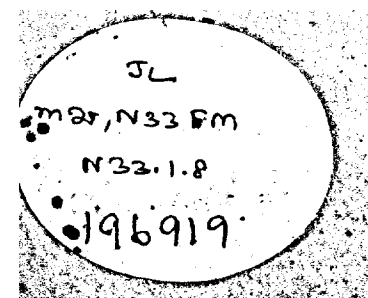


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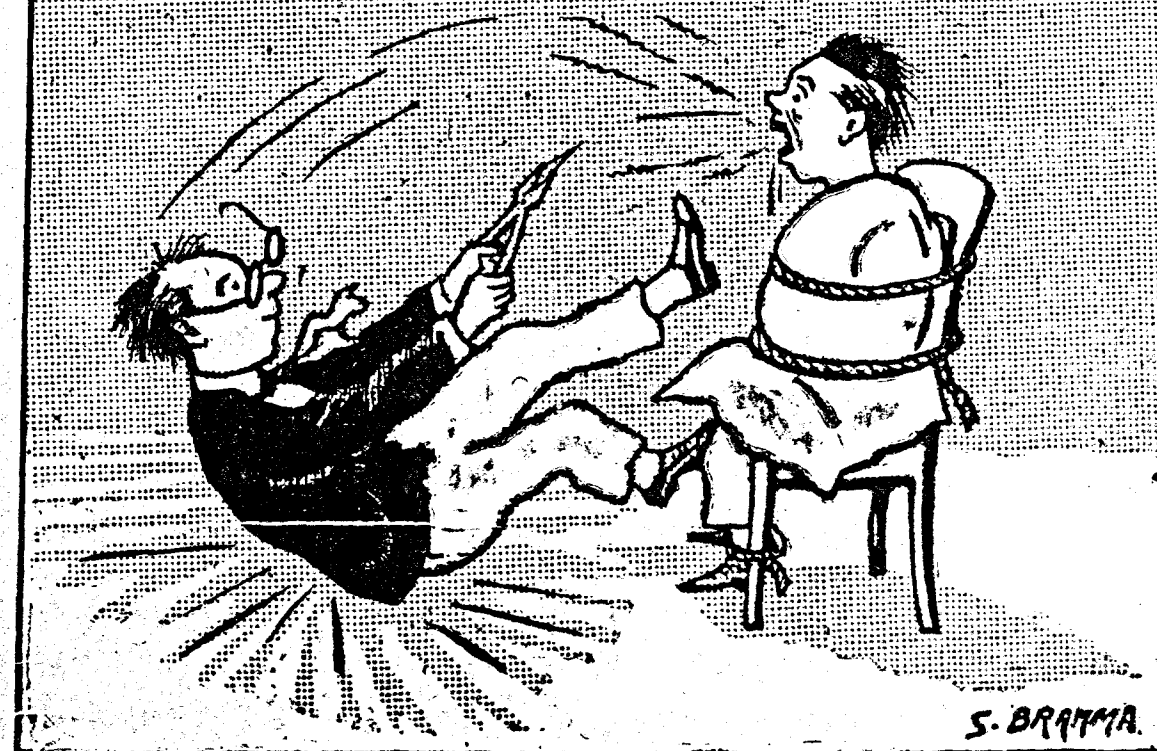
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VOL. I

MADRAS, 20TH NOVEMBER, 1933.

No. 8

A Roaring Practice



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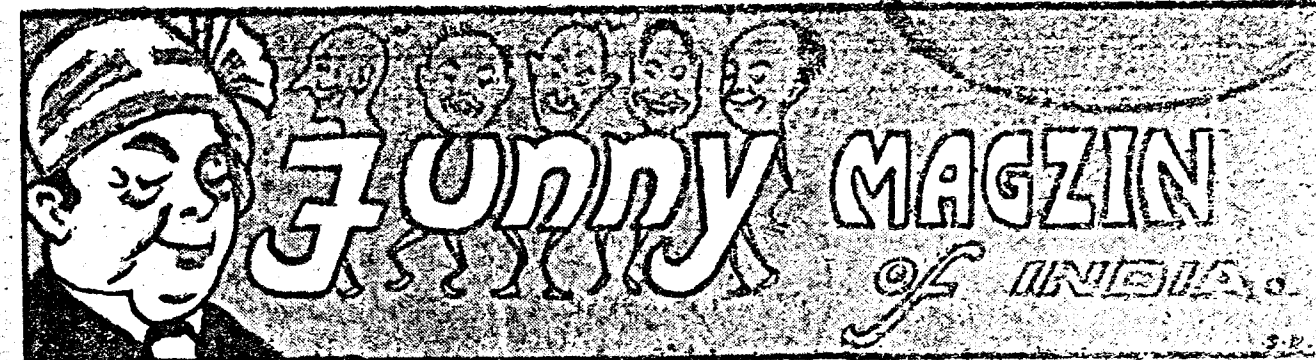
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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol I.

MADRAS, 20th NOVEMBER, 1933.

No. 8

OF KINGS AND CABBAGES.

It is his turn now: Mahatmaji has begun to arrest—Harijan oppressors.

Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudalyar has turned the tables: from the Round Table to the "Justice" Editorial.

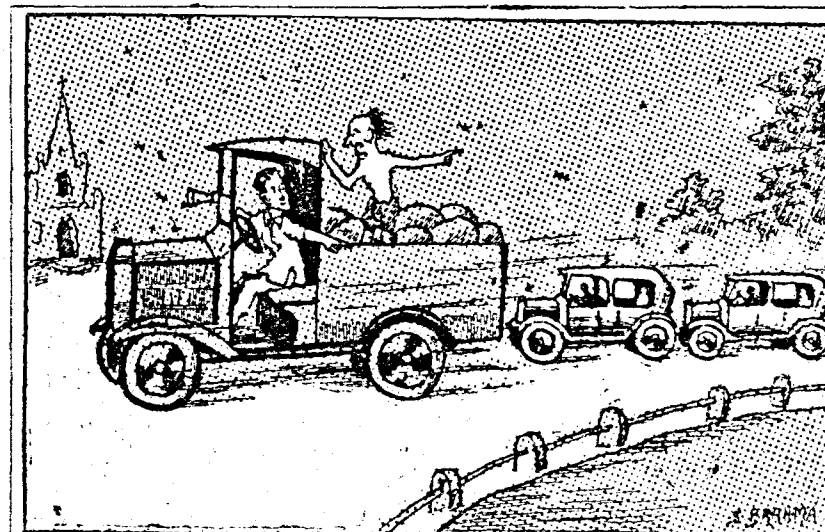
Never too late to be good: Why not create a Deputy Mayoralty to install Sriman Chakkarai?

All is fair in love and war and election.

All is not well that ends in a well—as in suicide.

Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chetty, President of the Assembly, is touring the N. W. Frontiers to study Legislative strategy without prejudice to the military.

Sung on the 11th November: Remember, Remember, The 11th of November, When Blusterer was caught, In the bellicose plot.



Lorry Driver.—To newly entertained lorry-man from the village parts, "Just go round and see what the noise is from at the rear? Any bags falling?"
Lorry-man.—"The bags are all right; only our lorry has begun to hatch young ones, sir."

H. E. Lord Willingdon is coming down to his old Presidency, more to find out his locum tenens and a locum tenens for him.

"It is easier to win a throne than keep it," poor Emperor Nadir Shah throws light on it—and his life too.

Sjt. Satyamurti has not disapproved of H.M., Zahir Shah succeeding

The Silence at 11, on the 11th of the 11th month: the noiseless noise which the silence of millions of graves heaves.

A European Mayor for Madras: a stroke of broadminded courage which only Madras can manifest: "If it is a Christian, why not a white Christian?"

Poor Sriman Chakkarai! It is only the old adage: "Betwist the Mayor and his chair, there is a sudden Ladden."

ding his father the late Nadir Shah: that angurs well for the new Ruler.

Churchill the Champion: Champion for the reputation of his ancestor Marlborough and champion to save India from the perils of Progress.

Two full days of exhausting evidence by Mr. Churchill before the J.P. Conference. Why not a Viceroyalty for his services?

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FUNNY MAGZIN

November 20, 1933



THE RICH UNCLE

BY RUBIKON.

[Mamuji—"Kind Uncle" is something to conjure with when you think of hand-some gifts, be it in the land of Oliver Goldsmith or in our own. "The Rich Uncle", therefore, is naturally made an idol of—and, when he is rich—it is only for "Rubikon" to tell us the delicious incidents of the Rich Uncle.—Ed.]

UNCLE!

'Mamuji', 'Dearest Unc', 'Nunky Dear', 'Beloved Unky', 'Naughty Mamu', and a thousand and one attributes and appellations greet uncle when he is known to be burdened with the good things of the Earth, and unburdened with any children of his own.

Nephews and nieces, brothers and sisters' cousins, through all manner of genealogical trees and creepers, unknown to Boes and Botanists, all suddenly spring up with the wonderful profusion of tropical vegetation.

Dhanram was an uncle. He lived in a valley of iron and cash chests. Heavy iron-bound boxes lined the walls of his own private chamber, where, rumour has it, he has wide of currency notes. Some say they are 100 Rs. notes, others confidentially, but authentically, say that they are all 100 Rs. notes, though they admit to be confused as to whether any one knows the truth or not.

Thanks to the good luck of Pralok and Sridhar, Uncle Dhanram was not claimed by a large circle of loving relatives. Whether he had been or not, is not known; whether he had out off his loving kith and kin is not known. Uncle Dhanram was the clear and sole property of the two brothers Pralok and Sridhar, the sons of Dhanram's sister, Madhubhashini, dead now about a decade.

With none in the world to take care of Uncle, to love him, to look after him, to minister to his whims, and humour his oddities, no wonder that the two nephews should devote their lives and days and nights and thoughts to the pleasure of serving and sacrificing for uncle Dhanram.

Nor had Pralok and Sridhar to depend upon anybody's generosity for their happiness.

Pralok was a double graduate, and was earning decently, with very high expectations in the service, on account of diligence and remarkable abilities. Mrs. Pralok was a lady

of grace, accomplishments and sweet temper, such as must make her home an ideal one.

Sridhar too was a remarkable success in business. Depression was the vampire bat sucking the blood of world-trade. But, Sridhar succeeded in all that he chose to deal in: he had the Midas touch. No wonder that Mrs. Sridhar was a blaze of brilliants and gems in any party that Her Excellency gave. Nor can any one dispute her right to subscribe heavily to all the pet schemes which the top ones on the official ladder start for the good of the Dumb, the Deaf, the Leprous, the Imbecile, the Disabled, the Helpless, the Neglected, and the Stray.

Of course, the babbling tongue would ask Mrs. Pralok how her sister-in-law managed to loom so large and so gaudy in the public eye whereas she herself, the wife of such a high officer, lived so quietly and so modestly.

The sting was sharp; Mrs. Pralok would feel it. That was an arrow that got deep into her heart; Pralok too felt the humiliation. True; some day, the enduring couple felt that they too would be in a position to live with some of the pomp and show that Sridhar and his wife were displaying. But, they were hiding their time.

Yet, in the love and worship of Dear Uncle, Mamu Dhanram, they, the two brothers were of one mind. Their wives too, like loyal partners, shared the love and veneration which their husbands felt towards Beloved Uncle.

Pralok and his wife, Sridhar and his wife, barring their hours of work, took a pleasure in spending their time at Uncle's. Their diversion was to be near Uncle, and be of comfort to him. Both the families got to love Uncle so much that he became a creed; his house was a sanctuary—a garden of Love—an abode of happiness. They vied with each other in the worship of Uncle.

Mrs. Pralok would attend on Uncle; not to be out-done Mrs. Sridhar would take up a cuss-cuss fan and gently fan Dearest Mamuji—for the ladies loved Dhanram as tenderly as if he was their own Uncle too.

Quite often this would happen;

Pralok and his wife would rush in; "Mamuji, quick, dress up; there is the car; of course you wouldn't go in for a car though well you might. Come, Uncle; come home with us; the little ones wouldn't listen to any excuse. They want you. They say it is years since you were with us."

"Surely, Pralok," Uncle would say, "only two days back I left you after a week's stay!"

Pralok would smile; Mrs. Pralok would kiss Uncle; the two would say, "Don't argue with us, Uncle. No use telling us history or story. The little kids, that fellow Gopan of all, he wouldn't listen to talk. He wants Uncle. Uncle is the goal; not argument."

The two would practically lift him out of his sofa and carry him bodily to their car as if Uncle were a baby, some what of a supsize.

The best fruits that the greatest medical authorities on vains could suggest, the dishes that would please the Uncle, the likes and even dislikes of Uncle,

all were studied to the minutest detail, with the watchfulness that the truest love could inspire.

Expense—shame to think of such sordid stuff—money, mere meanness to calculate about money. Pralok and his missus spared not money or pains—only Uncle must be happy—every second, every breath of his life.

There was no doubt, love of Uncle carried Pralok and his wife a bit too far. They did have to open loan accounts with local bankers. But they did not care. It was all for Uncle. If they did not care for Uncle, if they did not sacrifice for Uncle, who would?

Yet, Sridhar and his wife would not be out-done by a mere official like Pralok. Not that Sridhar loved his brother Pralok less; but certainly he loved Uncle—his own Mother's brother—a thousands times more.

Every time that Uncle went to Pralok's house and stayed there, Sridhar managed through well-paid spies and servants to get full information of the entertainment; and equipped with the details, he and his wife tried to entertain Uncle even more lavishly than his brother did.

Never did Sridhar and his wife care for the deep inroads that their love for Uncle made into their financial affairs. The most sumptuous car, and specially selected servants waited on the Uncle.

Often was Uncle at a loss to know where to spend his time. Pralok and his wife were as keen about him as Sridhar and his wife. Many a time did the two brothers exchange very strong terms when each of them wanted to take Uncle with him.

"Uncle, you must come with us."

"Not a bit; we take Uncle."

"No, brother, we were here first; you know Uncle loves us; why stand between Uncle and my children?"

"Well, well, we know all about that, we take Uncle."

"Brother, take care what you speak. We love Uncle, for his own sake. We want Uncle."

"If you talk like that, I must tell you plainly what makes you love Uncle."

"Brother, don't provoke beyond what can be endured. My wife will feel it so."

"We know what your wife's love means."

"Madam, I know what makes you love Uncle."

"That is your way: Dramas don't deceive the devil."

But the Uncle would calmly sit in his sofa and keep munching the almond seeds which his loving nephew had brought him. It looked as if Uncle loved the two nephews impartially; on such occasions, when unselfish love rushed the two brothers into hot words, he would sit, survey and smile and feel happy and proud, that their love for him should outrun even love for a brother.

He would nod his head, smile and shove in a handful of almonds into his mouth, and look sweet and serene and keep silent.

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Between the ardent love of the Praloks and the Sridhars, Uncle was lovingly feasted and feted.

Uncle Dhanram had a nice time of it. But, as all things have to end, however much loved he was by the two Nephews, Uncle ailed for a while and, to the great sorrow of his loving nephews, passed away.

Wisely did Uncle do things. He left a will; the nephews knew that he did. To avoid any unseemly and untoward happening, Uncle begged, during his last moments, of his bosom friend Mr. Rangpal to read his last Will and Testament on the day following his demise in the presence of his two loving Nephews.

The nephews came in along with their wives. Both Pralok and Sridhar felt that his would be the larger share of the vast wealth of Uncle; each felt Uncle would bequeath to him the bulk of his property as he ran deep into debt on his account.

Naturally, the brothers and the wives too, who would not be left at home, listened with the greatest attention as the will was read.

It was a simple document and ran thus.

I, Dhanram, of Dhanville, aged 65, Hindu, profession being the enjoyment of the fruits of love of my Nephews Pralok and Sridhar, do declare that by this my Last will;

The two iron safes and chests belong to my friend Pushpakant; they are his, though people, of their own sweet will and whim, imagined innocently they were mine; and he had every right to leave them where I lived as the fine house, Dhanville, where I lived, belonged to him, though he let me live in it, as it rarely got tenants being out of the way, being known to be haunted all over the place, a scare for which I was in no small measure responsible for the sake of my own convenience;

In one of the safes, there is a sacred Book of Prayer and a box of sacred ashes bequeathed to me by my father; the book goes to Pralok and his family; the small wooden box to Sridhar and his family;

My two Nephews and their wives have my heartiest Blessings for their zealous love; and my sincerest sympathy if they should experience any inconvenience for my sake.

May they be happy, healthy and wise.

The reading of the will ended—in a flood of tears!

Pralok and his wife, Sridhar and his wife, though each was consoled that the other was well served, have hardly recovered from the shock of the demise of the beloved Uncle, though it is generally felt that it was the will, and not the demise that dealt the severer blow.



The will that dealt the severe blow.

The Latest Contribution to Mother India's W.P.B.



Britannia: "Here is the W. P., Good Lady."

Mother India: "Ah, well, here is the W.P.B. for it. Thanks so much for your very good intentions. But, my own sons, except those who would play Canute's courtiers to you, are not quite anxious for it. They would even avoid it, if possible."

The Mystery of THE MISSING KEY

By BABU

was seven, and I was an hour late for the engagement with my friend Mr. Krishnan, the famous detective of Triplicane.

Still thinking of that girl in the blue saree, I hailed my friend, entered his room, and I was clean in my surprise I even swallowed that I had in my mouth.

Mr. Krishnan, I know how you must be a good detective, I said after I had recovered from my surprise.

Rudimentary, my friend, he drawled.

My respect for him rose by many degrees. He must be a good detective, I thought. I was still wondering, when a telephone bell rang. Some one was calling frantically for my friend. My friend's face lit up with a serious expression as he answered the call.

Mr. Krishnan left the room and came back a few minutes later. He was looking very serious. He told me that he had just received a message from the Police. It was a very serious matter, he said. He had to go at once.

Mr. Krishnan left the room and came back a few minutes later. He was looking very serious. He told me that he had just received a message from the Police. It was a very serious matter, he said. He had to go at once.

"Why! I was of course in this very room," replied the Kumara Raja. (This very room was some sort of a drawing-room-cum-library.)

"When did you lose it? I mean what time was it?"

"Half an hour ago! I had the key in my hand. I went to open the safe, and a second later it was missing. I have searched everywhere and I could not find it." Wailed the Kumara Raja, wringing his hands all the time.

"Ah! that is mysterious indeed," said my friend, "and may I know why you wanted to open the safe?"

All of a sudden the Kumara Raja blushed and began blubbling.

"Oh! I see," nodded my friend, and after a slight pause added, "your heart was beating furiously when you approached the safe! Was it not?"

The Kumara Raja's eye's bulged big with surprise.

"Yes! yes!" cried he, "And how did you guess it? It is really marvellous Mr. Krishnan."

"Oh! It is simple. Kindly look into your pocket. The key will be there," said my friend.

The Raja Sahab looked into his shirt pocket. (He was wearing only a thin silk shirt just then.) His eyes bulged bigger still. The key was there alright. He jumped and wrung the hand of my friend in sheer joy. Suddenly recollecting himself, he stopped before his table, wrote a cheque for Rs. 500/- (the

Kumara Raja was noted for his extravagance) and handed it over to Mr. Krishnan.

"Mr. Krishnan! I thank you very much. You must stay here for supper—and your friend also," added he, including me in his ecstatic glance.

But my friend excused himself, and pleading pressure of work, hurried out of the room and the bungalow, and we returned home in the Raja's Rolls Royce.

On the way I pressed my friend for an elucidation of the mystery of the missing key. The explanation was not forthcoming easily, and when it did come, it was a even greater surprise to me, than his hailing me as he did that evening.

