

888

LUCKY NUMBER & FREE CONTEST PRIZES Rs. 100.

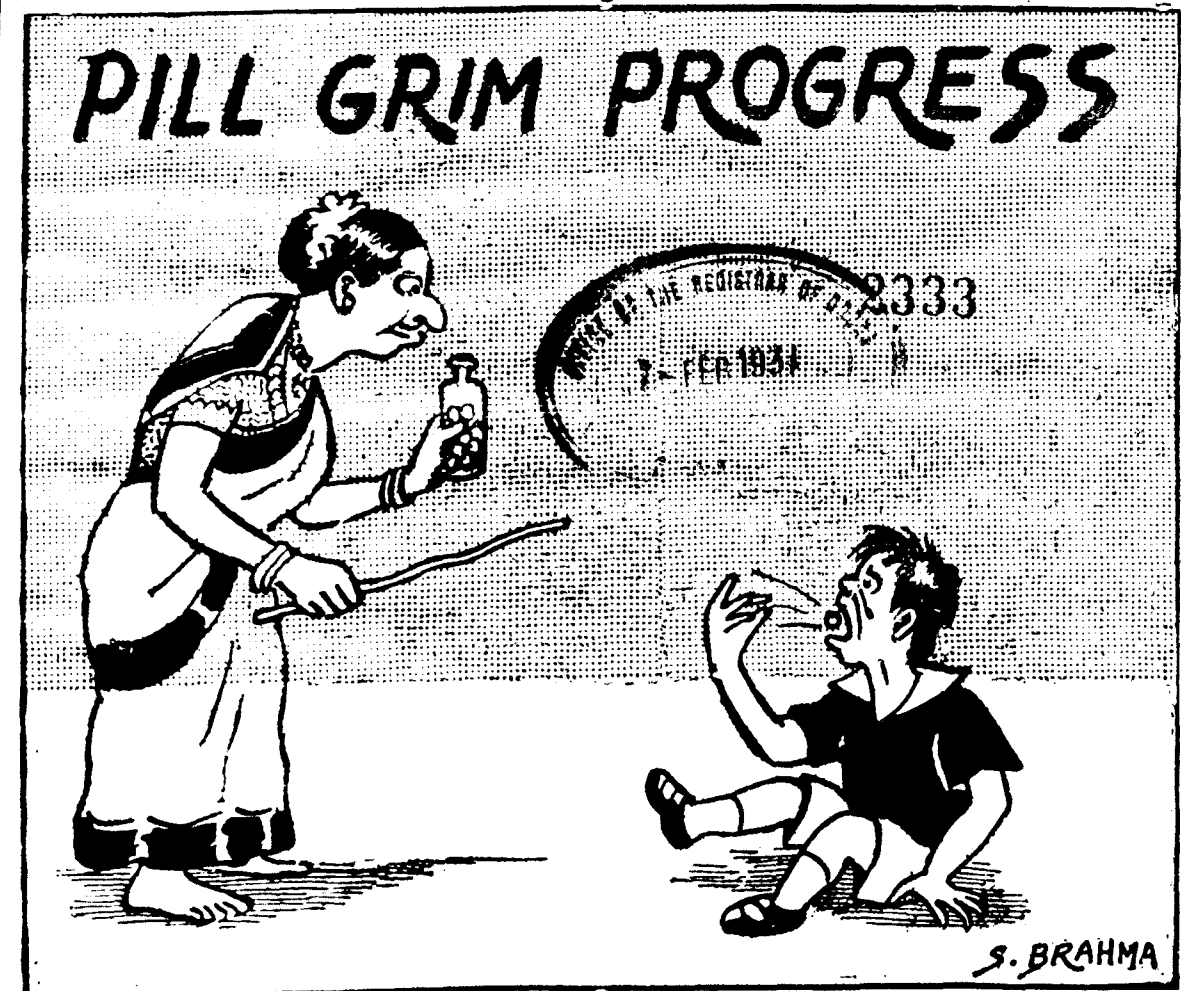
FREE
ENTRY

The **Funny** Magzin
of India
A FORTNIGHTLY 1937

VOL. I

MADRAS, 5TH JANUARY, 1934.

No. 11



Office:—NO. 6, LAWYER CHINNATHAMBI MUDALI ST., SOWCARPET, MADRAS.

SINGLE COPY

PRICE AS. 1-6.

"BHAI FUNZIN" GREETINGS!

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR
To All Our Happy Friends!**



Beloved Everybody,

I wish You a Happy New Year.

The past months have been "FUNNY" for Us. We have laughed together at the Fun and Folly so kindly provided for Us by our amiable Friends — in all walks and ranks of life — the Hon'ble Minister as well as the honest Burglar;

the learned lady as well as the old-world, loving Indian wife; the over-clever young man as well as his victims of both sexes; also by the Religious, Political and Social Shams. All these have so generously helped us to enjoy such bumper fun.

In the Happy New Year too, let us enjoy the "FUNNY" gambols of all these never-failing Friends.

A Happy New Year to Them All!

Yours Very Cheerfully,
"BHAI FUNZIN."



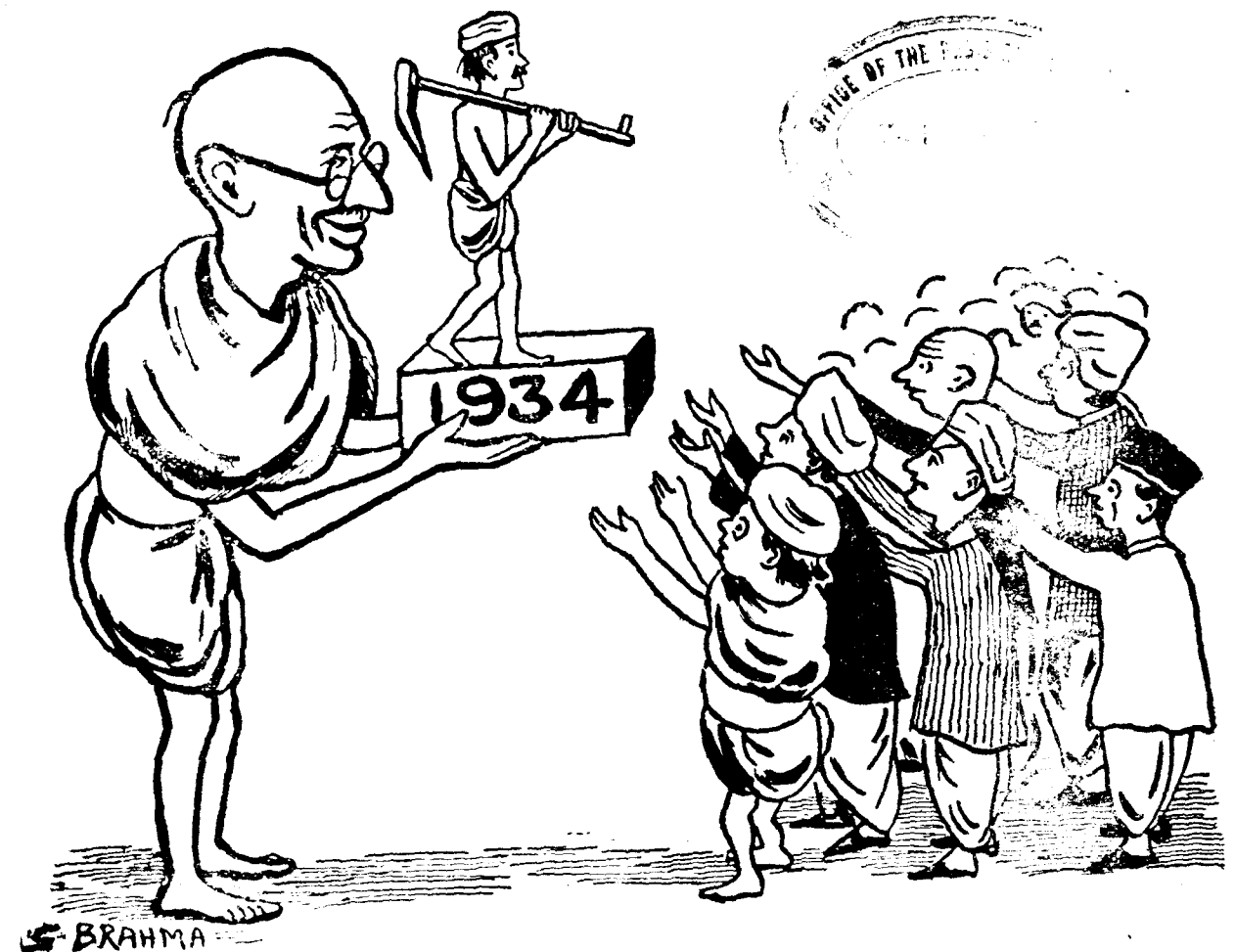
"BHAI FUNZIN."

Mahatmaji Makes a New Year Gift.

A 1934 PRESENT TO ALL INDIA.

A GIFT TO HIGH-BORN, HIGH-PLACED HIGH-BROWS.

A GIFT TO REMOVE STAIN ON INDIAN CULTURE.



Mahatma Gandhi: "Friends, Scholarstand, Countrymen, Here is my Gift for the New Year. This Gift will, if properly treated, surely remove the stain on our much vaunted culture and civilization: the longer we retard the removal of untouchability, the worse enemies are we to our own Motherland."

COMPELLING

BY
— "RUBIKON." —

KISS

There is Love and Love; Love that gives, Love that grabs: Love sublime and Love earthy. Herein "Rubikon" tells us how Love of the higher kind can subsist between a Young man and a Young woman and be cherished unselfishly—Ed.

CHINNAGRAM is a place that nestles itself modestly in a mango grove without any ambition to immortalize itself in Geographies or Gazetteers. Nor does it find a place in the History of India books. It does not claim to have been visited by a Clive or a Willingdon, or by a Mahatma or a Satya-murti.

Nor has it ever had the honour of witnessing the squabbles of the members of a Village Panchayat set up to administer the Local Self-Government of our tiny villages.

Yet, the fifty and odd homes of Chinnagram had a pride of their own; they had a small temple of Siva; and another of Vishnu; there was one for a Ghora Kahi, the Goddess to whom the blood of fowls and sheep was needed to quench her annual wrath which burst out in epidemics.

The village schoolmaster gathered the little ones of the place and shepherded them to a place a mile away where he lived. To this school went the young girl Jeeva and the boy Narain. Both of them were children of two farmers of Chinnagram who tilled the soil that their ancestors tilled, no matter whether William the Conqueror won at Hastings, or the Turks captured Constantinople, or Vasco da Gama landed at Calicut or Admiral Togo reduced the Grand Russian Fleet to splinters at Tsushima or the vigorous and intrepid administration of the British Lion sent a Kasturi Bai to the Jail for a year.

If Chinnagram lived to blossom in the sheltered air of the Indian plains, unwritten,

unfilmed and unscreened, Jeeva and Narain cannot claim any more distinction than their birthplace.

Theirs was the story of some of the biggest people that strode on the stage of History—no record of the early lives of many great



men have we, save what the professional biographer chooses to invent from the fertile laboratory of his unblushing imagination, for the instruction of the generations to come.

Of such stuff is made many of the books called "Biographies of Great Men," or "Great Events" which Youngsters at school-rooms read and which provide such revenues to publishers and Universities. Well might the Muse Clio of History shudder in her temple at what is palmed off on an innocent world in her name and seal and stamp.

Obscurely starting, from far away marshy corner, grows and gathers in its march over hill and valley volumes of waters, broad and brimful, till, when it reaches the ocean, it attains the proportions of a sacred river fit to be immortalized by sages in epics and generous enough to nurture ancient seats of civilizations on its rich and fertile banks.

Who could have foretold that Jeeva, that simple lass, would one day set the heads of hundreds and hundreds of the gay and fashionable reeling at the sight of her dance?

Nor could any body dream of a day when Narain, the little urchin of Chinnagram, would carry away the prizes and medals of a University proud of owing such an alumnus.

Yet so did Narain.

Some uncle—the uncle that often plays the *deus ex machina*—took a fancy for Narain when the young boy was taken to his place by his father. He gave him a sound education and Narain proved a plant that grew four-hundred fold for the manure that it was fed with.

Narain was a Scholar.



Narain was a great name in the Universities which had grown up like cabbages, wanted or not.

But Narain was unhappy.

It was not that Cupid aimed hurting darts from the bow of the brows of an overpowering damsel. He was a dreamer—the Lady that could storm his heart was one superior to all that the Creator could mould with the eyes of the fawn, the neck of the swan, and the rest from the best—his Lady was the child of the Idealist. So he trod among the realities of the Earth safe and unassailed.

It was the load of learning that he ailed from. His very brilliance stood against him. He was so great that they did not know what to do with him.

Could he unlearn some of it all! Could he throw away those great hoardes that encumbered him in the journey!

Often he sought some relief in the movies and spent a care-less hour among the many and the mob. Narain sat there drinking in the wonderful vision—but imperceptibly the very star was there! She was moving on the stage towards him. She smiled at him!

Never mind the strains—she jumped for a joy she did not know why—Prem-Jan, the Star's name in that picture, was there living the real life of true happiness!

Narain sat for a while—ah, that Prem-Jan—that Leading Star—that nation-wide name—that is Jeeva—Jeeva of Chinnagram!

It was a discovery!

Narain did not know how to tackle with such a huge discovery. He left his village when he lost sight of all that it contained—its temples, tank, fields, farmers and playmates.

But, to meet his playmate Jeeva as Prem-Jan—that was too much even for dreamer Narain—the idealist.

Narain had no rest thereafter. To meet his old chum was the one thought that had taken possession of him. His was the curiosity of a student of human beings as one branch of the study of Nature. What were the links in the chain the end

of which was Prem-Jan? What interesting links by which Jeeva became Prem-Jan?

Long hours he sat in his study musing over the wondrous tale of Jeeva, when he heard a sumptuous car ending its buzzing right under his window. He peeped out: it was Jeeva jumping out.

"Can I see Mr. Narain?"

Narain's people were more than surprised. Fancy a spotless beauty of just the age, form

and fashion, jumping into the hall asking for a son of the house!

The uncle of Narain could not make out what it was. But Narain came rushing out of his study.

The moment Narain entered the hall, Jeeva saw her old friend, rushed to him, her old child-like love getting the upper hand, held him by the hand, "Brother Narain, how many years now that we played in our village!"

Narain too looked so happy at the friend of his childhood. The uncle and the household understood what it all meant. For a moment the two stood still.

"Jeeva, Jeeva, what is all this?" asked Narain, not knowing what to say or ask.

"What is what?" asked Jeeva.

"Never dreamt of you on the screen," replied Narain.

"Surely you couldn't. How could you?" asked Jeeva. "Yet there is something I wanted to ask you about, Brother Narain. Surely you were the happiest boy of our Chinagram. But that night at the Pictures, you were a moody morose picture of misery. I am sure I heard big accounts that you were a great man and that it would require a mighty man to don your coat if all your medals were pinned on it. What made you gloomy? Are learned men gloomy? Should they be so?"

Narain told her that his very load of learning was his stumbling block and stood in his way. Jeeva understood it all in a moment.

"Well, Brother, leave it to me. Lucky for you and me that there are some soft skulls at the heads of the Departments. We shall see what we can make out of them. But don't you pine in the meanwhile. Cheerio, Brother." Another loving grasp of the hand: off Jeeva vanished into the thin smoke of gas of her car.

Four days passed—only four; Narain from his window saw the same car buzz



down below his window; Jeeva jumped out; "Where is Brother Narain?" he heard before he ran down to her from his study.

"Brother, here is the letter; take it to the person addressed, and you will find him ready to respect your learning and reward it suitably, too," handing a fleshy envelope to Narain.

Narain understood from the address on it who it was; that would be a nice start, he was sure. But that was only adding one mystery more to what surrounded the career of Jeeva.

Jeeva stood to the full stature of her noble figure, "Look here, Brother Narain, You

know what a frail creature the male is. I know too the power that my looks wield! poor, poor male animal! I dressed with a trifle more care than I generally do; I got at the office of the head of the great Bank of the Far East with whom our Company deals. I walked straight to him. Visiting cards, you say? Visiting cards are not for me. I am the trump card myself. Up gets the great man, out he comes to greet me; I rush at him like the bison of the prairie; I catch hold of him; I give him a compelling kiss; 'Father, you shall help me, like a good, good boy. Do give me a real good note for my own brother'; there you are, Narain. We shall meet yet."

Thanks to good Jeeva, for all that I have and that I am.

"Eat more fruit," advises a well-known doctor: many think his son has a big stall in the fruit market.

"In olden days good wives, on their husband's death, got themselves cremated:" so we read.

To-day too they do the same with the omitted.

"Some find a pleasure in washing dirty linen," says a preacher.

But many find their bread in the act.

"Is it right for my wife to call me an idiot?" asks a husband.

Perhaps the husband objects to the language, not to the truth of it.

"What is the best thing to do with a mother-in-law?"

Make her a grand-mother, answers a Weekly.

"My wife died; Yet I suffer from mother-in-law. What should I do?" asks a victim.

A second wife is the best antidote.

"I came in here to get something for wife."

"What are you asking for her?"

"I say, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Surely not, sir? may be it's one of those vitamin bees you hear so much about."

He: "If I posted a letter to the silliest man in Great Britain I wonder who they would deliver it to?"

She: "They would probably return it to the sender."

Bill took his sweetheart to see his favourite football team. The girl was a film fan and, not being very interested in football, was soon bored by the game.

As the teams came out for the second half she nudged Bill's arm.

"Come, let's go out now," she said. "This is where we came in."

"It says the man was shot by his wife at close range."

"Then there must have been powder marks on the body."

"Yes: that's why she shot him."

"I passed by your house yesterday." "Thanks. We appreciate it."

Liddy: "I'm sorry for yer, 'avin' a 'usband that's everlastin' singin'. My old man sings abart once a year."

Her neighbour: "In his bath, I suppose!"

"Did they take an X-ray of your wife's jaw at the hospital?"

"They tried to, but they got a moving picture."

"You look sweet enough to eat."

"I do eat, " Where shall we go?"

Pat had just returned from a visit to the United States, and was telling his cronies all about it.

"Did you meet with much hospitality in America?" he was asked.

"Shure," was the reply. "I was in hospital nearly all the time."

"A Life on the ocean wave, it's grand," said Brown who had just finished describing the beautiful sea and skies on his return from a Mediterranean cruise. "What do you think of it, Green?"

"No more cruises for me," replied Green. "As far as I am concerned they are all 'bunk'!"

OUR SPORT MANTLEAU

The first Test match is over. For the first time in the annals of Cricket after a third wicket stand of 186 runs, the rest of the India team is whisked off for a paltry 50, and Merchant having the lion's share of 30 in it. Jai, Colah, Amarsingh, Ramji, Nissar, and Jamsehji, and also the extras, make up the other 20. It is indeed passing strange, that what had seemed an inevitable draw, was so miraculously converted into a victory for the M. C. C.—well nigh an innings defeat for India.

What would have Australia done under similar circumstances? If two batsmen could knock the wind out of the sails of the English bowlers, surely the succeeding batsmen ought to tear the sails to ribbons. When Bradman scored 300, Grimmett the tail and batsmen wagged for a 60, generally if the batsmen failed, the bowlers on many occasions have stemmed the tide, and have even saved the situation.

Nowhere perhaps than in this our land of the 'Mystic Orient' has the old adage "Well begun is half done" been so fully justified. How disastrously original we are. A very good start ends in a crushing defeat.

When the M. C. C. resumed their second innings—a ceremonial finish indeed, Barnett hits a six off Nissar; but placed as the M. C. C. were, even Clarke could hit a soaring six off even the redoubtable Larwood.

Another distinctive feature, an indisputable legacy of India—"the tale of missed chances." Walters gives four chances, Valentine two. A rare, and unprecedented co-operation of the Indians, that helped Walters and Valentine in spite of themselves to score 78 and 136 respectively. Do we hear of such tales elsewhere? But I suppose that is because we are such good story tellers, and the Englishmen such good and patient and grateful lovers of such 'tales.' I am sure Jardine and his men would ever remember this rare hospitality of the East.

The Indian skipper congratulates Jardine on his deserved success. The last straw on the camel's back. Poor leader that tried so hard to lead a following that would not follow. But Major Naidu said that he had learnt a great deal more in the second Test match that India had faced, than in the first. I suppose the first Test match taught him the alphabets of Cricket, the second progressed to a primer, the third perhaps will advance a little further.

Well! at this rate I am afraid India would always be learning, and at such a cost too, and it will be a long time before India can come to the stage of writing a thesis on Cricket.

India did not want Major Naidu to learn lessons like a schoolboy: If that is the way Major Naidu takes it, England has indeed taught India a good lesson. India wanted her men to play like one learned in the lore. Please Major Naidu, don't go to Calcutta to get a little more schooling, and to Madras to further your studies.

Whatever Major Naidu might have learnt, I hope he has learnt—very dearly too—the tale of missed chances, and that no fairies ever come up in the nights and make their willows into wands, but that some goblin casts a spell, and no Indian could hold a catch.

