabby kerchief and wiped the insistent tears.

"You are coming with me Marie, not going" he observed taking her arm into his. It was a picture of tragedy. For the moment he quite forgot that Marie once left him and his home unaccountably, for another waster of her fancy. Peter loved her once and loved her still. He couldn't see her in a cheap and dirty dress selling cigarettes to make a living, while he lived in respectable quarters and pining after the one thing to fill his life—Marie's love.

"Coming with you" repeated Marie and attempting to free herself from the grip of his iron hand.

"Impossible Peter, impossible—after the way I behaved. I have nothing to justify my conduct and I don't deserve your sympathy, Peter."

So Marie knew she was in the wrong, and was sincerely repenting for it. "That's something" mused Peter eyeing the thin pathetic looking figure before him.

"When do you go home, Marie."

"Home!" she gasped. "Oh yes" sometime later.

Peter understood everything. Marie had no home to go. No friends to approach.

"You are coming with me Marie and don't you say anything."

"I promise I won't ask you about the past."

Marie meekly followed, and her old home atmosphere put new life into her. Pleasant recollections revived her as she went up the stairs with Peter.

"Everything in its place, Peter," she said looking about the hall. The pictures, furniture, and all."

"Nothing has been changed since you left me, darling," he replied as she looked curiously about the place. Go and change. You'll find your clothes in your dresser. It was really wonderful for Marie to have a change after a cheap coat and a tattered hat which she wore for over a year. Within a few minutes she returned, dressed beautifully in green silk. There was a pathetic smile

about her thin lips as Peter looked searchingly into her face.

"How beautiful you look now, darling," he whispered as he drew her into the curve of his arms. I'll ask the tailor here the first thing in the morning, and my darling Marie will have the best of clothes. Silk, fur, and all. No more thin coats for you," smiled Peter.

"Tomorrow," she paused. But Peter, don't you think I should....."

"Nonsense, you are staying with me for ever Marie darling," cut in Peter as he kissed her yielding red moist lips. Marie had never dreamt she could ever be so happy with Peter. The past is gone and his passionate kiss assured her she was still, and would remain his darling for ever. Peter loved her and wanted her.

BE QUICK TO WIN RS. 1,000

Entries close positively on the 30th September '35.

Results will be announced within one week.

FIRST PRIZE
Rs. 700

Rs. 50

SECOND PRIZE
Rs. 250

For sender of largest number of entries.

ENTRANCE FEE Rs. 1/- per entry By M. O. only.

All you have to do is to select two out of the 28 KEY-WORDS given below for each of the 7 undergiven Indian towns. For Example the first named "MADRAS" is made up of the KEY-WORDS numbers "12" & "21" i.e., "DAS" & "RAM". Do the remaining 6 in the same way and writing only the numbers of the two KEY-WORDS against the name of each town on a plain paper send it together with the requisite fee of Rs 1/- per entry.

NAMES OF THE TOWNS.

1. MADRAS 2. NAGPUR 3. PESHAWAR 4. KASHMERE 5. CAWNPORE 6. BANGALORE 7. AMRITSAR

KEY-WORDS.

1. NAGAL 2. PAN 3. HERE 4. RACE 5. BANO 6. LANGA 7. PAWS
8. MAKE 9. ART 10. WARN 11. RUG 12. DAS 13. POWN 14. MASK
15. BORE 16. MART 17. HEAR 18. WASH 19. ROBE 20. REGAL 21. RAM
22. REAP 23. ARM 24. TIRSA 25. COPE 26. MISRA 27. SHER 28. SARI

RULES & CONDITIONS.

Any number of entries may be sent on plain paper but each entry must accompany the requisite fee of Rs 1/-. Postal M. O. Receipt and a stamped self-addressed envelope must be sent with the entry. In case of ties the prize will be divided equally. The prize amount will be increased according to the number of entries received and vice versa. The correct solution is that which agrees with the sealed KEY-Solution deposited with "FUNNY MAGAZINE OF INDIA" Madras. In all matters concerning this competition the Manager's decision shall be final and legally binding on all concerned and this is the express condition of the entry.