"Soon as I entered the room, I knew that it was not the work of any gang of robbers. Neither could the Terrorists have picked him out for their victim since the Raja Sahab never dabbled in politics at all. Moreover I had read in the papers of the Raja's approaching marriage. I guessed from the Raja's incoherent blubbling, that he must have kept some precious gift inside the safe either of or for his fiancée. And it is natural to expect a young and carefree man to get excited when he thinks of his bride to be. It was most natural of him to put his hand over his heart to still its throbbing. But he was also holding the key just then. It must have fallen into his pocket, for if it had fallen anywhere else it must have been found during his frantic search. Also I had seen the faint outline

of a key, as it rested inside his thin silk shirt pocket. It was a bit of simple observation and deduction."

"I see! But how did you know I was thinking of the blue sareed girl when I entered your room this evening?" I asked.

"I was in the same bus in the front seat. You were all eyes for her, and you did not see me. I alighted at Mount Road, but you paid six pice more and went up to central with the girl. And you were late for your engagement. Rudimentary, my friend, rudimentary" drawled my friend in the manner of Sherlock Holmes.

I've sold everything out of that room," said the helper at the jumble sale, proudly.

"Oh dear!" cried the vicar's wife; "that was the cloak-room!"

"I always like to add a spice of danger to the ordinary things of life."

"Is that why you are eating your peas with your knife?"

Angry Motorist: "Some of you pedestrians walk along as if you owned the streets."

Irate Pedestrian: "Yes, and some of you motorists drive about as if you owned the car!"

Hubby had been grumbling at his dinner.

"Really, dear," his wife protested, anyone would think I was nothing but a cook in this house!"

They might," he retorted, grimly, "unless they happen to eat a meal here!"

Mrs. Jones had just been examined by the doctor, and as he was going he said to her husband: "Tell your wife not to worry about her rheumatism. It's only a sign of advancing years."

"Y-yes, doctor," said Mr. Jones, meekly. "B-but w-would you mind telling her yourself?"

Mother: "You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?"

Johannie: "Yes 'um."

"How did it happen?"

"Got too many s's in scissors."

Topical Twistings.

(BY DING-DING-DING.)

The Dhoobies of Kumbakonam have petitioned the Magistrate protesting against the song "Vannan Vanthane" being sung in dramatic performances.

—News Item.

There is no truth in the rumour spread by a spiritualistic medium that the late Pandit Nehru resents the singing of a certain song that bemoans his death. It is not known whether the reported resentment is due to the perverted practice of playing the record of that song invariably during happy functions.

Our extra-special correspondent wires from Wardha that the statement published in certain papers saying that Mahatmaji intends embarking upon a forty days' fast owing to the prevalence of many songs about his previous fasts, is utterly unfounded.

In contrast to the above, the Harijan Association of India reported to have decided to present Mr. Viswanatha Doss with a medal for his memorable song portraying the sufferings of Harijans.

The Conspiracy Detecting Branch of the Indian police has unearthed a plot designed to destroy all the records of Mahatma Gandhi's speech on God. The Riga correspondent of the "Evening Roar" cables that the plot was financed by the central Anti-God Communist Party of Russia. In this connection five Indian Youths have been arrested by the Nazi Police in Berlin.

The gramophone-record censor has issued a notification to the public stating that no songs about the Lakshmi-kantham case should be sung or recorded as there is a grave doubt whether Lakshmi-kantham is Lakshmi-kantham.

To a query whether he also banned any songs about the death of Mr. V. J. Patel, the censor has disclaimed all responsibility. A non-issue of a record

of such kind hitherto, however, leads one to suppose that the recording business is not going on with a swing.

Another whisper to the effect that curd-sellers have decided to strike work unless the records bearing songs about them were withdrawn, has caused much perturbation in domestic circles. Some people are indignant at the prospect of being treated like 'C' class prisoners while they have not taken part in the C.D. movement.

In view of the above reports the Barbers' Brotherhood, the Grocers' Guild, the Cobblers' Club, and other institutions are reported to be taking precautionary methods lest any degrading songs about them should be sung or recorded.

They were playing an exciting melodrama in the local theatre. The villain had pursued his dreadful career through three acts, and in the fourth he brought things to a climax by robbing a girl of her Savings Certificates.

At this point an excited woman in the gallery lost control of her feelings and shouted: "That feller 'ud pinch a worm off a blind hen!"

"Please, sir, father wants to know if it's true that there's such a thing as a tobacco trust?"

"Yes, my lad, there is."

"Well, father says he would like to be trusted with two ounces."

The accused had just been convicted of bigamy, and the judge asked: "Have you anything to say?"

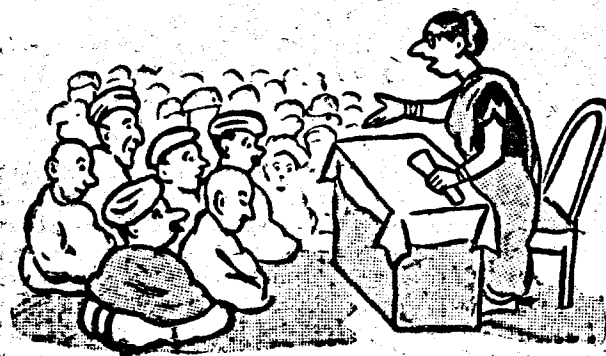
"No not a word," was the sullen reply.

"It's hardly likely," mused the judge. "A man with two wives would never get a chance."

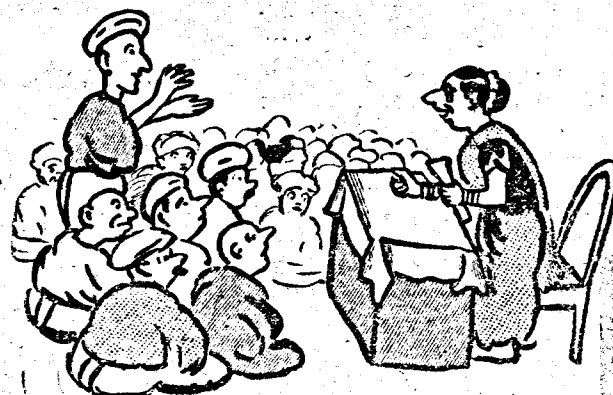
Fortune-Teller: "There's a dark woman following your husband."

Client: "Not for long, though. She'll soon get tired of that—he's a postman."

Applause appeals even to the most modest.



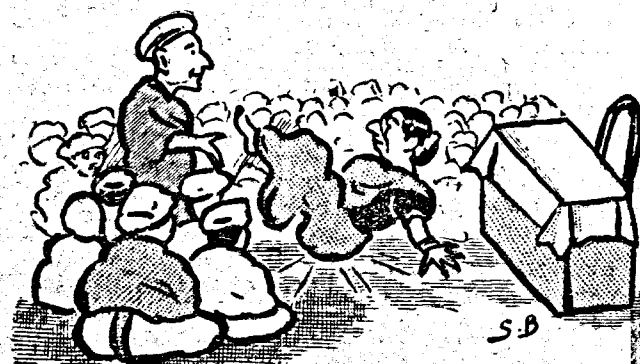
Sri Vangvilasini appeals to her brothers in words of fire and tones of flame.



Naturally some are carried away and applaud and clap hands throughout the oration.



Sri Vangvilasini, at the end of her stirring oration cuts through the crowds and thanked the gent that so applauded her, when—



the honest man meekly said, "Learned lady, I could not help, clapping—I could hardly open my eyes, or breathe—it was mosquitos—"

He: "What is the matter with my new suit? The tailor says it is a perfect fit."

She: "Looks more like a conviction to me!"

"No, I'm not a fugitive from justice."

"Oh, yes you are!"

"The judge ordered you to pay £50 a month alimony."

"I know, but that wasn't justice."

"It was the man who shot by his wife at a distance."

"Then there must have been powder in the box."

"That's why the shot him."

Vicar: "Do you ever attend a place of worship, young man?"

"Yes, I'm on my way to her house now."

Mistress: "I notice that your policeman friend calls frequently. Do you think he means business?"

Cook: "I think he does. He's already beginning to complain about my cooking."

Wife (breaking the news of good-for-nothing brother's arrival): "Hector has come to stay for a few days. Poor boy, he's looking very ready."

Husband: "Ready, is he? Well, he isn't going to plant himself here."

"Is she considerate to her husband?"

"Very. She's joined the Nudist Cult for a while to give him a chance to pay her dress bills."

Mary: "Please, madam, I've knocked the marble clock off the side board."

Madam: "Good Heavens! Has it stopped?"

Mary: "No madam. It's gone straight through to the basement."

Proud Suburban Lady:

"You know, my husband plays the organ."

Depressed Acquaintance: "Well, if things don't improve, my husband will have to get one, too."

Synopsis of the First and Darts.

Ragho was a peasant in one of the border villages belonging to Raja Ripundama. He was the father of Shyamal the belle of the village: Prince Inder Singh had met her, and fell head over heels in love with her.

Living on the border land, Ragho was always harried by the chieftain Rasool Khan of the opposite camp. On one such occasion Ragho had to give a good fight to Rasool Khan's men to take back his Raja's cattle. This petty feud ignited itself into a war between Raja Ripundama and Rasool Khan.

Ragho, his wife and daughter Shyamal, were cast into prison to be tried when the Raja was free from pressing engagements.

Prince Inder Singh visited the prison and returned sore of heart, and convinced that there could not be any others more loyal and innocent than the prisoners.

The war was declared and the war was waged, Raja Ripundama and Rasool Khan were engaged in single combat. The battle was fought long and hard, and as it grew dark the combatants shook hands like friends, and got back to their palaces, to meet again the next day.

The news of the battle had reached the palace, the people were rejoicing. But the queen was not so happy. The Raja enquired; how could the Queen be happy when her son Prince Inder Singh was sad and crest-fallen?

Now Read on:



RAJA Ripundama, fierce chief as he was, was never deaf to the call or dictates of justice. If ever anything provoked him it was the least suggestion of injustice or high-handedness to his subjects, especially the lowly and the poor among them.

Here was his own son, Prince Inder. He—the meekest and most dutiful son, just like Sri Ram of the immortal Epic—his own dutiful son charged him with injustice to one that was helpless, blameless and championless.

Ripundama sat, thought for a while, the enemy was there on the out-skirts.

not easily forget; then, on a more leisurely day put me in mind of Ragho, and bring him to me and I shall see that the valiant deed of a brave man never goes in vain in the state of the Veera Vikrams, my valorous forbears."

With these words the Raja dismissed the subject for the time being.

BEFORE setting forth to do battle, just before mounting his favourite steed as was his wont, he once more stood before the image of Bhagavathi Bhavani Devi, offered prayers that he might, alive or dead, do so battle with the enemy that the honour of his ancestors and the martial glory of his House might never be tarnished, but that the Goddess would endow him with spirit and strength to add to the glory of his race.

Excellent horseman as he was, heroic the spirit that suffused his whole frame, he rode away to the field of battle as

EXPLOITS OF JAGAT-JWALA

By "el-KISMAT."

Time was pressing. He darted to an immediate conclusion.

"Guards," cried the Chief, "I have heard the soldiers, and they have made out that Ragho is a cruel, lawless, freebooter, apt to bring us and our people into needless strife with our neighbours. But Prince, my Inder, he has himself heard what Ragho had to say. He has satisfied himself that Ragho was not blame-worthy. Far from being a marauder he has tried to serve our State. That quite satisfies me. Now, send men to set free Ragho and wife and child. Give him also a shawl, and a handful of pagodas as my reward for the daring deed he has done, and when I return from the battle, and I have finished this fighting that our Muslim foe needlessly forces upon me and my men, and for which I shall teach him a lesson that he shall

blithe and as happy as the eagle that soars to his place in the firmament in the full blaze of the effulgent Sun.

Prince Inder was now happy. His heart felt light and free, never had he felt so heavy at heart as he did when he saw Ragho, his wife, and Shyamal behind the bars of the cell where they had been cast. Nor did he remember to have felt so light at heart as when his own revered father sent command, that Ragho and his family should be set free, and recompense made for their unmerited sufferings, and rewards be bestowed for his patriotic deed.

Inder was happy.

Inder too rushed into the chamber for his armour; he too got ready with the accoutrements suited to the martial occasion facing him; armed as a fighting Indian prince he rode forth to the



A turn round the corner brought the prince face to face with Shyamal.

field to fight by the side of his sire, and thus he trained under his eye to fittingly keep up the traditions of his race.

Ripundama entered the battle-field only to find his adversary Basool Khan as ready to receive him as the Raja was to meet him.

The deeds of valour were renewed. Once again the wondering rank and file of the army stood mute and motionless at the skill and sang froid of the two combatants. In the course of the struggle, the horse of Ripundama reared; and, along with the rider, had a nasty fall in which the Raja's arm got dislocated. But the noble animal regained its footing; the rider too got back to his feet; but alas, he could not move his arm.

The quarters of the Muslim was not far to discover the serious disaster that had overtaken his noble adversary. Like a quail he

sprang from his saddle, ran up to the Raja, greeted him with salaams, and with great courtesy and affection—an affection as subsists between two true heroes—begged of the Raja to leave the field for rest till it should please the Almighty to enable them to meet each other on the battle-field.

The Raja left; enjoined on his son, Prince Inder, to see to it that their men were not discouraged. Home came the Raja; and sore was his beloved Queen shocked at the untimely return of her lord, who ran to receive him. And the reason for his early arrival, she found out, when she and attendants removed the armour and dress, also what a serious accident had happened. Such untoward happening not being rare, the healing art of olden days not lacking in skill and success, the necessary help was immediately rendered.

The Prince fought at the head of his men; evening fell; fighting

ceased; and the leader and led alike sought for rest to renew the struggle on the morrow.

JADED and faded, the Prince, on his way home, to snatch some quiet rest in an undisturbed and sheltered nook, sought the inner recesses of the flower garden of the Temple of Bhavani.

On a slab in a cool place Inder was resting, in body; his mind was wandering over the events of the day; his heart was bleeding for those that fell gallantly by the sword of the enemy; his love was hovering round his beloved mother whose anguish over his father's accident only he could understand.

Yet, there was no knowing how or when fighting was going to end. Not that he cared for a moment as to the serious dangers of the war, though he

was far from taking a reckless joy in the throwing away of human lives, but he knew that prolonged fighting, no matter whose the victory, never brought prosperity in its train. The ravages of serious fighting between two neighbouring states, left their baneful effects long after the war itself was fought.

Thus mused the Prince.

But he started as one suddenly roused from a slumber. He could hardly believe his eyes. All his musings vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

Never, never did he dream that the evening, which was intended to be one of repose, would be one that held in its palm the whole of his future.

Shaded by the thick and leafy branches of the tree under which he sat, hidden from view, he saw a damsel approaching his own sheltered nook. Not for a moment did he think that the stranger was coming for his sake. Full well he knew that he could hardly be seen from where he had taken his seat, nor could anybody know that at that hour he was there.

Chance, merest chance, fate, if you like, had brought the damsel that way. Who she was, the Prince knew at once. That face he had met before: having met, he never forgot; it was engraved on his unstained and pure heart.

He stood up; but, was he to go away? Would it be graceful to stay where he was? Would it be becoming to be seen there at that place, at that time, and, at that juncture of the condition of his state, and in the circumstances of his own father's accident?

Yet, if it was chance that brought the fair damsel to his place, why should he desert his resting place? What harm was there, thought Inder, if he stayed where he was, and left the damsel to mind her own concern?

The Prince stood musing again.

The damsel approached the bower and a turn round the corner brought the Prince face to face with Shyamal.

Who was more astonished than the other, it was impossible to say. Shyamal stood as did Lot's wife after her disobedience; Inder stood silent, like a statue of Cupid dressed like a Prince.

Shyamal was about to turn and go back; she had almost opened her lips to tender her apology—for she knew

who it was before whom she stood—and thank him for her father's deliverance by his pity and noble interceding. But, she desisted. Her courage failed her just when she was about to speak. She would have gone.

But the Prince spoke.

"Shyamal, Shyamal."

Silence was the reply.

"Shyamal, do you know who I am?"

"Prince, I know you."

"Why did you come here?"

"For gathering flowers to pray to Goddess Bhavani; to seek Her aid to end the war that is now ruining our fields and crops; and for the safety of our Raja."

"But why are you going away?"

"Because I might not disturb your Highness, I never knew, I never dreamt, that there would be any person here, least of all sir, that you would be here."

"Shyamal, I am in no way disturbed. You can gather the flowers you desire. You can go safe. No disturbance will overtake you so long as my House rules this state."

The poor girl knew not what reply to make to these brave words of the Prince. Nor did dare to run away from the bower, lest she should disobey the command of one that saved her own father and mother. She pretended to have gathered flowers and almost tremblingly, and often darting furtive glances at the prince, because she was uncertain what was coming next, she was about to leave the bower, and had gone a step or two,

"Shyamal, Shyamal, is this the manner you repay kindness done to you?"

Never prepared to be spoken to thus, Shyamal did not know what to say: She hung down her head.

"Shyamal, did I not save you all?"

"You did, Sir, Prince" my parents are ever grateful, and pray for you every day," answered Shyamal, in duty bound.

"But you do not seem to care, is it?"

"Not so, great Prince. I am young. I do not know what to say to great

ones. I am a simple village maiden," Shyamal replied.

"If you are honest in what you say, that you are really grateful to me because I saved you all, will you promise me a favour?" asked the Prince most sweetly.

"A peasant girl that I am, what is there that I can promise a Prince like yourself?"

"Good maid, I shall be frank. We Veerabhaahus never used roundabout words: we are strangers to such words. I shall be simple and plain. Ever since I saw you first, drawing water near the well, I did not know that you were a living human maid or a spirit of the place. The second and third time; the first impression became stronger. Never did a day pass since I saw you first, without thinking of you. I do not know why; I cannot tell you why. But that is the truth, the simple truth; My House never tell a lie because we do not know what fear is. Right or wrong, we speak the truth; we face the consequences of our words. Good maid, do you promise to return my feeling for you?"

Shyamal was of that tender age when she could not really understand what fully the words of the Prince meant. Yet she was not quite indifferent to the significance of the words and feelings of the Prince.

She turned towards the Prince: she looked him in the face, just for a second, bent her head and said, "Great Prince, I do not fully understand what your question means. I am away from my parents. I do not know how I can make any promises."

The prince smiled, "Have I consulted my parents when I spoke to you? Did I know that you were coming over here? Did I ever think that I should have the chance of finding out my own heart and letting you know how I feel? No, no, I ask you in a simple, straightforward manner. I want your answer."

"Prince, I am a peasant's daughter; you are the son of a Raja, the distance between, is unthinkable even to the maddest brain. But, if ever it should be that I should be in any way worthy of serving you, then, surely, it will be for you to command my gratitude and that of my parents. Till then, forgive me, Prince, if I do not make a reply. I shall now take leave as the hours of prayer are fast running out. I must



"You are henceforth Jagat-Jwala; yours this state.....share it with my son....."

add my prayers to those of my mother." And Shyamal left the Prince.

The prince mused again. He could hardly make out what his words to Shyamal meant. He had spoken. He had given out what his heart felt. But he did not exactly realise what its consequences would be to Shyamal as well.

INDER went to the field on the morrow in the place of his father. The boy-general led the forces of Ripundama. The men too fought with a fervour not unmixed with anger, because their own Raja was disabled by the enemy; and the more recklessly because the youthful leader rushed to the hottest part of the fighting with a courage and boldness which would

have been incredible, but for the fact they had actually witnessed the Prince.