Let us have no more of these tales. If every match must have a tale of this sort, it would be far better to have no cricket match at all, than have these tales follow in its wake.

The outstanding lesson that we have learnt is, that the Indian team is badly lacking in men who could scout well. If a decent batsman is a poor field, the chances are, he gives away more runs by the lives he gives to the opposite team, than the runs he could score against them.

In my opinion the Indian team must be completely reshuffled, and younger players taken in. Whom have we

in the place of Lall Singh? He did not prove himself to be very good with the bat, and of course he was not a bowler; but as a scout he took the English spectators by storm. He performed miracles. The last Test match had shown us that there was none to match the standard of Lall Singh.

I think, and I am sure, many will think with me, that Shahabudin will be just the man to fill up Lall Singh's place. Shahabudin is not a batsman of the type of Lall Singh, but he is an excellent field, and a bowler of some reputation. And in the place of Navel, it is only fair that Dilwar Hussain should be given a chance. Not only could he keep the wicket; he could also add something substantial to the score of his team. His scores in the Test trials will certainly speak for him.

Jai has proved himself to be a failure, and it is needless to mention he creates a vacancy. As regards Ramji, I still believe in his efficiency. His only failure has been in the Test match. Given another chance, I am sure he will regain lost reputation.

I believe the following team might fare better against the M. C. C. at Calcutta in the second Test match.

1. C. K. Naidu (Captain).
2. Wazir Ali.
3. Nissar.
4. Amar Singh.
5. Amarnath.
6. Dilwar Hussain.
7. Colah or Champek Mehta.
8. C. S. Naidu.
9. Mushtaq Ali.
10. Shahabudin.
11. M. J. Gopalan or Ramji.

"BUMPER."

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

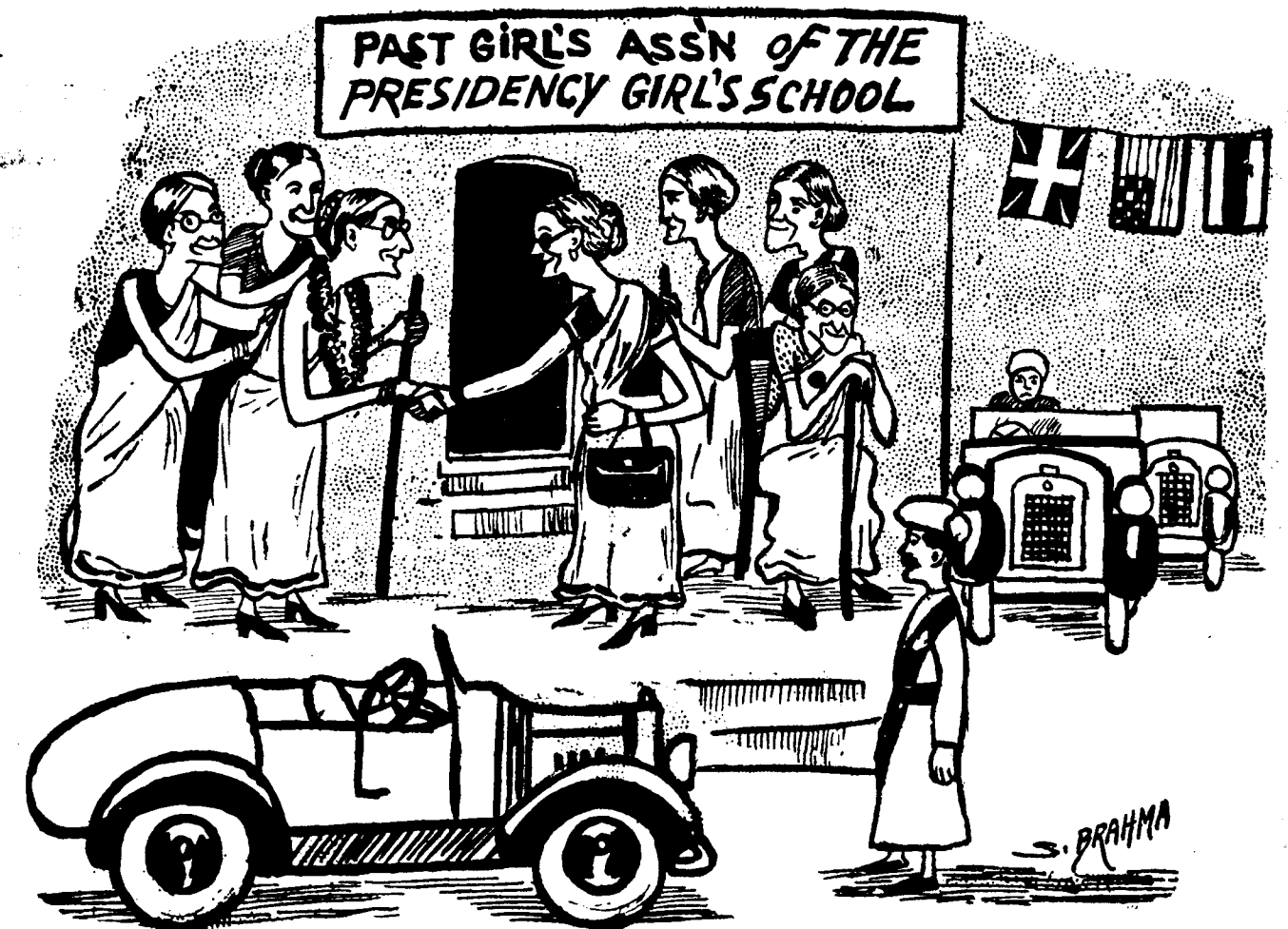
Friend, "And what is he worth now?"

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

Gamekeeper: "Didn't you see that notice at the entrance to this wood?"

Small Boy: "Yes but it was headed 'Private,' and I was too polite to read on."

50th Annual General Body Meeting of the P.G.A. of the P.G.S.



Now for the fiftieth time, the Past Girls of the above School meet with their distinguished President, Sri Mandhara Sundara Bai Varu: while the Hony. Secretary, Sri Mohanamba Garu receives the Members as they are led or carried or helped in and about. Yet, these "Girls" as they call each other, are happy, and love to meet each other year after year.

CORRESPONDENCE :

LETTERS TO BHAI FUNZIN

"Liberty Lodge,"
Damara Town.

BELOVED BHAI FUNZIN,

True I am about 25; I have a decent place in a Govt. Dept; I admit I have splendid prospects; I have good friends to push me up and good superior officers to pull me up.

But is that any reason why I should be turned into a slave?

My mother insist upon getting me married. Then, my uncle with a daughter, thinks he can whip me to tie the wedding cord round his daughter's neck.

An old friend of the family—a teacher of my late father—says I ought to wed a particular girl because, on account of the obedience and dutifulness he expects of me, he has promised my hand to the parents of that girl.

There is a friend of mine who wants to enjoy the fun of my wedding.

I would not like to speak of one or two good friends who write very kind letters, lady class-mates of mine, I do hope they mean nothing more than mere goodwill.

Am I bound, Dear Bhai, to get wedded? Or, shall I be branded as a disobedient son if I live single to enjoy my mother's love all myself?

Yours perplexed,
Raghava Sena, M. A.

Bheema Bhavan,
Galavapur.

DEAR MR. FUNZIN,

Let me honestly tell you that I am a bit vain like all human beings.

In these days of Self-Respect, Self-Esteem, Self-Respect and Self-Know-

ledge, many well-known gentlemen call themselves, Dr. So-and-so, or Professor Somebody, or Swami Something, or Sadhu Some one.

Now, will you or any of your gentle Readers suggest which of these titles I can use.

Needless to say that I am not rich enough to offer Prizes like you or your contemporaries for the answer.

Yours Modestly,
Bonda Abhiram Rao.

Viswa Vihar,
Vridhapatam.

DEAR FUNZIN SAHEB,

Maybe you heard that my sister Sri Pichi Bai gave away her real diamond ear-rings to Mahatma Gandhi. I can hardly tell you how happy I feel. What a happy home now!

I am not a jealous fellow, nor even my wife Gopi Bhai. But ever since my sister Pichi got her ear-rings, Gopi would daily tell me that she is looked down upon by all her friends, though, she would add, she did not care for any jewel herself.

I am sure my wife is a very good person. But, God bless Mahatmaji, the red rag to my wife, he has removed; and now my wife never alludes to any jewel or the esteem of her friends.

What a mission our Mahatmaji's!

Yours Gratefully,
Gowri Gunda Rao.

"Nirmal Bower"
Copperfield.

DEAR MR. FUNZIN,

This gold question has become quite acute with us. Now that gold is fetching such a good price, I am for selling to the last bit of gold we have. My argument is that we make as much profit as we can over the price we have paid for it.

But my wife objects to selling it. She has so many reasons: it might rise even higher yet, she says; she wants to know what we should do when we ourselves want gold; why should we pay a high price when we buy? how can we get on without gold ornaments at home? she thinks it so inauspicious to be without any gold at all in the house: a hundred and one such frivolous doubts, fears and objections she raises. She asks where is the money we realized by the gold sold already?

Can any of your Learned Readers see the question from my view point and advise us? I shall be much obliged.

Yours Brotherly,
Soma Santhosha Rao.

Miss Gushin: "It must be wonderful to be a parachute jumper. I suppose you've had some terrible experiences."

Parachutist (fed up): "Yes, miss, terrible. Why, once I came down where there was a sign, 'Keep Off the Grass.'"

A firm gave a series of lectures after office hours designed to help employees in salesmanship. They were well attended.

At the end of the last lecture the manager made a speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have to commend you for attending these excellent lectures when you might have been at some theatre with your wife, or at the cinema with some other fellow's wife."

When Learning Loves Learning



Happy Husband in the corner to his healthy wife, "Look here, dear Lalitha that is Dr. Vidyasagar, M. A. Ph. D. talking to Miss Gnanamani, M. A., F.R.A.S., of the American University. They are so learned that he is a chronic dyspeptic and she is terribly anaemic. Do you know that they are said to be in love with each other?"

Healthy Wife.—"Surely, Dear, their talk must be about something high and grand. Not as we talk about what we shall have for the next meal."

BUT WHAT THEY DO TALK :

Dr. Vidyasagar.—"Graceful Gnana, what will you do if I die, lovely girl?"

Miss Gnanamani.—"Surely you haven't given me the details of your life for the Obituary Note, dearest Vidya!"

International Appeals.

— BY "PUNDIRAMAN" —

The Disarmament League. G. Briton Vs. Germany.

Before John Bull C. J. Uncle Sham and La Francis J. J.

G. Briton: My Lords, I am representing in my official as well as my representative capacity, the many nations, nay the whole world I may even say, and I carry the power of attorney of the League which I have the honour to represent, to act as its spokesman, empowered to do whatever I may deem fit in the interest of the great league. The present suit is a cause of action arising out of a breach of contract, a breach of promise, a breach of duty, ethical as well as religious, with the mingled actions both civil and criminal. I approach the intervention of the Most Supreme Tribunals and this Highest Court of Law on a vital issue which endangers the very structure of the world. My Lords, if you refuse help in this dangerous issue, the many countries of the world, all this civilization, all that this civilization has given you and me, all those beautiful valleys of Switzerland, those French fields of fashion, these, and greater things, will be engulfed in the dark surging waters of war. This Disarmament League was started with the noblest of intentions to prevent war once and for ever, to establish in this world mutual concord, happiness, and perpetual prosperity. When we looked back with our crutches and artificial arms into the dreamy period of the Great War that plunged nations into devastation, and the horrors perpetrated by the various inventions of science, we shuddered at the thought that the world might collapse one day. There will be left no traces of humanity when chemical poisons sweep the lands from end to end; life will be extinct for ever: the world will have to be started over again with Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit, My Lords, you will now see the grim future that awaits the world by the secession of Germany from the League. Uninhabited dwellings, dumb standing walls, and houses empty without a single habitant, will bear testimony before the unseen God, to the breaking

of this league and to the infidelity of Germany. I foresaw the future after the next war, the heavy destruction and the end of the world and I started this league with the co-operation of the powers to avoid such a catastrophe. All the powers pledged themselves to peace and signed the pact of non-war. We swore to disarm, to lay down all our arms, to cast them into the deep to abolish the expenditure on ammunition and war craft. But these have been shattered by the haughtiness of Germany. She has shaken the very foundations of Geneva. She has committed an atrocious breach of promise, a breach of her sacred pledge of peace that can be equalled only to her haughty defiance of that 'scrap of paper' which launched Europe in a volcanic eruption in the last Great War. What does Germany's withdrawal indicate now? It can mean but one thing, that she is not for what this club of peace stands for, and certainly she chooses a possibility of embracing the contrary of this ideal which is, as all your Lordships are aware, war; cruel, unrelenting war. If you allow her to resign, you drive the smaller states to despair and speculative suspension. They too will withdraw from the League to store arms for a defence, and this League and Disarmament will vanish into thin air. Will your Lordships brook this move of Germany? Nations are already scared and are moving about storing their might. I appeal to you in the name of sacred peace, in the name of God and humanity, in the name of all laws ethical, spiritual and international, in your own interest, for you will be corpses to the fumes of poisonous chemicals in the next war, you will aid us in forcing Germany into the league.

Germany: My Lords, the plaintiff has misrepresented facts in his zeal to draw your sympathies to a hypocrite's cause. I do not impute motives to the purpose with which the league was started by tired and weary nations after the biggest destructive war the world has ever witnessed in which the greater weight of the club fell on our shoulders. We are as anxious for

peace, I mean the Germany that was before the war, as any other member of the league. But the league is not all embracing and therefore not the safest. It is again a sham, a huge hoax, a deceptive show behind which some unscrupulous members are scheming vile machinations. G. Briton bungles in an erroneous argument that by severing from the league I sever from peace which is far from truth. By withdrawing from this palpable show I dissociate only with insincere shows and pretences. How can G. Briton be over enthusiastic about peace when she calls herself mistress of the seas and keeps a struggling India under bondage. France another member of this league has secretly built her aerial power to find a supremacy in the etherial regions to vie with the British power on water while all the time Russia extends her land power at the same time competing with France in air. All this Disarmament is but idle talk as there can be no certain peace till every nation joins the league and sincerely carries the intentions into practice. There should be no secret building of power, no secret ambitions or secret revenge. But this league is a humbug, an insincere body some of whose members are selfish nations working for their ends, some others scheming behind this curtain of peace. This league is again incapable for it failed to go to the rescue of China from a bullying Japan. There is therefore a breach on the side of the plaintiff of certain conditions and he cannot invoke your aid for specific performance of my alleged promises. It is a breach on either side and my breach following closely their equity cannot interfere.

Judgment.

John Bull C. J. This is an action in contract arising out of a flagrant breach of promise by the defendant. The defendant had signed a pledge of peace to disarm and to adopt whatever the members of the league should deliberate and decide. Germany under false pretences and probably through ulterior motives now withdraws from one of the greatest attempts of the world to restore for ever safety from war, and the grave catastrophes attendant on it. The Disarmament league aims at the very root of warfare and ensures balmy pax under which each nation can without the least fear of harm enjoy peace, plenty and prosperity. The aims of the league are

noble, the members who work it are reliable and the defendant cannot cast any aspersions on its constitution. Germany has adopted a dreadful step which should not be permitted in the interest of world peace and I accordingly find she should be forced again into the fold. She should destroy the armament that she has added of late, and should compensate the various countries who in their panicky state have expended amounts for defence.

Uncle Sham: G. Briton seeks the support of this court to adopt some coercive method to force Germany into the league. This suit has arisen out of mistaken notions of breach of contract and breach of promise. There is no contract here as the idea of mutuality is lacking between the parties. Germany has rescinded from a voluntary promise in her own better interest as she alleges, and the plaintiff has not attempted to successfully rebut the onus of insincerity and unworkability with which it is charged. Where is the contract, or where is the consideration to force her into keeping her part of the bargain? Mutual promises unsupported by consideration can constitute no valid contract. The only course would be a suit for damages which is rather difficult to estimate, as no sensible basis is available. But there is no pleading here for damages and the question does not arise. Each nation is entitled to do as she likes and if at one time she

subscribes to a league or club she can withdraw from it the moment she finds it not beneficial. I would therefore advise the dismissal of this suit, each party to bear its consequences.

La Francis: Germany's movement is being watched with much suspicion by its neighbouring countries and it should be observed with much regret that all is not well with this arrogant country. By seceding from the Disarmament league she has placed herself as a menace to her neighbours and to the world in general. Man has not recovered from the shock of the last war. Will aggressive Germany begin it again? That is a legitimate doubt arising from her recent move, and all the heavy labours of the plaintiff to establish universal peace are blasted. Can Germany commit such a breach of her own word? Because she has slowly recovered from the effects of the Great War and has amassed secret ammunition while talking of peace with the rest of the nation, she now finds her purpose in joining the league and flogs the league as a farce. This is the pitch of ingratitude and Germany should not be allowed to withdraw.

Two of the Tribunals agreeing, a committee was constituted to propose measures to keep Germany within the Peace Talk Fold.

Orders Accordingly.

A resident in a street undergoing repairs protested about a pile of broken paving outside his front gate.

"Can't you take this away?" he shouted to one of the men on the job, a good-natured Irishman.

"Where will I take it?" asked Paddy. Whereupon the man told him clearly and forcefully that he might take it to Hades.

"Hadn't I better take it to Heaven," was the retort. "It would be more out of your way there."

Father criticized the sermon, mother disliked the blunders of the organist, and the eldest daughter thought the choir's singing atrocious. The subject had to be dropped when the small boy of the family, with the schoolboy's love of fair play, chipped in:—

"Dad, I think it was a jolly good show for a penny."

Him: "And why do you call me Pilgrim?"

Her: "Well, every time you call, you make a little progress."

"What does an old maid say at the end of her nightly prayers?"

"Ah, men!"

Housewife: "This morning my husband threw a biscuit at me. A biscuit I made myself."

Neighbour: "The idea! It might have killed you."

Happy New Year Wishes:

A HAPPY LONG REIGN

May H. M. King Mahammad Zahir Shah of Afghanistan have! A throne easy got and easy lost.

A HAPPY YEAR OF SHRIEVALTY.

Dewan Bahadur M Balasundaram Naidu, the new Sheriff of Madras: in spite of so many ruthless rivals.

A HAPPY SESSION.

To Our President of the All-India National Liberal Federation held at Madras, composed of such select fifty among 350,000,000.

A HAPPY HAND.

Of Welcome to Sri Jayalakshmi Varadachar of Mysore College for her first prize in Elocution: mightier lady orators waste their fragrant eloquence in the kitchen air.

A HAPPIER LUCK.

To our Tamil Lover's Conference held at Madras: in spite of Rt. Hon. Sastry and Raja Annamalai, unexpected Tamil Lovers had to be admitted too.

A HAPPIER SUPPORT.

To Leader Satyamurti, the Chieftain of Congress Swarajya party: who (mis) quotes Gandhiji for his Council Entry.

A HAPPY TERM.

To Sir George Schuster, the first Governor of the Coming Reserve Bank of India, by which all iron in India is to be turned into Gold.

A COMEDY OF CAMOUFLAGE

(A Funny Story Full of the Biter-Bitten Incidents)

— By N. B. RAJU. —

JUST awakened by the wire-gong of the clock striking five in the evening, Surya recumbent in his easy chair stared at the cursed thing which had been the cause of the disturbance of his sweet-slumber, with a look in which both suspicion and wrath were mingled.

His vacant gaze chanced to alight upon an invitation card lying unperceived on the table. Running through its contents he found that it was an invitation to his father requesting his much desired company at the anniversary ceremony of the college from which he obtained his degree. His face suddenly beamed with a smile which, his lips being unmoved, was effectually checked in his mouth, and so mainly manifested itself at its corners where it struggled out a little-a-smile, peculiar to himself, which was often the forerunner of some mischievous prank. He loudly called for his sister, in response to which a brightly clad handsome girl in teens stepped gaily into his room.

"The best of your silk saris and the finest velvet jacket, please," cried Mohan in a hasty mood.

"Oh! I see! you are up to some mischief again," the girl said smiling.

In less than quarter of an hour a tall fine lady gracefully dressed in tip-top style, in a spangled scarlet sari, a rich fine glossy velvet jacket and bedecked with many a golden ornament set with sparkling diamonds, emerged out of the house. Without any fuss she jumped into a jukka kept waiting on the road and bade the man drive to the college.

When our lady arrived at the college the ceremony was approaching its termination and the president was nearing the conclusion of his speech in a every imposing manner. She was not long searching for a seat, for a young gentleman, quaintly dressed in a long black coat descending down to his knees, tight fitting drawers and crowned with a peculiarly and gracefully formed turban, perhaps captivated by the winning features of her lovely face of surpassing beauty with a few of her dark shining stray tresses streaming down her bewitching brow and dark blue eyes, sparkling with youthful mirth, ceremoniously offered her a seat beside him, which the lady was affable enough not to decline.