The Manager (Competition Department)

THE EXPERT PUBLICITY CORPORATION, Delhi (2)

RS. 1,000 FOR "U" IN THIS SIMPLE "GIVE & TAKE" COMPETITION.

First Prize Rs. 600. Second Prize Rs. 250. Rs. 100 for the largest number of Entries

Last posting date 30-9-35.

Entrance fee Rs. 1 per entry.

Results on 10-10-35.

HOW TO WIN

Here are 8 words each of which has either one letter more or one letter less. By the side of each word there is a direction and the meaning. If the direction is "Take" you will have to take a letter out but if it is "Give" you will have to add one letter to get the given meaning. For Example No. 1 is "MATURE" which satisfies the given meaning "Fully Digested."

Rules and Conditions—Any number of entries may be sent on plain paper with the requisite fee of Rs. 1 per entry. Postal M. O. Receipt and a self-addressed stamped envelope for the result must be sent with your entry. In case of ties the amount will be equally divided. The prize amount will be increased or decreased in proportion to the number of entries received. The correct solution is one which tallies with the sealed Key Solution.

No.	Directions	Words.	Meanings.
1	TAKE	MATURE	Fully digested
2	GIVE	FORD	To Exhaust
3	TAKE	MEERE	Pure
4	GIVE	AW	The cry of a crow
5	TAKE	PROGROM	Destruction
6	GIVE	NOL	The top of the head
7	TAKE	COWL	A living being
8	GIVE	AY	A low Islet. (ISLET)

Entered with the Editor "Funny Magazine" of India. The Manager's decision in all matters relating to this Competition shall be final and legally binding on all concerned and is the express condition of the entry.

THE DELHI PUZZLES SYNDICATE, 3, Chandni Chowk, Delhi.

Sundara Vilas Murder

By S. Rajagopalan

It was a New Moon day and nearing twelve in the night. It was pitch dark everywhere. There was no light in the sky but one or two glittering stars. Almost all the street lights were blown out by the heavy wind, save one or two flickering lamps here and there, who were expecting their end every moment.

The wind was blowing hard, with a roaring noise like a storm. The whole town was enveloped in silence. The only noise that one heard was the clanging of branches, croaking of frogs, rumbling of insects, and twittering of birds. The sky was cloudy and it began to drizzle. It was a terrible and frightful night.

THE great tower clock announced the hour of midnight. As the second show was over, the crowd began to disperse, out of the Variety Theatre. I, who started out that frightful night purposely in quest of some adventure took my route through the lonely Kamalapuram Road. There was a bridge near the terminal across the Cooum river in that lonely road. The locality was said to be haunted by a gang of decoits, and generally nobody dared to go after seven in the evening. Numerous murders had been committed there and the bodies thrown into the river. I was fast approaching that dreadful spot when suddenly to my great astonishment, I found two figures walking towards the bridge. I held my breath and stood in statuesque silence quite unconsciously, though I was extraordinarily bold. I did not know how long.

Now there was only twenty feet between us. I heard them whispering

something and I was satisfied that they were no ghosts as I feared. I could hear them distinctly. Thanks to the darkness they could not see me.

"The sooner the better. I cannot allow him to perpetrate any further havoc upon us. I will see that he is dead before 24 hours," said one voice.

"You are right there. Do not have any mercy. Do not hesitate. Every minute is dangerous," said the other.

"Well! To-morrow by this time he will be dead; you can rest assured. There will be nobody at "Sundara Vilas" to-morrow to prevent me from carrying out my wishes. To-morrow night at ten, he will be shot dead," assured the voice that spoke first.

At this, my mind involuntarily went towards my coat pocket, where I kept my automatic. A wild idea caught me, to shoot those villains who plotted for the murder of a poor man. But I kept my head cool, and decided to follow them tomorrow, and prevent the murder.

