

889

889

Lucky Number & Free Contest Prizes Rs. 100.

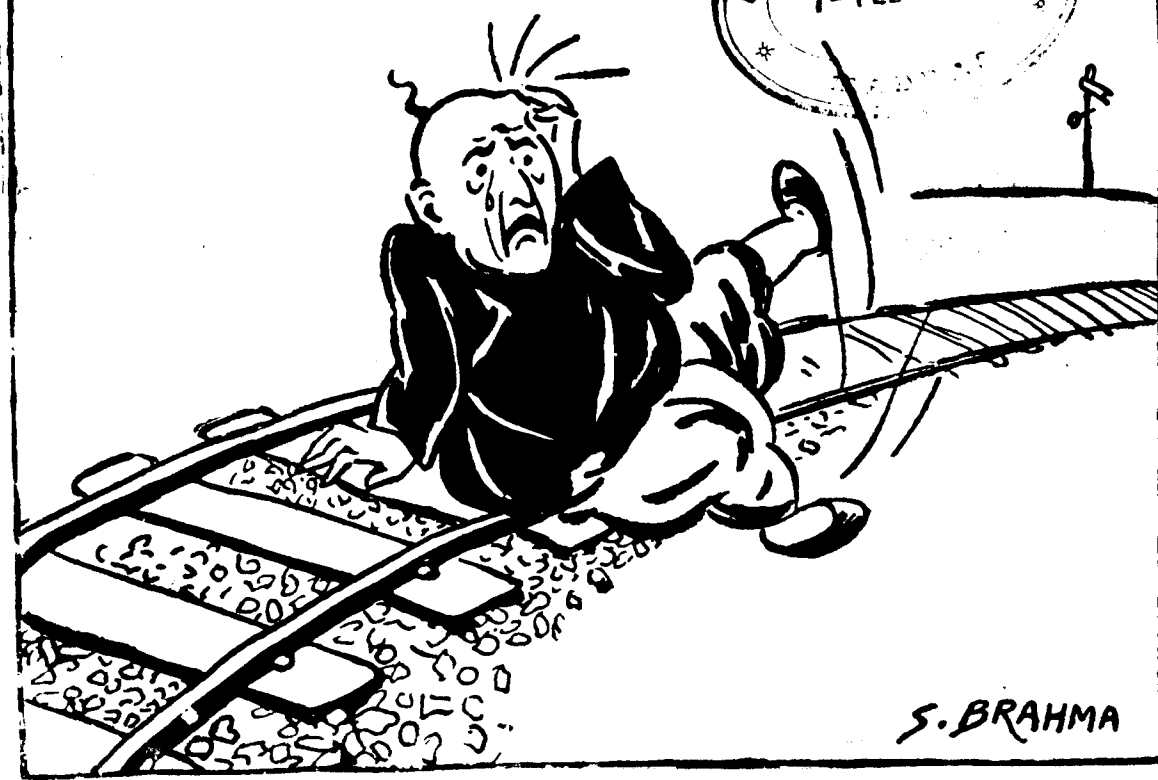
The **Funny** Magzin
of India
A FORTNIGHTLY 1988

VOL. I

MADRAS, 20TH JANUARY, 1934.

No. 12

Hard Lines



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

SINGLE COPY

PRICE AS. 1-6.

January 20, 1934

FUNNY MAGZIN

THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	Inland.	Foreign.
Annual	Rs. 2-0-0	4-0-0
Half yearly	" 1-2-0	2-4-0
Single copy (Madras Presidency)	" 0-1-6	0-3-0
Single copy in other parts of India, Burma and Ceylon	Rs. 0-1-9	

Subscriptions are payable in advance and they may commence any month. Subscriptions must be paid direct to us and not to any of our agents.

Our Ceylon Readers must send their subscriptions by M. O. or by B. P. O. Stamps will not be accepted.

Change of Address must be intimated to us before hand. Please mention Subscription Number intimating change of address to ensure correct despatch.

Contributions must be sent to the Editor while all business communications must be addressed only to the Manager.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

One Full page	Rs. 25.	Quarter Page	Rs. 8.	Per
Half Page	" 15.	1/8th page	" 5.	Issue.

Advertisement charges are payable in advance. For long standing advertisements apply to Manager.

Telephone No. 3005.

Telegrams: "ANANDA BODHINI," MADRAS.

THE MANAGER,

The FUNNY MAGZIN,

6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali St., Madras.

To Our Contributors.

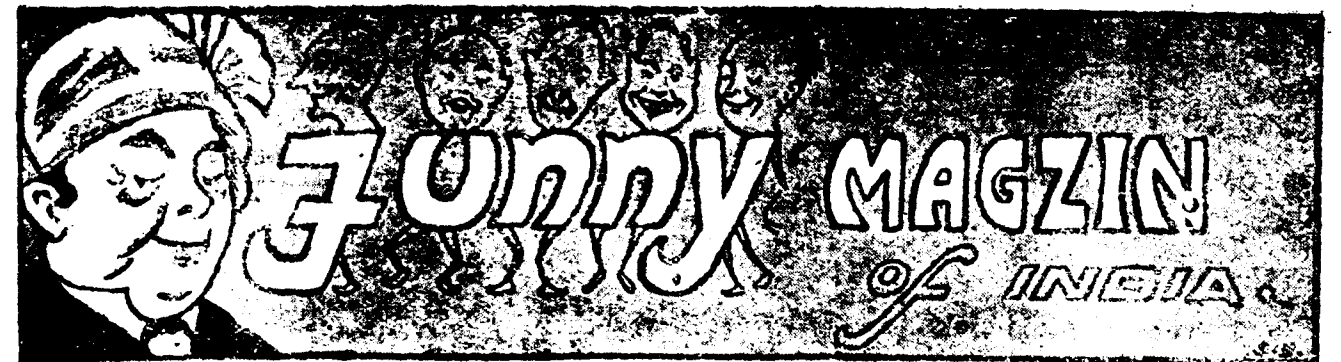
(1) Articles of a humorous nature, written originally by the Contributor, may be sent: Copied Articles, slightly garbled ones or Articles on Serious Topics, are not required.