Hardly had she taken in everything of the pomp surrounding her, when a turn of her head revealed to her her entertainer, who staring her out of countenance, was

scrutinizing every lineament of her blooming face with evident marks of delight and gratification. Flushing deeply with a sense of feminine delicacy the shy lady cast down her eyes, whereupon the young gentleman deeming it indecorous, reluctantly withdrew his eyes from his intent fixure. When she raised her eyes she encountered her admirer eying askance at her. She could not receive his sly but sharp glance point-blank and so condescended to confront it with a look through the corners of her eyes, which had its marvellous effect on him. Their tacit glances mixed and out of the mixture sprang love which lightened up the countenances of both—what a striking analogy to the product of electric sparks!

The ecstacy of the couple engrossed in these romantic manoeuvres was disagreeably marred when the young gentleman started, on being suddenly called to attention by the Stentorian voice of the Principal announcing, "Shakuntala—First prize in fancy dress competition—a gold medal." He advanced to receive his prize amidst an uproar of laughter. His responding to a feminine name and the merriment occasioned thereby awakened some misgivings and apprehensions relative to the sex of the prize-winner in the breast of the lady in whom he took unusual interest.

But these were however quelled and dispelled when he contrived to convince her that he simply played the role of "Shakuntala" in the scene from a drama enacted by the fellow-students.

When the function closed the young gentleman chivalrously offered her a ride in his coach up to her house, that was situated on the way to his. But the lady at first thankfully rejected the proposal though she evinced several signs which, belying her words, testified to her great inclination for having that pleasure and in the end was easily prevailed upon to acquiesce.

In the coach the young gentleman was first to break the silence, which was with difficulty kept up for a long while, by giving utterance to the words that hovered about his lips ever since the lady first gleamed upon his sight. "Well! Lovely lady!" he faltered, "I—you—I thought—you know it's unkind of you, excuse me if there be any offence in my words, ma'am. You haven't given me your hand." Bending down her blushing face to hide the dimplings of a smile, she stretched out her hand, which was seized with remarkable promptness by the love-inspired gentleman, who pressed it warmly in his so tightly that the girl winced with pain; but presently he let it loose in a state of agitation for fear of being too demonstrative, at the same time saying ruefully, "Sorry".

"Why?" asked the girl amazed.

"For letting it go so soon," he replied in the same subdued sorrowful tone.

"Here, you can have it again, you may even kiss it if you like," said the benignant girl in a soothing voice, fixing a sympathetic look on his saddened face, which was kindled again with love by her words. His face was unwantonly brightened with an expression of love while kissing it and he scarcely believed his own ears when he heard the very same lady with whom he was head over ears in love, asking him fondly, "Do you love me?"

The effect was this—In a sudden outburst of tempestuous passion of love surging and seething in his bosom all the while, he threw his arms round the maiden and opened the flood gates of his amorous oration. "Oh! Divine Enchantress, descended down to the earth for the good of humanity! Oh! fairy from the Elfland! my soul's Empress and delight! Doubt you my loving! My heart, my life, my everything I sacrifice for thy one sweet smile. I am thy superlative slave....."

He gradually drew his arm-encircled maiden nearer and nearer and pressing her to his bosom impressed a thousand kisses on both of her cheeks till they reddened. She made no resistance and showed no reluctance. Blood tingled in his veins with excess of rapture and whatever the girl might have felt, it could not be doubted that he felt himself in Eden.

Now happened the funniest and most amazing succession of things.

The lady, in whom a keen eye never fails to detect Mr. Mohan in disguise, now finding that she had experienced too much of malicious mirth at the other's expense and yielding to injunctions of the conscience not to presume too far on the imbecility of the distracted lover, threw off her veil and wig and revealed herself triumphantly as Mr.

Mohan at once to the utter amazement, amusement and mutilation of the lover. The lover was not long lost in astonishment but stood a while smiling at the penultimate exultation of Mohan which was doomed to give way presently to the unpleasant feelings his prank had roused in his victim and gloating over the fair prospect of a nice retaliation. In his turn to startle the other and display a greater wonder, he cast off his antiquated turban which carefully concealed the black shining plaits and lent the appearance of manliness to the attractive feminine features of the rich haired shapely head of a charming woman.

"Who is the fool now?" cried the lady after completely casting off her male's guise with a sharp smile in a voice bespeaking feelings between those of a tragedy and a comedy.

"I am really Shakuntala," she continued, "who won the prize for the successful feint of a man." "How marvellously did I sham man's love! I have excelled you in my practical joke. Would to God you haven't been my victim!"

"What a master stroke of joke would it have been, if you were a real male!"

"Alas! I am victor—victim now."

"Dear girl! Don't feel sorry. It is something like tit for tat. After all it makes not much difference, we can continue lovers still if we wish" said Mr. Mohan with a boisterous smile.

"So be it," said Miss. Shakuntala with a shy seductive smile dancing in her lips. "My love! now I repay the kisses I owe you", so saying he fondly drew her near and smothered her with kisses.

"I hear Jinks is always setting a trap for his wife."

"How awful! Jealousy, I suppose?"

"No, mice!"

"I took up this game," the hopeless novice said apologetically to his caddy, "merely to practise self-control."

"You ought to have gone in for caddying, sir."

Jean: "Mabel says she likes the tone of Percy's voice."

Jane: "Yes, she thinks there's a ring in it."

First: "There goes Mrs. Suburban-Ayres. They say every penny her husband gets goes on her back."

Second: "Poor man! He must have been out of work when that gown was made."

"How was it you broke your engagement with Evelyn?"

"Well, I only did to the engagement what it did to me!"

"Dear heart, will you love me when my hair turns grey?"

"Why not? I've loved you from black through henna to platinum, already."

Wilkes had a serious complaint to make to his landlord.

"It's the people in the flat above me!" he stormed. "They won't give me a minute's peace. This morning at one o'clock they were jumping up and down on the floor as hard as they could. I won't put up with such behaviour. It's an outrage!"

The landlord looked sympathetic.

"They woke you up, I presume?" he inquired.

The victim shook his head.

"No. I hadn't gone to bed."

"Ah! You were working late?"

"Yes. I was practising on my saxophone!"

"A FRUIT OF FAILURE"

[An excellent tale to cure a mind that delights in failure—Ed.]

— BY C. S. R. —

SUBRAMANIAN and Nathan were fellows of the same Alma Mater and were bosom chums. They came far away from their native village for the prosecution of higher studies and took up their quarters in a locality free from the din and bustle of the metropolis. They began their academical career like two lovely berries moulded on one stem and also as if their hands, their sides, voices and minds had been incorporate. For a long time, they lived happily like two singing birds.

Right opposite to their lodge and not far away from it, there was a house. It was a large handsome stone-building, standing well on a rising ground and backed by a ridge of higher woody hills; and in front a stream of some natural importance was swelled into greater but without any artificial importance. Its banks were neither formal nor falsely adorned.

That building came to be occupied by a young, handsome lady of a very large fortune. Unfortunately for Nathan, she kept up virginity. Ever since she came to that house, Nathan spared no time or energy to have a glimpse of that comely appearance. At first Rajam (for that was her name) too "gave strange sallies and most speaking looks." Encouraged by this, Nathan doted upon her like a monomaniac. But he was not destined to do so for long. For Rajam's uncle, Ramamurthy, had a slight inkling into the state of affairs, and thereafter, he took on himself the duty of sentry-go.

Nathan was not a victim of the passive kind. One day, "when Cynthia checked her dragon yoke gently over the monumental oak," he set out to see Rajam. But, as was always the case, her house was closed. He anticipated the disappointment. It was the most difficult house into which to gain entrance. He heard; not Rajam's voice, but the barking of a dog, which was renewed each time, he came near the gate. Nathan had almost determined to remain there until the next morning, until the next evening, until Rajam came out. He would not have hesitated to say to her uncle, if he had met "I love your niece. Guard her more strictly than ever."

He returned to his lodge and threw himself on a rug. There, being no longer afraid of being seen, or ever heard, he rolled over and over, roaring and yelling.

Nathan was one of those who loved after the manner of lions. He used to think at times "Villain Cupid is merciless towards me."

Subramanian, on seeing the sudden transformation over his long-cherished pal, enquired after him and understood the cause of his friend's agony. With all his might and main, he advised him to desist from his vain efforts and endeavours. Nathan began to consider his friend as an encumbrance to him and said, "I believe you mean well to me, though you have spoken too freely.....yet I have heard my mother praise, you," he went on after a pause,

"for your sense and fidelity. But I do not approve of your intervention in a matter purely personal to me." Subramanian then remembered a line from Pope, "What dire offence from amorous causes springs," and kept silent.

But alas! a sad disappointment awaited him. Rajam was wedded to one thick-skulled and wooden-headed gentleman, who was a mortal foe of Nathan. Then only Nathan realized that his messages of love were in vain. A few days after the ceremony, Rajam was taken to her father-in-law's house. It was, indeed, a great shock to him, crushing down all hopes and ambitions.

Meanwhile Nathan received an anonymous letter asking him to visit the sluice house near a dilapidated shrine. At first, he got, afraid, but mustering up courage, decided to go over there. He ventured forth heroically, but was caught and bound to a pillar by the accomplished rascal, Ramamurthy, who, however, was foiled in his bloody attempts at the last moment by the opportune arrival of Subramanian and his assistants.

Examination drew near. Nathan was, occasionally, lost in trances. His friend, Subramanian, was ever at his disposal. Nathan did not care for his studies. He fared miserably in the test and when the results were announced, Nathan alone failed.

Thus, Nathan, like a weather-beaten vessel, finding no shore, pulled on. The pangs of separation from his belle was too much to bear. The old confident Epicureanism deserted him, the belief that men are architects of their own fortunes. His health began to be shaken and his flushed cheek and wandering eye to show signs of a brain fever. Before long, he went stark mad.

Subramanian, like a true and faithful friend, came to his succour. He sat beside him and ministered to his wants. At last, Nathan was nursed back to recovery. Subramanian heard of Nathan's debts and, without his knowledge, liquidated them.

Then came the turning point in Nathan's career. Hitherto, there had been a feeling of revulsion, but he felt that his place was beside his friend. He was chastened and purged of all sins. He was ashamed of his past conduct towards Subramanian and craved his pardon.

Nathan prospered well as a business man. Subramanian, too, soon joined him. He loved a good, honest woman, Janaki, daughter of a well-known merchant and remained true to her, though there was a delay in their engagement. Nathan's misogynistic outbursts received much colour from his own experiences. He kept up celibacy till the end of his life. The two young friends' love was reintegrated; only death parted them.

The MAIL ORDER HUSBAND By H.A.

MISS Padma was listlessly reading through the pages of the daily newspaper. Just as she was going to drop it on the table, her eyes fell on the following advertisement "Madras Marriage Bureau undertakes all sorts of transactions regarding marriages. Apply with two anna stamps to Post Box No. 001 Madras."

Padma paused over the advertisement, re-read it and pondered over the matter. She had vaguely heard, how girls in America were getting husbands

the advertisement promised some romance outside the pages of a novel, and Padma thought that it would be great fun to give a trial to this mail order business. The next day she became one of the clients of the Bureau.



a widower with three unmanageable children was suitor number one.

by applying to Marriage Bureaus and Marriage Alliance Societies, who always strive to find the best mates for their clients. She had never thought that the same conditions would come to pass in India also. But fortunately or unfortunately, India had become more civilised than the West itself in matters like these. Look for example, with what fervour attempts were being made to establish birth control clinics in Madras. Any how

Padma, I may as well tell you now, was in those days a post graduate student in the Research College. Born of wealthy parents with up to date ideas on social matters, she was free to choose for herself the partner of her life. And what better means for this purpose, than the Marriage Bureau which could supply her with a large number of eligible husbands? A few days later, the suitors began to arrive.

The first was a man who had had enough of matrimony. A widower who had already lost two wives with three unmanageable children on hand: this gentleman was looking for a wife who would be an admirable mother to the motherless children, and manage the affairs of his household in his native village. Was Padma the girl to throw to the winds the pleasures of a city life, and the advantages obtained through college study to lead the drab life of being the third wife of a rural Zemindar however wealthy he may be? Exit suitor number one.

The next candidate was a young man of twenty-five years, just England returned, and a blooming I. C. S. Top hatted, a spaniel at his heels, a "Gold Flake" in his mouth and smelling with just a touch of "King George IV," he made his obeisance to Padma. Padma had no grudge against some western habits like a cropped head and even smoking, but she thought drinking alcohol a bit too far and kindly declined the addresses of the young I. C. S.

The third suitor was a government officer who was on the verge of retirement from service, but still young so far as his heart was concerned and susceptible to the charms of women. Having a married wife of his own at home, he had no objection to a discreet love affair on the sly. Would Padma consent? She was righteously indignant and, with a few well chosen words, made the old man understand that she would not be a prey to a debauchee.

The fourth of this strange group, who should he be but my friend Kuppuswami Sastri. A Sanatanist to the core, he would not miss by a minute his daily ablutions. Just as he was making his proposals to Padma, he saw the sun going down and down in the Golden West and the hour of the evening Sandya approach. Forthwith he bolted away from Padma's presence, his marriage proposal unfinished.

The fifth candidate who brought up the rear of this strange company of wooers, was a member of the Financial Civil Service. Well versed was he in the art of love, having learnt most of it from the cinemas, and loving Anglo Indian girls was his speciality. As soon as he was ushered into Padma's presence he flung himself

upon her violently calling her "My Darling." But all that he received for his trouble was a good spank on his cheek from Padma.

Exeunt the suitors.

"The denouement?" You ask "And where do I come in?"

Well here it is.

The debate waxed eloquent in my room as to who ultimately would win Padma's hands, suitors, 2, 3 and 5



.....he had no objection to a discreet love affair on the sly.

were the disputants, and I lay huddled up in my easy chair hearing them vent their spleen on Padma. Five different types of people, said they, had failed and now there was none forthcoming to seek her hand. "Why don't you try your luck in the game?" asked laughingly my young I. C. S. friend, second of the suitors. I, as you know, am a hybrid, half and half in everything and while adopting western habits in the methods of earning my livelihood, remain entirely orthodox in

vagant demands for dresses, dramas and cinemas? My meagre salary is not sufficient enough even for my personal expenses, let alone the idea of supporting a wife on it. There is some comfort however in the thought that my wealthy uncle is on the verge of death, and as I am his sole heir, I inherit all his riches. The day of his death would be the day of my happiness, for then, I can marry Padma. A nice kind of nephew, am I not?

**KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
FUNNY Magzin.**

IT MAY BRING YOU A PRIZE.

For particulars see Wrapper page.

the affairs connected with my home. Possibly Padma was looking for just this sort of a husband who retained the simplicity of age old Hindu customs while imbibing the saner influences of western civilisation. These thoughts determined my course of action and I also proposed to Padma. As I anticipated she has accepted my suit.

But, and this is a big but, where is the money to come from, to support the educated wife with all her extra-

Thrifty.

Metavish bought a new cash register. One day a friend entered the shop and bought a sixpenny cigar. To his surprise he noticed that the shop-keeper placed the sixpence in his pocket instead of in the register.

"Why don't you ring it up?" he asked. "Aren't you afraid of forgetting it?"

"I'll not forget it," said Metavish. "Ye ken I keep track of it in my head until I get five shillings, then I ring it up. It saves wear and tear of the machine."

Business as Usual.

Jones was a draper's apprentice. At night he shared a bed with one of the other assistants.

One bitterly cold night, the latter awoke to find that all the bedclothes had been removed, neatly folded, and placed in a pile.

His bedfellow, still asleep, was sitting on the edge of the bed, shivering, and saying: "And what else can I show you, madam?"

Her Christmas Present.

The young married woman was sitting at her writing desk. There was a pen in her hand and a piece of paper was stretched out before her. She looked worried.

"Let me see," she murmured. "I want the bedroom walls papered, and I must have new electric lights in the lower rooms. The dining-room wants painting. The both-room will want re-tiling, and I'd like oak panelling in the hall."

"To whom are you writing?" asked her husband.

"To the landlord, of course."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you were sending a note to Santa Claus!"

Mistress (to new maid): "I hope, Ann, you won't copy the things I wear."

Maid: "Oh, no, ma'am. I like my things up-to-date."

RELIEF IN DISTRESS.

—BY V. S. SRINIVASAN, B.A.—

AFTER wandering aimlessly for nearly an hour along the banks of the swollen river, in Coimbatore, and instinctively avoiding the light from the lamps in the avenue, feeling suddenly tired she climbed with very great difficulty to the top of a tree. She sat with her face towards the river her legs dangling in the air. From below the river came the dark rumblings of the running water in whose black depths were reflected the ill-lit lamps of the Municipality with a continuous serpentine quivering. Not a sound was heard not a glimmer from the houses opposite. The air was chill and biting. There was a universal silence enveloping the whole atmosphere.

It was past 8 p. m. Ram Mohan was returning hastily from his evening walk, along the thick-pleached alley. A bachelor still, of medium build with well-formed muscles due to a vigorous exercise both morning and evening, Ram Mohan had gone for games away from the stifled atmosphere of the heart of the town. It was rumoured that he belonged to the royal line that ruled Tanjore but no traces of the royalty could be found around him except the tattered finery which he preserved as the remembrance of his forefathers' long-forgotten greatness. Besides, one is not bold to assert how far it is true of his love affair with a stage-actress in whose set-up trap he was dragged and cheated out of his fortunes in the end. From

that day it is said that he set his face against anything feminine, and believed them to be incarnation of all that is wicked in the world. For the present he was working as an assistant in one of the local chemical shops.

The hasty steps were brought to a dead halt and his attention was diverted. There was a thud, the falling of something heavy from a great height. In an instant he ran to the spot wherefrom the noise proceeded. He focussed his torch to the grey waters of the rolling stream. There was a mass of floating weed slowly moving. He understood in an instant they were the flowing locks of a maiden. He lost no time in staring. He plunged into the river. The current was so strong that it carried him far below the starting point, and with a strained effort he had to swim back to the shore, with a fair form held high above the water.

She opened her eyes. A frantic terror possessed her. The room was dim, and the stifling enveloping silence was unbearable. The dark panelled stair-case was faintly lit by the flickering light in the room. She felt something strange about her. She recognised that a face was peering over her dark unsteady and beady eyes. She waved her hand to get a cup of water, and Ram Mohan brought it in the passing of a second. After two gulps she came to her normal senses from the delirium, asked the only inmate nursing her, "Sir, Where am I?"

Ram Mohan finding a saner look in her eyes, was relieved to find her utter a few words and he was sure of her recovery. He touched her forehead with his forefingers

and in a light vein of consolation "Madam! You are safe in my little cottage. But I would like to ask you one thing. What drove you to such a hasty action, was it mere whim, or pain, or disappointed love. Please let me know where your home lies, and you shall be safe there in a second. I first thought that your fall was accidental, but it could not be; at that late hour it was only a deliberate attempt to self-immolation."

"Sir, excuse me for the trouble I gave you, but it is not worth the candle. It would have been better had you allowed me to be carried off by the current. It would have saved further trouble. Life had been too much for me. It was too horrible for me to ever remain in the clutches of perpetual widowhood. It is unthinkable, the prospect of being put to an ever-lasting torture without hope, or salvation. Rather death than this. It is nothing



— a fair form held high above the water —

January 5, 1934

LOVE ON THE MARINA

— BY CHARLOO —

THIS world is full of them—people who pretend to be what they are not and claim to be something superior to their original selves and shine in the glorious borrowed plumes. They are so pre-occupied in their intent to keep up appearances, with certain perspective ideas in view, that they soon become disillusioned about the gullibility of others and they themselves fall a prey. If you doubt the veracity of this, please hear my friend Somari's adventures and be convinced.

Somarinath, or Somari as we called him, was a man about town. Employment was his pet aversion and the employed he looked down upon with sneering contempt. He had a glib tongue and lived by his brains. He was a wily fellow well-known to the red-turbans (or Khaki hats) and got into scrapes for the mere pleasure of the adventure and got out of them before you could say 'HOOT.'

Times were getting worse, and people too 'foolish' to be taken in, and he was becoming a back number. He hated publicity and hence was not a member of any "Underground Society." He was a gentleman among crooks and believed strongly in 'SELF-HELP.'

He had a flashy exterior with a charming smile which went to your heart. He gained your confidence, gave you his, and hit you nicely between the eyes when the opportunity occurred. But, as I remarked, he was not posted currently with the latest improvements and additions to the Science of 'LIVING ON OTHERS FREE.'

but irony that I was born in this world. Dear Sir, I was told that I was married a long time ago, and I was so unfortunate as to lose my husband the next year. I am barely seventeen now. I am from time to time reminded of the curse of widowhood, and the piercing taunts of my step-mother, and the indifference and callousness of my father drove me to this end. I hear many say that my very presence is an indication of the unsuccessful termination of anything auspicious. So I earnestly pray you to throw me once again into the same turbulent river, or devise some means to get rid of me."