I came to my room at about one I rolled about in my bed sleeplessly. I was completely shaken by the murder which those fellows intended to commit. What a splendid and magnificent thing it would be, if I brought those villains to book with the charge of murder! I began to speculate how the correspondents of all the leading dailies would request me to repeat my strange story, and how I would be praised by one and all for my bravery. The government may take note of my action and, I may even be appointed as the head of the C.I.D. who knows?

The next morning, I woke up at eight cursing myself for sleeping so long. After taking a cup of delicious coffee, I once again resumed my seat in my office-room. Now the great problem was to take this matter to the police & have their aid, or continue the investigation myself. I did not like the police and their methods, as is always the case with the great detectives. It is my decided opinion that the police are great fools and so I decided to proceed with the investigation,

myself.

It was past eight when I finished my breakfast I then dressed myself and took my automatic. After roaming about the streets aimlessly for a while I was at "Sundara Vilas" exactly at nine. I found the front door closed and bolted inside. There was nobody in the front portion and naturally my suspicion increased. I turned into an adjacent lane, climbed over the compound wall, entered through one of the open iron gates, and then reached the big garden. It was pitch dark every where. I hid myself behind a tree. After half an hour, a tall man entered the garden dragging a ferocious bull dog which tried to extricate itself from his iron grip. He fastened the chain to a neighbouring tree. I could see his face well. He was the same man whom I met the previous night. The absence of a third man, and the dog, greatly puzzled me, and I waited with great impatience.

I keenly watched everything that was going on. There was scarcely 20 yards between us. I was ready with my automatic in hand. The next moment I heard a shot followed by the barking of a dog. I at once sprang towards him with my finger on the trigger, ready for action. "Hands up! You scoundrel," I shouted, catching his wrist and covering him with my gun. "I will shoot you like a dog if you try to move."

He began to laugh. "You have discovered a murder, eh! Are you not Mr. Paul? So you are going to charge me, with the murder of Tiger," said he mockingly. He pointed his finger at the dead dog.

I was completely taken a back. The man in front of me was no other than the retired military officer Ranga Ram, and the dog belonged to him. I had seen him on several occasions with his pet dog, "Tiger."

"Excuse me if I intrude upon you," said I apologetically, after a long pause.

(Continued on page 45)

That Memorable Good Friday

By Miss. Saguna Bai Daniel.

'WE must spend to-morrow in fasting and meditation,' announced Papa.

'Good gracious!'

'Bless my heart!'

'Dear me!'

'Great Heavens!'

'Stop this profanation all of you, will you?' cried Papa in disgust.

"And mind, no silk or coloured sarees on Good Friday," papa spoke out the second item of to-morrow's programme.

'I haven't a pure white saree. Will that light pink flowered angel's skin do papa?' Pamela asked.

'I don't know what an angel's skin will look like, child. I very often read of ladies wearing sand dune georgettes, skirts and blouses having train, tram, or some locomotive panels, sarees of pale blossom pink, ripple, romaine, having silver and gold net borders....'

'Lord, what all names papa knows. We haven't even heard of ripple romaine in our lives,' interrupted Sarala.

'CHILD, but I can't differentiate a georgette from a Mualin. I am hopelessly ignorant of dress materials. Of course I'll pass my verdict after seeing it' papa said smilingly, and next minute Pamela brought her angel's skin, mamma her blue bordered white, Sarala her plain white and I my black bordered white. Papa looked at them all and agreed.

'Don't forget to take a piece of paper and pencil with you children' was papa's third item of the programme. 'You must take notes of

what the Padre says and I'll give a present on Easterday to the one who has the best notes.'

'You say it very well papa. But when it comes to action, I mean writing.....won't the people laugh at us?' one of us murmured.