(2) The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections and some margin on the left.

(3) All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place to enable us to return them in case they are not found suitable.

(4) Rejected manuscripts, and cartoons etc., will be usually returned only after the Editor has finished considering them, if sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any.

(5) Articles appearing in The FUNNY Magzin become the sole and permanent copyright of the Publisher.



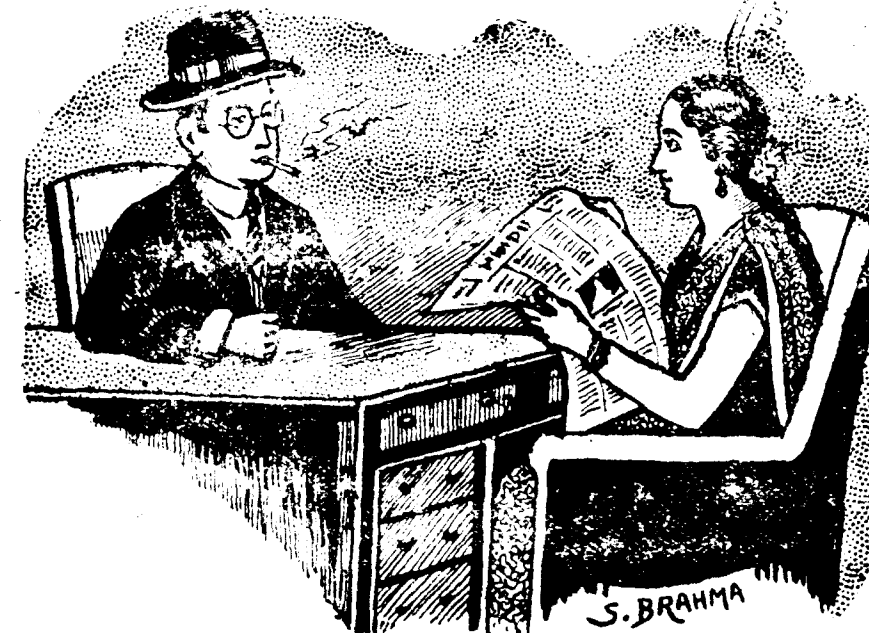
PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol I.

MADRAS, 20th JANUARY, 1934.

No. 12

THE WEDDED RIVALS



Lady:—Where are you going now?

Husband:—I am off to interview the Principal of the City College for the Chemistry Professor's place.

Lady:—Oh, dear! I was just thinking of applying for the same on seeing the advertisement in this paper!

It is now suggested that those who dodge before cars should be prosecuted. We fear that this will be robbing the poor pedestrian of his simple pleasures.

"Why do women cry for the moon?" asks an irate husband.

Oh! They have been told there is a man in it!

"No good purpose is ever served by worrying," says a medical writer.

But our petty creditors don't seem to take any notice.

"My son is no earthly good," writes a correspondent.

Well, make him an air pilot.

"The Ceylon Treasury returns show a surplus of revenue over expenditure."

The Home authorities should contemplate severe action for this peculiar deviation from the prevalent practice.

"All girls are alike," writes an essayist.

Except the one you are wooing.

"Art never pays nowadays," complains an artist.

Our advice is that he should try artfulness.

"Wealth is a disease," says an author.

We wish it were an epidemic.

"He always refused to dress above his income," states a novelist.

Is he now a nudist?

FOAM AND FROTH

"Getting married is life's most serious business," we read.

But not getting married is still more serious.

"Please visit—Silk Throwing Factory," reads an advt.

However, don't presume waste silk squares from here.

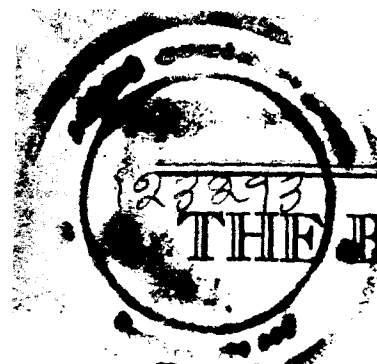
"Our country is at peace," says an American paper.

Where is that?

An horticulturist says that bulbs suffer from a disease akin to pneumonia. That explains why our bulbs remain so firmly in their bed.

"I think I understand women," writes a friend.

You are not a great thinker!



THE BASKET AND THE BLUE PENCIL.

—EDITOR'S TITTLE-TATTLE.

HULLO READERS!

At last I have come out.