When she finished her sorrowful tale, tears trickled down her cheeks in such a profuse manner, Ram Mohun could not but feel sincerely for the poor soul. The chemist's heart moved. A strange sense of chivalry came to his aid. He muttered within himself 'how wretched society is! Let the curse of Cain go down upon the advocates of unprincipled orthodoxy. They were about to ruin the life of one of the worthies of the world. She neither lacks beauty nor riches. She seems to be a queen of herself. She can remain with me. I scorn public criticism. She is a virgin.'

His iron-will of celibacy gave way to the warm piercing darts of love. Would Sarasa accept him?

and as such his box of tricks wouldn't help him this time. Hence he was forced to have recourse to some practical plan as he considered it demeaning to bow one's head to the 'master' for a mere pittance. He racked his head for a plan.

In this mood, he was wandering aimlessly on the Marina, unconscious of the beauties of Nature, when he



— days of honey moon: a heaven of bliss —

captured an angel seated in a deck-chair on the sands by the side of the Lovers. Walk deeply engrossed in the latest issue of the 'Funny Magzin.' (Please note the simplified spelling).

The work of Nature was best visible on the person of that ravishing creature and she was a gem of the fair

January 5, 1934

FUNNY MAGZIN

sex. With clear cut features, an aquiline nose, an oval face, a noble head covered with a mop of silky curls set on an alabaster-white throat, with none of the modernness about her, not past her teens and in the full bloom of youth, would make any one crazy. She was like a Goddess enthroned among the motley crowd which disfigures the haunts of the Marina, and her charm and discerning fashion, combined with that appealing air of simplicity, made her look a veritable Psyche. Besides, gossip ever busy whispered that she was a rich heiress.

Somari had heard of her but knew her only faintly. It seemed a chance not to be missed and especially for one who was down on his luck. He approached her by slow degrees and seated himself on the sands near her. In a few minutes they became fast friends as if they had known each other a life time. The blissful fragrance wafting from her and the musical ringing voice that thrilled through and through one's being completed the undoing. He capitulated.

The love affair proceeded with rapid strides and of an evening they could be seen conversing in that dulcet Sotto Voce which is very convenient and delightful to lovers. But as if by common consent they were reticent about their real state of affairs and not a word escaped them that would have altered the course of events. But FATE when once it puts its mark it sees that the victim does not escape.

The happy day came off with great eclat and then only did Somari feel relieved, being sure of firm ground. He was moved to a false sense of security by the feeling of having gained for himself by his wily machinations an unlimited resource. His fertile imagination created for him a paradise on earth with a glorious and prosperous future, a beautiful bungalow, cars and servants to wait at his bidding standing out prominently and vividly. He could see himself rolling on noiselessly in a luxuriously upholstered Daimler Sedan, with an ideal seraph of beauty by his side.

The few days of the honeymoon passed in a heaven of bliss, with no cloud to mar their joy or no bitterness to nauseate their cup of felicity.

With all their cleverness they did not suspect each other of duplicity or 'stage acting.' All would have gone on peacefully, but the ghosts of their past rose up to disturb it in the garb of some to whom they were, at some time or other, indebted.

Their debts had gathered huge proportions and threatened to entangle them in their coils like the tentacles of an octopus and suck them alive. They were upset and had nobody to whom they could turn for help.

The dramatic suddenness with which the end loomed so near to blight their hopes, more heinous by the false assurance of safety enjoyed by them, drove them to the necessity of putting their heads together, and the denouement of the drama of deception, played by each on the other, came to light.

When they tacked down to facts they had to drop their disguises and their helplessness and duplicity were revealed in all its grimness.

The angelic beauty, her teens, Mosadevi, she was known, was a toothless old lady, past middle age renovated by the art of make up, so obvious in execution as to defy detection or the closest scrutiny.

Our Somari, with a polished exterior, and youth, was a penniless beggar on the wrong side of fifty, the transparency of his features and the glow of boyhood proved the limit of the fertility of his brain, helped by the innate graceful demeanour and refined courtesy of manner.

Each trying to outwit the other, they had outwitted themselves and found the biter was bit in his turn.

Both are, I understand, hatching a plot and whose turn it will next be is not known, and so dear Editor and Reader, be careful of the person who accosts you and do not be duped by the attractiveness of a polished exterior.

A man who owned a dilapidated motor-car took it to a garage for the night, and was shocked when the proprietor told him the fee would be a pound.

"Why a pound?" he asked. "I shall come for it in the morning."

"Ah," said the garage proprietor, "that's just it, Will you come?"

"I thought of giving my uncle a hundred cigars like these. Can you think of anything he would like better?"

"Yes, fifty."

Policeman: "Why are you stopping? You can't park here."

Driver: "I've got a flat tyre. I ran over a bottle about a mile back."

"Couldn't you see it and drive round it?"

"No, the fool had it in his hip pocket."

She: "I read a book last night that carried me right back to my childhood."

He: "Yes, these modern books go pretty far."

Friend: "Hey, Aladdin! What have you got to drink?"

Aladdin (rubbing his famous lamp): "I'll find out. There ought to be some djinn in the house."

"What's the fastest growing thing in the world?"

"Fish."

"Yes?"

"Dad caught one once and it grows six inches every time he tells about it."

CATCHING THE TRAIN

— BY M. L. S. —

I believe you will agree with me when I say that catching the train is a difficult matter. To catch a cold is nothing, but to catch a train requires some experience—if you happen to travel third. When this initial task is accomplished, the rest is—easy running. The pity of it is that whenever you find you have some urgent business elsewhere and it is imperative that you should leave by a particular train you find that there are others who have already forestalled you, monopolising every inch of space. Some festival somewhere or other, or a mere shandy—and people must simply be going to attend them.

Compared to what is in store, purchasing a ticket is an easy affair. Beyond a bruised arm and some pressure which puts the wind up, you are safely out of it. Congratulating yourself on your providential escape you set off gleefully to the platform, the porter following you with your sixty-pounds-weight trunk and the unusually bulky load passing muster for a bedding, when you are promptly stopped by the ticket-examiner who eyes you and your belongings doubtfully. "They must be weighed," he says. You protest, importune, beg. "It's really nothing—Under weight—", and so on in the same strain, whilst the more fortunate among the passengers pass you by to crowd the already-overcrowded train.

Finally you emerge out victorious and run for a seat.

Hurriedly you go the entire length of the train vainly looking for that inch of space which you are sure would be enough for you and your belongings.

But No.

A sea of hard faces stare at you menacingly from each and every window, but that inch of space is not there, or if it is there you cannot see it. In sheer desperation you get hold of the nearest door-handle and vigorously push it in.

"No Room," thunder a dozen voices at the same time. But if you are wise you simply refuse to believe it.

Now follows a tug of war, those within trying to shut the door and you trying to push it in. This can't last long.

Either you give in and pass on to the next door-handle comforting yourself with the thought that one to twenty is too high a stake, or they give up the game.

Having succeeded in gaining a foot hold—literally—you scan the whole compartment. Sure enough those inside were right when they shouted "No room". There really is not space even to drop in the proverbial pin. The compartment announces in bold characters, "To seat 25." Fortunately for you it is silent about its standing capacity. The others now confess themselves beaten and are sullenly watching your next move. But really there is no scope for you to move. The floor, not to speak of the benches, is strewn with humanity. Another step—and it is somebody's head or stomach. But you cannot be standing for long on one leg. You take the chance and with a mighty heave swing in. Five pairs of hands and an equal number of feet receive you with 'open arms and feet' and you now proceed to settle down comfortably when you are reminded that you are sitting on somebody's feet.

Oh brother, why should people be getting their feet with them in the compartment? They are the most unmanageable part of the human anatomy anywhere. With feelings not pleasant you witness your trunk being conveniently converted by some into a seating accommodation for three and your bedding for an equal number.

You are deemed to spend the night thus, sleepless. But does that matter? Not in the least. The main fact remains that you have caught the train. With all this, human nature is such that at the next station you are the very first to shout down the unfortunate passenger trying to push his way into your compartment.

But in the matter of this train-catching business the patience of the villager is remarkable. You will find

him at almost every station, having arrived there from, say, a village 20 miles away, the previous evening or that morning, of course on foot, with his wife and six children and with about six head-loads of pots, pans and what-nots judiciously distributed amongst them. Once at the station they make themselves comfortable, their part of doing the journey is over and now it is the railway's part. The next train is 'to-morrow.' Never mind, they can wait, and will. In due course the train is announced, tickets are purchased—what a shame the railway companies do not show a concession—not even a quarter anna for betel leaves on such wholesale purchases—and then the eventful hour, nay, the eventful minute, for the train stops there only a minute. All the doors are closed, 'What a pity.' Ah, there is a door opened and somebody is getting out. "Come on everybody, quick." In a trice father, mother and the little mites are at it, the pots and pans slightly impeding them and before you have time to say, 'Villager, the next compartment is empty', three loadful of pots and pans have been deposited on your feet with a fourth one on its way, while all the while the rustic walking-stick from under the villager's arm is playfully caressing your cheek in dangerous proximity to your eyes.

It is no good getting angry in spite of your swollen feet. The villager did not really mean it and if you're hurt he is sincerely sorry. The fact is that he had never really been hurried so before and what could you expect from such a one? Only a minute's stop? What an unimaginative Railway Administration! He needs at least half an hour to do the job properly. Once safely inside, the children are counted, Perumal, Govindu, Pachai.

Ah! where is Mottai? Mottai, true to his name, peeps from underneath two bundles of what-nots revealing his shiny head. "Oh, God, all are safe."

Then the parting injunction to the relatives gathered on the platform, 'Not to let loose the cow,' and 'for the rest as had already been told,' with the inevitable rejoinder—invariably ignored—to drop a card as soon as the destination is reached. One of life's major troubles had been got over unscathed. The villager had CAUGHT THE TRAIN.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

— C. S. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A. —

MOST people think, rightly or wrongly, that is the question—that when a man or woman reaches the age called marriage, eternal, or rather elysium happiness becomes his or her sole birthright. As for my part, marriage was for a long time like waters of a lake in hell and myself like Tantalus afflicted with a raging thirst. My legal union with Miss Janaki was not intended to be one of real happiness.

When wedded it was my wife's desire that I should dispense with the bachelor-day hang-overs of my constitution. And I considered it quite wrong and selfish of a young wife to resent these incursions into married life. I had to choose between these two alternatives—my wife or my friends. This was the straining point in our otherwise happy relationship.

With the advent of my wife into the house, Janaki became the Chancellor of Exchequer of the Home Department. My creditors began to increase by leaps and bounds. That a husband is liable for his wife's debts is an accepted principle of law. My wife was young, rather flighty and anxious always to dress better than her friends. She was fully aware of my financial position; yet she purchased new saris with big border and lace. My house was a rendezvous for fruiterers. Oranges, apples, pine-apples were largely purchased on credit. And when I returned home from office, I found myself environed with a thousand creditors, "two annas for me and ten annas for me" and so on.

Divorce, after all, why not? thought I. "No divorce is possible as long as the present mode of Government exists. What if I posed myself a second Manu and wrote down a Law of Divorce? What if I became another Henry VIII and brought about another Reformation, taking law into my own hands?"

It was past five in the evening of 21st Sept, '23, when I sat meditating

on this much-vexed problem. Friends began to pour in, for it was time for the tea to be ready. I was too restrained to mention about "her wearing the breeches" even to my old companions. After tea, they sat on and on chatting happily until my wife armed with a broom in one hand and cow-dung water in the other, cried out, "Fickle creatures, you men! You know only one law: EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY. You are of no use to the Mother Earth—rather an encumbrance to her."

Day crept after day and week after week. It happened on one Sunday. A new film called "KISSING AS AN ART AND ITS VALUE" was to be screened on that day in the local theatre. I was a regular picture-goer. I took my wife also this time only to avoid the display of her verbal fireworks.

After paying the modest rupee at the booking-office, I purchased tickets for the Reserved Seat. At 9-30 P. M. sharp, the play commenced. Rajeswari, the heroine, was seen assisting her old father in the field. She was fair, pale blonde—with incredibly white skin. She was cool, like running water. A dark figure was moving slowly towards the field with evil intentions, like Prince of darkness towards the New World called EARTH. There was something thoroughly savage in the manner of his expressions. Rajeswari was terribly afraid and her fear enabled her by a sudden effort to extricate herself and run fleetly from him. But the figure was nimble of feet and it was but fruitless expenditure of energy, for he had her in his encircling arms before she had gone a few yards.

"Darling, will you have the unkindness to run away from me, who loves you as well as any drawing-room gallant?"

"I would!" replied she, struggling to free herself. "I will. Help!"

"A fine, pretty one, from your lips" said the figure. "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Help! help!" As she screamed thus, a shout was heard in answer.

"Thank Heaven!" cried the girl.

A masked cavalier rushed towards the field at breakneck speed. Before the figure had time to utter "mother" the man on the horse-back gave it a hearty send-off to the other world.

The horse-man was none other than Jayaram, the hero. The eyes of the heroine met those of the hero. What happened next? When the seal of love was registered on her lips, it was as though he had gone into a garden early and pressed lightly against his lips the cold, unresponsive petals of a lily.

Janaki, roused into corresponding passion, turned towards me, who was seated beside her and what.....Kissed. I was not aware of her lips even. A kiss became a complete submergence of self. It was lost in passion. How long we remained in that posture, readers can surmise when I say only shouts of "Good Night" brought us to senses. It was in the cinema theatre that Janaki for the first time experienced the pleasures of married life.

We came out of the theatre hand in hand.

After that incident we never quarrelled. Rather, she chided herself for her former folly. Thereafter the sense of inharmony never persisted. My domestic bliss was never at a low ebb. Chums came and went unmolested. I began to call marriage—a luxury that all bachelors should covet. The wife became my wife.

"A good marriage is worth any sacrifice to maintain," became my watch-word.....or is it sentence?

"Waiter, never bring me a steak like this again."

"But why not, sir?"

"Well, it simply isn't done."

"I want some grapes for a sick friend."

"Yes, sir. Here's a nice bunch at four-and sixpence."

"Oh! He's not as sick as that."

An Open Letter to:

MAHATMA GANDHI

As a SANATANIST would put it.

(With apologies to Wrangler.)

DEAR MAHATMAJI,

You are a danger to public peace. Not satisfied with your pernicious propaganda against our old-established religion, you are going about fleecing money from innocent people. I don't see any reason why the money should be given to you when we can put it to better use by making jewels for our idols or palanquins for our religious heads. Your extortion is not confined to money alone. Our women-folk have parted with their jewellery while under your influence. Do you realise that the jewels were made with our hard-earned money, and at the present price of gold?

You drag people out of their beds at all sorts of unholy hours. You did so when you came here. All of us flocked to the Central Station. Why? To receive you? No! We were there only to have a look at the person who has set out to destroy the invincible Sanatana Dharma. And what was the result? After standing in the Sun for hours, we got ourselves crushed and bruised and lost some of our belongings including our heads (this of course speaking figuratively). Had you not here come would the capacity of central station have been tested so severely? Is it not your fault that we crowded there? Hundreds of people arrive at the station everyday. Do we go to see them? No! They do not attempt to besmirch the fair name of ageless Hinduism as practised by Sanatanists.

You have disbanded your Ashram and now that you have no home, you have begun globe-trotting. But we do not object to your tour. What we insist upon is that you confine yourself to mere sight-seeing.

It is when you begin to bully us into allowing our castes into temples (the idea!) that we resent your anti-religious encroachment. We do not object to your entering the temples. We are prepared to allow you even an inch farther than the prescribed limit if you don't have an unapproachable up your

sleeve. (This of course is figurative. We know you don't wear a shirt; nor do we allow people with shirts into the temples). But if you bring your paraphernalia of what you call "Harijans," we will bolt the door and put two additional locks on it.

The temple is ours. It is the stronghold of our Dharma. Does it occur to you that we make God live in the building by our Sastraic rituals? Rather, God has to take our permission to enter the temple. Suppose we did not build the temple and did not consecrate it, where would He be? He is our guest and we have our right to decide whom to allow and whom to bar.

One can understand if you plead curiosity on the part of that section of people whose entry into the temple you want to accomplish. We are prepared to exhibit the jewels and things of the temple to any person, irrespective of race or creed. To Viceroy, their sons and other distinguished visitors, we readily show the finery with which we glorify gods. Even if a "Harijan" comes to a position of importance, we will show him the jewels. For we justly take pride in displaying how we maintain our ritualism.

But you tread on thin ice when you plead that "Harijans" are like us and that they should be allowed into temples to worship God. We cannot but smile at your *naivete*. Whoever heard of using our temples as a place of public worship? "Harijans" also may be "Hindus". But we were the early birds. It is sanatanists who made "Harijans." "Harijanas" did not make us. Precedence is our right.

If you want "Harijans" to worship God, why come to us? We protest against the insinuation that we are using our temples as places of devotion and means of salvation. It is nothing but a business proposition to us. We gather there to break coconuts and split the proceeds. Our ladies meet

there to discuss the latest fashion in necklaces. Where is the place for a "Harijan" at such a highly technical gathering?

You may collect a crore of rupees. But if you think that we are going to yield to your unrighteous overtures, you are in for a big disappointment. You should know that our determination is harder than the stone with which the temples are built. We do not forget the fact that you are slowly undermining the edifice. But our beliefs which have not changed till now, and which we refuse to change even for the cause of what you call Truth, will guard us. You are ignoring signs of divine anger on you. Have you forgotten the recent cyclone? There were good rains in Madras before you came. But the sky dried up in disapproval when you arrived. Thus the elements themselves dislike your revolutionary propaganda.

If you want to absolve yourself of the sins you have committed in treating us like this, go to one of the temples and perform an *archana*. Remember to pay two annas to the priest.

Yours indignantly,
PRO-SANATANIST.

"Jones has a great wife. She takes his shoes off every night."

"When he comes home, eh?"

"No, when he wants to go out."

He: "Oh, you mustn't blame me for my ancestors."

She: "I don't. I blame them for you."

Smith: "I've got a little attachment here for your wireless."

Neighbour: "Thanks very much, Smith. Let's have a look at it. I'm always interested in something new."

Smith: "Well, it's just a brick and a yard of rope, and the river's the second turning on the right."

She: "You're the nicest boy I ever kissed."

He: "Tell that to the Marines."

She: "I have."

Girls! Girls!! Girls!!!

— BY P. G. S. RAJAN. —

NOW, now! Young man, why the hurry? Read the other articles first. Your haste will not heighten your character in the estimation of your girl friend, if she catches you now.

Wherefore the frown on thy shapely brow, young lady? Think you I am going to disparage your sex? As if one would have the courage! Reserve your judgment, charming maiden (this adjective should) and read on.

Having come to such amicable understanding, we shall now get on with the treatise. It is my intention here to treat this subject of girls in a purely psycho-metaphysical way, if you know what I mean. In particular I am going to speak about "The Girl Through The Ages," meaning, of course, the ages of between ten and twenty.

Rather a tough task, this girl business. You saw what a lot of confusion it caused even at the beginning. What is more, I have to write this without the knowledge of the domestic boss.

If I were to become a great dramatist—and why not?—I would make my plays quite snappy and I would have the Hollywood magnates crawling on their stomachs around my mansion. For instance, I would fix this ripping line as a climax to a soul-searing scene. How do you like this: "Deceit, Thy name is Damsel!"

(Here I would strongly advise that fair lady who has become indignant not to tear the Magazine. Why waste one and a half anna? Moreover, what about the puzzles?)

Now about that line. I would repeat it a million times even if all the girls turned the battery of the burning looks on me. Have we not seen how this girl's affair has side-tracked us from the main issue? And still we are miles away from the subject. No! we must make an effort. Where is our will-power? Where, indeed, I ask you, is our He-man instinct? Well, then, gather round all of you.

Three years back my little daughter was a very small baby. As a matter of fact she was born only then. And what do you think the world did? Was there a public holiday? Did poets rush to write a sonnet about her birth?

No!

There was a universal lack of sympathy in this unappreciative world of ours. When I packed my bag and was leaving for my wife's place, my grandmother fixed me with what she calls her eye: "What is the use? It is only a girl. You need not go." The oracle pronounced, and the journey was stopped. That is the attitude of the world towards the advent of a girl. Why this unchivalrous prejudice?

Why, I ask, as an avowed champion of the women's cause, this narrow-minded sex-

sectarianism? Unjust, quite inhuman! (here of course the girl-reader smiles).

Still, we can't get away from facts. It is for the Women's Conference to tackle this problem. They may, if they want, get a law enacted penalising those who do not make "whoopie" when a girl-child is born. But the author of this article stands by what he said about the incredible nature of girls. Let us look at ourselves.

To begin. When a man meets another man, he slaps the shoulder of the second ditto and exclaims "Say, old chap! You have not changed after all these years." The fact is perhaps man is less of a chameleon than woman. But girls!—Sh! Well, you know what they are.

Let us suppose that you, young man, go to your village after an absence of three years. You are the prize-boy of the home-town, and the whole hamlet gathers to receive you with an enthusiasm that would make any Viceroy jealous. Grandmothers, aunts, and a quantity of assorted girls (somehow it is the feminine side that turns out to receive the return of the native more often than the male side) gather round you and ask you a lot of questions as if you were a bungling Home-Member.