'Tut! if people come to church to laugh on Good Friday I haven't much to say for their souls. Do your duty, I tell you, and don't let your thoughts dwell on other people's feelings. I've told you this a thousand times. As long as you think that you are doing something sane, what do you care if anybody takes you to be a pack of lunatics or idiots?' papa shot forth and we submitted at once. Papa left the room.

At 11-30 on Good Friday, we were in the crowded church fighting for breath and space. The old leviathan-looking lady by sister Pamela's side wouldn't budge an inch, and writing was of course out of the question.

'I can't write,' she whispered to me, and I gave that puffy soul such an unpleasant stare that she asked me, 'what is your great blinking idea' puffing a little more.

'My sister wants to take notes and I'm afraid she can't do it with your very thin hands stretched wide.' I said sarcastically and she moved at once.

The lean woman by my side moved a little to the other side on seeing me take out paper and pencil. To give her an idea about what I was about to do, I wrote 'Notes on the Good Friday Sermon' and underlined it. The lady looked pleased and nodded.

It was 4 when we reached home. After bath and tea, papa placed a piece of paper on the table, and called us round.

'Take out your notes children,' he said and we went to our room and brought out the slips, from the Bibles and hymn books.

'Honestly, I have not written a single word,' confessed brother.

'But your paper is full,' I said and snatched it from his hand. The paper was full of Funny Figures.

'Let me copy something from your paper please,' begged Sarala.

Papa cautiously tiptoed to our room and joined us unnoticed. Oh! that wretched chest of drawers! It could safely hide only two or three behind it. Well, before we could beg, borrow, copy, alter or scrawl a word, Papa showed himself up like a Santa Claus and scared us white. He took our papers one by one.

The first slip he took was mine. He took a minute to read my notes.—Notes on the Good Friday Sermon. Jesus.....It was'n the worldly hunger.....The other thief was repentant and Jesus said.....Everything finished.....

'A painted sepulchre! you call this notes eh?' he sneered, and it was such tough work forcing back my tears. My paper was crushed into a ball and flung out of the window.

Then Papa took up brother's. 'Disgraceful, you call yourself a son of mine! feeling funny even in that sacred place!' he said angrily. Brother bent his head low and examined some thing on the floor pretty keenly.

'My turn.....oh.....I.....shivered Sarala, and I was really surprised to see her unusual nervousness. 'Listen to this Listen' Then he read the following. 'Old Mr. B is not at all Good-Friday-ish. The tweed suit is his best Sunday dress. His grand-daughter told me so. The first word is not good. Rev. Z's allusion is the one I'm hearing, for the third time from his own lips. Can't he learn a fresh one? Jamimati's dressed in her confirmation silk. My God! who won't laugh at the red flowered Karachi sarees of Mrs. K! How dare she dress so grand this day of all days! Mary's gold belt is simply showy. Couldn't she keep it at home for just one day. If she hasn't a lock and key, to keep it safe in her trunk, I'll present her one.....'

'That's all. Just the sort of tinkling cymbal you talk in your mother's meetings, ladies clubs, Q. W. C. A. & so on eh?' Mamma looked out of the window.

'Won't you stop putting on big looks and answer me?.....well, I see you

have all suddenly gone deaf and dumb. Let me see the other slip. Notes indeed!' Papa murmured disgustedly.

Mamma didn't go out of the room because she knew we needed her help when papa's anger descended on us.

'Now attention, here's a topping article with a poem' papa said suddenly, and we prepared ourselves, to hear more screwed up words, but he went on reading it with the faintest trace of a wee smile. "Mrs. T. and Mrs. N. looked daggers at one another. These two ugly ducklings if put in a balance will weigh the same in looks etc, yet they are jealous of one another. Odd! I remember to have read John Byron's something about two people. Let me see whether I remember the verse aright.

Some say compared to Bononcini That Mynheer Handel is but a ninny;

Others aver that he to Handel Is scarcely fit to hold a candle..

Strange all this difference should be, 'Twixt Tweedle dam and Tweedle dee.