There has been a lot of complaints from all over the world that I do not speak to my readers—that I am so much occupied with the "We" that I do not employ the "I". Well, here we are. I will use the "I" to such an extent that I will have the foreman ring up the type-foundry for more of "I" types. Now let us have a cosy talk.

Between You and me and the Basket, I don't mind telling you that I am giving you a big surprise in this issue. Rather many surprises, to be exact. In the first place, you will find some new writers. 'Torch,' for instance, hides a well-known humorous writer who, as it were, lights the darker side of life for your enjoyment. There is also a lady contributor who has taken cudgels against Mr. P. G. S. Rajan. I hope more ladies will come forward with contributions so that I may not be accused of being partial to the Men.

Another feature of special interest to all our readers is the film section. In this issue you will find reviews of films. Next time our Stage too will come in for its proper share of attention.

I have published some of the jokes received for the Jokes Prize. I am being inundated with these jokes that come in battalions by every mail. Another batch of jokes along with the winning entry among them will appear in the issue for February 5th.

Likewise I have received hundreds of entries for the Letters Competition. A select

few with the winning letter will also appear in the February 5th issue.

It is now my pleasant duty—as they say in public speeches—to congratulate the winners of the Rs. 300 competition on behalf of the Funny Magzin.

Mr. K. A. P. Visvanatha Pillay, who has won the first prize of Rs. 200, has proved our slogan "To make Money carry the Funny."

I have another surprise for you in the next issue. A new writer will make his debut with a series of articles entitled "Landslides in Literature." I leave you to guess what sort of amusing thing this is going to be.

Many readers who enjoyed reading 'Jagat-Jwala' have written asking for another serial. I am making arrangements for publishing another serial—a romance. I cannot say when, but certainly very soon.

One word to Contributors. Please send your contributions well in advance, if they are of topical interest, to the issue in which you want them to appear, so that I can get them illustrated.

As the 'Magzin' goes to Press, speculation is rife about the outcome of the Third Test in Madras. To me it appears that Madras must win. I am not indulging in astrology, Dear Readers. It is elementary. In the First Test we were defeated. In the Second we drew. Need one say what we ought logically do in the Third? Moreover the country has not stopped cheering the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram for the brilliant victory his team got over the visitors. This has shattered the illusion that the M. C. C. are invincible. Madras is the native soil of some of our best cricketeers and naturally we are going to see some brilliant display.

I remain,
Yours cheerfully,
BHAI FUNZIN.

Nothing so Lucky as Good Luck!

Miracles in Madras!!

Yes, we are proud of our City—

The Good old historic Madras.

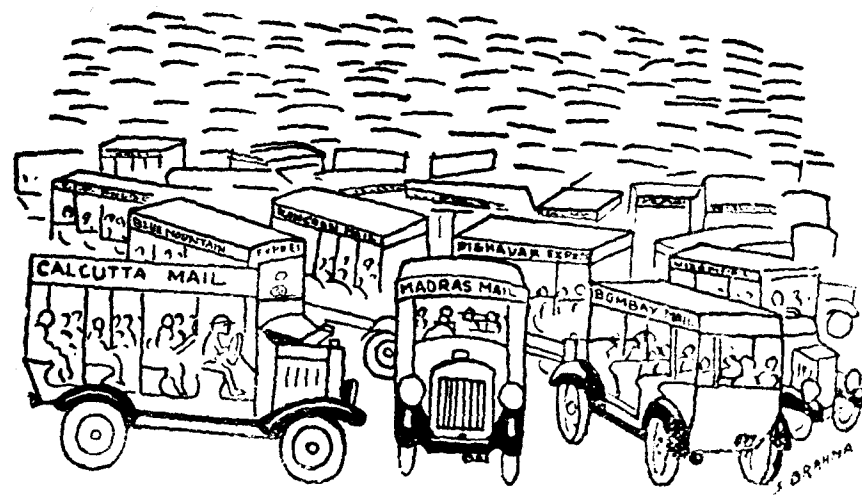
We are the first to have a European Mayor!

Unprecedented in India! We are so self-sacrificing!

And now—



Bhai Funzin Greets His Excellency (very soon) Khan Bahadur Sir Muhammad Usman Khan Bahadur, First Indian Governor of a major Province. First Muslim Governor of a major Hindu Province. Sure, this yet another prop to the Hindu-Muslim Unity for which the Southern Presy. is well-known. Bhai Funzin wishes Long Life to our new Governor.



Conferences have their seasons; Mahasabhas have their moments; naturally "Bus" people cannot escape the contagion—Ed.

ALL-INDIA BUS MEN'S CONFERENCE.

A Nation-Wide Movement to Safeguard Bus Men's Rights.

"Passengers are good ones," said Keery, "if you only handle them properly."

Keery is the very Doyen of drivers of Buses: he had many adventures with the cops; he had stood many magistrates; and maybe that he paid fines, but he always had his say in the full court houses.

Coming from the lips of Keery, the remark had considerable weight in the Bus world.

Keery's words naturally set his friends thinking, and a nation-wide conference, as it is the fashion to call it, was the upshot.

Bus men came from all parts: from North and South and East and West. Keery received the chief men: the chief men, of course, being those that stood the storm of many arrests and "unjust" fines.

The conference assembled in the largest Park with the Buses parked all over the place.