You furtively search in the crowd for your little girl-playmate whom you once pinched behind the ear, and played hide-and-seek with. Now you have brought a nice new toy for her together with some hair-ribbons. After a fruitless scrutiny, looking foolish, you

secretly enquire about her. One of the dames takes the initiative and supplies the answer in a tone that would easily spell the doom of the loud-speaker industry. "Oh! you mean Rajee! Why, she is going there. Didn't you see her?" You look as directed, but find only a young lady with a child in her arms. You are surprised—to put it mildly.

I can sympathise with you. These girls always grow up without letting you know. Unless you are abreast of the events in their career like marriage etc., you are in for trouble. These girls grow up over-night as it were, and become mothers when you least expect it. No wonder Mr. Sarada tried to prevent this (I suspect he had some embarrassing experiences) by law.

Never can I forget one occasion where I came within an inch of getting a black eye. Going home after an absence of some years in the metropolis, I went to the house of a girl friend of my childhood days and called out her name. I wanted to surprise her with some presents. A man—two sizes bigger than myself—appeared and demanded to know what the hell I meant by shouting about his wife. It is needless to say that I left the place with some speed. I should admit that the angry husband put the whole situation in a nut-shell.

Volumes have been written upon the behaviour of a girl who, having shed the mantle of childhood and assuming the overcoat of maidenhood, takes up the hatchet to smash men's hearts. Poets have raved about her. Keats, for

instance, could not look upon "the rose's dye, But to thy cheek my soul doth take its flight," And this, one notes with surprise, about a girl he saw for a few moments. It is all very well to write sonnets and send flowers to a girl. It is purely a matter of individual taste. But what is the use when the girl has 'deceit' written all over her face? My honest opinion is, if only these poet Johnnies did not work themselves into a fever about girls, we would not have had all this Suffragette movement and sex equality racket. Instead of showing women their proper place, these people have sung their praises with the result—No, I think I had better change the subject for a moment. I hear the tinkle of my wife's anklets.

Have you ever been in the midst of a number of young girls? I have, and, when I say I have, I say it with all the agony of my soul. Way back when I was hunting for a job, I had a mistaken notion, since knocked out of my head, that I should do well as a teacher. To this end I approached the deity concerned who offered to put me in a girls' school. With a complete lack of foresight, I agreed. I was duly appointed and found only a sea of girls, far as the eye could reach. It was my first day in the school, and incidentally the last. The girls were giggling. Suddenly I found that my neck-tie was too tight. I wonder how a fellow about to be hanged for a crime would feel if he is surrounded by an audience of giggling girls. I felt my face was hopelessly ugly and oily. I thought the girls had detected the rent in my shirt at the

back though how they could have seen it when my coat was on, I cannot for the life of me imagine. I attempted to address the class. But words seemed to be shy, I could not get even one word out of the throat beyond a vague sound resembling boiling rice.

When at length I tried to walk about the class nonchalantly, I tripped over a slate. There was loud applause and renewed laughter such as even a great orator could not have got. If only I am given an opportunity I would paint the then state of my soul in flaming words that would make you shed boiling tears. But I see the editorial blue pencil hovering over the head like the sword of the fellow whose name I can never spell aright.

After the experience in the girl's school I became a sort of an ascetic always avoiding girls. But unfortunately there has been a tendency in the family to develop itself mainly on the feminine side with the result that I have around me three aunts, one wife, (isn't one enough?) two grandmothers, and two daughters. A contemplation of this menagerie in relation to the ratio of the female population in our country naturally brought me to the subject of girls. Genius when confronted with an idea must write about it. While implying nothing I couldn't help writing this. So there you are. You can blame genius. But don't accuse me.

MORE OF OUR HONoured HERITAGE OF THOSE THAT COMMAND CHARITY



This Muslim brother of charity must have the small coin that he chooses to demand; his view of Mankind is a Brotherhood; as such he only stands upon his share;



Nor is this Hindu type easy to argue with; he stands before your door, and with a whip which will scare all human courage out of you, whips himself till he is given what he wants. Better days for them all!

PRIZE OF Rs. 10 for writing a Letter.

Can you write a letter?

Here is a competition for you. Write a letter to a friend appreciating the qualities of Funny Mag., and send it to the Competition Editor, "Letter's Competition," Funny Magzin, before January 15th. For the best letter received a sum of Rs. 10 will be awarded. The rest of the good letters will be published in our issue along with the names of the writers. You may send in any number of letters.

The examiner was questioning a candidate for the position of engine-driver.

"You are driving an engine down a steep incline at an excessive speed. What do you do?"

"Make a brake application," said the candidate.

"Doesn't act," shot back the examiner.

"Put brake handle into emergency position."

"Does not reduce speed sufficiently," went on the examiner.

"Reverse the engine and turn on steam," said the candidate.

"The wheels refuse to grip the metals."

"Pour sand on the metals."

"Sand is damp and won't pass through the pipes." The examiner put the question with an air of triumph.

"Now what do you do?"

"Let her rip. We've reached the level now."

Doctor: "You confess that you are bad-tempered. I suppose I need not tell you that science has discovered that your bad temper is caused by an ugly little microbe."

Patient: "For Heaven's sake, speak quietly, doctor. She's sitting in the next room."

"John," said the housewife to her husband, "while I'm out I want thee to paint the mangle. It'll keep thee out of mischief."

She returned some hours later and was surprised to find he wasn't in the scullery.

"Where are you?" she asked.

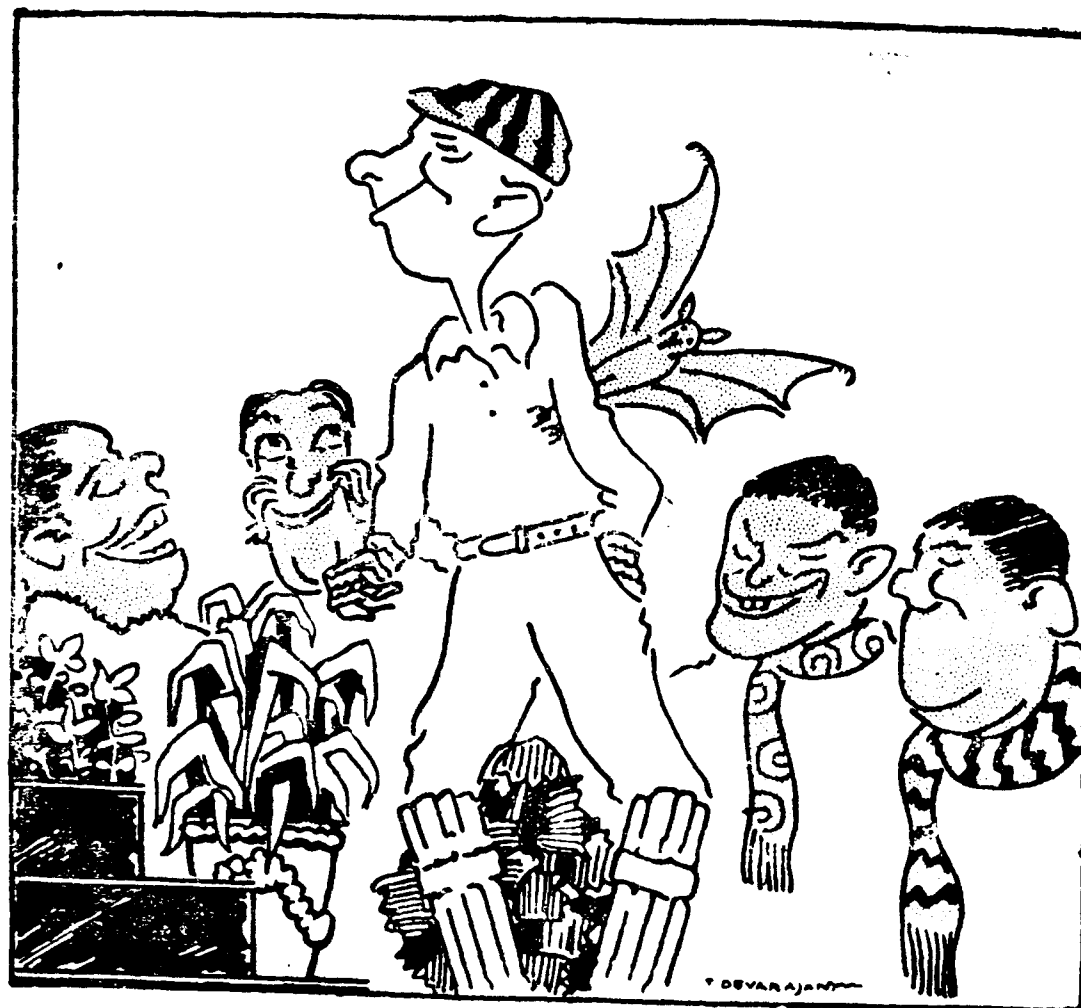
"Upstairs, Maggie," came the reply.

"What are ye doin' up there?"

"Paintin' mangle, of course."

"But what are you paintin' mangle upstairs for?"

"Well, because the paint was up here, lass."



Champion Batsman returns to pavilion bat in hand.

"Why in thunder can't you keep to the left of the road?"

"Why can't you?"

"Why the blazes can't the pair o' ye keep out of my back garden?"

A Scotsman holding an important job in the city was always being twitted by an English friend about his nationality. By a curious chance the two met on holiday.

"Hallo," chaffed the Englishman, "how on earth is your office managing to get on without you?"

"Fairly well," answered the Scot, cautiously. "You see, I left two Englishmen and four Welshmen in my place."

"Could you give us a song?" the chairman asked the amateur tenor at the banquet.

"With pleasure—but is this the time for it?"

"Yes: we want the room cleared so that it can be got ready for dancing."

Teacher (to bring out the idea of size): "Mention a difference between an elephant and a flea."

Tommy: "Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

"And who were the first man and woman, dear?"

"Adam—"

"Yes, dear, Adam and—?"

"Adam and—Madam."

Wife: "Isn't it wonderful to think of the thousands of turkeys being eaten to-day, and in Noah's time there were only two!"

Husband (in difficulty over carving)

"Yes, I wonder what became of the other!"

"My wife says that if I were to die she would remain a widow."

"Evidently she thinks there's not another man in the world like you."

"On the contrary, she's afraid there may be, and that she'd get him."

Robson: "What prompted you to ask Miss Frivvell to be your wife?"

Hobson: "I think Miss Frivvell prompted me more than anything else."

MY KINGDOM FOR A CALENDAR

— BY BABU —

HISTORY does repeat itself. New year comes every year, with regular monotony. It has come this year too. The worst of it is that there is nothing new about this New Year. It is the same old year of twelve months or three hundred and sixty-five days. The same festivals, feasts and fasts occur again. Even the eclipses have been allotted the day. Only cyclones and earth-quakes are the surprises. They are not assigned dates, but everything else has its date. This being so, where is the newness about the New year? There is nothing new under the Sun, I assert.

Mind you, this is 1934! Yes! Don't forget it. This is not 1933 as you are likely to imagine when you write letters at this time of the year. For habit dies hard. I made this discovery, not about habit but about the advent of this new year, by a clever piece of reasoning. When one cannot but hear requests for Calendars and Diaries wherever one goes, it is rather difficult to be none observant especially when one has eyes and can see. Naturally I put two and two together and said that the new year had arrived. And now I give this exclusive news to you out of sheer generosity.

This is the time when you beg, borrow and steal calendars. Most unreasonable, I call it. For why do you need calendars when you don't intend using them? You may have a hundred calendars about you. Nevertheless I bet you will ask the fellow beside you for the date. And even after that you will carelessly put "1933" at the end. That is why I cautioned you at the outset.

Now this calendar business! I honestly think that the state ought to do something about it. Why, this craze at times threatens to go one better on the well-known competition craze in the city. I can't understand why people print calendars at all. Granting that they are designed for showing the date, what is the necessity for the pictures? And we, like those who rush in where some fear to tread, go in

for these so-called calendars which are nothing but numbered pictures.

If you want a picture, why can't you go and get it from a picture dealer's? Where is the sense of getting a picture of Mahatma Gandhi with the design of a soap just over his head? And is a picture of Lakshmi with a tin of asafoetida in her hand any the more charming than the traditional one? Imagine; if Lakshmi takes into her head to shower tins of asafoetida instead of wealth—Well! The very mention stirs up a smell that would suffice to clear the whole stock of provisions in no time.

And have you ever stopped to think of the influence of these calendars on the future history of mankind? Nobody has come forward till now to reveal this aspect of the matter. Am I the only man with foresight? Be that as it may, a prophet must perforce predict.

Supposing, five thousand years hence the inhabitants of India in the course of their archaeological excavations alight upon these pictures of the Soap-Gandhi and the Asafoetida-Lakshmi, would not they set down in their chronicles something like the following?

"Interesting revelations touching the customs and manners of the twentieth century inhabitants of this land are promised as a result of excavations now being carried out in certain parts of this country. A find of two interesting pictures throws valuable light upon this subject. A portrait of a half-dressed puny man bears the design of a tablet which evidently was a muscle-building medicine. It is not known whether these people succeeded in growing more than the allotted number of limbs, but a picture of a lady bears evidence to the knowledge of a concoction apparently intended for the development of an additional pair of hands.....etc etc."

And with perfect reason too! That is how we proceed in writing history. If merchants and manufacturers realize this and if they have no intention of misleading posterity, they would drop

the custom of hedging the Great and Divine with their products.

Generally I get calendar pictures only when they bear no such misleading imprints. For, I have a duty, and I must set the example. I had long been collecting the ads. of a particular company which promised a beautiful picture calendar in return for a number of these cuttings. But when I approached the premises of the concern, a notice bearing the legend "Calendars Exhausted," stared me in the face. Undaunted in spirit and determined not to be baulked of my purpose, I purchased a beautiful calendar. I said purchased, mind you; yes, with good, real, jingling money! Have you ever done that?

I boarded the home-bound bus, intending to tell others that the calendar was presented to me. While I was imagining the envy of others, I heard a voice.

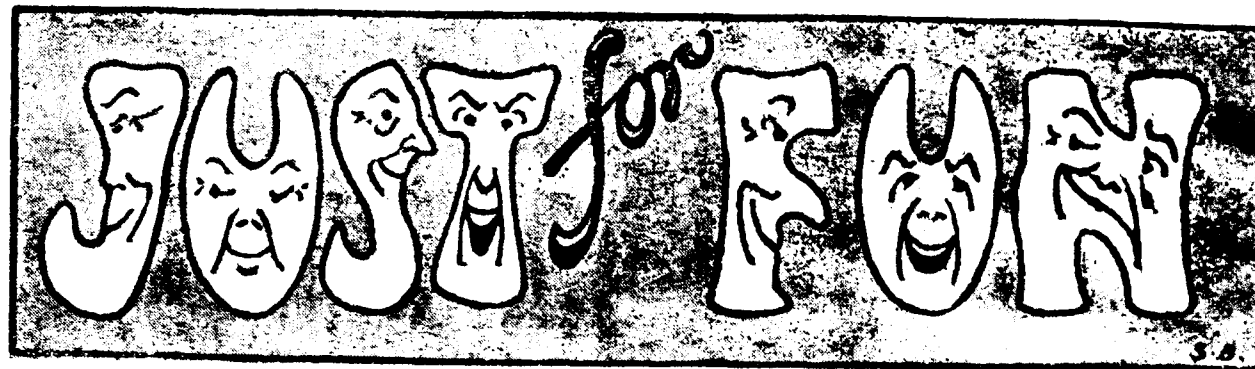
"Oh! A calendar! Ah! yes! A calendar! A picture one?"

It was my professor. I just nodded in polite confirmation of his intelligent inference. But he would not stop with that. With the tenacity characteristic of his profession, he took the object from my hand and unrolled it.

"Beautiful," he murmured absently, and added, "It was just such a calendar that my daughter was asking me for. I dare say you have more than one, my boy."

Without waiting for my answer, he rolled it and thrust it into his bag full of flowers and fruits. I almost decided to snatch it back. But you can't possibly do it to one who prides over your collegiate destinies. Moreover the calendar goes to his daughter. His daughter, mark you, not his son. Can one refuse, after having read about Sir Galahad and Sir Walter Raleigh and all that? So that was all there was to it.

I will end with a warning. Calendar-hunting when properly handled, is like a quest after the Golden Fleece. Many will tempt you on the way. The route is likely to be infested with professors and their daughters. But don't despair! And when you get the precious thing, use it. Which reminds me to remind you. This is nineteen hundred and thirty four Anno Domini; which is Latin (or is it French) for—well! You know what it is.



Time !

It was near the end of the third round, and Battling Ginsburg was hammering away for all he was worth. The bell rang, but the Hebrew paid no attention.

It was then that the referee came between the boxers, and tapping Ginsburg on the shoulder, yelled, "Time!"

"Look look!" laughed the Hebrew, still jabbing right and left. "Just ren he sees me getting the best of the fight he wants me to tell him vot time it is!"

* *

He had been celebrating and came upon a workman digging a hole.

"Whatch you doing?" he asked.

Digging a tunnel, "said the workman affably.

"Where's it going?" asked the jolly one.

"Under the river."

"And how long will it take?"

"About three or four years."

"Well," said the persistent one, "I can't wait all that time. I think I'll take a taxi."

* *

The bad boy of class kept asking silly questions. The master kept his temper until the young rascal asked: "How long can a donkey live without brains' sir?"

The master's chance had come.

"Wait and see!" he snapped.

* *

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Borrowed it from Wilson?"

"But I thought he was pretty tight."

"So he was."

"I wish you hadn't made me dress up," said hubby, as they were speeding to the theatre in the taxi.

"Nonsense, dear," she replied, "you look splendid in your evening clothes."

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

"Well, I never saw such a man."

"Anyway, I think we ought to turn back home," he went on.

"Don't be stup'd, we're late already," she snapped.

"All the same——" he began.

"What is the trouble, Henry?" she barked.

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

* *

"I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind-reader."

"Go to a palmist. It's obvious that you have a palm."

* *

"After all I've told you about economizing, here you are—using two candles at once!"

"I ain't ma'am Them's one candle out in 'arf."

* *

Brown tried to hear the wheezy trombone-player's "Mistletoe Bough" with seasonable resignation. But when it was followed by loud and repeated bangs on his knocker he got angry.

"What do you mean," he roared, "by making this infernal row outside my house?"

"I'm a wait," replied a husky voice.

"A weight, are you? Then tie yourself round your neck and drown yourself."

Further Outlook Stormy.

"Nasty night sir, said the policeman, as he passed the dripping figure in evening clothes standing in the rain under the lamp-post on Boxing Day. The figure granted agreement.

An hour later, the policeman, having covered his beat, found the man still there and the weather getting worse.

"I would suggest, sir," he said "that you go home out of this storm."

"Oh, you would, would you?" was the response. "You see the light in that house. Well, that's in a room where my wife is waiting up for me. And you call this a storm!"

* *

"Jack told me I was so interesting and so beautiful."

"And you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you so early?"

* *

"Christians, Awake" was being sung as a carol, when a window was raised, and a voice said: "Go away. We vas not Christians, and ve vas not asleep."

* *

Florist: "Want to say it with flowers? About three dozen roses, say?"

Cyril: "How about six—I don't want to say too much!"

* *

Two men of business were in conversation. Said one: "I hear that poor Abraham's shop has bee burnt out."

Said the other: "Yes, I was dere ven it happened, and never to my dying day vill I forget the awful smile of despair on tee poor man's face."

MYSTERIOUS MYSORE BONDA

— "S. V. N." —

GOPU in the hole again! He looked the very inspiration of a poet's dream. Yes, A graduate of that darned University. Wonderful. Now a veteran in the culinary art. Oh! Cursed Goddess! Certainly the milk of Divine kindness has curdled into cheese. Unfortunate! Miserable!

His chin cupped in his hands, an abundant flow of tears rolling down his cheeks, with **Vadai, Bonda** and all that sort of thing lying (untouched by hand ever since its inception) openly in that anti-deluvian almirah, sat Gopu idling away his precious time. Time that is worth choo! With no prospective prosperity but "The sky above and the ground beneath." No one on the floor, save a few cockroaches.

He was born on the 2nd day of that month, I don't know which bit of a month. Perhaps he missed the throne by a few seconds!

By evening a youth whose nostrils filled with the hot smell of dust which rose in clouds as he walked along, stepped into our Hotel-de-Luxe. Meanwhile, you should know, you cove-minus-brain-plus-mud that, that rummy chap is a prince in disguise. Why? Shivering of course on the thought of receiving and replying to the addresses of welcome. Raising hats to all and monstrous looking bipeds. That sort of rot, makes one tired, you know. It is bound to give rise to an awful lot of talk if you know what I honestly mean.