That's it Lord! I've clean forgotten to write notes on the Sermon. Papa will raise the hell itself and order me sack cloth and ashes. So, I've missed a present.'

'Your mentality is clearly seen from your notes.—"Papa would have gone on in that strain, but for mamma who came to our rescue.

'It's really wrong of them to write such things, but thank God! they are at least Funny. Life isn't full of roses and things like these help one to draw a nail out of our Coffin' mamma said seriously.

'No one deserves the present. Get out all of you cried out papa. We got out and of course laughed heartily, for we heard papa and mamma laugh too.

(Continued from page 43)

"I was completely misguided, under the circumstances, I mean your brief conversation with your friend on Kamalapuram Road last night. Well, what is the matter with "Tiger?"

"Tiger, poor creature," said he with grief, "suddenly, he became mad a month ago. I tried my best to cure him, but in vain. He bit three persons who died a horrible death. So I thought it wise to get rid of him, "Well Mr. Paul, you have discovered a murder anyhow. Let me congratulate you on your success," said he mockingly.

I could not refrain from joining him in the laughter.



WIN RS. 5,000

Rs. 300 for the first three correct solutions received on or before the 30th August 1935.

Rs. 200 for sender of the largest number of entries.

LAST POSTING DATE 30TH SEPTEMBER 1935.

Result will be posted to each entrant on 5th October 1935.

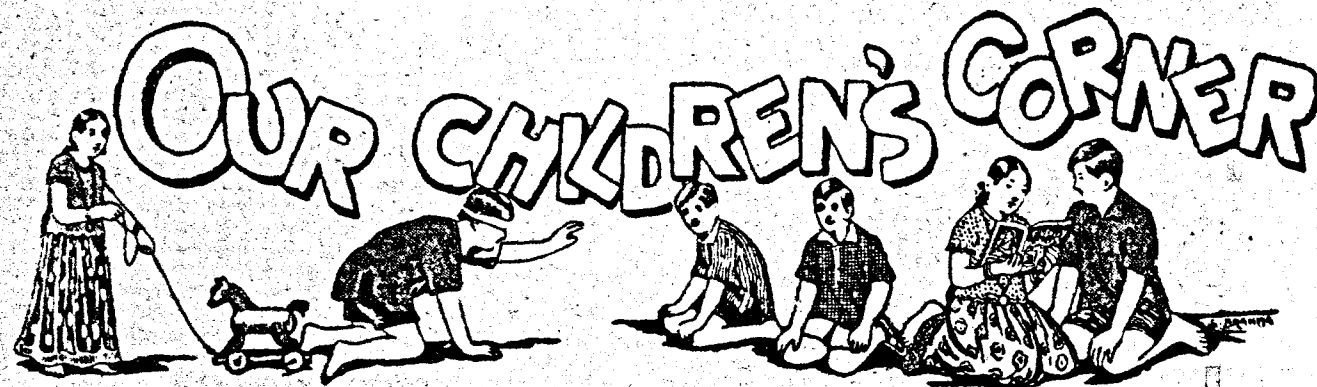
Substitute a letter for each dash to get the given meaning:—

No.	Words	Meaning	No.	Words	Meaning
1	F—L—	A deep fellow	5	M— —K	Redicule
2	P—I—E	Offered for Competition	6	D— —E	A small river fish
3	BR—ND	A Trade Mark	7	HO—DE—	A Romp
4	H— —ST	A Cough	8	M— —GR—	Spite

GENERAL RULES:—Ref: Chamber's xxth Century Dictionary. An Entrance fee of Rs 1/— is payable for each entry by M. O. only. Any number of entries on plain paper may be sent at the requisite fee of Rs 1/— per entry. Postal M. O. receipt and a stamped self-addressed envelope must be sent with the entry or entries. The correct solution is one which agrees exactly with the sealed Key-Solution deposited with 'FUNNY MAGAZINE' Madras. The prize amount will be increased or decreased in accordance with the number of entries received. In case of ties the prize will be equally divided. In all matters relating to this Competition the Manager's decision shall be final and legally binding on all concerned.