Mr. Sukladev, M.L.C., was installed president amidst tremendous enthusiasm. As he took his seat, the Sisters Mahalaxmi and Jayalaxmi sang of the glories of the profession of the Driver, for the first and foremost Driver of the Universe was Lord Sri Krishna who sanctified the Trade as Bhagavan Partha Sarathy.

Only fitting that a large plaster of Paris model of Sri Krishna, whip in hand, should be placed in the centre of the Conference with wreaths of Jasmine, rose and parijatham.

Mr. Sukladev in a brief speech solemnly promised to do his best for the honourable trade of Drivers and their Squires, the Conductors. He

said he somehow felt that his own life was mixed up with the Welfare of the thankless task of the line of Drivers.

After narrating with great force some of the hardships the Bus men have to bear, Mr. Sukladev promised to lay down his life for the cause of Bus men.

His closing words will ever be remembered: "Brother Drivers, before I conclude, let me assure you that this life of mine is yours—yours to serve and, if need be, to die. I am ready to lay down my life and die under the very wheels of your Bus. I will then show to the world how to sacrifice one's life. I will die happy, and grateful that I have done my humble best for the cause."

Loud and long and irrepressible cheers all over the Park!

[SEE PAGE 2.]

An Imaginary Indian Orchestra

Mr. Sambamurthy's Unheard of Musical Combination

The New Orchestra Quite a Musical Atrocity!

Mr. Sambamurthy's Grouping a Daring Infliction



Tip to Mr. Sambamurthy, the Official Musical God: Why not include these popular, though humble, musical instruments and thus complete the Musical Pandemonium that the Great Musical Authority has so audaciously sprung upon a helpless public? Who has ever heard or seen the grouping that Mr. Sambamurthy has brought about under the name of an Orchestra?

All-India Bus Men's Conference.

[Continued from page 4.]

Mr. Pichimuthu, M. L. C., moved the first Resolution: "That it is unfair, unjust, unmanly and unpatriotic to make needless fuss over Bus accidents, no matter if they are even fatal, as such accidents are not only incidental to rapid mass movements but even necessary for the advancement of the Motherland."

Mr. Pichi, always identified with popular causes, ever the friend of the oppressed and the champion of the suppressed, explained the full importance of his proposition. He explained that to place needless restraints upon Bus men was really to conspire against the progress of the nation.

Mr. Pichi pointed out that merest Justice demanded that in every case of accident the victim was the Bus man, not the injured man. He asked "What business had anybody to get in the way of Buses? Why run into danger and complain? Even in fatal cases, Mr. Pichi wanted the representatives of the dead person to answer the charge of negligence and wilful obstruction.

He swore he would devote all his talents and influence to protect the Bus men from malicious thwarting by people in brief authority.

Keery, the hero of Bus men got up and dwelt on the greatness of Bus men; he proved to the thorough satisfaction of the whole audience that there was no more honourable set of public work-

ers than his brethren; and that they were the first to die in case of peril; and finally, his only prayer was, whether in or out of Jail, that the world should know their real worth and treat them accordingly.

A lavish banquet ended the Conference, which was as short as it was enthusiastic; and the nation-wide gathering of Bus men dispersed, though it was reported many Bus men did not reach home as they came, on account of the very heavy feasting and rejoicings.

Topical Twistings

— (BY DING-DONG-DING) —

In India every household is ruled from the purdah. Indian wives have far more influence and infinitely more commands than wives have over here. I know.

And I am not going to have my affairs managed for me by any woman, nor do what she tells me.

A bachelor has a delightful life. He can do what he likes. He is the boss."——Duleepsinghji.

It has not yet been ascertained whether the All-India Women's Conference has really passed a resolution protesting against Duleep's misrepresentation of facts regarding Indian womanhood

Cricketers all over the world are said to be attempting to be their own bosses. Those married cricketers have decided to frame the above news item and hang it above their wives' dressing tables.

The world is anxiously waiting to hear what the International League of Women propose to do about this new rebel.

We do not know whether Duleep has accepted the contract offered by a weekly paper to contribute a series of articles on the "Tyranny of Indian Wives," or the "Need for Bachelor-dom."

In this connection there is keen competition among bachelors' clubs to elect Duleep as their patron.

Anent the fact that Duleep thinks English women are down-trodden, a section of gossipers think that after all Duleep may marry an English girl.

After all one sympathises with Duleep. He does not want to be out. He wants to have a long innings, to wield the bat as long as possible. How can he manage it if he marries? No cricketer likes to be bowled over or even "caught." Even to have a leg before the wicket-gate of marriage is to go back to the pavilion of domesticity.

Since the writer does not know cricket and since he is not at liberty to reveal the fact whether he is married or not, he has refused to give his opinion on the question "Should cricketers marry?"

On the point of going to the press, news comes to hand that a certain organization of women has decided to boycott the forthcoming test matches as a protest against Duleep's remarks. As there is likely to be a demonstration, players should be careful when they hit a boundary.

Few golf professionals, we are told speak during a match.

Except when they address the ball.

It is better to be born lucky than rich.

But to be born rich would be luck enough for most.

A new airplane engine is capable of 10,000 revolutions a minute.

This beats even Cuba's record.

"It is pointed out that one of the direct results of the vogue for one-child families is a shortage of uncles and aunts."

This will be acutely felt at festive times.