NOW that Prince sat like a Jack-in-the-box, and ordered a pair of that so-called Bonda, which greeted him on his arrival. Gopu pleased at the idea of having a New Year trial, served. Of course, lots of it. Princes travel without a helping hand in those rough bits of road and the sudden appearance of a restaurant, made him feel like one favoured with a life-belt in a stormy sea. But alas! whoever knew that it's to be such an unhappy end. Gopu's client cut one into slices and stood horrified. Thunderstruck! There whirled a tender shot from within.

"May I know why you look wild, sir?"

"Open both your eyes. Have a look at the wonderful creatures you are protecting under your roof, I mean under the roof of your bonda. It's full of flies."

"That doesn't matter much, sir. You have every right over all the things in the puddings you have paid for, sir?"

"You Dingy-dong, are you paid the rent by the S. P. C. A.? Pay back the money and consume all these rots to rot in the gutter."

The Prince's persistent clamour for the refund of the amount paid, made Gopu furious. He hurled a shipload of abuses and 1933 curses at him and would have fired him if only he had a mechanism with him. Gopu took a pinch of snuff and..... "I say with vim and vinto it's not the custom with my grandfathers to pay back the purse they have plucked."

"I care a tinker's damn for your vim, grandfather and all that sort of jimp. I will see that I flog the hide off you."

"Yes. Most honoured sir. It's cert. You can feast your eyes in the picture you are to draw." Rallying all his drooping spirits he trod back. That mysterious professor of remarkably good wits would have given a wallop on the back of Gopu, which would have made him think that his spine was unravelling at the end. But something more suitable dashed in his hot brain. That something we shall presently see.

With the advent of dawn, Gopu's head turned cool. He thought of the last day's performance by that chap of the country. The idea of having a few prospects to-day put his beard up. He prepared the deuce of a Bonda. Yes. Double of it. And was relaxing his massive brain over a penny novelette when floated in the Prince with a 'Charlie, Good afternoon.' He came singing a verse. If information had been given before, Gopu would have willingly purchased cotton and wool to plug up his ears to hear the song.

"A pair of it, please"

"Which sort, Sir?"

"That konda or bonda, what do you call it?"

"Yes, Sir."

As soon as the Prince broke one, there lay in the centre of it a sovereign. True, my old boy. In the centre of it. As also with the next. It stupified him. Whom? Gopu. He was wonderstruck. Looked expectantly much as a dog would look at its master. He fell foul at that grinning monkey before him and demanded back that Bonda. Refused. "I smoke the same make of cigar your father is addicted to" growled the Prince. Gopu decided to brave the heat. Sacked the prince out of the flat with the hat. Bolted all the doors carefully. And sat at it again. He would even dare to act the butcher for a few rupees in a cup. He blew his nose with a sudden fierceness and scooped to give finishing touches to his manufacture. It's a matter of perfect fact, I say. What do you say? You can fire off a cannon in his ear without incurring his slight notice. He tore open the bondas one by one. So far disappointed. No sovereign nor half of it. He had exhausted the operation on all the bondas when that pretty store of a goose that laid the golden egg, punched his head. His eyes were pools of limpid blue. What to do? Stared at thy crushed bondas. Do you wish to have a share sent to you?

FATTY FUNZIN FAILS

— S. V. NATHAN. —

NAUGHTY old boy, that Bai Funzin, isn't it? He likes everybody's style, excepting of course, mine. He doesn't seem to realize the sort of mettle, I, rather my brain, is made of. Fancy him, making thick tides with the ink from his wretched pen, to consume my production of six days fasting and seven nights toil, to eternal misery in the Hell of a W. P. B. Well, that cuts a very bad figure, as bad as his pot-belly. I was feeling a little coked which led me to decide, once for all, either to see my way in it or to do away with it. Don't interrupt, if you do you will make me loose the thread.

One afternoon Bhai Funzin was going through the day's mail when something important, attracted his attention. A railway receipt it was, which went to construct a train of thoughts in him. He thought and thought till he caught the spot. Two months have elapsed since his promise of a Karachi Silk Sari to his fair Vilasini. May be a parcel of sweets to make his bowel swell, in anticipation of that snuff-coloured sort. He clicked the bell and the chappis blew in. Soon the office boy left for the Esplanade Booking Office leaving Bhai Funzin to build a castle of his own.

A little later the lad jerked in with a dealwood case on his shoulders. Funzin ordered the case to unpack carefully lest his life pal may take it for an offence under the Fair Sex Act of Nurjehan's reign. He was eagerly watching the result of the scrutiny over the contents, when dash it, a dainty dog sprang from the box to the utter dismay of our hero. Poor fellow, that old bottle. He leaped three feet in the air. Don't ask, I tell you how a dog existed after hours in an airtight pack. Chips, especially this, which sounds like a fairy tale have neither eyes nor ears. It destroyed Funzin's sweet hope for Kesari Halva and all that short of thing. Now he felt as if he was in a jug. He thrust his hand in the case with a scratch in his joint and drew out what seemed to be a letter.

A note from a woeful man. A merry laughter froze in his lips as he ran through it. I reproduce it below with the kind permission of our Bhai for your keen perusal and return. (Don't send the magazine please I am dead)

An open but Confidential Letter to Bhai Funzin.

"My dear Fatty,

Heaven only knows the reason for your stubborn refusal to accord space for me or at least a bit of me. Well, I know you jerk the steering wheel of your eyes rather speedily, if it is the road that belongs to me. You have heaved at a heap of manuscripts. Last time I wrote of my marriage. Whoever cares for my marriage or death? It undoubtedly means that you are at daggers drawn against the very institution of matrimony with your new-fangled theories. Dear Fatty, perhaps, you feel walking on hot bricks. Next time I scraped something about my son-in-law. How he was 12 yards back at Geography in a class, where he is to hammer about Fiji Islands and Hijly applies. You thrust it back, asking me to induce my son-in-law to take to "Stearn's Atlas Tonic." Wonderful this world. I felt that the wick of my journalistic career is all ablaze.

Precise to the point. You don't know me from Adam or my Vilasini from Eve. Many a time I have let you tease my cat. This time it is not to be. Therefore.....I tightened my cloth to an attack against Editors, when that damned news of Gandhi's Peace and Pact focussed the shining rays of my brain, if you know what I mean. Why not I try peace with Bhai Funzin? I emptied seven cups of coffee and half a dozen iddies, less what my Vilasini burgled. I dare not reveal the exact number of it, for if I do, you may cast an evil eye and hop from the chair like a Jack rabbit. Why all this? I climbed into my seat and started the engine, an ass with a pig's head. I tore 73 pages,

wrote seven sheets and spilt four bottles of Prabhu's Ink (I mean, empty) and left the copy on the table to await Vilasini's final and finishing touches. I went to the Zenana, to have a smooth touch—that is enough, at the coral lips of my Sattur sweetheart, and to beg of her to spare me at least half anna in excess, to get the MSS returned in case found unsuitable, God forbid it. I returned beaming over the success after so much dangling and fondling, when I was doomed to see a movie acted under my table. When I glanced round, there was on the floor, my wife's pretty pet, munching the file of paper I have done after so much strain. I stood staring at it in a sort of dumb despair and.....would have sprung at it, but.....too late. God manifested to me in the form of an "Iron-hand-in-the-velvet-glove." It's then that I felt the bite of a crocodile.

Soon I saw the point and was not ass enough to sniff at its rope. I jumped like a lamb in the spring time. As the result, this scheme had to be devised. Therefore I despatched my dog (Keep it a secret. It is Vilasini's) with my contribution in its belly. You need not be an X-Ray specialist and I know, for certain, that you won't dare to disobey. Otherwise my Honolulu friend of whom I have made a New Year Gift to you will see its path to chop a chip off your cheek. It's dead cert. Adieu till we meet again.

Yours thinly,
GOPU.

The whole act put the cork on it. Bhai Funzin had not that audacity to entangle himself in a catastrophe that was to ensue. Right-ho! He made use of mine, with a pretty picture of my dog by Brahma (I mean, the God of Creation) After so much fuss of a tug-of-war with that Fatty Funzin, my success shined in splendour. I triumphed and that is the end of it.

Policeman: "As soon as I saw you come round the bend I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least.'"

Woman Driver: "How dare you! It's this hat that makes me look so old."

At a Negro funeral the coloured minister painted the deceased's character in such glowing terms that the widow finally blurted out: "Say, minister, ain't you burying some other nigger?"

A PISTOL FOR CHRISTMAS

— BY PRABHAKAR —



revolver in your own hand! Just imagine it. A weapon by which you can bring destruction to an

animate being! You can threaten anybody with it and have your work done by him. It is a weapon of offence as well as defence. The very sight of it terrorizes a man. In fact the very user is afraid of holding it; let alone firing with it. Taking out the bullet which might at any moment explode in your hand and charging the revolver which might fire by mere slip of hand with destructive effect.....what a risky thing it is!

I am quite certain even your hand will tremble as you do handle with the revolver. I daresay a civilian might leave such sort of weapons to military men. The Government might give you licence to keep one. But they expect you to use it only when your life is in great danger. If you use it otherwise you will be accused of murder and committed for the same.

Is it not rather a troublesome business? You will soon find you have caught a Tartar in the revolver. You are certain that you cannot fire at the object you aim at even ordinarily. What about times of danger? Just imagine a burglar in a mask standing facing you in your dark bed-chamber with a heavy club in his hand demanding the key of your iron safe. What with fear, your trembling hands, perspiring skin and choked voice that must necessarily be the outcome on such occasions, you will find it a deadly feat to threaten the burglar with the weapon.

A great strength of mind is of consequence. I am certain you will

give away anything he might demand without any hesitation. I do not know whether in fact you ever think of your weapon. But even supposing you have the venturesome spirit to handle the revolver, you will not fire at him though you may regret afterwards for your lack of timely courage, which can be more precisely called stupidity. You will not fire at him for these three main reasons. Firstly, there is every chance of firing it on yourself as you cannot make out the head or tail out of it in the dark. Secondly, there is every chance of losing hold of the thing and the burglar possessing it by wresting it from your hand if you are not on the alert. Thirdly, your heart may not allow of your killing a fellow human being though he does you a great wrong by robbing your hard-earned money.

These are the practical difficulties that arise from owning a revolver. Why I should speak of owning one I shall say later on.

My grand-father owns a revolver. I should think it is an old one, sufficiently old to be exhibited in a museum of antiquities, and as such it has some Antiquarian interest. I have never seen the weapon except on one day throughout the full length of the year, and that was on Ayudha puja day. He held the thing with both the hands with such care and caution and such seriousness of manner that I had to hold my breath out of fear and all the while he carried it, lest it should explode in his hands. Before replacing the thing in question back in its grave which is an Iron Safe, he offered to fire a shot with it partly so that he might not completely forget his skill in the use of the weapon and partly that it might not get too rusty to be useless in times of emergency.

From my youth I have always heard him speak of himself as being an expert shot and that nobody could beat him in that direction. I was at first somewhat afraid of his bold resolution to fire at some ethereal beings with it. But a boyish curiosity had emboldened

me enough to win over the cowardly aspect of my heart. My grand-father asked all of us to leave the room and closing all the doors he proceeded to load the revolver. I could very well look through the key-hole all that he was doing. He inserted the bullet in the revolving cylinder with such wariness and heed that I was not certain of him, until he came out of the room into the open air to fire a random shot since there was no bird to be seen there.

I do not know whether people generally hold the weapon with both the hands while firing, much less whether they press the trigger with more than one finger. But he did. And the result was that it never fired. And so we were much disappointed in our expectations. He explained the reason to be the antiquity and the lengthy interval in the state of desuetude of the weapon. He added that it should be cleaned free from rust before it should fire a single shot. And thus I think he made known to us his unrivalled knowledge in the use of the weapon.

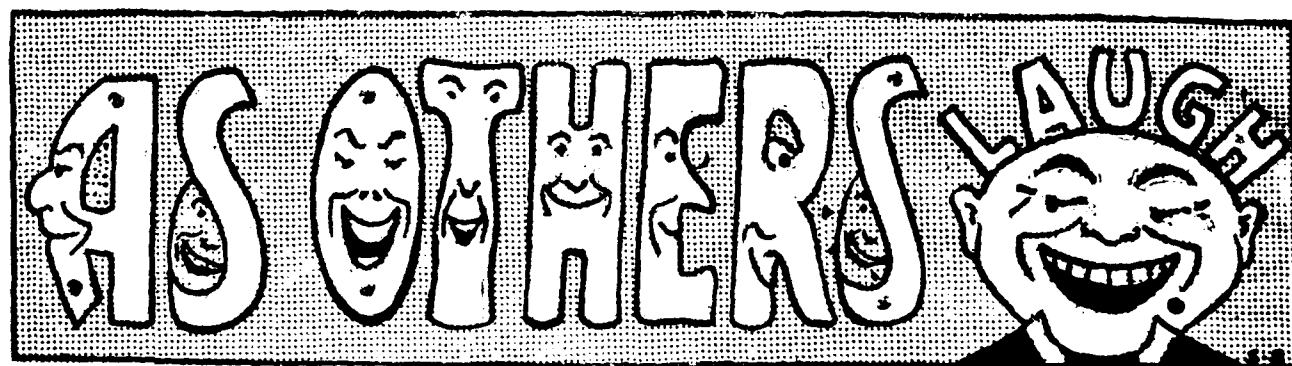
You will know why I should speak at length over this subject. My thoughts wandered like this as my grand-father promised to buy me as a Christmas present a revolver from Whiteway's, a revolver mind you, a revolver very like his except in its antiquity. I repeat that it is a terrible thing. I shall rather not accept the present. I shall ask him instead some modest things, say a Christmas cake to eat and a Funny Magzin to read. What happiness indeed can I derive in owning such a deadly weapon as a revolver or a pistol. He might take of me as being a lion in the face and a deer at heart. I simply don't mind. Dear, dear, my heart beats faster than ever at the very word, Revolver. I must stop here.

During a history lesson the teacher pointed out to her pupils that a surname often indicated the trade or profession of the ancestors of those who bore the name.

"For instance," she said, "supposing your name was Baker, that meant your ancestors were makers of bread. Or, as another example, supposing your name was Smith, that meant that your ancestors were workers in iron—black-smiths, and so on."

She pointed to one of the boys, "What were your ancestors, Webb?" she asked.

The boy looked thoughtful. "Spiders, teacher," he said, after a while.



Too Far

A big-game hunter, contemplating a trip to Africa, called at a gunmaker's and bought a large quantity of cartridges.

"I usually deal with your head office," he remarked to the man in charge. "But I daresay you will be able to send these for me?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I want them to go to Nigeria." The other looked blank for a minute or two, then: "I think you'd better give the order to our head office, sir," he ventured. "You see, we've only a small boy with a bike here."

"Pins," began Johnny, "have saved the lives of many men."

"Why, Johnny, not at all. How do you mean saved the lives?" demanded the teacher.

"By not swallowing them."

Doctor: "your master is decidedly better, Thompson, but very irritable. He must not be thwarted."

Butler: "He expressed a desire to wring my neck, sir."

"Well—er—humour him."

"Dad, what's dignity?"

"Dignity, my boy, is what you think you possess until the boss says, 'What is the meaning of this?'"

Jackie's sister started using powder and rouge.

One day Jackie asked her: "Are rosy cheeks a sign of health?"

"Yes, Jack. Why?"

"Well, you're more healthy on one side than the other."

Rewarded.

"My poor fellow, you must be wet through," said an old lady to a young man, who, at the risk of his life, had managed to get her pet poodle out of the frozen lake. The dog had run on the ice and fallen through a hole some distance from the bank.

"Yes, you must be drenched to the skin," she continued. "Take these three peppermints—they'll warm you; and have these others before you go to bed to-night."

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"

"Of course. What else could it be?"

1st Neighbour: "The doctor has given his young wife two days to live."

2nd Neighbour: "Really?"

1st Neighbour: "Yes, he's gone out of town for a couple of days."

Mistress: "Mary, when you wait at table to-night for my guests, please don't wear any jewellery."

Maid: "I have nothing valuable ma'am, but I thank you for the warning."

Doris: "Yes, she was furious about the way in which the newspaper reported her marriage."

Helen: "Did it allude to her ago?"

"Indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of antiques."

"I hear you were married one day last week."

Second Film Star: "Two days—to be exact."

Not on the Staff.

A clergyman, a keen geologist, always carried his specimens in a red handkerchief similar to those used by workmen for carrying their dinner.

On his way home from one of these expeditions he saw a man sitting on the top of a wall and swearing vigorously because something had gone wrong with the ladder beneath him.

"My friend," said the parson, gravely, "do you know Satan?"

"Satan," said the man, "who's he? Wait a minute," he added, "I'll ask my mate."

"Bill," he called down, "do you know Satan?"

From the other side of the wall came the answer, "No, he isn't on this job. Why?"

"Well," said the man on the wall, eyeing the parson's handkerchief, "there's a chap here with his dinner."

A gangster on trial for murder bribes an Irishman with £20 to hold out for a verdict of manslaughter. After being out for a long time, the jury returned the desired verdict.

"I'm very grateful to you," the gangster told the Irishman. "Did you have much trouble?"

"Yes," replied the Irishman, "I had a deril of a time. All the rest wanted to acquit you."

"What on earth is the use of the times set down in these railway timetables?" asked the angry old gentleman, whose train was overdue.

"Why," explained the genial station-master, "if it weren't for them figures we'd have no way of finding out how late the trains are."

THAT MISCHIEVOUS DEVIL

— K. N. R. —

YOU have not seen my wife's brother. Such a mischievous little imp was not given birth to since the world began and I am afraid that God Brahma created him specially to tease me. He has not seen full twelve summers yet, but his pranks will make a full grown man stagger.

Not a day in my life passes without this urchin doing some sort of mischief or other and many a time have I rued the day when he came to live with me as a member of my family.

You know how such relatives are generally brought in to the family. My wife came first. That was of course inevitable.

Six months passed. She began to suffer from imaginary illness. There was no help at home and her mother had to be brought in. How can this little devil of a brother-in-law remain alone in the village when his mother is here with us? Secondly, there was no school in his village, (what a pity! Every bloke of a brother-in-law lives in a village where there is no school!) and naturally he must remain with us and be put to school.

Thus it was that this little devil entered my life and many were the antics played by him that I sometimes wondered whether he was not the personification of Satan himself.

MY snuff-box would not be in the place provided for it. My friends would be waiting outside to take me along with them for a stroll and my walking stick would be nowhere. I would distinctly remember having put my purse in my waist-coat pocket and going to a restaurant, I would take a hearty luncheon. At the time of paying the bill, my hands would go into the pocket only to find it empty!

What a great disappointment!

After tendering my apologies to the man at the counter, I would return home much dissatisfied. The purse would afterwards be found in my writing-case. On all these occasions, the mischievous imp would put on an innocent countenance and enjoy the joke to his heart's content.

Yesterday was my child's first birthday and I wished to celebrate the occasion rather on a grand scale. I desired to invite some select friends for dinner that day. This being the first time that I was ever celebrating a feast, I was very particular that all the arrangements for the reception should be perfect. Several dishes of exquisite quality were ordered to be prepared.

One circumstance that was giving me uneasiness was a large number of my creditors which was growing out of proportion day by day. My wife was of an extravagant turn of mind and the expenses of the household ran high. The creditors, most of them money-lenders and shop-keepers, used to pay us their visits in time and out of time, and on the day of the feast arranged for, it was my greatest wish that none of them should turn up, lest my financial position should be laid bare before my friends.

Yesterday being mail day, office work was very heavy and I had no time to invite my friends personally. I called the little devil and giving him the address of my friends, asked him to go and invite them for dinner and I was quite sure that my friends would not disappoint me as I had already

given them a hint of the birthday feast in my conversations with them some days before.

Dinner time was fast approaching. I was standing on the door-way to greet my guests and take them to their seats. The clock struck the hour. What was my surprise to see my creditors enter my house, one by one, as if by arrangement! Not one of my friends could I see and in their places stood a dozen of my creditors clothed in their best garments. I stood spell-bound. What could I do? The time being dinner time, I had to request them to honour me by dining in my house that day. Dinner was served and the guests enjoyed a hearty meal.

It came to light later on, that my mischievous brother-in-law without paying heed to what I told him, went off directly and invited my creditors as he thought that they were my best friends since they were paying me visits very often.

Thus ended the birth-day feast and one consolation was that my creditors promised not to worry me for payment for six months more in lieu of the sumptuous feast I had given them.

"Harold," said Mrs. Meekton, "I must give you credit for one thing. In all our married life you have never spoken an unkind word to me."

"No, Henrietta."

"What I'm wondering is whether to give you credit for a lovely disposition or mere lack of courage."

The wife was working out a cross-word puzzle. Suddenly she turned to her husband and asked: "What is a female sheep?"

"Ewe," he replied.

And that started the unpleasantness that spoiled the whole evening.

"Waiter," said the patient diner, "please close that door."

"Certainly, sir; is there a draught?"

"Well, not exactly a draught, but this is the fourth time my chop has blown off the plate."

"My wife can be an angel when she wants to be."

"Mine, too—any time, now."

NO DEPOSIT, PLEASE!