Victory was now a practical certainty; Rasool Khan's men were giving way at most points; in many places, the Muslim's ranks were pierced through; the slain and the seriously wounded was alarmingly great for the strength of the enemy. The battle was to have ended that very day—but for a most unfortunate happening.

It was the turn of the Prince.

Just as Raja Ripundama had a serious accident, the prince too met with an accident.

The Raja's men saw the Prince suddenly come down his horse. The worst was feared. Soldiers crowded

to the spot. The Prince was not dead; he was struck by an arrow; it hit him on the thigh; he was bleeding profusely; and he was carried home.

Yet, the Prince, almost fainting with loss of blood, gave up not the spirit which fights more than the muscle. He bid his men be of good cheer, not to give up courage, but to fight for Honour, Home and Heaven.

Long before evening, the Prince was carried home; the feelings of the Raja and Ranees, and the people of the State might more easily be imagined than described.

Gloom! heavy gloom hung on all. Prince or Peasant, palace or hut, one sombre sadness covered the whole State.

Nor was such dismal despondency due to mere brooding over the misfortunes that overtook Ripundama and his son Inder.

The ferocity which the Prince inspired or the romantic valour with which the Raja's men fought, and the almost certain victory that was to be on the side of the Hindus taught the Muslim Prince the lesson that he must add to his forces considerably or lose all.

For, before midnight, on all sides of the Raja's State, there were camp fires of the Muslim troops. Rasool Khan had sent urgent messengers to hurry to the field every available man and horse.

Far as the eye could peer into the darkness, could be seen camp-fires lit by Muslim forces.

Now, who was to lead the Hindus? Father was disabled; so was the son.

No wonder misery, gloom, despair stalked the land of the Raja.

All over the state, the Temples of Bhagavathi Bhavani were dotted, men women and children of all ranks worshipped with what fervour and piety that faith and fright could inspire.

In one of the temples of Goddess Bhavani, Ragho, his wife and Shyamal were praying. The Archaka or priest was offering prayers; he lit the camphor as is done in Hindu Temples; he was worshipping when there went up a voice which filled the temple and struck the worshippers with awe:

"Shyamal, go forth to the armoury of the palace; arm thyself; mount the white steed on the morrow; lead my children to battle; win the good fight; save my faithful ones and be happy."

All was silence. Ragho prostrated; his wife and his daughter too; and all the people that were in the temple.

Whose, whence, the voice that delivered the command, the worshippers could no more find out than they could trace the source of the Sun or the Stars.

A solemn stillness prevailed; the temple was not deserted; all night the worshippers sat praying and watching.

A slight streak of light in the East showed that the great maker of the Day was going to come up. Ragho rose and led his daughter Shyamal home. She bathed and prayed once more; she went to the

Bhai Funzin's Weighs. "RATIONALIST"

It is quite welcome, "Rationalist." Not that we suffer from want of Dailies, or Weeklies or Monthlies or Magazines. We have lots of them, in English and in Indian languages.

But all of them can be grouped and classified; often one is a practical echo of the rest of its group or genus.

Not so "Rationalist."

Palace-Armory; she found a complete set to suit her; She came out to find a white steed all harnessed.

She jumped up to the saddle as if she had been accustomed to it from her birth; and both the horse and the rider rode forth to the field.

The Raja's men saw from afar off a young woman on a white steed dashing to the field. For a moment, they could not make out who or what it was.

To their eyes, it looked as if their Goddess Bhavani had come out from her shrine to lead them to victory and safety in this their hour of peril.

From lip to lip, the tale passed. "Bhavani is leading us; the Goddess is our General."

Shyamal, like a Joan of Arc, led the men with a wonderful dexterity and daring. The men too fought as never did mortal men with mortal feelings.

By dusk, the vast hordes of Rasool had been driven from or left dead on the field; the Nawab understood that any more fighting would only cause more loss among his men.

He sent his men offering peace and cessation of fighting.

The news was received with joy; the Raja's men were mad with joy.

Shyamal was surrounded by the victorious warriors. They led her to the Palace. They communicated the news to the Raja and Prince.

Who the youthful woman that wrought the wonder? The Raja saw Shyamal; he learnt she was Ragho's daughter that only the other day was a prisoner along with her father.

The Raja stood speechbound in wonderment.

He then spoke, "You are henceforth Jagat-Jwala; yours this state and palace which you have to-day saved and won. You share it with my son; Glory be yours and Inder's."

It is outside and apart from the Babel of our journals. It is a fighter, a provoking and fearless fighter. It can't make friends, though enemies in plenty it will fast create.

Its worth and work or service, is to be tested by the hostility it creates; in fact, that is very measure of its contribution to the thought of the Times.

Rationalist lifts the axe and fells down many rooted and ancient ideas. But old ideas take deep root: to tear asunder deep root must tear up plenty of settled soil—which means destruction of the slimy reptiles sheltered and breeding therein in those dark nooks, undisturbed, for ages.

To all such dark dwellers, Rationalist must carry rude and expasperating shock, if not destruction.

But, for the cause of Culture, such shocks must be; such revelations of their dark nooks must be; revolutions must be: Storms clear the air; Earth-quakes, such as Rationalist causes, will throw up hidden and secret nooks to the glare of Light.

Not that Rationalist is entirely agreeable to our views.

Between Rationalist's extreme support of Nudism, and Comrade Singaravelu's entire condemnation, there is room, we are sure, for the tailor and silk merchant and sewing machines.

Nor are we so nervous about Mahatmaji wasting his collections for Harijans on dupes and sycophant frauds. We have more faith not only in Mahatma's sincerity and sacredness, but also in his shrewdness.

At the same time, we would not baptize unwilling souls with Birth Control at the bayonet point; albeit Birth Control will send Sir George Schuster to quieter sleep without Lady Schuster having to sing sweet lullabies; though we may not also subscribe to the simple and idyllic creed that the man who marries and adds generously to Population does more service to his country, even more than he, who pays his taxes and bemoans the burden of the National Debt.

Yet, we want a "Rationalist"; we welcome "Rationalist"; whoever helps "Rationalist" helps the triumph of Thought and the crowning of Culture.

Our hearty hand of fellowship to the Editor Mr. S. Ramanathan.



'Leg theory is legitimate,' says the London Times. Especially as it finds that Australia herself had resorted to such play years before. The Times feels highly shocked when, as in its opinion, the Australians would not allow what was sauce for the goose, to be sauce for the gander.

As a matter of fact I remember to have seen a picture of a match in England, where the Australians have packed the field for a leg trap. What pains the English people take to prove, and to ask the Australians to pull out the beams in their own eyes.

Why did not the Australians resort to the body line bowling? Would Sutcliffe, Hammond and Jardine have faced it; as Bradman McAbbe and Woolful had done?

Was Bradman a failure?

Yes.

He did not score the double centuries. A habit which the English bowlers in Merry Old England, had trained him up to perfection. When Bradman scored just a century or was out for 80 or 90, the M.C.C. felt that they had crippled Bradman for good and swerved off the lime light from him.

And the hero of the Ashes had played his part and any amount of success from the public would not make Larwood to take up once again his weapon and use it with success against the Australians.

But Larwood is not to be dismissed so cheaply. Of course a fracture in the leg incapacitates him and deprives him of the cannonball speed with which

he delivered his balls; but somebody announces that Larwood could be as deadly as a spin bowler, as he was as a speed demon. Well, Larwood you could argue still.

If leg theory is legitimate—as the Times refuses to use the phrase body-line-bowling,—why should the M.C.C. ban the "Leg theory." In other words, it looks as if the M.C.C. had acted as a stenographer to the dictation of the Australian Board of Cricket.

Larwood says that Bradman had turned the 1930 Tests into a "one man band," and he would not have it. Evidently Larwood who has long arms, hasn't good enough ears for music.

OUR SPORTMANTEAU.

Bradman he complained, was basking in the lime light, but poor man before he could feel like basking in it, himself, the fracture swerved off the lights.

O.K. Naidu has now become a Major. Was he not an enfant terrible before.

Major O.K. Naidu celebrated his title by, scoring his first century after the elevation, as the first Indian and as the first century against the M.C.C. Quite a novel way to celebrate indeed. "Wait till I meet you" was the conclusion of Naidu's greetings to Jardine. Naidu kept his words as good as a bond.

In the list of thirty-five players invited to take part in the Test Trials, it is surprising to note that Lall Singh is not included. If he was good, and qualified enough to play for India in 1931; I wonder how he could be disqualified in 1933. And it does not look fair to throw him overboard when he had taken all the trouble to get back to India to qualify himself for the ensuing Tests.

English papers have spoken of Lall Singh's fielding in the highest terms imaginable. We cannot forget the memorable throw which set Woolley homeward bound. It is not late even now, and I pray that the Selection Committee would not show him a cold shoulder.

P. Rajaratnam has now risen like a Phoenix from the ashes. He has thrown off his phlegmatic form, and got into his old stride once again. His 100 not out for S. I. A. A. was a grand contribution in sparkling style. An ex-presidency player that he is, I wish him many more returns.

M. J. Gopalan was a poser for the local, M. C. C. Out of 87 runs of the M. U. C. Gopalan happens to be the lion's share (48.) It turned out to be a 'one man band' as Larwood would put it. For Gopalan, if he treated the bowling of the M. C. C. with contempt; would not allow them when their turn came, to pay him off similarly. Richmond, Shaw, Johnstone, and Wimbush and three more bowed down and out with great respect. Seven of the homesters could make only 27 out of Gopalan.

Selection Committee please note.

C. P. Johnstone just missed his century at Bangalore. I hope he gets into his old pace and gives a bit of his mind to Gopalan and his tribe.

I find that Western Australia is sending over to India some of her tennis players to take part in the All India Tennis Tournaments that are to be held at Calcutta, and Madras. The M. U. C. has announced that all the leading players that have taken part in the S.I.A.A. tournament, and E.V. Bobb, and Jenny Sandison have all been invited.

If Mr. Kannan, the secretary for tennis will not take it amiss, I just wish to suggest, that the M. U. C. should extend their invitation to Mr. Rachappa of Mysore. The champion player of Bangalore. A champion whose claim was advocated for a share in the fight for the Davies Cup; a fight against Jack Crawford, Perry, Austin, Vines, and Borotra. We cannot forget the 'Hat trick' that Rachappa had secured at Bangalore. Balagopal, Blake and Bobb, allitatively and respectively went down before him. Surely no tournament can be a success without Rachappa.

"BUMPER."

Or, Daniel!

A Big-Game hunter in Rhodesia tracked down a lion and wounded it. The beast turned on him, beat him to the ground, and was about to finish him off when the flap of the hunter's collar turned over.

Instantly the lion bounded off into the bush. Wondering at his miraculous escape, the hunter looked down at his collar. He saw, on the inside, his name: "Daniel!"

Good Idea

The club bore had just returned from a trip to India and insisted upon describing the Rope Trick.

"You can believe what you like," he asserted. "but I tell you some of these fakirs can throw a rope up into the air, then climb up it themselves and completely vanish."

After a short silence one fellow said, "Can you, by any chance, do that trick yourself?"

Temple Entry Vocabulary.

(By Messrs. Thasen and Nathan of Lankeswaram, beyond Cape Comorin.)

For the edification of the many readers of our dear Bhai Funzin, we give below, from our forthcoming book on "Dravidian Diversions," some elementary definitions on Deity, Temple, Temple-Entry etc., with which the air around appears to be surcharged.

1. "Deity" is the representation of a personage who died at a ripe age, leaving behind neither morals, nor ideals, but only a lot of worldly wealth, and descendants to inherit.

2. "Temple", an architectural structure, built on the science of Astrology, is a sepulchre of the Deity who may, in common folk-lore, be described as the great-great grandfather.

3. "Pujari" is the great-great grandson of the "Deity."

4. "Puja" is an event,—the celebration of the enjoyment of wealth left behind by the "Deity."

5. "Priest" is the half-starved and cunning Magi or Brahman who had usurped the functions of Pujari, the great-great grandson of "Deity."

6. There are only two religions the world has known:—One is called the Revealed Religion,—the knowledge of Almighty God, and of man's duty to him; and the other is called "Natural Religion"—the knowledge of the Elements of Nature, which contribute to the expansion of the great-great-grandfather's wealth which you and I care more about.

7. "Vedas" form the scripture which teach the "Natural Religion" but which in course of time fell under the custody of "Priests" and became "sealed books" to the masses,

8. "Sastras", "Smritis", "Ithihasas", and "Puranas" constitute a conglomeration of literature to prop up a third religion which is called "Established Religion" with all its paraphernalia of Temples, priests, and pujaris.

9. "Worship" is the performance of devotional acts in honour of Almigh-

ty God, the author of Revealed Religion.

10. "Mammonism" is the performance of devotional acts in honour of the "devil"—the author of the science of astrology.

11. All other "isms" are performances of acts in honour of "priests"—the upholders of "Established Religion"

12. Allow the "priest" to take away his "manthrams" and "thanthrams" from the "temple", then the "collection box" in the temple will vanish; the "priest" will not cry hoarse for gain, but will work like you and me for his morsel of food.

Vague

During the holiday months Post Office Savings Bank officials have a very busy time and are given some strange tangles to unravel. Here is an interesting effort:—

"Re my letter of the 13th and your reply of the 14th which crossed my letter of the 14th, I am now writing to inform you that mine of the 14th was written canceling that of the 13th which I now wish to confirm."

"I hate to say it, but the upper part of your boy friend's body is shaped like a beer keg."

"Well, that's only natural. That's what he uses it for."

"Don't worry any more about him, dear. There are plenty more fish in the sea."

"I know," said the jilted one. "But he was a goldfish."

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

She: "The noise woke me up!"

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

CONTRACT'S A - - - CONTRACT

- BY SIRIUS -

ONCE upon a time there lived in the city of Dalamela, a very rich merchant called Elvin Pasha. He was so rich I may tell you, that his crimes though many, rarely came to light. But unfortunately for him, the Police in that city had a weakness for proverbs. They regarded them as the inspired sayings of Gods, which had to be strictly followed, if only for the purpose of proving their truth. One such proverb related to the thief who escapes will be caught one day, and this without doubt was their daily watchword. So they set on him a vigorous watch and at last caught him red-handed. Of course Elvin Pasha did not agree that it was a case of being caught red-handed or for the matter of that any other-handed. He strongly protested against unnecessary Police interference, and to prove his innocence even offered a sum of one thousand Rupees. Nobody can deny that it was not a generous offer, but surprisingly enough it failed to have any effect in quarters where it should have had. The result was, to cut a long story short, Elvin Pasha was arrested and charged for murder, admittedly the most grievous of all offences. Like other prisoners he was confined in a cell to await his trial at the sessions.

Now Elvin Pasha, though very very rich, had brains. For instance, he knew that though justice was blind, money wasn't dumb. It took him little time to make friends with the warder, and ascertain from him the name of the foreman of the Jury. For, in these days, you must know, the same Jury held office for years, not unlike some of our cabinet members.

"By the way," casually asked Elvin Pasha one day of the warder, "do you happen to know personally the foreman of the Jury?"

"Oh! Yes, of course," readily answered the warder, "with sound common sense and presence of mind, I do know him. But as I am not

however seeing him for the last two years."

"Why, why?" asked the merchant prince, who could well read between words, "what can it be that stands in the way of your seeing him?"

"Not much," replied the warder, "only a matter of Rs. 200, which I owe him on a promote."

"Is that all?" exclaimed the wealthy prisoner, "supposing I give you the amount....."

"And another Rs. 100, by way of a hand loan", added the warder in haste cursing his own stupidity.

"All right" said Elvin Pasha, "take this cheque for Rs. 300, and bring me the foreman here to-morrow to be sure."

Next day there entered through the Jail gates, for all outward appearances, the prison washerman with a pile of clothes. He was, of course, no other than the foreman of the Jury, so made up for the occasion through the kindly services of the warder.

Elvin Pasha would not have received the foreman with more warmth, if he had been his long lost son. "I can't express how glad I am to meet you Sir....." he began.

"Very good, Don't mention," interrupted the foreman who had no belief in wasting words. "But can I do anything for you?", he added coming straight into the open cell.

"Only this," said Elvin Pasha, "that you should bring against me a verdict for grievous hurt and not for murder."

"That were easily done," said the warder, "only if I hadn't already given my conscience too much strain, I cheated a friend of mine to the extent of Rs. 500....."

"Worry not on that account," assured our prisoner "I will take the weight off your conscience. Here take this Rs. 500 and keep up to your promise."

"But there are eight other jurors," said the foreman "and they are all

"Deaf! Do you mean to say that deaf persons are selected....."

"No, no. I mean they can hear only the sound of Rupees."

"Very well, I will give them each Rs. 100, if you can persuade your friends....."

"That would hardly make much sound. Their hearing is so bad that at least Rs. 200....."

"Be it so," said Elvin Pasha, "Here take this Rs. 500" and 8 other cheques for Rs. 200 each. Remember that you don't forget to keep up your part of the contract."

The day of trial at last arrived. Elvin Pasha paid little attention to what his eloquent Advocate had to say in his defence. He devoted himself entirely in an attempt to find out from the jurors' faces what passed in their minds. And when the jurors retired to consider the verdict, his heart again and again went to his boots before returning to its normal place. What appeared to him like a life time, the jury returned in five minutes.

A hushed silence fell in the court hall when the jury returned to announce their verdict. "Are you unanimous or divided?" asked the clerk of the Crown,

"Unanimous", replied the foreman.

"Do you find the accused guilty or not guilty?"

"We find him guilty of grievous hurt," said the foreman.

Elvin Pasha felt as if a heavy load purposely placed on his shoulders had been suddenly removed from its place. The sentence of seven years which the Judge thought fit to award little affected his feeling of joy and relief. Thanks to time, the Great Healer, he knew that that would soon pass away.

The next day the foreman of the Jury saw Elvin Pasha in his cell. Profusely thanking his saviour, the prisoner asked, "But, my dear foreman, had you much difficulty in persuading your fellow jurors about this matter?" "Difficulty? Tell me a word stronger than that. I had quite a lot of it, Sir, more than quite a lot. Times without number I had to impress upon them that a contract was a contract and that on no account should one recede from it."

"What did they want to do?"

"Well, if you want to know, they were all keen on giving a verdict of "Not Guilty."

THE CAT IN QUEST OF A SOVEREIGN TO SERVE.