Dean Inge thinks that the ultimate extinction of life on earth is inevitable

This is really too harsh a judgment on our motorists.

OUR SPORTSMAN

Three cheers to skipper Naidu! Three cheers to hero Hussain, three cheers to India XI. Theirs is the glory: for valiantly they fought with their backs to the wall and gloriously they saved India from a disastrous defeat. May success crown them in the Third Test!

Five players of the First Test team were replaced. That was a sweeping change. The selection was excellently made and each had his own share in India's success though it has to be admitted that wicket-keeping was not up to so high a standard as in the First Test. But it has to be admitted that bad luck more dogged the Indian team. I am sure they will put up a better show, and strike terror in their adversaries hearts. The Indians must not be pleased at the drawn game. They must strengthen side and attempt a meritorious success at Madras.

Naoomal, the Karachi player, has come back to his original form only in the second Innings. "Flighty" Naidu explored Naoomal with the ball and he gave a good exhibition and Valentine, the dour batsman, returned to the pavilion stumped by Dilawar Hussain. Dilawar Hussain, himself, was the main stay of India in the Test. The "Great Rock of Gibraltar" rested on no particular stroke but he had no weak point in his armoury. He has added a few more feathers to his hat. Dilawar has triumphed!

C. S. Naidu has given the "C. K." touch to his bat. He proved no success with the ball before the M. C. C. batsman but his fielding was marvellous. Mustaq Ali and Gopalan have also amply justified their inclusion, and Gopalan is likely to knock off more of Madras laurels, as he has, proved to be very successful on the Madras turf. Surely very attractive cricket with sparkling fielding will be witnessed in Madras.

Naidu! You were patience personified in the Test match, but your patience won its ample reward. You influenced young Amarnath and the young man took it so much that he paid the penalty for it. What about you! Why were you, declared out LBW when you yourself were not decisive about it? Alas! patience finds no compatible compensation. May more success await you in the third Test!

Bombay's star-batsman, V. M. Merchant, has played a matchless innings in the first Innings. The M. C. C. bowlers cannot make use of their spells on him. He will surely prove to be a good bat on the Madras Wicket.

At last Eden Gardens has witnessed the Test. The enthusiastic spectators are satisfied, nay, pleased at the result. But more eyes are centred on Madras. Before that, will there be any alteration in the team? I would advise it to be a good team of all-rounders than a team of selective batsmen and bowlers.

Year 1934 is born. There is another flutter in the air. The Leg-Theory controversy is ended. Australia is to go to England to fight for the Ashes. Mention is made of the eight probabilities of the Australian Team. They are Woodful, Mc Cabe, Bradman, Ponsford, Oldfield, O'Reilly, Wall and Grimmett. Though no mention need be made of Woodful's stolid innings, Bradman's century habit, Ponsford's brilliant display, Oldfield's exhibition, O'Reilly's splendid bowling, we cannot pause but to look wonderingly at Grimmett who is now past the forty stage. The old man is sure to accompany the Australian Team. Grimmett is still Grimmett whether on Australian fields or England's turfs. What about Wall? In the Test matches in Australia in 1934, he had his toll and England's wickets fell. Will he prove the same Wall in England also?

Australia is not lacking in good batsmen. Young Darling, whose fame has already spread throughout the length and breadth of Australia and who has also impressed the M. C. C. players by scoring a brilliant century, stands a fair chance of being selected.

Mc Cabe is a faultless bat. With the ball he has shown himself to be a capable bowler in England. Grimmett and Oldfield will assist him. Leslie Nagel, if selected, will also prove to be of very great help. But where are the other bowlers? A pair or two will not alone satisfy.

Don Bradman seems yet to be an uncertainty for 1934 Tests. He seems to be still angling for Lancashire League, for Bradman can earn more on a Saturday's play in England than on a week's play in Australia. The whole of the Cricket world was looking for this young prodigy for the 1932 Tests. Fortunately he broke off the shackles that secured him and played for Australia. He boldly defied Larwood, Voce, Verity. If Bradman were to leave for England, it will be an irretrievable loss for Australia.

We have seen Johnstone and Ward. Each has his own way of excelling. The Kent player astounded the Calcutta audience with his spectacular display against the M. C. C. and H. P. Ward joined him to pull up, what appeared to them to be a defeat. C. P. Johnstone again played a meritorious innings and Ward was prominent with his excellent century. Much is to be witnessed of this pair in the ensuing Presidency Cricket Match.

The Presidency Cricket Match teams have been announced. In the absence of the famous players as O. K. Nayudu, Shahabuddin, Rajah of Vizianagaram, C. S. Nayudu, and others, the selection though it appears to be very inferior to that of last year's, yet is not of a mean stuff. We have read and seen Baliah, Gopalan, Ram Singh, Uthappa, Mark Ranganathan and others, in their form. My congratulations to Baliah for captaining the team.

M. U. C. Tennis tournament has commenced. Every day, we witness

matches. The tennis fans were entertained with the display of the Australians. Though it has to be admitted that Australians have been completely eliminated from the finals, yet Ford, Australia's No. 1 Tennis player, gave a good display.

One of the outstanding features of the Tennis Tournament has been the defeat of Sohanlal. Sohanlal caused a great sensation in the S. I. A. A. Tournament by winning the Doubles Titles. Mullen, the South Indian Champion, extended a hearty game to Sohan Lal. In the first set Sohan Lal dominated and led by 6-3. In the next set Mullen gained his form. His net play was superior. It is an indisputable fact that Mullen by his greater stamina and better form made Sohan Lal go down before him.