Address your Entries and M. Os to:—
The Manager, THE MAJESTIC COMPETITION BUREAU, EGERTON ROAD, Delhi (2)





Dear Members,

It is a pity that the members of the 'youth League' do not take any interest in 'our Children's Corner' started specially to give encouragement for young boys to write short stories. And don't get discouraged if your stories are returned as unsuitable.

Write short stories of about 800 words in simple language and send them on to:

Your
Cousin Eddie.

While returning from school one evening, I saw an young girl sitting on the pial of an uninhabited house. She was weeping. I pitied her. 'Why should any girl weep?' I asked myself. If she wanted any sweets I could give her, for I had three annas with me. I went to the pial and asked her what she was crying for. The moment she saw me she wiped her tears with the hem of her skirt. Perhaps she felt shy to be seen weeping.

'Why are you weeping?' I asked her.

'I lost my way and I want to go home,' she answered. 'Will you please take me home. I will ask mother to give you a big chocolate.' The little girl was smiling.

'Where do you live, little sister?'

'I don't know, Mummy

says our house is called Justice'.

I was very much surprised. For Mr. Black the Chief Judge lives there.

'What's your name, little girl?' I asked her.

'My name is Sylvia Black' she answered looking up at me.

'How did you come here and where are the servants of the house?' I questioned her.

'Oh' she said simply biting her finger. 'I never told anyone. Jim—our servant was sleeping and I came out of the house without making noise. You see, I wanted to buy sweets.'

It was nearly six o'clock when I took her to her house. An elderly woman dressed in costly silks and shining diamonds, was abusing a tall and lean man. 'You careless idiot' she was saying when the little girl ran to her crying aloud 'Mummy'. The lady never asked her questions. She simply took her into her arms, and hugged her and kissed her. I was just standing there, looking at the big garden, and a big hairy dog lying on a rug with pups round her.

A few minutes later, Sylvia accompanied by her mother came towards me.

I took off my hat and said 'Good-evening, Madam'.

'Good evening, young man, but what are you doing here?' she asked.

And before I answered her, Sylvia interrupted.

'Well, Mummy, he brought me home or I should have been still weeping on the pial of that bad ugly house and, mummy I promised him chocolates.'

'I'm very glad to hear that, young man. But for you I would have lost my little Sylvia. Come in and have a cup of tea. And, what is your name?'

'Jack'. Madam. 'Jack Spencer.'

It was very late that day when I went home and my father was very angry.

'Why are you late, Jack? wasting your time when you ought to attend to your sick mother,' chided my father and that was the first time when daddy grew angry.

And before I could explain to him, a big motor car stopped at our house and Sylvia and her mother walked into the hall.

My father, forgetting me, rushed to welcome them. He knew her to be the wife of the judge. He pushed a chair for her to sit.

When she left she gave dad a hundred rupee note and a box of chocolate to me.



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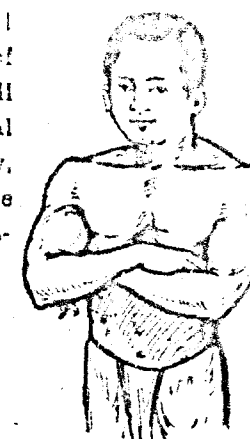
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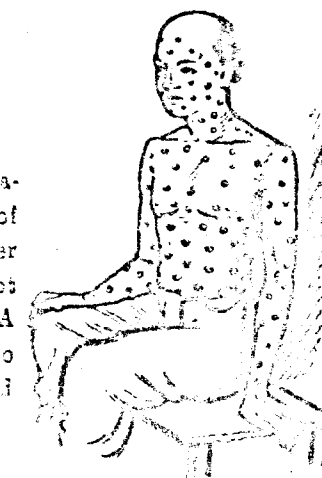


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