With its graceful horn, the cat was impressed with the deer and felt a pleasure to serve when—



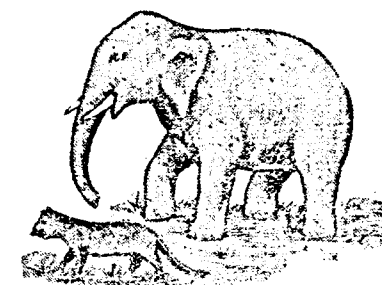
a hungry cheetah made short work of the deer,



and the cat transferred his services to the victorious cheetah,



but, alas, the cheetah was hurled into a pit by an elephant,



whom the cat now swore faithfully to serve when,



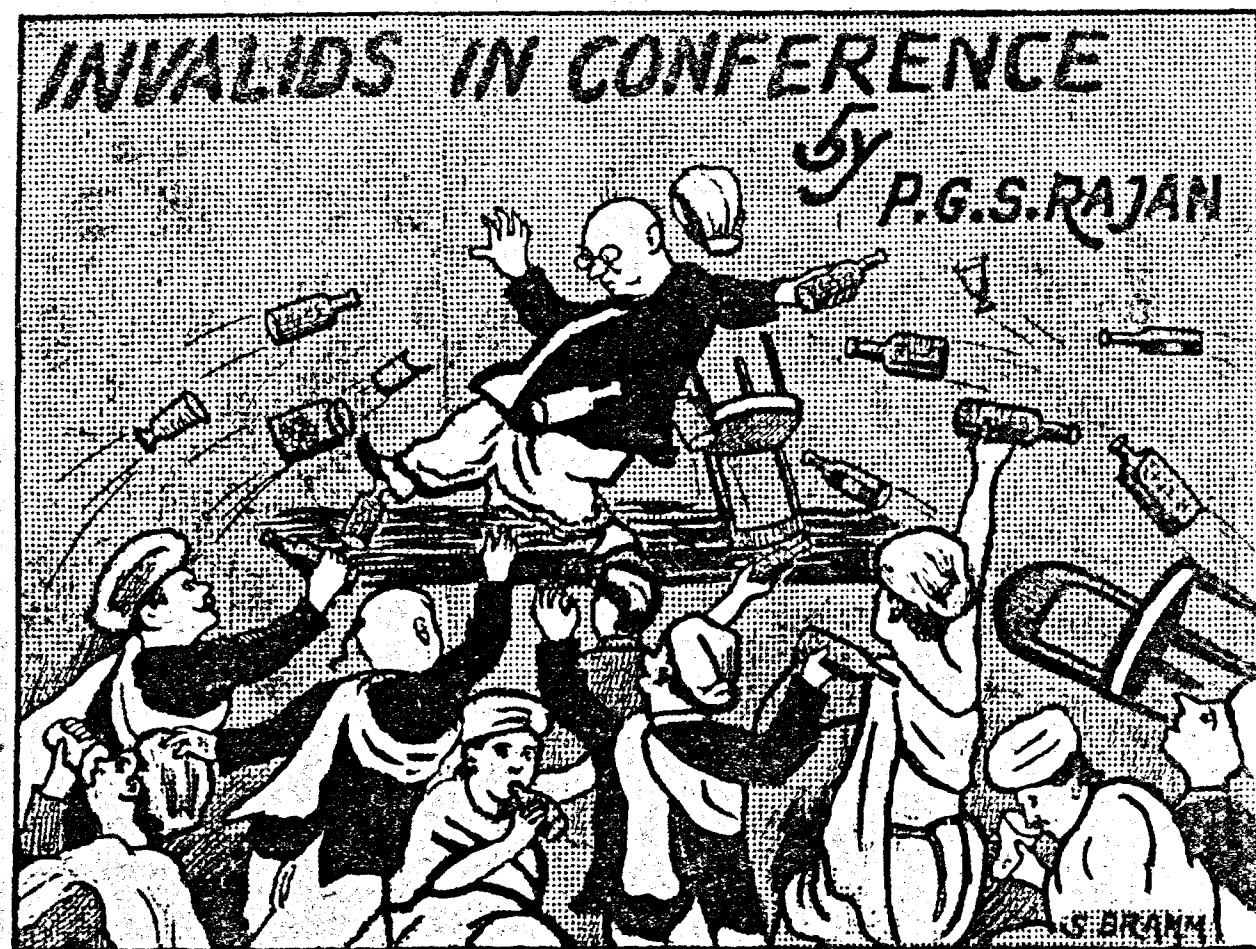
he was trapped into a huge pond and shot by a hunter,



who now looked the ruler of the earth to be dutifully followed,



till the cat realised his blunder, when he saw what a severe chastisement the hero of the elephant got from his lady, whom the cat discovered as the true Sovereign.



OF late the world has gone conference-crazy. From disarmament to dancing, every topic has its own conference.

"Pray Sir! How does the number of conferences affect you? Are you chagrined at not having got any invitation from any one of them?" Such a question is likely to be asked of me and I assure the questioner that he would not be impudent. As a matter of fact, the truth to tell, frankly speaking, to be candid etc., I am not prepared to go to any conference. If I get an invitation for the Disarmament Conference for instance, I would certainly refuse. If you disarm, would not the manufacturers of armaments die of starvation? Then what about your blessed economics—the talk about production and consumption (not to be confused with Asthma), and all that sort of high sounding trash? Secondly consider the exigencies occasioned by a change of attitude on the part of the domestic foe. She has an instinct for sparring and when she takes hold of the little stick, a little business is

I face her without the aid of at least a machine gun?—granting, of course, I have the courage to do it. Taking all this into consideration—in fact, I spent five valuable minutes thinking over this—I have decided not to accept even the presidency of the Disarmament Conference let alone the membership.

Another cause—and it is here that the cat wriggles out of the bag whether I let it out or not. I am already a delegate to another conference—the famous National Invalids' Convention. To digress a little, it is a tough job being a journalist of world wide fame. (That reminds me. I must mail the report of the Journalists' conference before the next fortnight). Naturally I have got requisitions from well-known journals all over the world to act as special correspondent for the Invalids' Conference. I appointed five secretaries to tackle the innumerable letters that come pouring in. The effect was terrible. Four of them swooned; the fifth went mad and is at present counting years in prison daylight. The situation being such, I twisted my brain

in the first place, and began to read the letters myself. When I found that most of them were from doctors, I had a rush of mixed feelings. Grief boiled, and mirth bubbled. The doctors who wrote the letters declared that there was no earthly reason for convening a conference of invalids, and added that if we persisted in our attempts they would hold a protest meeting in front of our premises and spray poisonous drugs on us.

One of them at any rate was conciliating. He welcomed our project and offered to treat the patients in conference if he were given free quarters for residence. The cheek of it! We censured this audacious gentleman on the very first day of the proceedings. We cheated the other doctors by a clever trick. (I don't like to boast by saying that the stratagem was the outcome of my enormous brain-power.) We avoided announcing the place of the gathering, so that would-be intruders were ignorant of the address. Nor did we release the proceedings for publication in the press, for we had decided to incorporate them in a "Black paper" to be issued

at the end of the conference. That speculation is rife about the probable contents of the paper is a well known fact.

During the sessions of the conference I had to pop around and buzz to and fro a good deal, and the result was a great improvement in my health—an implicit contradiction of all the basic principles of our organization. Hence the conference decided to expel me. I had the presence of mind, however, to walk out in protest the moment I was censured.

I was expelled, rather they thought I was expelled. I was wounded. Who wouldn't be? Only those who have had the experience of being expelled from conferences can realize the full significance of this. In fact my indignation knew no bounds. Fortunately the heavens did not fall; for I controlled my anger and gave a little exercise to the machine inside the cranium. At length I decided to wreak my vengeance by forestalling their 'black paper.' So here goes.

From the four corners of the country invalids of all descriptions gathered in the dingy pandal built in the midst of marshy ground. Amid peals of loud applause, coughs and sneezes, Diwan-Bahadur Dispeptic rose to deliver his presidential address. He said:

"Brothers in disease, I hope you know why we have met here to-day. Those who do not, may kindly go out. This is no place for people who are ignorant of their duties and activities. The things we have to do are legion. Firstly we must teach the doctors a lesson."

"Let me give you an instance. We go to a doctor, (not that we of the conference do nowadays) for treatment. What does he do? If we complain that our stomach is aching, he takes hold of our wrist and listens for something. Does he hope to get the Madras Corporation Broadcast through our pulse? (Laughter). What does this show? For one thing the doctor must be deaf. (Hear, Hear) Or, he must be awfully lacking in manners. How can we safeguard our self-respect, I ask you, before a man who is woefully ignorant of the rudimentary rules of social behaviour? Moreover self-respect....."

A voice: "Mr. President, I submit that our conference should not discuss matters relating to religion."

"Our friend is right. All the same we had better avoid pursuing a short-sighted policy."

A short-sighted delegate:—"Sir, I wish to record my protest. How can one avoid being short-sighted when it is the birth-right of the people in my group? And why mention policy now? Everybody here knows only too well that the doctors have refused to certify us for taking out a policy of life insurance."

Another delegate:—"When my esteemed friend talked about certification, did he mean that the doctors refused to certify him for detention in the padded cell?"

The Presd:—"Order! Order! Friends, Invalids, Sickmen, lend me your years. If I had all your years to live, even then I would refuse to see a doctor. And if all of you go on talking like this, I am afraid my indigestion will get cured. (cries of "No, No", cheers! Garland for the President)."

"As I said the doctors have no manners. We are not permitted to ask of them the medicine we think will suit us. If we do, they go into a series of convulsions as if the end of the world had come. At best we are subjects of experiment. It does not matter to them whether we live or die. A typical doctor gives us some concoction. If our sweethearts behold our faces as soon as we had swallowed the material, it is but natural that they think we are unhandsome. Moreover if one medicine fails, do we ask for another? No! Why? Out of fear? (A dead silence in the conference) No! It is out of sheer magnanimity. (Loud and prolonged cheers) But what do we get in return? These, what shall I call them, these carriers of stethoscopes speak unmentionable things, look into our tongues and noses, and even go to the length of asking what we eat. Not satisfied with this, they demand money! Is it right on our part, I ask you, friends in physical distress, that we should tolerate these medicine-mixers and prescription-scribblers?"

Amid cries of "No, No", "Down with doctors", "Inquilab Invalids", "Murder the Medicos"! the whole pandal presented an atmosphere of delightful disorder and congenial confusion. In this state of pandemonium the President seized the opportunity of swallowing a bit of dry-ginger preparation which he had secreted in the folds of his clothes.

He was detected!!

The meeting seethed with outraged honesty. The gathering was scandalized. Was not boycott of medicine the biggest plank of their platform? Soon the pandal became a battleground. For the space of a quarter of an hour chaos ruled. One delegate burnt the printed copy of the presidential address. Others took out their bottles of medicine and hurled them about the hall. Pills served as bullets; bottles as bombs.

After a while when the riot was quelled, the hall was like a museum of broken bottles and trickling drugs. That evening's edition of the "Invalid", the official organ of the conference splashed the following headlines:—

**"Blatant Goondaism!
Doctors' Dirty Work!
Intrusion Upon Innocent
Invalids!"**

The next day the General Hospital authorities were confronted by the problem of providing space for five thousand in-patients who were admitted for various injuries by violence. The medical department is seriously considering a proposal of covering the Coom with concrete and building quarters for these patients.

Simple Arithmetic.

Her father accidentally met his daughter's young man in the street.

"I say, young fellow," he said, "you've been calling on my daughter for about six months. What are your intentions?"

The suitor gulped nervously.

"Well," he replied at last, "I hope to become an addition to your family."

Father was prepared.

"Oh, no!" he said, with a shake of his head. "You'll have to subtract, not add, young man."

* *

"I had bad luck with both my wives."

"How is that?"

"The first eloped."

"And the second?"

"Didn't!"

Travelling Third Class.

— BY A. PARTHASARATHY. —

I always travel third class like—if small things can be compared with great—the Mahatma. 'There are seven reasons, Sire!' said the Mayor of a vanquished city when the conqueror-king asked him why he did not toll the city-bell in honour of his entry into the town, 'and the first is—the city does not own a bell.' But I have seventy, not seven reasons for travelling third class, and the first is—there is no fourth-class in our trains. I simply cannot afford that extra amount which would purchase me a pale green ticket, and a right to carry fifty seers' luggage. And therefore, I have to rest content with the 'biggest' class in our trains. I remember the telegraph-boy congratulating me on passing an exam. in the 'biggest class' when an obliging friend of mine wired to me that I had scrambled through a low third.

This does not mean I don't know what the inside of a second class is made of. I do tumble into it now and then, especially when there are no 'crew-men' about. One of these days I intend publishing a book on the 'Art of Travelling without tickets' and one of our distinguished public men has consented to write a 'preface' to it. The first Chapter thereof, deals with 'Lavatory as a Shelter'; the second is on 'Swanking on Platform'; still another Chapter gives you 'tips' as to how to pretend sleep when the 'crew-man' barges in again. Again whenever the pass of a station-master friend of mine is available I parade up and down the second class, and care a brass-button for all the 'crew' and their ilk. I have picked up enough of slang to pass off as a station-master on transfer. Whenever I am due at any place as the distinguished guest of the evening, for a lecture or some such thing, I travel third till the station nearest to the one I am bound to, and then I change into II class for the last lap of my journey.

But as a rule the poverty of the old exchequer throws me into a third class room. And I make the best of a bad job, a virtue of necessity. I easily manage to outshine myself in the

coziest-corner near the window if it is day-time, or to stretch myself on the sleeping-birth if it is night. For I can put a force of ten stones behind my fist, and shoot my patent-leather toe-cap with an equal momentum into the posterior anatomy of any belligerent co-passenger. And having got myself into this haven, I light my cigarette and screen myself with the paper. For though I like to watch the sweating, singing, chattering motley crowd of a third-class room, I do not deign to mingle with them. The drop of blue blood in my veins would cry 'Halt' at such a procedure. I would as well allow a 'Harijan' enter a temple. I sit as though I am Henry Ford travelling third to preserve his incognito. I am not a spectator, nor a participator in this curious game of life. I am a child taking notes. But if any fellow tries to pierce through the banners I have built around me, he is heading for trouble.

"Can you lend me your match-box, Sir?" one such worthy with an unlighted 'Cigar' perched between his lips had the cheek to ask me recently. "Look here," I boomed "Do I look like Kreuger?" and directed against him such a look that if looks could light cigarettes, mine would have lighted his.

"How far are you going, sir?" he persists with Spartan courage, casting glances at my vantage-position in the corner. "Oh! I am getting down at the station next to yours," I reply with an air of nonchalance. But the fellow had very orthodox ideas about perseverance.

"Your face seems familiar, sir!" he croaks, "we have met somewhere before."

"Not in this world," I grunted.

Any fellow with a bit of the sixth sense—common sense, of course—would have backed out of it and excused himself. But my co-passenger was going strong.

"I am sure I met you at the last Mahamagam festival."

"Say! what do you take me for?" I snapped, "Even a pack of wild-horses would not drag me to the sting-pot."

"Ah! Now I have got it," he shouted much in the way in which Archimedes would have shouted 'Eureka.' "We met at the Tiruvarur Car festival."

"Have you read 'Bruce and the Spider'?" I shot the bolt.

"Why?"

"It sort of occurred to me that you resemble Bruce," I hinted.

"In what respect?"

The fellow was getting on my nerves. I racked my brains to find something that would effectively put a stopper to his horn. The old grey matter has never let me down in a crisis. So I said to him in the suavest manner possible, 'My dear man, you have met me neither at the Mahamagam or at Tiruvarur. I am the son of the Superintendent of a Prison. As a rule I am a stick-at-home chap and if you claim to have seen me before it must have been in my dad's place.'

I do not know if his destination was the next station or not, but he made a very ungraceful exit there.

Some people are like that. They must either babble or burst. One such was a young girl, who while travelling with her father saw a very handsome but reserved youth sitting on the opposite birth. She was dying to indulge in some innocent flirtation with him but whatever his virtues were, chivalry was not one of them. There he sat steadily looking out of the window like a statue of Adonis in tweeds. Station after station slipped by, but the youth scarcely vouchsafed her a smile. Nay, he did not even care to notice her hand-kkerchief when she dropped it. The girl driven to despair at last whispered to her father to rope the young fellow into some conversation. 'Have a cigarette,' said the old man politely, stretching out his case, to the youngster. 'No, I don't smoke,' grunted the youth with not even a 'Thanks.' 'Like to see the paper?', persisted the old man. 'I have already seen it,' was the surly reply. The father was finding the situation rather delicate, and so without more ado, began introducing his daughter to the young man. 'Sir,' snapped the youth, 'I am already married'.

But though I am not of the motley crowd of a third class room, I am with

them. I like to watch this bunch of humanity, their hail-fellow-well-met-air, their solicitude for one another and their rude cosmopolitanism. What if they have no aspirates or aspirations? I like their homely *bon-homie* and am prepared to grant that these are the salt of the earth, so long as they do not try to (as) sa (u) lt me with their jargon. What if they are packed as

and the beggar. The beggar bows low before the 'crew' in silent deep disdain. The dumb of the species, present a printed card to you which invariably tells you the tale of a destitute father an invalid mother or a crippled wife. The vocal variety tunes its harangue or its song (which is invariably 'Pandithar Mothilal Nehru-vai pari koduthannai) to perfection

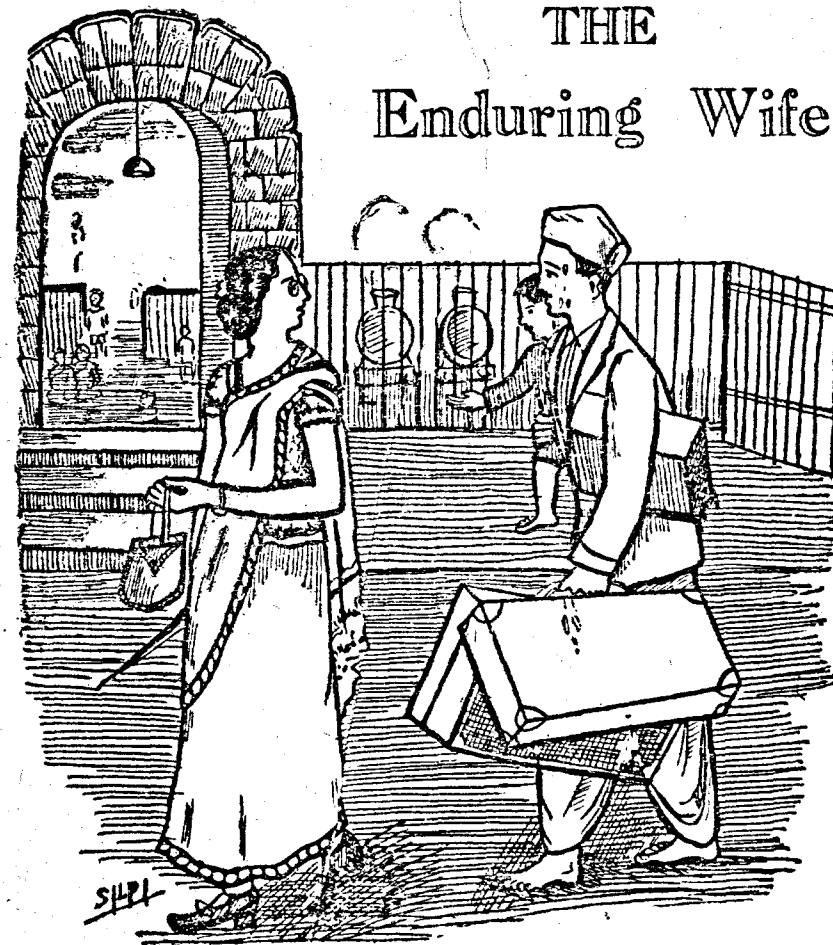
and Southern Maratta Railway 'bugling' as correctly as a chemist can tell an acid from alkali or as Mr. Chosterton does good beer from bad. And though the bug bleeds me physically, and the beggar financially, I bear them no ill-will. My bosom has always been a reservoir of the milk of kindness. To live and let live is my motto.

I am in love with the general air of untidiness of a third class room. Cigarette stumps, ashes, orange-peels, old-newspapers give the room the appearance of a bachelor's chambers. It is an adequate stage for the humanity to rehearse another daily show. In this caravan-sarai they meet, the flotsam and the jetsam of human life, the merry-maker on his way to a picnic, the litigant going home after a busy day in the court, the important-looking Government-official who would be very careful to see that he claimed a 'double-second' when he submitted his T.A. Bill. Here they met, and talked about the weather, Economic Depression, and Sir Samuel Hoare and everything under the sun. They shared one another's company, ate and drank together for a night, and when the dawn broke over the world, when each reached his journey's end, they parted with a hearty 'Good Morning'. How few of those whom Fate had joined together for a night spare a thought for others when they have parted in the morning?