Mullen has won more laurels.

One more tennis surprise. Rachappa, the Mysore champion, gets defeated by Mullen, the South Indian Champion. Blake, the Karachi player, who alone fought with Del Steffani, the Italian Tennis Star, and carried the game to five sets meekly went down before Rachappa. E. V. Bobb, the redoubtable champion of India, was another of Rachappa's victims. And Rachappa to get defeated by Mullen? Rachappa is in the glory of his youth and Mullen is experience personified. "A duel between youth and experience." The match alone speaks for itself.

News is to hand that an All-India Football team is to visit South Africa and play a series of Matches. The Indian Football Association has also given its consent and it is probable that the Indian Team will leave the Indian shores by May. Mr. Singh says he expects a good play, especially against the Indian settlers, who are very strong and who are sure to put up a bold fight. The African people are very much anxious, as Mr. Singh says, to play with booted players as well as bare-footed men. I would advise my Indian comrades to put on their stockings and play the game avoiding any injuries to their feet in far Durban.

Amateur boxing has not been in vogue for a very long time in India. Scarcy reports of professional boxers

and the boxing contests are read. Thanks to the lead given by Mr. C. V. Naragaraja Sastry, the Oxford Blue, a boxing ring, "Sir George Stanley Ring" named, after the acting Viceroy, has been opened in Saidapet, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. To celebrate the opening ceremony in a fitting manner four Ceylonese amateur boxers together with a number of Y. M. C. A. boxers took part in the contests. Mr. Obeysekere, the brilliant Ceylonese boxer, in a short speech on behalf of the Ceylon Amateur Boxing Association, advocated the development of amateur boxing in India. He said that Ceylon was very advanced in this respect. The sweet will of the Ceylonese amateurs and the enthusiasm of the Madras athletes may probably yield a well-built crop of young boxers.

"BUMPER."

Outwitted.

BY 'ENADUM'

It was a dark and sullen night. The moon had taken his casual leave that day and had gone on his outing. The time was past midnight and even the late Cinema goers had gone home. All the streets presented a deserted appearance and except for the shrill blasts of the policemen on beat, silence reigned. Just as Two O'clock chimed in the High Tower, a man dressed in the policeman's uniform emerged from the bylane and proceeded up the main Road.

Hardly had he gone a hundred yards, he perceived a figure jumping from the high compound wall of a big house with a heavy object in his hand. The 'policeman' was pleased that his uniform was after all of some use that day at least. In a trice the 'cop' had decided on his course of action. It was very simple. He was to follow the thief that was going in front of him. The 'cop' being an experienced man himself, knew for certain that the thief would bury his treasure in some God-forsaken place or other. Just at the moment, when the thief was going to place his booty in the pit, a constable would appear on the scene threatening to place the culprit under 'arrest'. Then the constable would march off to his police station with the booty.

The pseudo constable thought of all these things as he followed blithely and

noiselessly the thief at a respectable distance. As the 'limb of the authority' had surmised, the thief veered from his straight course and entered the Mango grove that was adjacent to the road.

Placing his booty near one of the trees, the thief brought forth his cudgel and dug a pit of about 1 ft depth. Having finished with his digging, he raised the 'booty' to place it under the protection of the Mother Earth. Suddenly there appeared on the scene a constable with a threatening attitude.

"Keep that stuff down, Man! But for me that robbery would never have been solved. I knew from the time I saw you leaving that house that you were up to some mischief. And now what do I see? Trying to conceal that darned stuff, eh? I can have the law upon you. And then you will be sent to the prison perhaps, for your life time. As you seem to be a youngish person I do not want to 'arrest' you. So this time I will let you go free. Now be off and make yourself scarce."

The man needed no second warning, and so he was off. Chuckling at his own cleverness, the pseudo-constable opened the bundle to look at the contents. But the sight of a dead cobra that was within that bundle made him resign his Post.

In Vain

He fled down the street after the tramcar, perspiration rolling down his cheeks.

"I'll catch it," he said to himself, "if I die for it!"

Faster went the tram. He knocked people over in his wild career, but he never wavered. He drew nearer to the car. At last he touched the rail, and with a despairing effort drew himself aboard. He sank into a seat, panting for breath.

The conductor touched him on the shoulder and said: "Sorry, sir, but you'll have to get off. We're only going to the depot."

"Officer, I left my car here a few minutes ago, and now it's gone."