Mystery of Krank Mentriloss & Co.,

— By S. N. —

"Wanted—A Manager for a respectable firm dealing in variety goods. Pay Rs. 100—10—150 per mensem. Cash security of Rs. 5000/- essential. Apply with two annas stamps to Post Box No....."

THE above advertisement in a Madras daily attracted the attention of Rajamannar. Like a weary traveller of the Sahara, suddenly striking at an oasis, Rajamannar grew delirious over this advertisement. He examined his figure in a big mirror and satisfied himself that he had an attractive personality to fulfil the onerous duties of a Manager. He also had the required cash security, for his father left him a large sum amassed during his long service in the Income-tax Department.

When Rajamannar's mother heard of the advertisement, she believed that her son would become a great man in due course. She knew that her only boy did not complete the S. S. L. C., though he devoted four years for the attempt. She was also aware that for three years he was idling at home and the present advertisement brought in at least a ray of hope. She dreamt that when her son became a Manager, rich and pretty girls galore would offer their hands for marriage and, then, she would be a proud mother-in-law.

While the mother was indulging in such day-dreams, the son applied for the job and promptly came the reply to call at the office of Krank Mentriloss & Co. in the Bulbery Street.

"Well, mother, I am going to call at the office to-morrow morning."

"Very good. What have you done for the money?"

"I have withdrawn Rs. 5000 from the Bank to-day."

Though Bulbery street was big and broad, it took more than an hour for Rajamannar to find out the office of Krank Mentriloss & Co. Rajamannar expected a big palatial building with a brass plate in the front, with peons saluting everywhere on the premises, with a lift, etc., but, instead, he found a small signboard bearing the name of the Company on the upstairs of a dilapidated building, the lower portion of which was used by some person as a dumping place for old and rusty articles from leaky iron pipes down to broken palmyra rafters. Rajamannar gave a whiff to an old man, who looked more like a skeleton in a museum than a living person, and, in a few seconds, he was ushered into the presence of a gaudy-looking and well-

dressed middle-aged man, who obviously attempted to put on the airs of a gentleman.

"What do you want with us?" asked the dandy with a drawl, pretending to be a product of Oxford.

"I am an applicant for the Manager's post," replied Rajamannar.

"Oh! I see. Sit down please. I am the Agent in charge of this branch. Our Managing Director left for Calcutta two days back to preside over a Directors' meeting. Myself and my Deputy are now here. Where is your application?"

Rajamannar handed his application.

"Well, I am satisfied with your qualifications. Though we would prefer an experienced man, we think you can be trained up to suit our purpose. Have you brought the deposit?"

"Yes, sir," said Rajamannar proudly producing fifty crisp hundred-rupee notes.

"Very good. You are appointed from this date."

Mr. Galav, the Agent, then tucked away the currency notes into a drawer, and just then, another man who looked like an anglicised Bengalee entered the room.

"Come on, Mr. Ghosh. This is our new manager," said Mr. Galav and then turning towards Rajamannar, said, "This is Mr. Ghosh, the Deputy Agent. He is in charge of our out-agencies."

Rajamannar was shown his room and he took up his responsible duties as the manager of Krank Mentriloss & Co.

A few minutes later, an Anglo-Indian girl entered and introduced herself as the Stenographer of the firm. The new manager found on his table all sorts of catalogues and a bundle of printed prospectus inviting the public to take shares in the company.

The next morning, when Rajamannar entered the office, he found two new men. One was the Cashier and the other the Storekeeper, who joined service that morning. Having found two new companions, besides the typist, the day went on merrily. The Cashier and the Storekeeper had paid Rs. 2000 each as security. When he casually asked the Typist whether she had paid any security, she laughingly replied that her pretty face alone was worth more than Rs. 5000.

On the third day of Rajamannar's service, the staff had an addition in the person of an Accountant and the

newcomer had paid Rs. 1000 as deposit. On the fourth day, Rajamannar had the pleasure of meeting the Assistant Cashier and the Assistant Storekeeper, who each of them had paid Rs. 1000 as security. In reply to advertisements for Sub Agents to sell the fancy goods, applications poured in like manna and every Sub Agent had to pay Rs. 1000 as security.

Days passed, the staff increased, but there was no work. No one knew how the cash was disposed of. The Manager, though he had nothing to manage in the office, however, managed to finish two volumes of the "Mysteries of the Court of London". Poor man, he was unable to probe into the Mysteries of his own official surroundings! One morning, the Cashier came to the office in an agitated mood.

"What Subbiah, what ails you?" asked the Manager.

"I don't know what to do. This morning in the tramcar, I heard a bit of news which has greatly upset me."

By this time, the other members of the staff gathered round.

"I hear", continued the Cashier, "that our Agent has not yet paid the rent due to the owner of this buildings for the last two months. The furniture we are using and the motor car in which Mr. Galav is driving, were all taken on instalment basis, and nothing has been paid to the owners except the first payment."

The news came as a bombshell and everyone was perturbed. Two hours later, prompted by his colleagues, Rajamannar sought an interview with the Agent.

"How long are we to keep quiet without any work, sir?"

"Don't get worried. You will have plenty of work in a few days. I fear you would complain about overwork when our goods arrive," said Mr. Balan with a roaring laughter.

"When are the goods expected, sir?"

"We have chartered two steamers", said the Agent, "and they are coming full. Owing to some unexpected troubles with our London principals and bad weather on the way, there is some delay."

"As we have paid cash deposits, we feel a little nervous", put in Rajamannar.

"You are quite right. I myself have invested in the company a lakh of rupees and, believe me, Mr. Mentriloss is a millionaire."

The next day, Rajamannar was called to the presence of Mr. Galav.

"Mr. Ghosh writes to me that a representative of ours is urgently required to organise the Sub Agencies in the Tinnevely district. There is much spade work to be done there. I can't entrust this work to anyone here except to you. Go to Tinnevely by this night's train and

stay there for a week. You can submit your bill when you return here."

Elated at this new responsibility, Rajamannar left for Tinnevely. The staff grew suspicious and desperate. The owner of the furniture took out a warrant for the recovery of his property and the motor firm did likewise. Cashier Subbiah, notwithstanding Mr. Galav's sweet assurances, made private enquiries regarding the solvency and bonafides of Krank Mentriloss & Co., and the result of his investigations made him mad. At last, he tendered his resignation and demanded back his security amount.

"Don't be hasty," said Mr. Galav in his usual smiling way.

"I know this Company will not last long," said Subbiah daringly.

"Who told you that? I know our rivals are spreading such silly canards to besmirch our reputation" assured Galav.

Subbiah refused to be hoodwinked.

"I hear that a cheque issued by you for payment of arrears of rent was dishonoured yesterday by the Bank," retorted the cashier.

When Mr. Galav heard this, all his calm gentleness and affable manners vanished and his eyes were aglow with fierce anger. Evidently, he never expected to be cornered in this way. There was tense silence for a moment and Mr. Galav regained his composure.

"Well, what do you want now?"

"I want my deposit money back."

"I will give you a cheque to-morrow."

"Will it be honoured?"

Mr. Galav started wildly and then thundered. "By all means."

On that day the staff tendered their resignations, one by one, demanding their deposits; and to all of them, Balan promised to give cheques on the next day. The next day the office was opened as usual and the staff waited to get their cheques, but the Agent was not to be seen. Hours passed, but Galav did not turn up. In the afternoon the Police arrived and sealed the office premises. It was then known that Galav had absconded with all the cash collected from his victims.

Rajamannar enjoyed himself amid the alluring surroundings of the Courtallam waterfalls, when, one day perusing a newspaper, he met some glaring headlines which described vividly the Mystery of Krank Mentriloss & Co.

Galav was arrested at Nagpur and Ghosh at Chandernagore. Both the swindlers were, of course, convicted and heavily sentenced. It was revealed during the Court trial that Krank Mentriloss was only a fictitious personage and the whole show was run only by both Galav and Ghosh, who divided the spoils, amounting to over a lakh of rupees, between themselves. The employees lost their security money and Rajamannar is a bit wiser now than when he accepted the Manager's post.

THE CLUB OF FOOLS

— BY P. R. ROW, M.A. —

THE Club of Fools consisted of ten members, including the President and the Secretary. The qualification for membership was that the applicant should have committed some gross acts of foolery which would entitle him to membership in the club. The President occupied his honoured position as President of the Club, because he had proved himself the greatest fool of all.

Once, he mistook his own wife for a stranger, when crawling on all fours to gather dry grass in his back-yard in the gathering darkness of the evening, and gave her a sound beating with his cudgel.

At another time, he mistook a low cesspool for a well, and bathed in it. For these two acts of unparalleled foolery, he was elected the honoured President of the Club. The Secretary of the Club was the next great fool in order of merit. Once, when in the service of a merchant, his master said to him in the evening, "Light the Shop". Knowing that light meant also

to set fire to, and having of late, heard him talk of going on a pilgrimage to Kasi, he coolly set fire to the shop, for which he was dismissed from his service by the indignant merchant. At another time, he innocently kissed a charming maiden, the daughter of his wealthy employer, who was reading aloud from a poem, "Kiss me, Dear." As he was seated near her, he thought that the words referred to himself, and lost no time in kissing his 'Dear' for which his master lost no time in dismissing him from his service. For these two acts of strange folly he was elected the Secretary of the 'Club of Fools'.

Another prominent member was a musician, who, to know what kind of music his wife would make, when crying with pain, once beat her with a stick, and when she was crying with pain, noted the music of her crying in his music-note book. Anon, he broke a large, costly mirror of his, to see what music the falling pieces would make, when they kissed Mother Earth.

Another member was a philosopher who, to see how long a man could keep himself without food starved himself without food for 25 days, and thus brought himself to the verge of death, when he was luckily cured by an able doctor. At another time, to determine the maximum capacity of a human stomach, went to a hotel, and gulped down into his stomach such a huge pyramid of *Iddilis, thairvadais*, etc, that his stomach almost reached the bursting point. It was with great difficulty he was cured by a doctor. Another was a scientist, who, to determine the temperature of boiling water by feeling it, bathed in boiling water till his skin was burnt. He lay in a hospital long before he was cured of his burns.

A second time, to determine the capacity of a human being to carry weight, he jumped upon the shoulders of his own wife, and made her, despite her cries, carry his bulky weight round the long circuit of his garden, to the intense laughter of his friends.

A prominent member of the club was a poet, who, to determine the appropriateness of his smile, pinched the ears of his servant so hard that the latter cried out in pain for mercy. Anon, at an entertainment, with a similar purpose, he, of a sudden, gnashed his teeth so dreadfully, that the guests, thinking him to be mad, drove him out of the entertainment hall with a sound beating.

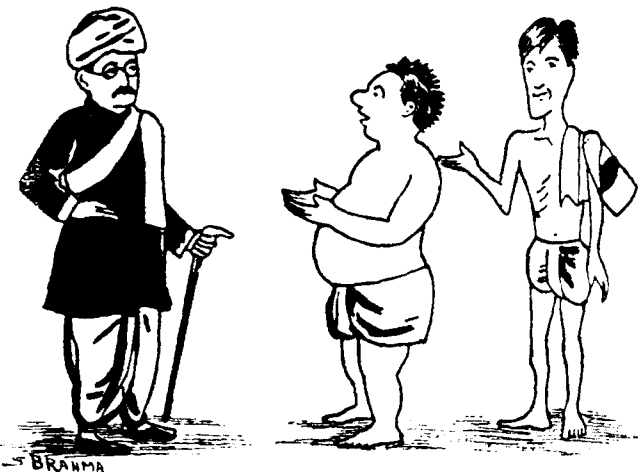
The other members of the club were distinguished by similar follies, which entitled them to membership of the Club. Such was the composition of the 'Famous Club of Fools', situated in a dark, murky lane in Madras, whose members, we are glad to say, are increasing every year, furnishing abundant merriment to their neighbours.

Rs. 5 for 100% Laughter.

We invite original jokes from our readers. A prize of Rs 5 will be awarded to the best original joke received every month. Other good ones will be published in these pages with their names. Only original jokes are invited, and they alone will be considered.

Start sending Jokes for the month of January.

Professional Integrity



Stout Beggar.—Sir, the last four days I have not had a morsel of food: starving, Sir.

The other Beggar.—What a fool you are! How can people believe you when you say you have been starving these four days?

ONLY ONE SET NO ENTRANCE FEE! ONLY ONE SET

WIN Rs. 50.

In 'A' Competition

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 30.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 20.

Closing date 5th February, 1934.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

Here is another easy competition for you. You will have to find out only ten words of which each word is made up three letters only. You will find below 10 rows of 'A's with dashes on the sides of each letter. You have to fill these in. For each row a clue has been given and as an example No. 1. Puzzle has been solved for you. The Clue for that is 'a conserve of fruit boiled with sugar' and the answer for that is JAM. So J is filled in before the letter A and M after it completing the solution JAM for No. 1. All the other clues should be answered in the same way. As you find the solutions write them on the Free entry form given on the next page and post your attempts not later than 4th February '34. Closing date is 5th February '34.

CLUES

1	— A —
2	— A —
3	— A —
4	— A —
5	— A —
6	— A —
7	— A —
8	— A —
9	— A —
10	— A —

1. A conserve of fruit boiled with sugar.
2. Carpenters do.
3. 100,000 rupees.
4. A four wheeled vehicle.
5. A head dress.
6. A short sleep.
7. A gentle blow.
8. An animal.
9. A hedge.
10. A human being.

(see next page for the coupon)

Rules & Conditions for 'A' 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 a plain paper similarly filled up as the coupon, with name and address clearly written. Each additional attempt not given on the Free Coupon should be accompanied by 1½ annas stamps, the value of one Free Coupon. Foreign readers must send B.P.O.'s only to that value. If the solutions on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one special Free coupon they will not be considered.
2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th February '34. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered. Corrections or Alternatives in the same coupon will disqualify the competitor.
3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competition Editor "A" COMPETITION, FUNNY MAGZIN, Office No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.
4. 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 tie, the prizes will be equally divided.
5. No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for solutions that may be lost, mislaid or otherwise.
6. Employees of FUNNY Magzin, and other office publications, are not allowed to compete.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN FREE COUPON.

'A' COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th February 1934.

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| 1. J A M. | 6. |
| 2. | 7. |
| 3. | 8. |
| 4. | 9. |
| 5. | 10. |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name.....

Address.....

The Superior Watch Co., Post Box No. 167, Madras.

REDUCTION OFFER TILL 31-1-'34

**25% Commission will be allowed on
the face value of G. W. M. Reynolds
Novels to the readers of the
'FUNNY Magzin'**



**Simply mention that you are a
reader of the "FUNNY MAGZIN,"
when ordering for the
novels.**

G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.

NECROMANCER

THIS novel is highly sensational and the reader will long to hear more and more about the hero Danvers who by selling his soul to Satan got a longevity of life for 150 years which was to be increased to an other 150 years on condition that he should sacrifice 6 Virgins in the course of these 150 years.

HE was also given by Satan the faculty of assuming any shape he chose and that of transporting himself from one place to another with wondrous rapidity. How his hopes were frustrated by the venerable hermit of Mount Lebanon at the end is highly interesting and wonderful.

Price per set of 3 Vols. Rs. 2-4-0.

The Mysteries of the Court of London

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST EDITION.

The only true and the exact copy of the original. Printed in very bold type and on glazed paper.

Published in 17 Vols

Price per Vol. Re. 1-2-0.

Postage As. 7 extra.

17 Vols. at a time Rs. 17. Postage extra.

This interesting and unrivalled novel contains fluent description of sensational plots, amazing and spell-binding incidents full of gripping interest, introducing many types of humanities in their comic, tragic, adventurous, detective and villainous acts.

The book is written in a very good style and the story is pleasant.

We guarantee that our edition is the only one which is an exact reprint of the London edition and much care has been taken in correcting proofs; hence unlike other Indian editions in which mistakes frequently occur and passages are omitted, ours is free from errors and is an accurate copy of the original.

Seamstress or the White Slave of England

IN 2 VOLS. (in one bound) RE. 1.

This is one of the very interesting novels of the author that will infuse several morals into the heart of

every reader, illustrating pure chastity under adverse circumstances. At the same time it contains several extraordinary and heart-thrilling scenes which will really absorb the attention of the readers till the very end. Printed in good paper and neatly got up.

Rye House Plot

OR

RUTH, THE CONSPIRATOR'S DAUGHTER

4 Vols. Rs. 3.

ALIKE in plot and characterisation, alike in incidents and narration, this story is clearly an advance over the author's other works. A strikingly natural colour marks the characterization and description. The author's magic pen depicts in bold flashes, the Mysteries of the Rye House Days: and with it the innumerable Court intrigues lies quite alive.

ALFRED

OR

The Adventures of a French Gentleman

In One Vol. Re. 1-0-0.

THIS is indeed the most eloquent presentation of a lively French plot, in which play several Ladies & Gentlemen in various rolls of love, fashion and adventure peculiar to the French Shores. The comprehensiveness of the plot, the development of the numerous eloquent descriptions and appealing dialogues of love only entrance the charm that is its own.

Bronze Statue

OR

The Virgin's Kiss

IN 4 VOLS. R. 3.

As a mighty warrior, timely saviour of the weak, Good Counsellor, True friend, Charming and Truthful lover, Sir Ernest De Colmar is foremost among the several heroes introduced in his novels. The description of the tribunal of the Bronze Statue, Character of the Baron of Altendorf, the feminine characters such as Satanais, Emilie, Angela and Gloria which are of different varieties will completely encircle the mind of the readers and expose several excellent morals.

SUPERIOR WATCH Co., POST BOX No. 167, MADRAS.

G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.

Stories Told by a Gendarme

In One Vol. Price As. 12

AN account of a thousand singular adventures that soften into pity the heart of a misanthrope, that wring tears from the most unwilling and is also a necessary reading to make one avoid the Crooked paths of Vice, and pursue the course of rectitude and Virtue.

Canonbury House

OR

The Queen's Prophecy

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 2-4-0

This is an excellent historical novel which describes the condition of life in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth and is full of Court intrigues and extraordinary adventures of the nobles exiled from their homes during the reign of that heroic Queen. A regular war between virtue and vice in which after several hair-breadth escapes the former only triumphs.

The Mysteries of old London or The Days of Hogarth

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 2-4-0

This is another Mysteries unfolding the extraordinary London scenes of the 17th century. It contains many heart-thrilling scenes and the effects of Wisdom and Vice are proved on many an occasion with suitable characters. This novel with its absorbing plots is sure to give agreeable and interesting mental food to the reader.

Pope Joan

OR

The Female Pontiff

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 1-12-0

This novel contains a special variety of plots and heart-thrilling scenes and extraordinary actions occurring in the lands of a Despotie Sultan and is devoid of indecent scenes.

The young Fisherman

OR

The Spirit of the Lake and The Baroness of Grandmanoir

IN ONE VOL. AS. 10

An interesting and extraordinary story of the 18th century. The hero, the only son of a nobleman, supposed to have been drowned while a child comes out after many extraordinary adventures and in his about 25th year obtains possession of his ancestral property in spite of cunning machinations of his uncle. The story is a good example of the truth "Justice will win at the end" and is worth reading.

Robert Macaire

OR

The French Bandit in England

2 VOLS. (IN ONE BOOK) RS. 1-4-0

This novel which contains the most extraordinary adventures of a French bandit in England will entirely enchain the attention of the reader from the very first page till the end. This also contains the adventures of another young man of quite opposite character and thus teaches a good moral, and also contains several extraordinary scenes of much interest and will well repay a perusal. Printed neatly on nice paper and bound with strong cover.

The Young Duchess

OR

The Memoirs of a lady of Quality

IN 4 VOLS. RS. 3

This contains the adventures of a female of noble birth and is interesting throughout. Her bold adventures and actions to save her husband from shame and criminal prosecution and her kind treatment of his half brothers and invalid old mother will teach good morality to females. This novel contains very extraordinary scenes throughout. The heroine's magnanimous character is a special feature in this: one of the best novels. Printed neatly and well bound.

SUPERIOR WATCH Co., POST BOX No. 167, MADRAS.

G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.

Grace Darling or The Heroine of the Fern Island

PRICE AS. 12.

Eliza Richards, the only daughter of respectable parents, who in a moment of almost venial weakness, became the victim of a villainous seducer Stanley Richards—(whose real identity is described at the end of this book)—and how she, after marrying one Mr. Frederick Somerville, a handsome and dauntless young man, resolved to have vengeance on the wretched seducer. On the whole, though "this tale is written for purposes of amusement and diversion" (as the author himself says,) "yet many an useful moral be extracted from its pages, yet may the lesson Eliza's history contains be essentially beneficial to many."

Faust an excellent Romance

IN 2 VOLS. RS. 1-8-0

This is one of the extraordinary romance rather unrivalled, written by the author. The Historical portion in the novel exposes the extra-ordinary and fearful condition of Europe in those days. The adventures of chiefs, the Hero and The Archduke Leopold, Otto Pianalla and Father Anselm and some others are most extraordinary, heart-thrilling and awe-inspiring. Further there are several mysteries most wonderful in this novel and the history of the notorious Borgia family is one of them. The characters in this novel are full of all types—from best to worst. The most extraordinary and varied kinds of scenes in this novel cannot be found in any other novel and it is impossible to explain them here. This is well worth reading and the morals contained are simply numerous. Printed neatly and bound in strong wrapper.