'Philosophy of a third-class room,' do you call it? Aye, is not a compartment in a train just the epitome of the great world into which we come like water 'willy-nilly flowing' and out of which we go like the wind along the waste 'willy-nilly blowing', where we meet like sojourners in a way-side-inn for a night and eat, drink and dance, laugh and weep, play and sleep and run the whole gamut of a human experience?

I have decided, on principle, I will travel only third. Why do you travel second class when your son always travels first?" Mr. Gladstone was asked once. "His father is a Prime-Minister while mine was not", was the quiet reply. Even if I were to be adopted as the heir-in-law of Mr. Henry Ford—let alone the Prime-Minister—I would not forsake a third-class room. For, here I get my money's worth of travel, an intimate study of Human nature, a goodly portion of bug-bite and a spoonful of Philosophy into the bargain!

THE Enduring Wife



Wife: "How annoying! Just like yourself! Don't you see that we have hardly a few seconds left? What a pest of a partner in life you are! Why, if you only really loved that one only child of ours, you would not perspire and look so jaded and jol along as if you were carrying a lorry load of things!"

close as sardines in a tin? The more, the merrier! If the proper study of Mankind is Man, you are purchasing a library, when you purchase a third class ticket; you are entering a laboratory when you enter a third-class room.

There are two beings in a third class room who break the first Commandment of the Railway with impunity—and travel without tickets; the bug

starting directly the train leaves a station, and ceasing immediately it reaches the next.

The veteran teacher dictating passages for the short hand Higher Exam. would profit immensely by taking a course from the lecturing type of beggar. Constant travel in a third has made me a good connoisseur of bugs. I can distinguish the South Indian Railway bug from the Madras



— BY V. S. SRINIVASAN, B.A. —

“WHY should he be so late?” muttered the sick man to himself, his lined white face haggard with expectancy, his eager faded eyes indifferent to the glorious view beyond the garden gates, as he strained his sight to note what was visible in the distant road.

“He will be here very soon, master, don’t tax your already worn-out nerves,” said his faithful Muhammadan servant white-haired and as wrinkled as his master.

“What will he be doing there in spite of my repeated telegram, fool!” groaned the Zamindar of Kadir-mangalam, impatient to wait any longer for the arrival of his son who was reading in one of the brilliant Jesuit Colleges at Madras. “Probably Master, the train might have met with some delay, and that is why our Ohanna Ayra hasn’t arrived in time.”

The old man grew sick at heart and thought that it was vain to be looking

up, since his son could not get back, for it was too late in the night.

The Zamindar was married in his teens, but his wife died very soon, leaving a male child. He married once again but the second wife bore him no child, and the Zamindar was so unfortunate as to lose her also a year after the wedding. The male child was looked after very carefully and when he grew up, he was sent for higher studies to Madras. The boy was completely ignorant of the family entanglements, and like an innocent child he cared more for play than anything else.

Just a day before the commencement of the University Examination, he received a wire that his father was seriously ill and that his presence was imperative. He started the very evening with a weary heart. The homeward journey was very painful to him.

There was just a tap at the door, and when the door was opened by the

Muhammadan servant, Ramu dashed into the chamber crying at the top of his voice, and imploring every deity to save his father from the impending calamity. He was relieved to see his father alive. When the old Zamindar heard his son’s voice he bristled up with new energy and blitheness like a galvanised puppy. He, for a timer forgot that he was in the sick-bed.

All was still in the house save the occasional groanings of the old man. In an endearing voice the Zamindar broke the silence calling slowly, “Boy! Are you here? Come nearer. I thought that I could never see you. Thank Heavens, you have come.”

“Father! Dear Father!” Ramu’s voice revealed emotion.

“Boy, sit down. It is a relief to have you beside me.”

“Father! I had no idea that you were so ill. Why don’t you send me word earlier?”

“I never thought it will be so serious. I thought that I was going to pull along. Besides your study will be hindered. Now it is sheer necessity and I can’t but call you.”

“I am here, Dad. You will soon pick up your health and be all right in no time.” His was an inspiring voice full of optimism and pleasing resonance. Its very tone gave new life to the sick-man’s failing heart.

“Boy, come closer. I won’t live long” groaned the old man.

“Father don’t prattle like a child. You will be all right soon.”

“No boy! Yesterday the doctor became so nervous that he could not resist informing that my end is not far off. It’s not for that I fear, but there is something that haunts me day and night, and which gives me no mental peace. I fear I have to die a sinner. How to cast off that, is the question.

“What! A sinner?”

“Yes Boy, for all appearances I have been one of the worthies of the time and a man of respect. But my conscience only knows of what true mettle I am made of. I am a robber, a knave.....”

For a time Ramu was forced to think that his father was babbling in the heat of the fever.

“Ramu, Dear, Don’t think that I am babbling. I am in the sanest of moods. The only thing that I request of you is to allow me to die with a peaceful heart for my heart is already burdened heavily. The long and the short of the story is that I have been a hypocrite, an unprincipled scoundrel and low lying thief.” At these words there came a pause for he panted hard, and in resuming the conversation said, “you remember when you were a boy of seven I married again. She was a good wife to me though I never loved her as I loved your mother. Perhaps you may also remember the child Kamalam. She was my second wife’s brother’s daughter. Kamalam remained with us after the demise of her rich parents. Kamalam’s father had bequeathed all his property to his only daughter, for he had no other issue, and in the case of her premature demise he willed that the property should go to his sister i.e., my second wife. You see that my second wife was the possible inheritrix of millions with just the frail life of that little child in the way.

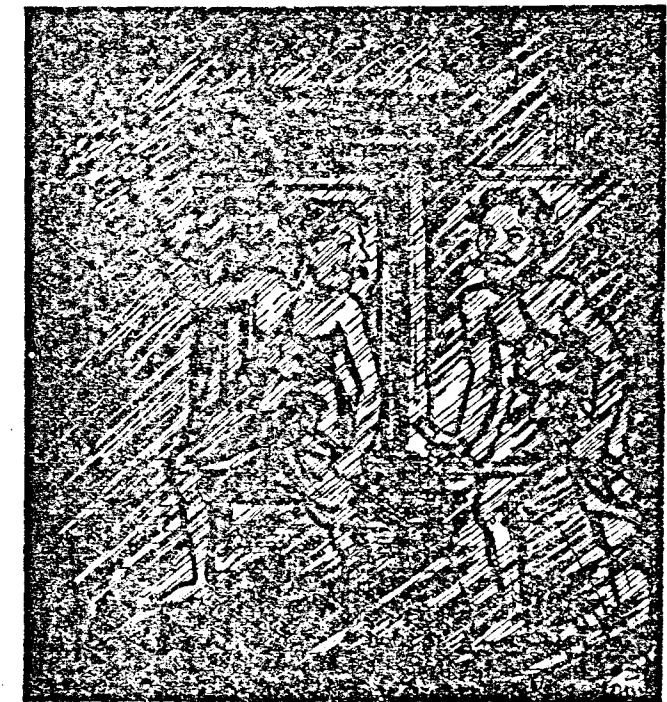
The child too was not very robust in its health.”

Ramu in an instant thought that his father had murdered the child. Finding a look of horror in the eyes of his son the old man came up with the ready answer, “Don’t jump at conclusions. I never murdered the child. I had no nerves to do that kind of villainy. I hope the child will be alive somewhere. Anyone in my position would have done the same. The very idea of the vast riches blinded me. I could not do a base treachery. I took the child for a holiday trip as I used to do occasionally. She was barely seven then. I took her to Madras where I enlisted her in one of the Boarding Schools for Girls. To the Mistress of the School I gave a false name and address and came away not even looking at the innocent smile of the girl. She would have really felt my separation. Probably she would be under the impression that I would return and take her away. How hard-hearted I

was! For a time I was remitting money under the false name I had assumed, and after a while stopped that too. At home I bluffed a terrible lie that the child was caught in a fever, and as a result of that collapsed. Everyone believed me for there was no room for suspicion since I was posing myself as an honest man. Now I think she would have grown into a woman. But my conscience pricks me for my past villainy. It is up to you to make redemption for your father’s sins. All the riches now we possess are not our own my dear boy. It is that child’s, and we are nothing short of usurpers. We shine in borrowed plumes. If you promise that you can restore all this to that poor child I can die peacefully. If not there is no redemption for me. My boy will you allow me to die peacefully. This is my earnest wish I beg of you.”

Ramu was petrified. He was at his wit’s end to understand his father. He was musing for a moment whether his

Is this Honesty?



1st Burglar: What is all this, mate?

2nd Burglar: That is all the roguery of those villains called scientists. We want to live; and they want to catch us.

1st Burglar: Is all this fair? I ask, is this honesty?

dear father who was all kindness to him and whose very appearance was noble and sublime was capable of such consummate villany. He turned his face to his father's bed. But to his horror he found his father motionless, and the truth became plain. Ramu had lost his father for ever and for ever. Ramu stood for a moment like a statue not knowing what to do.

The cremation ceremonies were all done according to the strict rules of the Hindu rituals.

Two months passed. Ramu was not for the continuance of his studies at the College. He understood that the fortune his father had amassed was not his. Then how can he prosecute his study with the money that did not belong to him? There was a continued protest in his mind whether to restore the property to the rightful heir or to appropriate it to himself and live a life of a liar and an unfaithful son.

It was one sunny evening. Suddenly an idea struck his mind when he was deeply musing as to the way of restoring the property. He remembered his father saying that he had left the girl in one of the Boarding Schools at Madras. He started for Madras the very night and in the morning went to each and every Boarding School for girls. It now seemed that his attempt would end in vain.

One school after another was visited. At no school could he find a trace of the rightful heiress.

Ramu was a well brought up young lad. The various schools he had been to made the least impression on his mind. Girls in front of him, girls behind him, girls all around him did not cause his heart to flutter. If ever Ramu looked twice at a girl, it was to see if she resembled the photo of the girl he was carrying with him for identification. Very often Ramu would feel away disappointed.

But the continuous discouragement did not weed him away from the idea. Ramu felt that life was not meant to live upon another's money. Worse still, when the other person was cheated out of it. And Ramu felt terribly humiliating when he thought that the responsible God-fearing, righteous man, as he was called by his friends in the village,

was no better than a base cad, in reality.

Ramu thought of the unhappiness of the poor girl who was deprived of her wealth. She was somewhere toiling for her bread, innocent of the truth that she was a heiress to a fortune. What horrors, what privations, what difficulties, and what dangers, and what insults she might have passed in her struggle for existence.

The irony of fate.

Day in and day out Ramu went out in quest of the long lost girl. And when the curfew tolled the knell of parting day; Ramu came home weary in limbs and worn in heart. Thinking of his failures he would slowly sink into a deep slumber.

It may be impossible to serve two masters at the same time. But in life, and especially in the work-a-day world, if a man keeps walking, he has also to take care to avoid clashing into other pedestrians, or allowing cars to bump over him. Especially in a place like Madras there's no knowing where cars do run. There was a case when a car bowled over the pavement.

Ramu had his head, eyes, and ears over that quest of his, and a honk, honk of a car behind was unheeded.

Ramu opened his eyes. There were gnawing pains all over his body. Ramu heard a faint honk honk of a car. Yes, he now found that he was in a hospital. His head was swathed in bandages, and his limbs covered with patches of bandage here and there. On the sick-bed, young Ramu looked almost as old as his father.

The nurse was a sweet girl. She was kind and very good to him. She told him how he had managed to get in there.

Ramu was forgetting his pains. The *tete-a-tete* with the nurse acted like a dope.

He had his pocket book and the photo in the cupboard along with a few things.

Next morning Ramu saw another nurse coming towards his bed. But she was an Indian girl, and surpassingly beautiful one at that. Of course Ramu could not help noticing these peculiarities. The nurse came to Ramu, opened the cupboard, to take out the

bottles of medicine. Ramu was watching her movements.

All of a sudden Ramu saw that the nurse had pulled out the photo and was gazing at it with wide open eyes.

Ramu began to understand. The nurse was the long lost Kamalam.

"Kamalam" said Ramu in a low and clear voice.

The reaction was unexpected. Everyone knew the nurse by a different name; the nurse alone knew her name of her childhood.

Notes compared:

"I have been searching for you high and low and failed, and at last by an accident I have found you."

Ramu told her everything his father had declared on his death bed.

"In return I give you this" so saying she held out her hand.

Ramu grasped it fervently, and understood.

Ramu won Kamalam's hand, and won back her wealth.

A woman who owned a house by the side of the Thames had been annoyed by the practice of the village youths of bathing in full view of the garden.

One afternoon she decided to make a protest, so she went to the bank and addressed them in this austere fashion: "Isn't it against the law to bathe here without suits on?"

One youth popped his head up and replied: "Never mind that; my father's the policeman. Come on in."

Extract from evening paper:—"A shilling was found in a herring caught to-day by the east coast fishing fleet."

Extract from the following morning's paper:—

"The Scottish fishing fleet sailed for the east coast during the night."

"When we were first married I used to waken my husband with a kiss every morning."

"And now?"

"He's bought himself an alarm clock."

The Four Deaf Men

— BY VAS. —



shepherd was tending his flock one day near his village. He was stone deaf. His wife had not brought him his breakfast although it was noon. He was afraid to leave his sheep, and go in quest of it, lest some accident should befall them. But his hunger got the upper hand, and upon looking round, he saw a Talaiyari, or the Village Hind, who had come to cut grass for his cow near a neighbouring spring. He went to call him, though very reluctantly; because he knew that, though those servants of the village were set as watchmen to prevent theft, yet they were great thieves themselves. He called him, however, and requested him just to give an eye to his flock for the short time he should be absent, and that he would not forget him when he returned from his breakfast.

But the man was as deaf as himself and mistaking his intentions, he angrily asked the shepherd, "What right have you to take this grass, which I have took the trouble to cut? Is my cow to starve that your sheep may fatten? Go about your business and leave me alone!" The deaf shepherd observed the repulsive gesture of the hind, which he took for a signal of acquiescence to his request and briskly ran towards the village, fully determined to give his wife a good lesson for her neglect. But when he approached his house, he saw her before the door, rolling in the pains of a violent colic brought on by eating over-night too much of raw peas. Her sad condition, and the necessity he was under to provide breakfast for himself, detained the shepherd longer than he wished, while the small confidence he had in the person with whom he left his sheep accelerated his return to the field.

Overjoyed to see his flock peacefully feeding near the spot where he left

them, he counted them over, and finding that there was not a single sheep missing, he said, "He is an honest fellow, this Talaiyari; the very jewel of his race. I promised him a reward and he shall have it." There was a lame beast in his flock, well enough in other respects, which he hoisted on his shoulders and carried to the place where the hind was, and courteously offered him the mutton, saying, "You have taken great care of my sheep during my absence. Take this one for your trouble."

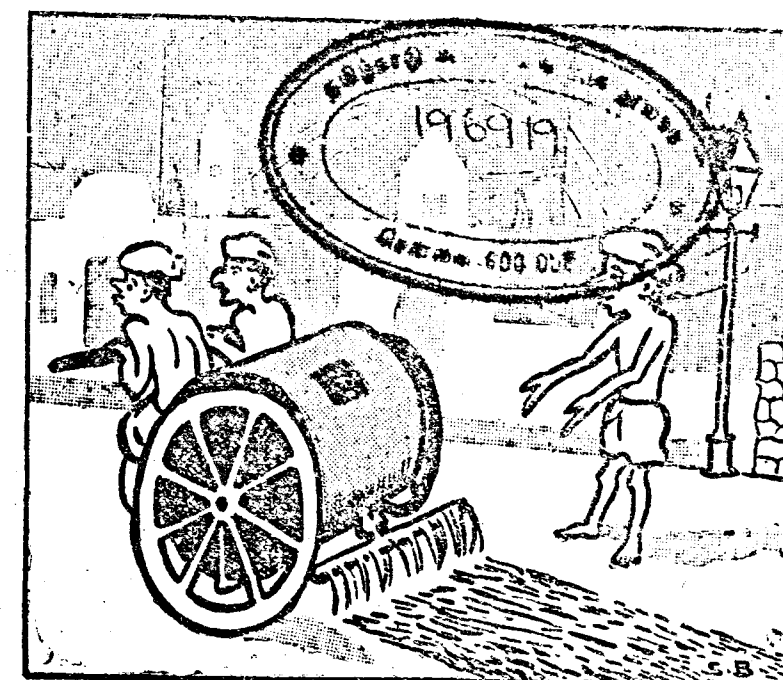
"I" says the deaf hind, "I break your sheep's leg! I will be hanged if I went near your flock since you have been gone, or stirred from the place where now I am."

"Yes," says the shepherd, "it is good and fat mutton, and will be a treat to you and your family and friends."

"Have I not told thee," replied the Talaiyari in rage, "that I never went

near your sheep and yet you will accuse me of breaking its leg. Get about your business or I will give you a good thrashing." And by his gestures, he seemed determined to put his threats into execution. The astonished shepherd got into a rage, and assumed a posture of defiance. They were just proceeding to blows, when a man on horseback came up. To him they both appealed to decide the dispute between them, and the shepherd laying hold of the bridle, requested the horseman to alight, just for a moment, and to settle the difference between him and the beggarly Talaiyari. "I have offered him a present of a sheep" says he, "because I thought he had done me a service, and in return he will knock me down." The villager was at the same time preferring his complaint, that the shepherd would accuse him of breaking the leg of his sheep, when he had never been near his flock.

The horseman, to whom they both appealed, happened to be as deaf as they, and did not understand a word that either of them said. But, seeing them both addressing him with vehemence, he made a sign to them to listen to him, and frankly told them that the horse he rode was not his own. "It was a stray that



VILLAGER, on his first visit to the city, "Ah, these fellows in these big towns must be real fools. How hard to bale out water in our fields, both man and bull. Look at these two fools! Wasting water just for the fun of it! Looks as if a man can do anything he pleases in here—really a wonderful place—the city!"

I found on the road," said he, "and being at a loss, I mounted him for the sake of pure adventure. If he be your's, take him. If not, pray let me proceed, as I am in great haste."

The shepherd and the village hind, each imagining that the horseman had decided in favour of the other, became more violent than ever, both cursing him, whom they had taken for their judge and accusing him of partiality.

At this juncture, there happened to come up an aged Brahman. Instantly they all crowded round him. Shepherd, Talaiyari, and horseman, each claiming his case, and a decision in his favour. All spoke together, every one telling his own tale. But the Brahman had lost his hearing also. "I know", said he, "you want to compel me to return home to her", (meaning his wife) "but do you know her character? Since the time I first brought her, she has made me commit more sins than it will be in my power to expiate in thirty generations. I am going on a pilgrimage to Kasi, where I will wash myself from the innumerable crimes I have been led into from the hour in which I had the misfortune to make her my wife. Then I will wear out the rest of my days on alms in a strange land."

While they were all four venting their exclamations, without hearing a word, the horse-stealer perceived some people advancing towards them with great speed. Fearing they might be the owners of the beast, he dismounted and took to his heels. The shepherd, seeing it was growing late, went to look after his flock, pouring out curses, as he trudged, against all arbitrators, and bitterly complaining that all justice had departed from the earth. Then he thought of a black cat that crossed his path in the morning as he came out of the sheepfold, and which might account for the troubles he had that day. The Talaiyari returned to his load of grass and finding the lame sheep there, he took it on his shoulders to punish the shepherd for the venation he had given him. The aged Brahman pursued his course to a choultry that was not far off. A quiet night and sound sleep soothed his anger in part. Early in the morning, several Brahmins, his neighbours and relations, who had passed him out, persuaded him to return home, promising to ask his wife the more obedient and less quarrelsome to return.