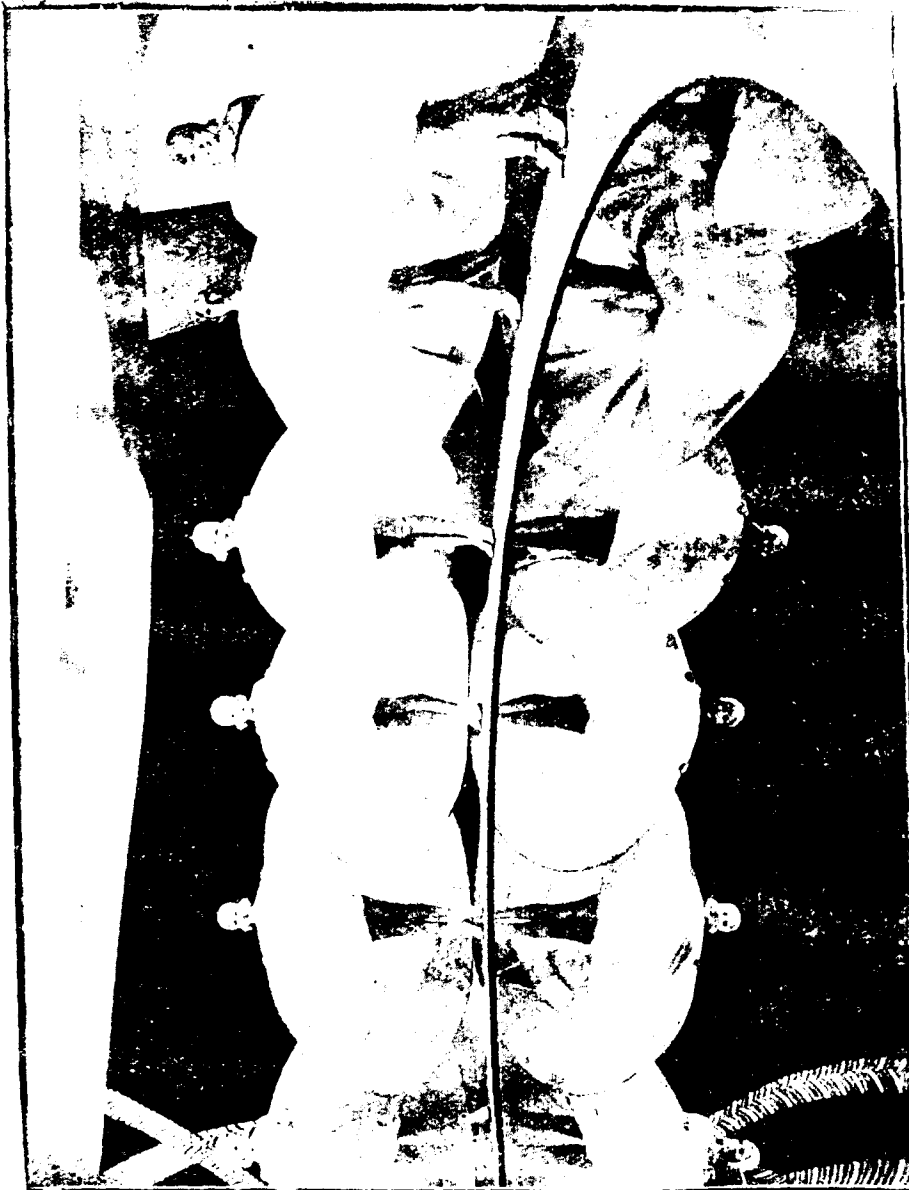
"It must have been stolen, sir."

"No, it couldn't be that. It was insured against theft."



Here are Harbert Mardin, Gloria Stuart, Raul Roulien and Jean Mard in a scene from "It's Great To Be Alive," the new Paramount comedy in which Roulien has the delightful job of being the last man on earth.

2PB



GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933

January 20, 1934

FUNNY MAGZIN

OUR KINE CORNER

Coming Attractions

Paragon.

"It's great to be alive"

"Illegal."

Roxy.

A Bill of Divorcement.

Gold Diggers of 1933.

Gaiety

Valli's Wedding.

REVIEWS.

"It's great to be alive"

That the musical extravaganza, 42nd Street, was an unalloyed success nobody could deny and if at all there exists any complaint against that picture, it was because the picture was devoid of story interest, and plot development. But how much more will a picture which supplies the deficiencies at the same time attaining the musical excellence and the dancing grandeur of 42nd Street will be appreciated! Such a picture is this—"It's great to be alive." In short, it combines within itself musical comedy and romance.

The plot of the picture is that when a devastating disease carries away all men but Carlos Martin to eternal rest, the sex-starved women folk rush to him each claiming him her own. Now that his opportunity has come, he threatens to commit suicide unless his fiancée Dorothy marries him. Fearing they would lose even the one surviving male, Carlos Martin is allowed to marry his Dorothy. How much he thanked the devastating disease, he only can tell.

Raul Roulien plays the part of Carlos Martin and his adventures at the hands of the sex-starved women are very amusing. The mock world-conference of women where claims are being put forth for this one man by the women of various nations, presided over by Edna May Oliver is a grand spectacle. Raul Roulien's "drink" scene with Hebert Mandin that

inevitable arch, comedian has been well-set. Though this is a picture based upon absolute fantasy, it does not fail to amuse. The picture is technically faultless and the music is excellent.

A Bill of Divorcement.

Like a bolt from the blue will this picture be announced to the cinema fans of the city, who are every day thirsting to see something of John Barrymore, after his remarkable performance in "Rasputin." The entire plot of this picture centres round the presumption that insanity is a legal ground for divorce. One Hilary Fairfield becomes insane because of shell-shock and his wife bears him a daughter (whom he has never seen.) and has built up a new life for herself with a new lover in the back ground.

When she is about to wed her new lover, her husband returns quite sane and puts forth an irresistible appeal asking his wife not to remarry. The situation created seems a bit difficult to get solved when the daughter comes to their aid.