Mary Stuart OR The Queen of Scots

IN 2 VOLS. (in one bound) RE. 1-4-0.

This is one of the novels in which the author depicts the scenery of Scotland. The true character of Mary Stuart is vividly portrayed.

The Massacre of Glencoe

IN 4 VOLS. RS. 3.

This is a historical novel depicting the Highland Scenery, Customs and Superstitions in a very interesting style and deals with the horrible scenes of massacres and cruelties occurred during the time of religious quarrels in England. Printed on good good paper and well got up.

MAY MIDDLETON ... 2 VOLS. ... 1 8 0

Mahabharata

BY S. T. IYENGAR, M. A., L. T.

Being a concise yet beautiful narration of the subject-matter commencing from the Boyhood of the Pandavas to the very end viz. the reestablishment of peace, contentment and everything that is virtuous. Every incident is portrayed suitably with half tone pictures that tell their own tale. A Book that must be read by every one. A splendid piece of literature.

As. 12 per copy.

The Mysteries of Paris

IN 2 VOLS. (in one bound) Re. 1

This is the most interesting Novel written by Eugene Sue. All the plots are well selected and interesting full of adventures and incidents which will enchain the reader from beginning to finish. For construction of plots and interesting adventures this Novel is equal to the leading and popular adventurous series. Each and every plot involves well principled morals. The action of the hero in this novel is unequalled in imparting unselfish generous actions, through gentlemanly character, and several praise-worthy excellent moral principles.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

This may be called the adventures of a very chaste woman who undergoes boldly and sensibly such difficulties and suffers such privations which will draw tear from the eyes of even iron hearts, to save the life of her husband from unjust persecution and death—an excellent moral lesson. Nicely printed and well got up.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 2 Vols. Rs. 1-8-0.

SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

"Astrological & Astronomical Books."

BY C. G. RAJAN B.A. (Mathematics)

(1) **RAJA JOTHIDA GANITHAM** :—(In English) is a book of Planetary tables for 6300 years i.e., from 3200 B.C. to 3100 A.D. is based on up-to-date American and European astronomy. It enables the quick calculation of the Geocentric Longitude and Latitudes of all the nine Indian planets correct to the nearest minute of arc at any moment between 3200 B.C. and 3100 A.D. This book deals with the following points viz. (1) Siderial time, with 8 tables to calculate Siderial time for any moment, between 1800 A.D. and 3100 A.D. (2) Eclipses with rules for the calculation of eclipses according to the Soros of the Chaldeans (3) Conversion of Celestial longitude and latitude into right Ascension and Declination and vice versa, (4) Several kinds of time in use, (5) rising and Setting of the Heavenly bodies, (6) Rising and Setting of Sun, (7) Standard Times of Sunrise and Sunset, (8) The Rising and Setting of the Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn (9) Rising and Setting of Zodiacal Signs (10) Calculation of the Lagna and Bhavachakra, (11) Calculation of Cusps of houses practically (12) Ayanamsa and conversion of Sayana longitude into Nirayana longitude, all School of Ayanamsa discussed and the methods of arriving at the several ayanamsa quantities are given (13) The Hindu Spherical Co-ordinates and the conversion of the European Spherical Co-ordinates into Hindu Spherical Co-ordinates (14) Tables of conversion of Tropical longitude into Tropico-Polar longitude (15) Tables of Hindu latitude (16) Tables of Hindu Kranti (17) Tables of European declination (18) Equation of time. 510 pages, royal size, Calico cloth bound Price Rs. 5-0-0 Net, (Postage extra.)

(2) **JATHAKA GANITHAM** :—2nd edition in Tamil.

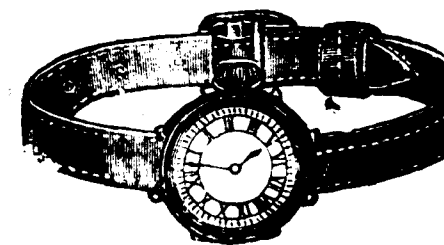
Price Rs. 2-4-0 (Postage extra.)

(3) **BRIHAT JATAKA OF VARAHAMIHARA** :—(In Tamil.) Price R. 2-0-0 (Postage extra.)

Copies can be had from :—SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

"FIDO" LEVER WRIST WATCH.

This "Fido" Lever Wrist Watch is high grade



and accurate time keeper. This has given unparalleled satisfaction to one and all. This "Fido" Lever Wristlet that is small, charming, low price and yet

keeping accurate time in all conditions and climates. We guarantee this Watch for Five Years. Every watch is carefully oiled, adjusted, regulated and tested for a week before they leave our premises. Write to-day and avail of the opportunity early.

Price Rs. 5-8-0 each. Rs. 5-12-0 with chain.

These watches are fitted with high grade Swiss Mechanism, clear dial and figures. Its design and finish will satisfy the most critical test, and an appearance equal to solid gold. Very charming to look at and perfect timekeeper. All the watches are guaranteed for 4 years.



Square shape, fixed loops with fine clear dial,

Nickel case Rs. 4 8 0

Rolled gold case .. 5 12 0

HALF PRICE.

(TILL THE END OF THIS MONTH.)

1. A 100 Ways of Kissing Girls. Rs. 1 8 0
2. How to Woo & How to Win. .. 1 8 0
3. When Women Love. .. 1 8 0
4. UNMARRIED MOTHER. .. 1 8 0

All the 4 books for Rs. 3.—Instead of Rs. 6.

PARIS DENTAL HOSPITAL (No. F.)

AMRITSAR.

SECRET OF SEXUAL LOVE.

(With many Beautiful Loving Photos.)

This book contains Happiness of Gents & Ladies, Love, Kissing, Sexual relations, Sweet dreams, secret Hints for pregnancy Women & many other secret subjects for males & females. English language with loving photos. Price per Book Rs. 0-12-0.

SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX No. 167, MADRAS.

Sandanathi Thylam.

A best tonic food for the Brain. Regular use for bath and for hair dressing, keeps the brain cool, refreshing and sharp. Indispensable for brain workers.

Price in tins of 5 Palams
Rs. 1 0 0.
" " 10 Palams
Rs. 1 12 0.



Mohini Hair Oil.

(with 5 presents.)

It gives cool to the brain and removes the burning sensation of the eyes due to heat. It also beautifies the hair and keeps it from falling.
1 Tin 5 palams As 13, including 4 presents & 1 Packet Mirror.

Iron Tonic.

This remarkable Tonic is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life. This tonic positively Cures all Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Premature Decay, Exhausted Vitality, and all the results of overwork and dissipation by imparting a substantive and life-giving Energy of special value to the nerve.

In Neurasthenia and the Imbecility of old age, the effects of our Nervolin are well marked. It cures all abnormal Discharges, builds up the muscular tissues and restores lost manhood. Every dose is effective.

Per Phial for 20 days Rs. 1.
" " 40 " Rs. 1-12.

Scorpion Stings.



Our Cure—gives prompt and speedy relief. We can now unhesitatingly commend this wonderful application to the general public with the firm conviction that with a bottle of our specific the severest agony following scorpion and insects poisoning may be relieved almost instantaneously.

Per Box As. 8.

Sakuntala Hair Oil.



It cures baldness, removes dizziness, debility of the brain, melancholia, short sight, weakness of body and memory, vertigo and other similar maladies. It is a specific for those that have ruined their health by excessive drink or other causes. It imparts a shine to the skin, and brilliancy to the countenance. Its fragrance is most pleasing. Those who want luxury in a medicine should use this oil regularly before bathing as usual.

This oil softens the scalp, gently stimulates the hair roots, and by such action brings about a quick and healthy growth of hair. It also prevents the hair prematurely turning grey or putting forth a faded and lustreless appearance. It preserves the skin from chaps and redness caused by cold, or tropical heat or impure water.

This Hair Oil contains nothing which can irritate or injure the most delicate skin. It cures all eruptive diseases of the scalp. Its merits are so pronounced that it can be used with benefit by all persons, whatever the condition of their hair or scalp. It causes satisfaction and pleasure in addition to the benefit which is certain.

Per Bottle As. 12.

Cough Cure.



This medicine cures quickly and completely all sorts of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing or Asthma and all Disorders of the Chest and Lungs, and if taken in time, will prevent even Consumption. By its immediate action on the respiratory system a free expectoration is produced, giving almost instant relief. When the Lung is weak use at once Basakasaba.

PER PHIAL RS. 1.

Karnabindu OR The Ear-drops.

It cures Otorrhoea, Otitis, Tympanites, Inflammation, and all other distressing diseases of the ear, including deafness if not of long standing. It tones the auditory nerves, and removes all pain from the head and ears. It is soothing and is free from all sorts of irritation. In the evacuation of pus and all other septic matter it possesses a remarkable power.

PER PHIAL AS. 4.



NETRABANDHU OR EYE-DROPS.

Diseases of the eye are very common in India, particularly in up country provinces, where they appear periodically. Netrabandhu is the most soothing, cooling and delightfully healing preparation. It relieves the optic nerve tension and undue fatigue, removes redness, and cures Ophthalmia, cataract, fleshy growth, ulceration, watering of the eye, shortness of vision, iritis, sore-eyes, profuse flow of tears, purulent discharge, granulous eye-lids, staphylococci, fear or intolerance of light, colour-blindness, night-blindness &c. It is guaranteed to be perfectly free from any strong, irritating or injurious substances.



Per Phial As. 8.

"SIVAPRAGASA" TOOTH POWDER.



A continuous use of this Powder renders the teeth Pearlwhite, strengthens them, imparts a fragrance to the breath and preserves the teeth in good order. A regular use of this powder completely cures tooth-ache, decay, caries of teeth inflammation of Pulp necrosis of fang neuralgia, Gum boils, ulcerations bleedings swelling of the gum and face, ulcers of the tongue, etc. 1 Tin As. 2 and 6 Tin As. 10.

Photo Album.

An Album containing 12 Beautiful nature Studies of Sexes in different postures (real life) of French, English, German and Indian. Most indispensable for decorating Bed Rooms etc.

Price Rs. 1-12-0 each.

A real boon to suffering humanity!

GOLD PILLS.



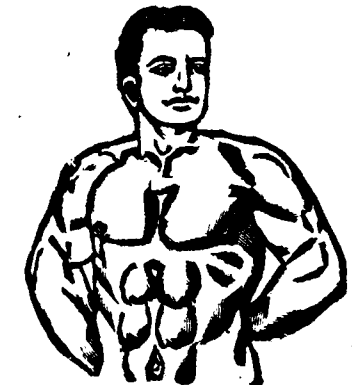
Youth in thirty minutes.

Old man and delighted young man will enjoy pleasures in life within 30 minutes.

Revives youth and vigour in thirty minutes by the use of Nervigour gold Pills. The world renowned specific pills for the impotent and hopeless and the best tonic for weak constitution and nervous prostration. It is the medicine to get back the lost power with the lasting effect. It is a preparation on indigenous drugs with no bad after effect.

If two pills are taken daily morning and after supper with milk, coffee, ovaltine or water before going to bed, it will restore manly powers and it is useful to both sexes. No restriction of diet. One phial of 20 pills price Rs. 2.

Amirthasanjeevi Lekyam AND Ayakanta Bhaspam.



The Strength-giving and Nerve-Invigorating Elixir.

This remarkable medicine is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life, Sleeplessness, tremblings, palpitation, nervous dyspepsia, mental and bodily prostration, Muscular and local weakness, general and nervous debility, faulty nutrition, premature decay or deficiency of the vital forces, waste of vitality, harassing dreams, sudden startings, dimness of sight, defective hearing, loss of memory, back-ache, nervous headache, wasting diseases, night sweats, and all other phases of brain and nerve exhaustion, are successfully combated by this highly scientific preparation. It gives tone to the exhausted nerves, arrests all weakening symptoms, etc. restores the falling powers, and imparts new life and energy to what had so recently assumed "worn out" "used up" and "valueless".

In rebuilding the disordered nervous system—in enriching the impoverished blood, in removing the obnoxious and poisonous matter from the body, in giving a healthy tone to the shattered constitution and in bringing a doomed life back to youth, vigour and cheer—This Lekyam and Bhaspam are unrivalled and unequalled. These can be taken by all people of all ages and all sex with the greatest advantage.

Inland (for 24 days use) Rs. 1-12-0

Postage As. 6 Extra.

" (., 48 .) Rs. 4-0-0 (including postage.)

Foreign (for 24 days use) Rs. 1-12-0

Postage Rs. 1-4-0 Extra.

" (., 48 .) Rs. 5-8-0 (including postage.)

For foreign countries medicines will not be sent without money fully prepaid (as advance.)

Hair Destroyer.

This is the only successful medicine for removing hair, where it is superfluous. It is a pleasant chemical compound entirely free from all poisonous ingredients which if persistently used permanently destroys the cyst and follicle (after which the reappearance of hair is impossible), without the slightest pain and injury to the skin, leaving the latter as clear and smooth as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to give the desired relief where other remedies have failed.

Price Per Phial As. 8

G. Cure.

A specific for all urethral affections specially acute and chronic gonorrhoea of painful and severe type. All burning pricking and painful sensations, excessive or scanty urinations and discoloration ceases within 12 hours. Single dose brings marvellous effect. Two days' use reduces the disease to half its severity. This has been prepared in a thoroughly scientific method. It kills the germ "Gonococci" which are a bacilli of gonorrhoea in a very short time and thus paves the way to permanent cure. This is a sovereign remedy for acute Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Urithritis, Running white, etc., and their consequences. People who cannot pass urine without the introduction of a Catheter should try this.

PER PHIAL RE. 1.

Latest Novelty

Automatic Motion!!

Hygienic Rubber Goods.

List of seamless Rubber Goods etc., for men.
Improved Washable Paragon Sheaths.

Made of special elastic Para Rubber. Washable and lasts a long time. It has an excellent effect and is an infallible preventive. Silk finish warranted free from defect, offers absolute security. All guaranteed finest quality. Each in a box with directions for use Natural colour. Single and Reinforced Double Top.

Price 1st Quality Rs. 2 0 0 each.

" 2nd	"	"	1 12 0	"
" 3rd	"	"	1 0 0	"
" 4th	"	"	0 12 0	"

Guaranteed British Manufacture.

Contraceptive & Birth Control Device for Women.

Solid rim Improved Check pessary
with Silk string.

FOR WOMEN.

(PRO-RACE PATTERN.)

Special Quality, made of pure medicated rubber extremely high finish. Seamless with Solid Rubber Rim. High dome, Hygienically Sterilized. Exactly of the same shape as recommended by Dr. Stopes and President, Birth Control League of England. Packed each in a box, complete with directions.

Price 1st Quality Rs. 3 0 0 Each.

" 2nd	"	"	2 4 0	"
" 3rd	"	"	1 8 0	"

Krishna Sanjeevi

The Soothing Balm for all Pains.



It cures by external application only all sorts of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spasmodic or sudden muscular pains, stiffness, swellings, sprains, Lumbago Gonorrhoeal and Syphilitic Rheumatism whether caused by external injury, chill or accumulation of uric acid or impure blood.

It is equally useful in chest pains, pains in the neck and even bruises and cuts.

Per Phial As. 8.

Ringworm Cure.

It speedily and permanently cures all sorts of Ringworms and other skin-diseases. It produces no irritation or burning sensation, but soothes the integument.

Per Phial As. 4.

"IDEAL"

HAND EMBROIDERY MACHINE
Is an "IDEAL" Gift for every
Girl or House-Wife!!!

With this Machine everybody, even without any knowledge of designing embroidering, is able to do, by means of this little apparatus, on every kind of stuff, such as Silk, Zephyr, plush, Velvet or Khaddar Embossed Embroidery Work, viz., Monograms, birds, bed-covers, Chair-cushions, window curtains, Baby caps and many other kinds of nice Fashionable works. In five minutes every one becomes a perfect master. Price of the Machine with complete illustrated instructions and Sample of Work.

Rs. 2-8-0 only.

HAIR DYE.

Our Hair Dye is free from any deleterious matter. It turns grey hair into natural deep black and offers a fine glory appearance to it. Even old men will look young by its application. This hair Dye is the best and easiest in use. Harmless, Washable and Lasting.

Price Rs. 1 per phial.

**G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.****Mary Price**

OR

The Memoirs of a Maid-Servant

This is one of the masterpieces full of gripping and thrilling interest throughout. As every one knows, Reynolds need no introduction that he is a specialist in coining out sensational plots which will make the readers spell-bound; he is unrivalled in inserting the plots so constructed in their appropriate places; he is renowned for his expressions using forcible epithets in describing amazing incidents and especially dialogues; he is infinite in changing scenes and diversity of elaborate mechanical effect. This extraordinary Novel with its fascinating mixture of astonishing and daring acts, bold and mechanical fancy will captivate the attention of the readers. The publication of this Novel, of a popular author is therefore a fact, which it is necessary to chronicle for its importance to be appreciated.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

"Joseph Wilmot"

OR

The Memoirs of a Man-Servant.

This is a comprehensive account of a country-born forced by necessity to take shelter in the metropolis of London where both virtue and vice, crime and murder, fidelity and dishonesty and all other conflicting specimens of humanities live and play the role in their own suites. The pitfalls, not a few in number and the numerous adventures of either brand, in their own thrilling and highly interesting garbs make the novel a second to none and the able author carries fire and spirit in the narration. This can be said to be the last and finishing stroke of Reynolds and therefore it is quite reasonable to expect a fruit of all past labours, experience and enlarged vocabulary.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set, 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

Margaret or The Discarded Queen.

Almost all novels written by this author are highly interesting; yet this novel serial has several phases and specially interesting scenes which will install the reader on the highest pedestal of the most interesting and heart-thrilling scenes, which will end in ecstasy. The actions of the king scenes, which will end in ecstasy. The actions of the Young Brother of the Heroine, which are brave, just, sensible and awe-inspiring are very praiseworthy and will give a mental food, that is, simply of unlimited value. The several scenes occurring in this novel are in each itself the most extraordinary and heart-thrilling and a special feature in this extraordinary novel.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Loves of the Harem

OR

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

That G. W. M. Reynolds can imagine a strong and unusual plot, that he can give it vicissimilitude and work it out with extraordinary skill is well-known and now he has given us a story which is absorbingly and thrillingly interesting from first page without ever degenerating into mere vulgarly sensations and which contains a whole series of marvellously minute studies of character. Love and adventure play in vivid flashes throughout the book. Round the central figures in the book are a number of others playing equally intense and important parts delineated with the utmost care and attention.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

ELLEN PERCY

OR

The Memoirs of an Actress

We need not harp upon the excellency of the Author's plots, descriptions and several other unrivalled qualifications as they are well-known to the reader of his novels. Hence we simply say that this is one of his very interesting, most extraordinary and world-famed works. The Biography of the Heroine contains many heart-thrilling adventures, romantic occurrences and mysteries which will afford a very interesting food to the brain of the reader and entirely absorb his attention. The various characters in this novel are of different types, teaching several morals, and worldly experiences. Every admirer of the Author after once going through this will feel very glad that he had not lost the chance of reading this neatly printed and attractively bound copy.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

Rosa Lambert

OR

The Memoirs of a Clergyman's Daughter.

A highly interesting novel with ingeniously woven Plots of Comical Scenes, Tragical Scenes, Dialogues, Accounts of Places and of Incidents. This is the novel in which are depicted the courage and weakness of the fair sex.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

THE SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

SUPERIOR WATCH Co., POST BOX No. 167, MADRAS.

Rs. 50 FOR LUCKY NUMBERS

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during January dated 5-1-1934 and 20-1-1934 have unduplicated numbers printed on the Front Page of the wrapper. Six of these numbers have been selected at random and kept in a sealed envelope in the Manager's possession. A week after the publication of the issue of the 20th January '34 the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th February 1934. The copy bearing the first of the Lucky Numbers will be purchased for Rs. 25 and the other five copies bearing the rest of the five lucky numbers will be purchased at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

Copies bearing the Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, Funny Magzin Office by Registered Post. Copies must be in tact. Mere forwarding of the wrapper containing the number will not bring a prize. Tearing of coupons other is allowed. The prize money will be paid only to the sender of the copy. So if you lend your copies you do so at your risk.

WANTED ACTIVE AGENTS

TO PUSH ON THE SALES OF

FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

(A HUMOROUS FORTNIGHTLY)

IN UNREPRESENTED AREAS

Liberal Commission & Fair Conditions.

For particulars apply to:—

The Manager, FUNNY Magzin Office,
6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali Street,
Sowcarpet, MADRAS.

Printed and Published by N. MUNISAMI MUDALIAR, at the 7, MAD "ANANDA BODHINI" PRESS,
No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali Street, Sowcarpet, Madras.—
Editor: R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.T.