The Brute in Man

Accompanied by the Fox, his uncle,
A lion, the King of the Jungle,
Paid a visit to a modern city,
For a critical study of Humanity.
In the dead of night,
Guided by pale moonlight,
They reached their destination,
To study man's civilization.

The night was silent,
The breeze was pleasant,
The moon had almost retired,
As if she was tired.
Near a palatial mansion,
Of up to date fashion,
Behind the cluster of trees,
They cleverly concealed their identities.

A damsel of supreme beauty,
But alas! in stark nudity,
As when she was a newly born baby.
Slowly stepped out of the mansion,
As if to captivate man's passion,
At this unusual sight,
In the fading moonlight,
The stars twinkling in the blue sky,
Felt awkward and awfully shy.
Hearing the damsel singing loud
They disappeared in the cloud.

From the place of concealment,
The lion in great amazement
Asked the Fox, his Private Secretary,
If they were in the land of reality.
The Fox replied:—"My Lord! what we see
Is not a ghost nor a fairy.
This damsel dancing in this garden
Is the daughter of this city Warden.
She a lady of culture and beauty,
Perchance wishes to become a devotee
Of the modern cult of Nudity."

The Lion exclaimed:—"You cunning
Fox!
How dare on me you play a hoax!
What! in this twentieth century!
To see such an absurdity!
Is an unthinkable impossibility!"
Meekly replied his Private Secretary—

"Alas! in this so-called enlightened
century,
The more is some person's modern
education."

The greater is their desire for naked
emancipation!

What a pity! the ardent devotees
Of the modern club of Nudity
Has neither shame nor decency,
In her shameless anxiety,
To confirm Darwin's theory!
Though Adam and Eve
Knew not to weave.
And the only man and maiden
In the sacred garden of Eden,
Were not so stark naked,
Despite their being uneducated,
But alas! their modern progeny
Outrage shamelessly their sacred
memory!"

Unknown

At one golf course there had been
some talk of standardizing tips to
caddies, and one day the secretary
explained his ideas to a group of
members.

"We feel," he said, "that a caddie
should not receive a tip of more than
one shilling and sixpence per round.
You'll all agree that that is reasonable."

They did agree, all except one
Scotsman who looking up with an ex-
pression of innocence, said: "Excuse
me, Mr. Secretary, but what is a tip?"

Fishy

The enthusiastic angler was relating
a fishing story to one of his neighbours.

"Yes," he said, proudly, "I caught
the biggest fish of my career last night.
It was a bass, and it weighed seven
pounds two ounces."

His small son, who had remained
throughout the story, now spoke up.

"Yes, and daddy was so kind. He
gave it to my little kitten!"

"My last boarder was a wonderful
artist" sighed the landlady, as she
hacked at the pie-crust. "He always
said he found inspiration in my
cooking."

"Ah, a sculptor, I presume," said the
new boarder, surveying his bent fork.

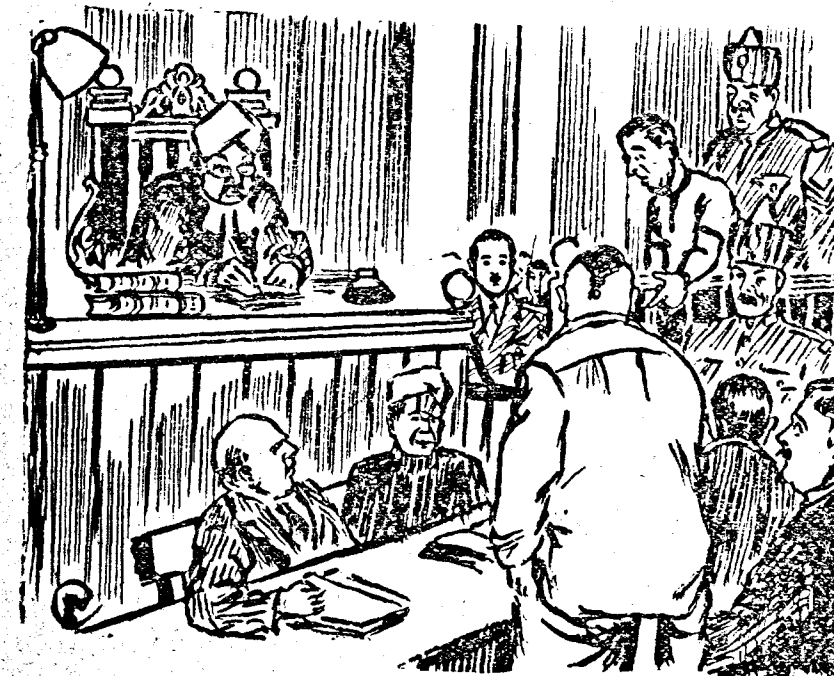
THE BICYCLE

— By C. R. M. —

THE bicycle has become as com-
mon as a hurricane light or
Elephant cigarettes. Just as
there is no place in the world where
you cannot find either a hurricane
light or Elephant cigarettes, there is no
place without a bicycle. I remember the
time when a bicycle was regarded as
nothing short of a miracle. The first time
that a bicycle was introduced into our
town was about forty years ago, when
the Sanitary Inspector—himself a man
passed middle age—got one, fourth-hand
from a friend of his in Madras, who
had in his turn purchased it, in what
condition, God only knows—from his
relative in Bombay. I can even now
vividly recall to my mind's eye the vast
concourse of people, on either side of
the road, too see our Sanitary Inspector

ride upon his new and wonderful
vehicle.

Then, they, as well as I, could never
understand how a man could move
forward, if he sat upon two-wheels;
more than that, we could never find
out how he had managed to get upon
that small space at the top of the whole
thing. I mean the seat. The whole
thing was impossible, and ridiculous,
we thought. It was as foolish as think-
ing, that we can move in a cart, if we
simply sat inside, and said chai, Kkcha
kkehes, hei, hei," etc., without a bull.
In our great wonder and astonishment,
we had effectively blocked his way, so
that the poor Sanitary Inspector, himself
by no means an expert rider, found it
extremely difficult to ride on his bicycle,
without getting on top of at least a



MAGISTRATE: "One month for assaulting that man."

PRISONER, SMILING, "God bless you, sir."

MAGISTRATE: "Why do you feel so happy?"

PRISONER: "To tell you the truth, I expected quite a long term seeing
that man is so large."

score of the sight-seers. As a matter
of fact, this state of things continued
for days and even months. When
ever the old Inspector took out his
bicycle, a whole crowd of men,
women and children could be seen
coming to the road to see him on the
bike. The rush would be so great that
very often he had to get down, and
merely lead the "bike." As a matter of
fact, he usually left it behind at home,
for fear of causing accidents.

But, now, there is nobody who does
not know a "bike." Even the small
boy of five says to his father "Papa, I
would like to have a small "bike" so
that I can go to school easily"; all the
time he would be upon his father's leg
riding "bicycle", much to his pleasure
and enjoyment, and his father's annoy-
ance. Cycle shops, where cycles are
let for hire, have become so common,
in all places, that even villagers who do
not even know how to wear a coat well-
know how to "bike". It is a very
common sight to see a villager, with
his dhoti well-tucked up, disclosing his
thighs up to the upper joint, with his
upper cloth—usually much bigger than
his waist cloth, tied round his head, his
body exposed to the public gaze in the
streets of a town. The common people
now do not care for a "bike" at all.
The pedestrian would walk on the
wrong side and would refuse to move
away, why, would even dare to cross
the road, though you might be ringing
your bell to disorder. He simply does
not care. He knows your class of cyclists
all right. He has seen any number of
you. Time was, when the same
people used to fear a cycle bell, as if
it were the whistle of a Railway engine.
Now, it has become as common as the
"Kkcha. Kkehes, hei, hei" of an ordi-
nary bullock-cart driver, for which no
body ever cares.

Now, almost every house in every
town has a "bike." Poor thing! it is
made to yield the maximum benefits it
can! If only it had a mouth, and
power to express its feelings, it would
say how it is requisitioned for every
purpose, from going next-door, or nex
street, to riding races. It has to carry
vegetables from the market for the
house, it has to go to the post-office
for buying and posting cards, or sending
money-orders or telegrams. It has to
be used for going on visits to friends far
and near. It has to go to theatres
or parks on evenings. Nothing can be
more ill-used than a bicycle in a big

ON COFFEE

— BY C. S. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A. —

COFFEE! an amalgamation of sugar and milk! Are you not treading on ground? You are liable to be punished under Section 18 of Coffee Act of 1919, for not including coffee powder as the essential constituent of that blessed stimulant. Its prohibition is a stunning blow to society, and its absence is a desideratum to civilization. Coffee, it is, that sent in vapours to the Baron's brains new stratagems are hatched to gain the radiant look of Miss Belinda. It is a joy to boys, stimulant to students, hall-mark of fashion to stylish persons, money to restaurant-keepers. Indeed art thou rightly called by Alexander Pope as "Grateful liquor."

Regarding the invention of coffee, I have heard my great-great-grandfather telling a tale of its abrupt discovery. A flock of sheep, baaing and bleating, was found to keep fully awake all through the night for a number of days consecutively. Curiosity of man was sowed to a very high pitch and several critical investigations were made. At length, it was found out that the sleepless state of the sheep was due to a kind of leaves, which is anti-narcotic in nature. By slow degrees, men began to use its seeds, until at last we find the 'veritable' coffee, which is adored in almost all the houses.

Students are habitual squanderers. They often haunt coffee-houses with

family. For example for the eldest brother, it has to go to the railway station, for the 'Hindu' early in the morning, for the next, to the coffee-house at eight, for the third to school at ten, for the fourth for a ride in the evening. In the meantime a friend might come and borrow it for a time. Pock, poor thing!

But as opposed to such 'bikes' there are others which enjoy perpetual leisure and rest. These people think that their cycles are like their own wives, they would never lend them; they would give them a wash and a cleaning and take them out only for show and exhibition, at select places to be admired by everybody.

their friends. If they go with the idea of Oliver Goldsmith, their expenditure is not extravagant. Their tables are usually littered with countless credit bills aggregating to hundreds of rupees. Luck indeed! when thirty-first night of every month comes, there usually is much ado to account for the exceedings. Then many a long face do they make over their puzzled accounts. The figures stare out of the paper tantalizingly. There will be talk of curtailing the charges and doing without this and that in future—and usually oaths will have no value. It is impossible to exorcize the devil of coffee from the midst of youths.

Coffee has become so popular that I have seen great doctors and medical men prescribe it as a diet to their patients. I have actually heard one of my friends, who was suffering from a dreadful malady asking, "Doctor, Doctor! can I drink coffee?" "Certainly!" was the answer. Doctors are sure that if they once refuse this simple intoxicant, they are likely to be precipitated from the field of life and livelihood on account of their insoluble patients.

Let me briefly enumerate the humanitarian services rendered by coffee. It helps students to keep awake all through the night at the time of examination. Day, with many, is for talk and sleep, and the night is the time for reading. Of course, coffee is to be taken at regular intervals. It enables purahits to remain without food till 12 A.M. for the proper observance of Sradha ceremony. It is a magic anodyne to weeping children.

Coffee-house is a rendezvous of all that live near to it, who are to relish calm and ordinary life. When a set of men agree in any particular, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity. "Our coffee-houses are founded on eating and drinking, which are points, wherein the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part." Thus it vigorously, but indirectly, works for Harijan elevation. After a cup of coffee, the politicians may well seem wiser than they were.

The coffee-houses of the early period may well have heard many a wiseacre settle the affairs of the nation in a sentence."

Another important service done by coffee is that it aids many to eke out their livelihood. We see as many coffee-houses as there are faces in the earth. As soon as Columbus landed in America, the first thing that struck him was the coffee-houses run by brahmins. Coffee-club is the last resort of unemployed graduates. But there too, unemployment has increased by leaps and bounds. Yet, people think that this is the one uncrowded vocation on the face of the earth. One sip of coffee is enough to loose the ligaments that tie the tongue, and we can see a stammerer developing into a statist. It is a very good aid to speech. It helps many workmen to relax themselves from the business of the day by innocent and cheerful conversations.

In spite of these, coffee is to be abhorred. It undermines a man's health. It weakens a man's intellect. It spoils the musical voice of a man. A new coffee has come into vogue and "as old order changeth yielding place to new" it should occupy the place of our ordinary coffee. It is the Gandhi coffee. I request each and every reader of the magazine to give up coffee and take to Gandhi coffee instead.

Recently we hear brahmins forming themselves into leagues and associations in order to safeguard their own welfare. They have convened very many meetings and conferences and passed several resolutions (why not ordinances!), among which is the one.

"ALL BRAHMINS ARE PROHIBITED FROM DRINKING EITHER COFFEE OR TEA"

This is indeed a good idea, and if possible, all people of India, irrespective of caste or creed, should copy this and join hands in the common CAMPAIGN AGAINST COFFEE-DRINKING.

First Golfer (concluding fishing story): "And he was about as long as that last drive of yours."

Second Golfer: "Oh, I say really?"

First Golfer: "So I threw him back."

AFGHAN HUMOUR

BY V. G. TILAK.

ABOUT five Afghans got into the Calcutta Mail at Madras Central Station, with third class tickets for Hyderabad. They were in the compartment without alighting at Bezvada Junction. The ticket collector went his usual rounds for checking.

Ticket Collector:—"Khan Sahibs, you have to get down here and change train for Hyderabad."

One of five Afghans:—"We purchased tickets for this train, and we will travel by this train alone to Hyderabad. No getting down. Ask driver to go to Hyderabad. Don't cheat us Baboo; mind you!" (showed his fist).

Ticket Collector:—"First bell is given. You have hardly five minutes, get down please."

(Fortunately one Moulvi came on the scene) Moulvi to Afghans:—"Must get down and get into that train."

The Afghans got down. Meanwhile all third class compartments in the train for Hyderabad was filled to the brim. These Afghans got into a first class compartment, which happened to be vacant. Ticket Collector of the other train checked their tickets.

Ticket Collector:—"Get down. Get into third class carriage."

Afghans: (emphatically)—"No, we won't, why again cheating?"

"No room there, what is the difference between this carriage and that carriage?"

Ticket Collector:—"Cushion, electric fan, are in the first class compartment, only first class passengers must travel in this."

Afghans:—"Well, you say, we should not travel by this because of these cushions, you can take them; here are the cushions, mirror, electric fan, one by one, have them yourself, now this is third class compartment, we shall travel by this train."

They removed all these and threw them outside on to the platform.

Meanwhile the station-master came there, and was about to force the Afghans down, when the warning whistle was heard. Seeing that there was no time to be lost, he told the Afghans to remain where they were, and then restored the cushions, fans, etc.

Just then the guard again blew his whistle, and much to the relief of the Afghans the train steamed out of the platform.

The Afghans now began to confer, as they were sure that everybody was trying to cheat them. They decided that when they reached Hyderabad, four of them were to stay in a hotel, two as masters and two as their servants, so as to save expense. Even then they were short of money, and so it was decided that the remaining one, a first-class rogue, was to go about and get some money. This man unlike the other giants was of ordinary proportions, and his name was Bothawallah. He was the wise man of the company, and on all occasions was their spokesman.

By this time they had reached Hyderabad, and the inevitable ticket collector opened their door.

Ticket Collector:—"Khan Sahibs, please let me examine your tickets."

Bothawallah:—"Yes. But you can find no fault with them." (He gives the T.C. their tickets).

Ticket Collector: (examining the tickets)—"But you have got only third class tickets. Why did you get into the first class?"

Bothawallah:—"What is the difference unless those carriages are better than ours? You see all the people go there. So you have cheated us and ought to give us money in repayment."

Saying this the Afghans got hold of the poor ticket collector, and gagged and bound him and left him in the carriage. As previously determined four of them went and stayed in the hotel "Half Moon," one of the best in Hyderabad.

Bothawallah soon got to work, and joined a trickster who knew some rich men.

One day he took Bothawallah to a big party telling him not to steal anything.

The party was pleasant, and wine was served. Just while everybody were drinking the trickster stole a golden spoon and put it in his hip pocket. Only Bothawallah saw the act, and he determined to get it for himself. So he began to address the assembly after a few others had spoken.

Bothawallah:—"My dear Sirs," he said and taking up a golden spoon held it aloft "you all see this spoon. Now I put it in my pocket, and now I am going to show you a piece of magic. You all saw me put the spoon in my pocket. Now I will make that very spoon come out of the hip pocket of my friend here."

Saying this he dipped his hand in to the pocket of his friend, and sure enough there was the golden spoon. He

showed it to the rest of the assembly, and he was much applauded for his apparently great skill.

The spoon Bothawallah took was of pure gold, and was a very large one. He got Rs. 50 for it, and with this money he returned to his Companions. He then told them of a plan for getting more money.

Accordingly with the Rs. 50 they had, they dressed themselves as rich men. Bothawallah was dressed as a Nawab, and the others as his servants. They then went to another hotel and engaged the best rooms there. Bothawallah's plan was to marry the daughter of the hotel proprietor, and here fortune favoured him. The daughter's name was Begum Mamta, and she fell in love with the pretended Nawab at first sight. She told her father about it, and the proprietor who was very rich approached the so-called Nawab.

Hotel Proprietor:—"Nawab Sahib, I have a little matter to say to your Highness and I hope your Highness won't take offence at it."

Nawab:—"Well, what is it?"

Hotel Proprietor:—"Your Highness! I am a very rich man, and I have an only daughter who is said to be the most beautiful girl in Hyderabad."

Nawab:—"Well, and what of that?"

Hotel Proprietor:—"Your Highness! Begging your pardon I implore you to marry her, as she is dying from love of you and.....er.....the dowry is.....er.....a lakh of rupees."

Nawab:—"Well, well, we will speak of it later on. Now I have some business to do. Secretary!"

One of the Afghans entered and inquired what the matter was.

Nawab:—"Go to the Imperial Bank or any bank and borrow Rs. 10,000 from them. You see we have to return to Kabul to-day, and we have no ready cash with us. Say that we will return the money within a fortnight and....."

Hotel Proprietor:—(interrupting)—"Your Highness! you need not send to the bank for the money. As your Highness has promised to marry my daughter I will advance the money and take no interest."

Nawab:—"Are you ready to advance the money on my word?"

Hotel proprietor:—"Yes and here it is."

He goes to a drawer and takes out a pile of notes and gives the Nawab Rs. 10,000.

Nawab:—(looking at the clock)—"Now as the train is starting very soon we will take leave of you."

Thereupon he took the money and condescendingly saluting the Hotel proprietor, he left for the station with his Companions.

"There they changed to their ordinary dress, and got first class tickets to Kabul, but got into the third class compartment. A ticket collector came and examining their tickets said; "Khan Sahibs, you have got first class tickets, and so you ought to go into that carriage."

Afghans:—"No we won't, You people are always cheating us. The other day while we were travelling to Hyderabad, we got into the first class and we were forced to come to this carriage. Now we have got in here and you force us to go there. No we won't go."

Saying this they sat down, and the ticket collector went away exasperated. But the other occupants of the carriage saw that these Afghans were little fools than better. They began to make fun of them and the Afghans got angry. During the struggle that followed somebody put his hand in Bothawallah's pocket and took away the wad of notes. Just then the ticket collector returned with policemen and after quelling the struggle forced the Afghans to get into the first class.

The train whistled and steamed out of the platform and then only the Afghans discovered their loss. But there was nothing to do, and thus they reached their native land, none the worse or better for their adventure. The Hotel proprietor alone lost his money and the Begum her Nawab.

INTERNATIONAL APPEALS

— By "PUNDISRAMAN." —

Before John Bull C. J., Uncle Sam, Baritone Bolshevik, Sastri India, and Mussolini Fascist J. J.

The Women of Germany-Vs-Herr Hitler.

The Plaintiffs appearing in person by representation, and the defendant through microphone, this case quite novel in the judicial annals of the world, came on for hearing in the Court of the Most Supreme Tribunals sitting in Severed and Distant Seats connected by Wavelengths, Cablegrams and Marconigrams.

The Women of Germany:—Our noble Lords, most chivalrous Lords tracing your origin in women's cause, will you for a moment allow the weaker sex, the softer creations of nature, to be trampled upon by the tyrannical dictates of a ruffian Dictator, and watch the course in mute silence? We have been rudely handled, pitilessly pushed, and heartlessly hurled down and assigned to a clumsy part of a kitchen, around a blazing hearth. Have we not eyes, have we not ears, have we not hands, mouth, stomach, and feeling? Are we not human, equal to any human being on earth, entitled to do what another similar creation may do? We have worked with man these several years and alas! ingratitude thy name is man! We have proved beyond question that we can rise to any occasion, fill up any gap of whatever nature, work with man side by side, and help him too in construction, re-construction and destruction—we mean we can construct new empires, re-construct fallen ones, and destroy too in wars like any other man. Herr Hitler, we do not know to which unfortunate woman he belongs, has no

heart; he has no chivalry. He has deprived us of our offices in the state, and has sent us back to our homes,

Your Lordship's, you have all hearts, you have all women in your homes, your wives and daughters, and you will not tolerate this. Law is in our favour, custom is on our side, there is precedent in our favour, we have obtained a right by prescription, and limitation has barred any action against us. *The Franchise Women vs. Voteless Men* is the only case decided on the XXXX point and it directly supports our claim. We want a decree that we are equal to men, that we can work with men, side by side with them, that we can fill any office in the state. We should be restored to our places and you must give us our costs.

Herr Hitler.—The ladies have spoken. Chivalry had raised women to undeserved heights. With what result? Poor man has always suffered, suffered most cruelly at the hands of these women. His place has been unjustly usurped, and ingratitude has been the outcome of such preference. Man is reduced to slavery and weakness—he is no longer a stronger sex, he is certainly the weaker—he is brought under subjection to women and her whims; he is most disgracefully confined to the four walls of his house. This cannot go on, and law will help us in ridding us of an evil. Women have usurped, so drive her back to her place. Drive her away from the seat which she now occupies. She has cheated man and nature. Has not the English bard sung 'man for the field and woman for the hearth'? If you have hearts you will help me in executing my decree. If you all have women in your own homes you will do it, if on

the other hand you do not aid me, will aid myself.

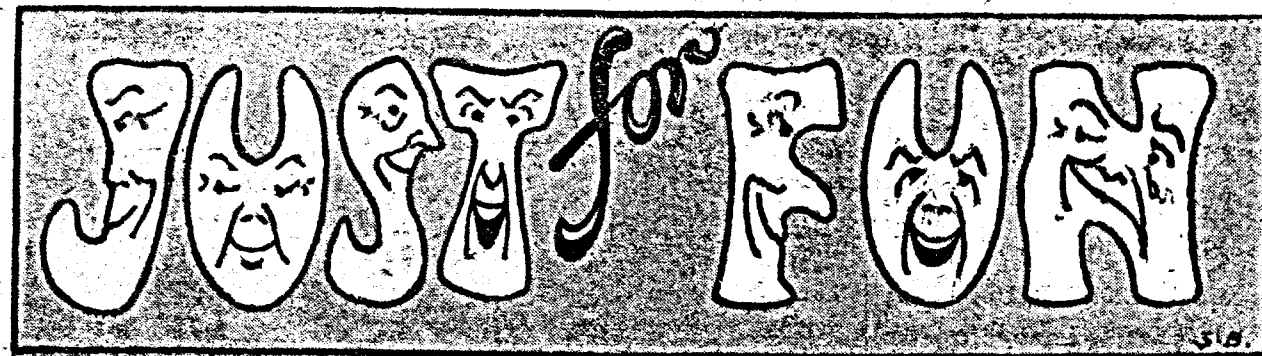
Judgment.

John Bull C. J.—This is an appeal against the decree of Herr Hitler declaring women fit only for the hearth, and denying them rights in the public life and in the administration of their country and assigning them only such rights as house-keeping, husband-keeping and child-bearing. Hitler is a hard man who has hit the soft women hard. The women have enjoyed certain privileges from time immemorial tracing their origin in Government and Royal grants of which the defendant has no right to deprive them. This is a most daring act at which civilization must shudder. We cannot know what this ruffian's move may next be. The plaintiffs have invoked equity and certainly equity and good conscience cannot ignore the demand. Law certainly favours the defendants, for has not the period of limitation obtained them a prescriptive right? I therefore order that Hitler shall reinstate the women, and be more chivalrous in future.

Uncle Sam, J.—I find the appeal bad, because of misjoinder and non-joinder. Hitler is a misjoinder as men should have been the proper defendants of women, it is bad for nonjoinder since all women have not been added as parties.

Baritone Bolshevik, J.—Freedom is a birth right. The plaintiffs say women have equal rights with men and we cannot deny this fundamental liberty of humanity. All are born equal, and there is no degree in this equality. I hold every human being equal to another on the face of the globe, and the appellants should be allowed to enjoy equal rights with men which no Hitler can attempt to interfere with.

Sastri India, J. I most humbly differ from the learned Chief Justice and hold Hitler is right. Women cannot encroach upon man's sphere, nor



Optimist

Bill Fox may well be called the champion optimist. He was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the water flow past, when a neighbour who owned a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill!" said the man.

Hello, Sam!" replied Bill, pleasantly.

"All your fowls washed away this morning?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim." "Apple trees gone, too?"

"Yes, but everybody said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows. Bill!"

"That's alright, Sam," was the reply. "Them windows needed washin."

And That Was That

A certain mine-owner prided himself on the fact that he never forgot the name or face of any man in his employ.

One day, however, when waiting on the platform of the railway station, he recognized a collier who was undoubtedly in his employ, but whose name he could not remember.

Laying a hand on the man's shoulder, he said: "Excuse me. Of course, I know your name, but I have often been in doubt regarding the way you spell it. Would you mind telling me?"

The collier regarded him suspiciously.

"Smith," he answered.

Fortune Teller: "So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, what does the future have in store for you?"

The young bride said sadly: "Men are too mean for anything. I asked John for a car to-day, and he said that I must be contented with the splendid carriage that Nature had given me."

Hotel porter: "What time shall I call you, sir?"

Resident: "Don't bother. I am always up early."

Porter: "In that case, would you mind calling me, sir?"

"I admit, dear I didn't get home till six o'clock."

"I knew it!"

"That's why I admit it."

man on woman's sphere. As long as there is this misunderstanding and this mutual competition there can be no peace in the household, and therefore no peace in the world. Nature has intended different duties for either sex; she has effected a division of labour which is not against any law or equity. Primitive world had a distinct line between the two sexes; mediaeval world kept the two apart; but modern age has blundered and created this war between man and woman, this unholy quarrel in domestic life, and rendered many a home unhappy. I approve of Herr Hitler's noble and heroic act and his sacrifice in the cause of man's ascendancy. This appeal must not therefore be allowed!

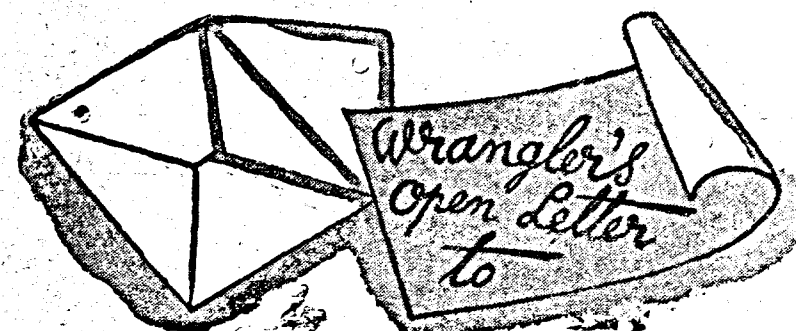
Marcellet Hazen, J. The women are wrong but Hitler is right, too. I see no reason to disregard the many

claims of the plaintiffs in this appeal. Women do possess many of the characteristics of men. They do appear like men except to a close and keen observer. They have risen on various occasions in varied capacities which cannot be denied. They must be allowed to fill up any gaps from house to house. They must be conceded to be entitled to do or undo whatever their opposite sex may undo or do. Their prayers in this appeal are many, and I should hold they are entitled to relief as regards their prayer that this court must hold they are equal to men, that they can work with men, that they can work side by side with them but as regards filling up of any office I am firmly of opinion that they cannot disturb the men. The cases cited by the defendants are direct and I see no reason to differ from them on this point. The

cases in *Sri Thayarammal vs Kodam Thoppai Iyengar*, *Vadagalai Nachiar vs Thengalai Iyengar*, *The Hungry Women vs the Turnkey men*, are all similar.

The appeal is therefore dismissed in accordance with the judgment of the majority of the tribunals, and the women are left to their remedy through tears with their Husbands and Home-Judges. As for costs the Court will not give them to the plaintiffs as demanded by them, but each can recover it from the other side.

1. Noman's Western-English Reports I 27.
2. Antio Oriental cases vol. II 21110.
3. Modern Srirangam Law Journal XXX 1001.
4. The Hungary Turkey Law Reports XVI 1221.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

DEAR SIR,

WERE you a friend of India.....who said you are not?

But then, we Indians have a queer and crude sense of friendliness. We have an altogether wrong notion about the whole business. We hail as friends only those who want to ruin us by giving us freedom. And we are ungrateful enough to deny that people like you, who take a paternal care in us, are friends. That is perhaps where the Black differs from the White. That, I suppose, partly proves why we are not fit for self-government.

What I meant to say was, were you a friend of India according to our rudimentary conception of the term, you would not have been half as prominent as you are now over here. 'Churchill' is a byword in every village in India to-day, and this in itself shows that you are omnipresent and all-knowing. For, do you not know, even better than we do, what is best for the Indian masses? How do you manage it? Telepathy or something, I should think. Sometimes your knowledge of the aspirations of the Indian people is uncanny. Your latest performance bears this out.

You do not believe that the Indian masses demand any political change. A marvel of magic! Even the Indian masses themselves did not know of this startling fact until your timely revelation. Yes, Mr. Churchill, you are telling us; and we are grateful to you.

By the way, what were you before you entered Parliament to protect Indian interests? I remember to have read somewhere that as a boy you used to play with toy soldiers. You ought to have become a general like your illustrious ancestor Marlborough whom you resemble in temperament but alas, not in action. Were you by any chance a school inspector? Else, why should you seek to establish a political inspectorate to look into the doings of provincial authorities? Association of ideas is too hard to give up for people like you, even as dying is too hard for your policy.

Had you published your memorandum to the Joint Select Committee in one of the sensation-hunting papers as an article under the title "If I were Dictator of India", it would have received more serious attention. It grieves me, dear sir,—for am I not indebted to you for

your self-sacrificing interest in my country?—to see that unintelligent public opinion here, is disposed to treat your painstaking efforts as a comic relief in an otherwise drab and dull procedure. Yet, as a matter of fact, I must admit that never before was greater attention bestowed upon the reports of the proceedings of the J. S. C.,

Your condition that all powers given to the provinces shall be revocable by Parliament, is a master-stroke. For that displays a wild hope, an ideal dream of yours. That you are also an incorrigible optimist, is revealed by your

proposal that the experiment should be tried for a long period of time without intermediate changes in the meanwhile. How can one help admiring your staunch faith in the immortality of your proposals? But the Future, of late threatens to take a turn that is not wholly complimentary to optimists.

For some months you were silent. We were dying for news about you. People were under the impression that

you were either rewriting Dickens and Shakespeare or were designing new modes in men's headwear. They were wrong. You were hard at work devising an improved scheme of constitutional reform for the country you love so much. Your outlook in the meantime has improved in the same way as your proposals. The direction taken is 'oblique'; and the results are as interesting.

Any doubt as to your probable co-operation in a scheme of Federation has been happily set at rest by your



Under the Sun.

By Mr.

"Yea, better is he.....who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun".

"There is no new thing under the Sun."

—Ecclesiastes.

Eh, who are you—an old mumphs who lived perhaps a thousand years before Christ! People say that you are Solomon! What fools they! Solomon! the jolly old bloke that built the Temple, that kissed the Queen of Sheba, and had a couple of thousand blooming girls in his harem! He to ever say such bare-faced rubbish as you have spouted above!

You must have been a musty old crab or muscle clinging to a wet rock on a shoreless sea! You yourself say that you pursued Pleasure armed *cap-a-pie*—tried wine, tried music, built pools of water, had men-servants, maid servants, servants born in the house, and that none of these things gave you pleasure! The more a blighter you!

How dare you lay down the law for all time when only a few hundred years after you, your kind have stepped into the Twentieth Century A.D.! My God; is there nothing new under the Sun!

Wait, I shall mention only a few that shall make your ghostly hairs (for haply you are now in Hell) stand on end.

You saw the Pyramids and mayhaps thought that building had reached its loftiest height. What do you say to the immortal sky scrapers of ever-new America? The ugly, cap-shaped pyramids, the awful sphinx, or the colossus of Rhodes, or even the Hanging Gardens—what

admission that you would in effect sing and dance if the scheme fails.

You disclaim that you are putting forth a separate scheme. True. You are not; and you cannot evolve a separate scheme, even as an alternative. At best you can only criticise any scheme under discussion and you offer the excuse that you have telemental connection with the Indian peasant. For through such a channel alone can you know what the Indian peasant wants. Personally, I am inclined to think that you are an incarnation of one of our ancient *vishtis*, ordained to watch over our interests at the place where our destinies are moulded.

Of all the statements you made before the Committee, one deserves undiluted admiration for its frankness and truth. You said that though you had been giving evidence, you had also been trying to learn. Please keep on trying. I wish you success.

Yours gratefully,

WHANGLER

are they when compared to the Railways, Steam Navigation Electric Telegraphs, the telephone, friction matches, gas lighting, photography, electric transmission of power, Rontjen Rays, spectrum analysis, anaesthetics' anti-septic surgery, wireless, Raman effect, Plant Autonomy and—(let me take breath) co education, cocktail intimacies, Necking parties and birth-control!

Are you prepared to swear that after this there is nothing new under the Sun, or that everything that is, is a sin! Why, you old solemn-face, did you ever dream of war and conquest except by the sword! What do you say then to decimation of whole tribes and nations by means of fire-water and European disease! What do you say of perpetual enslavement through Foreign Luxuries! What do you say to harrying people on paper! Tell me *that* you rotten Smug-Face!

A chap Nandkumar was hung on a red paper; and now a whole continent, a trifle under four hundred millions, is about to be hung on a white paper! Do you realise *this*, you Old Harem Hugger?

Having had daylight put into you in this wine, are you (or your ghost) yet prepared to stand by your amazing *obiter dicta* that there is nothing new under the sun, and that whatever is, is a Sin!

If you persist in your curmadgeon obstinacy—well, there is another chance to let more daylight into you!

Clergyman's Daughter: "Father's subject to-night is to be 'Love One Another'; do you want to go, Jack?"

"Jack: Well dear, don't you think it would be better to stay at home and practise what your father is preaching?"

A young Yorkshireman had been in the witness-box a long while, bearing as best he could with the nagging and prodding of a flippant barrister, who aimed shafts of wit mercilessly at the unfortunate youth.

"So," exclaimed the barrister, sarcastically, "you really do not believe that you could rout an army of Philistines with the jawbone of an ass?"

"Well," replied the exasperated countryman, "I might have a try with the article when you've done with it."

While dressing, a man staying in a North of England hotel wished to summon the chambermaid.

The only bell he could discover was in the bath-room attached to his bedroom. He rang several times without result. Later, having dressed, he encountered the chambermaid in the corridor and reproached her with having failed to answer.

"Which bell did you ring, sir?" she asked.

"The bathroom bell."

"Ah, but, sir, you shouldn't have used it. That's only to be used in case you faint or drown in the bath."



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL MASTER.

— BY RAJA RAO KABBOOR. —

Under the spreading Banyan tree
The Village schoolmaster stands;
The master a witty man is he
With long cudgile in his hands;
And the muscles of his stony heart
Are as hard as the stick in hand.
His air is thoughtful yet, melancholy,
His gaze is like a stern man,
His brow is wet, for boys hard he beat
But still they learn whate'er they can,
Look the whole book at his face alone
For they dare not escape this man.
Week in and week out from morn till noon
You can hear his blows and roars,
You can hear him swing his busy stick,
Cane the boys with measured beat and hard
Like the ploughman whipping the herd
When the evening sun is low.
Children coming to school from home
Hate to see its open door;
But they love to see their mischievous regue
And hear schoolmaster's mocking roar,
And catch the burning spark of his voice that fly

In the Muddy walls of four.
He goes even on festive days to Temple,
To sit among his boys;
Hears the priest, pray and preach,
And hears his pupils voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his proud heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like the musicians' voice
Singing on a big dais
He need not train them anymore

To his satisfaction how he inspires!
With his hard, rough wipes,
Seen in their weeping eyes.
Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing
Onward through life he goes!
Each morning sees some lesson begin,
Each noon sees it close;
Something repeated, but nothing benefited
But in the hamlet still earns a Knight's pose.
Thanks, Thanks to thee my worthy friend
For the lessons thou has taught,
Thus at the blaming village life
Their future has been wrought;
Though the moulding body shaped,
Imprint on their face blind deeds and thought.

SALES

The sales are on, and all are keen
To buy the things they want,
But my advice has always been
To those that go, oh dont!

Some things are sold at Rs. 2
When they are new and fine,
When sales are on, a tag they sew
'Sale Price—one, fifteen, nine!'

But they are now gone old you see
And not worth half their price,
But yet there will a scramble be,
To 'save' that little pice!

"ROMULUS"

KAMALA'S SACRIFICE

(BY S. V. NATHAN.)

ONE fine spring morning I woke up feeling that everything in the garden was beautiful, and approached the breakfast table, when, alas! to my great surprise, I found a terse note from the Revenue officer popped up against the coffee cup. As soon as I saw the "O.H.M.S." the sun went in. My coffee grew cold as I expressed my opinion of those who chivy a poor hard-working fellow for a few miserable rupees.

"It ought to be stopped" I concluded.

"Yes, darling" said Kamalam at the other end of the table. "Why don't you?"

"How can I stop them?" I demanded.

"Pay them" she said.

The worst of it is that nobody has any sympathy. The good citizen who pays promptly seems to have an idea that you are unpatriotic; the man who has not paid yet has his own troubles; and the gentleman who does not have to pay at all says "you are lucky to have an income to tax" which seems to be true, but it doesn't make the parting any the less bitter.

And as soon as you have paid the lot now overdue, there will be a request for another heart wrench. Only once have I ever questioned the total. When they send out for the particulars of income and expenditure, it seems pretty plain sailing. You just make the income as small as possible and the outgoings as big as you can. Then you get little figures, all with a fraction, sort of belongs to nothing, but is there, just to look pretty.

Well, I went to the office and told the chap in charge there, that I didn't understand these figures and fractions. He raised his eye-brows as much as to say "where were you brought up," took a look at the sheet and began:

"The 17-1-7 is one seventh of the personal allowance, one-sixth off leaves two-thirds plus allowed expenses nine-twenty and eleven sixteenth."

Then he smiled brightly and asked "Is that clear?"

"Quite" I gasped, "but the total I haven't you added in the date or something?"

He transferred his glance to the bottom of the sheet, the smile faded and he drew a sibilant breath between his teeth.

"Good Heavens" he cried. "I am sorry. Of course, it's wrong."

It was my turn to smile.

I happened one day to be looking at my Bank Pass Book in which my good old father on the first of each month put the money I finished on the second, when I noticed a debit item.

"Income tax"

"What is this?" I asked of one more seasoned than myself.

"Tax for the year" he said.

"But, hang it," I expostulated. "I haven't had the money yet. suppose I get killed."

"That is why they take it early" he explained.

Yet outside the office, these tax-gatherers are quite decent fellows. I met one the other night, and he said:

"Mine's a bitter" just like I did it myself.

What's more he agreed to the "same again" as if he hadn't any burden on his conscience.

"Do you ever lie awake at nights?" I asked eyeing him darkly.

"I do" he confessed.

"Ah, I said" kept awake by the cries of souls in torment."

"Yes" he nodded. "That's just what these cats sound like."

Truth to tell, it does seem a bit rich that, after slaving umpteenth hours a day for twelve months a year, an over-bearing government should reach out a grasping hand and collar a file of carefully gathered Bank-notes.

It means that you and I, editor, must perforce sacrifice one or two,

perhaps all of these little luxuries that make life worth living.

A single man may possibly have to smoke less, a bachelor girl may be debarred from her favourite Cinema star, but it is myself the newly married, who bears the brunt of the evil. Almost with anguish I carefully checked all possible expenditure before deciding on the step that seems the only possible way to meet the revenue demands.

Finally I broke the news of the great sacrifice to my life-partner, Kamalam.

"She must do without the new saree" she desired.

With thanks for having kept a sensitive finger on the pulse of finance, I retired to bed.

"How much are your peaches?"

"Penny each, lady."

"I'll have one, please."

"Givin' a party?"

"What did she do when she heard about her legacy?"

"Ran out and bought a new hat."

Ah, I was afraid it would go to her head."

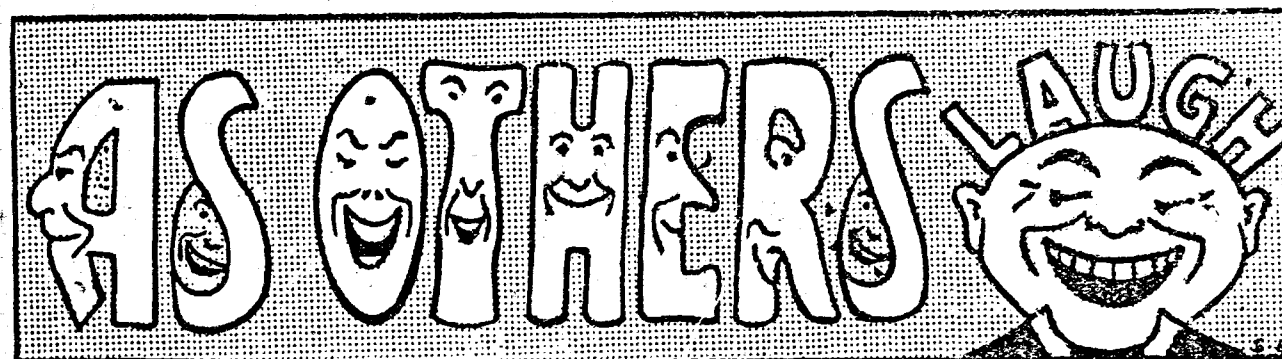
An excursion train had stopped unexpectedly at a country station and the guard, stretching his legs on the platform, observed blue smoke pouring from the window of a carriage prominently labelled "Non-smoking." He opened the door and, after surviving six guilty-looking holiday-makers, remarked:—

"Gentlemen, there are two rules on this line which are repeatedly broken. First, smoking is forbidden in carriages not set aside for that purpose. Also, the company's servants may not accept gratuities. You have already broken one of these rules."

A newly-married couple were entertaining, and amongst the guests was one whose conduct was rather flippant.

At supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served him, and in a vein of intended humour remarked: "Is this pig?"

"To which end of the fork do you refer?" asked a quiet-looking man sitting at the other end of the table.



The chemist had left his counter in charge of a youthful assistant.

This young man being of a highly ingenious turn of mind, it was not without some inward trepidation that the chemist learned upon his return that the assistant had been confronted in the interval with the case of a man who had failed to get the better of an argument with a steam roller.

"What on earth did you?" gasped the chemist.

"Gave him nerve tonic," was the reply.

"Nerve tonic? Why that, in the name of goodness?"

"Run down and depressed," was the reply.

"How old are you?" demanded the American judge of a Negro woman in the witness-box.

"I's seventy-three, jedge."

"Are you sure?"

"Yass, suh."

"Mandy, you don't look seventy-three."

"I's sure, judge."

After a few moments, however, the trial was interrupted.

"Jedge," said the Negress, "I's mistaken about my age being seventy-three. That's my bust measure, suh."

The palmist was wonderfully correct in her prognostication.

"I see you are going to be married," she said.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed her victim.

"And," continued the palmist, "I see you are going to marry Mr. Barker."

"But surely you can't find that out by the lines on my hand?"

"Never mind the lines. The ring you're wearing is the one I returned to Mr. Barker three weeks ago."

They were speeding in a taxi towards the theatre.

"I wish you hadn't made me dress up I—er—" he began.

"Nonsense, dear," she replied, "you look nice in your dress clothes."

"I wish I hadn't, all the same."

"I never was such a man."

"All the same, I think we ought to turn back."

"Are you crazy? We're ten minutes late already."

"All the same—"

"What's the idea?"

"Well, I've just remembered that I left the tickets in my brown suit."

A London undertaker attended a recent first night. He found he had been given accommodation high up near the proscenium.

"Look here, old chap," he complained in an interval to the manager, a friend of his, "I can hardly see anything from that box you've given me."

"You can see a darned sight more than I shall see from one of yours!" was the reply.

Did father seem pleased, asked the newly-engaged girl of her young man, "when you told him of the £200 you had saved?"

"I think so. He borrowed it."

"Must I sleep in the dark, mummy?"

"Yes, darling; you're getting a big boy now."

"Well, I'll need to say my prayers again—more carefully."

Janet: "you've been a typist for nearly all the men in this building."

June: "Yes, I think I'm on my last lap now."

"Children in arms not admitted," said the notice outside the hall. However, after argument at the door the Scot, his wife, and the baby, were allowed in, but were warned that if the child cried they would be asked to leave, and their entrance money would be returned.

Ha'fway through the entertainment Angus asked his wife what she thought of it.

"Not much" was the reply.

"Same here," Angus agreed: "pinch the bairn."

"Angry? Of course I'm angry, and I've got cause to be!" said the infuriated Freeman. "It's that fellow Jacobs. He's owed me a tenner for two years."

"Can't you get it out of him?" asked his friend.

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

"What happened?"

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

"Yes, my son went out West several years ago to make his fortune."

"And what is he worth now?"

I don't exactly know: but six months ago the authorities were offering £1,000 for him."

Mither, can I hae sixpence to gang to the pictures?"

"No, ye canna: ye can hae a bit gorgonzola cheese for supper, an' that'll gie ye the nightmare, which is just as excitin' as any picture."

FREE!

NO ENTRANCE FEE!!

FREE!!!

Rs. 3000

MUST BE WON IN ⁶⁶ SINGLES. ⁹⁹

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 200

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 100

In this page appears the Third set of Singles. For the sake of the new readers, the first and second sets of Singles have been reprinted in the next page. The Fourth set which will appear in the next issue of FUNNY Magzin, dated 5th December is the final one, which completes the series of 'Singles.'

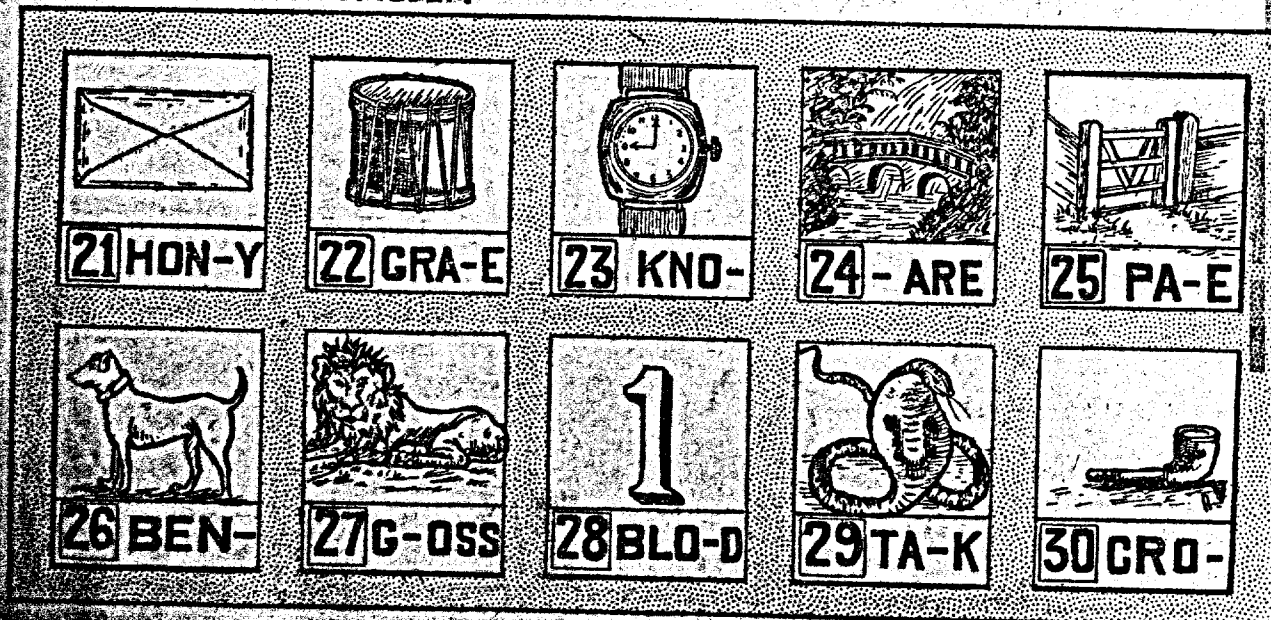
HOW TO WIN.

In Singles competition you have to find out a Single Letter only to complete the word. That single letter is the First letter of the word illustrated by the picture given above that word. Insert that letter in the vacant places marked by a dash, and the resulting word thus obtained is the solution.

For example look at No. 21 of the third set. There is a picture of an envelope. Below it, the letters HON and Y are printed with a dash between N & Y. The initial letter of the picture is "E". Placing the letter 'E' between HON and Y in the place of the dash, the word HONEY is obtained. The others will have to be solved in the same manner.

Write the solutions clearly in block letters on the Free Coupon printed on page 40 of this issue for the third set only. Keep the Coupon with you and send it after the last set of 'Singles' has been published fastening the coupons in Series 1, 2, 3 and 4.

THIRD SET OF SINGLES.

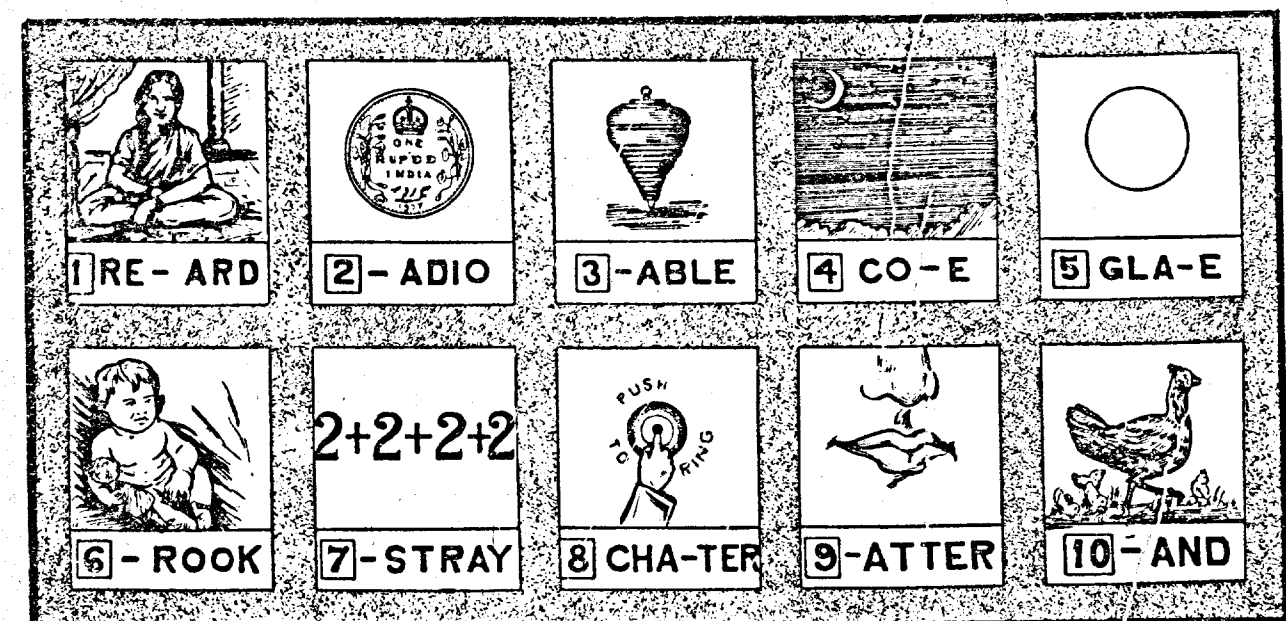


(For FREE COUPON & Rules and Conditions see page 40.)

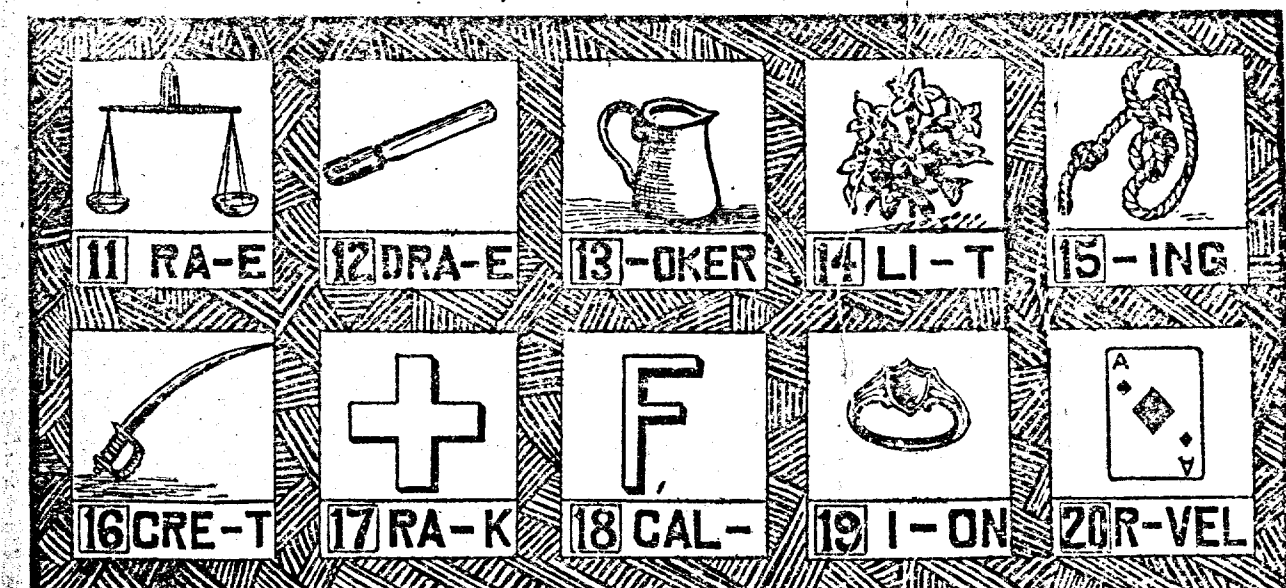
New Readers Can Join in.

The First and Second set of Singles has been reprinted for the sake of the new readers. New readers also can join the competition by sending the first and second sets' solutions on plain pieces of paper, with 3 annas stamps, being the value of two free coupons (1½ annas per coupon) along with the solutions of 3rd and 4th set made on the respective coupons. For other particulars see our 'Rules and Conditions' printed on Page 40.

FIRST SET OF SINGLES.



SECOND SET OF SINGLES.



Rules & Conditions of Singles Competition.

1. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE for this competition. But the solutions must be in the special FREE COUPON printed in this issue. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. Additional attempts can be given on plain pieces of paper similarly filled up as the coupon, with name and address clearly written. Whenever printed coupons are not used, the solutions given on ordinary paper should be accompanied by 1½ annas for each set, the value of one Free Coupon of that set. (A complete series of Singles consists of 4 sets.) Among the solutions sent by a Competitor at least one entry of any one of the 4 sets of 'Singles' must be on the special free coupon. If the solution on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one special Funny Magzin Free Coupon, they will not be considered.

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin before the evening of 30th December '33. Entries received after the closing date (i.e.) 30th December '33, will not be considered. Entries with corrections or alternatives not fastened together in series 1, 2, 3 & 4, will not be considered.

3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competition Editor 'SINGLES' FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. Each complete Series will be judged on its own merits. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In the case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

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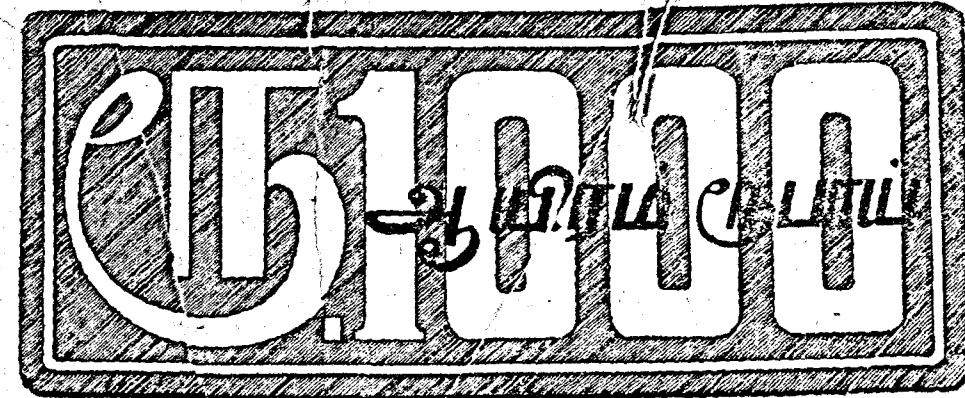
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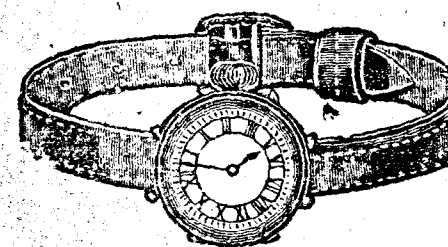
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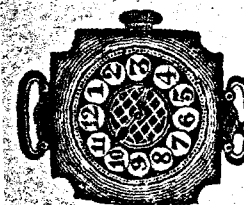


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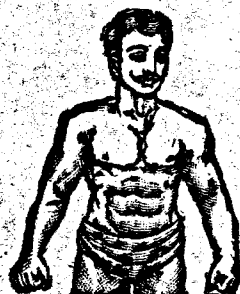


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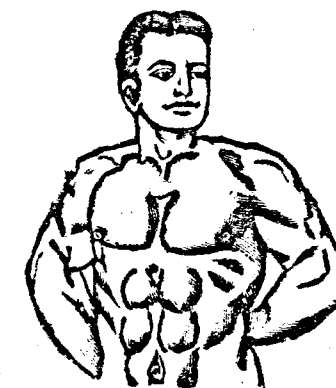
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