This is a story where an atmosphere of tense pathos coupled with agonising torture prevails. Clemence Dane, the writer of this Drama, really elicits our appreciation for the intelligent manner in which the very difficult problem has been handled that is—to marry or not to marry.

Katharine Hepburn, one of the most sought after actresses of to-day in Hollywood, gives a remarkable study of the daughter. Her acting is quite natural and convincing and it is but meet that she is co-starred with an ace of the screen as John Barrymore.

John himself portrays in a magnificent manner the semi-mad-dad and his acting leaves nothing to be desired. In fine, this picture appeals both to the head and the heart.

Gold Diggers of 1933.

When that gorgeous "42nd Street" became a tremendous box-office list, producers began to concentrate all their

genius at producing plays full of dancing and tuneful numbers. Gorgeous settings and spectacular ensembles which are conspicuous in the picture seem to throw the story-interest into the background. The story is about the struggle of three show girls who set about to find work. While doing so one of the girls entrap a wealthy scion of a noble family, whose brother to prevent the marriage, buys off the girl—but she happens to be the wrong girl. When he accuses them as gold diggers, they get angered and proceed to prove that he is quite right.

The very first idea one would get on seeing the picture would be that the producers have lavished their all in this picture to make it an unalloyed success. The song numbers have been presented in the most appealing manner. The technique is perfect and the acting is faultless. Ruby Keeler Al-Jolson's wife who carried away the honors of the picture 42nd street, appears in this picture as well. She impresses one more with her dancing than with her acting. Other girls of the picture are Joan Blondell, Ginger Rogers etc.

Valli's Wedding.

In the land of the Tamils, the Tamil talkie is always a welcome feature. Finding the enormous success of some of the maiden attempts like Madan's "Savithri" and East India's "Ramayana" and "Prahlad" every producer more or less took it into his head to produce Tamil talkies, the result being many third rate films which were released at quick intervals.

Just before this Pioneer production an attempt of the National Movie Tone was released, a production which earned the name of being below the average, in quality. Unlike that, the Pioneer's maiden attempt provided what was wanting in the National Movietone's production. The recording is good and the photography, though not very artistic, is not defective. Songs which are in vogue are included.

More attention ought to have been paid for the continuity of the story. Miss T. P. Rajalakshmi who is not new to the screen, is at her best in this film, and her songs have been well chosen. Her dialogues are given out with an appreciable, fluency and emphasis where it is pertinently necessary. The story adaptation is quite in the old orthodox style.

International Appeals.

— BY "PUNDISRAMAN" —

*Mahapanditha Vedopadyaya
Sriramanuja Acharya Sanatanist.
Vs. Mahathma Gandhi.*

*Before John Bull C. J. Mustapha
Turnkey and Rev. F. Roman J. J.*

Sjt. Sriramanuja Acharya:—May it please your Lordships. This Gandhi is merely impossible, incorrigible and inconceivable. We have tried all possible methods of reason, coaxing, entreaty and threat, but the frail man laughs in his loins. He simply scoffs at us and says he would pursue his own 'inner voice.' What is that strange voice which he alone seems to hear, but neither your Lordships nor anybody here have ever experienced. Is that the voice that induces a thief to burgle, a murderer to kill, a bad man to his evils and the criminals to their black deeds? But Gandhi may apply it to better and higher instincts. If so, is Gandhi his own judge and are your Lordships who hold the scales of International Justice to be dictated to by this self-styled justice Gandhi?

I stand before your Lordships, to lay bare before you the impertinence of this dreamy maniac who calls himself the representative of his nation, but who does not even represent all the dumb, untouchable Pariahs who constitute a negligible proportion of India's population. Gandhi was busy with politics till very late, when one morning he found he could no more wield his old influence there or play his usual games, as his adversaries had learnt where to attack him. So Gandhi meditated from his luxurious cell in Yerrwada provided by our own funds; he sympathised with his miserable Charka; he joined hands with the millionaire mill-owners. He recollected the unhappy day when all India greeted him with applause for the great honour he received at the Buckingham Palace and the Round Table. The 'untouchables' whose cause he now fervently espouses, rent the air with cries of 'Shame on Gandhi' and spoilt a great scene of welcome with Black-flags! 'This minority, I Will win' said Gandhi in his cell and now he has undertaken this dangerous move against religion and God. This is a

step very selfish, meaningless, hazardous and ungodly. He wants to march the 'untouchables' into our temples, into the Sanctum Sanctorum—may God forbid, may He save this demented leader!

Your Lordships may ask who these 'untouchables' are? They have occupied a certain section of Hindu society from ancient times, with their own Gods and Goddesses, fierce and blood-thirsty beings known as Ammans and Kalis, worshipped by these 'untouchables' in such separate temples. I very much doubt whether they adopt our Gods too. But you will be shocked to learn that their deities are terrible, awe-inspiring, with human blood dripping from their mouths, a string of human heads garlanding their necks. Can you imagine such Gods? I am certain, your Lordships will quit your seats to Gandhi at sight of these. These 'untouchables' have not a fraction of our qualification; they have lagged behind us; they have no civilization, they have no education, living in dirty filthy-smelling quarters which they do not care to cleanse but instead prefer to feed on the dead cows, which animal our Religion reveres.

Gandhi wants to take these men into the sacred homes of God, very near to Him, who lives pure and clean in fragrant-scented atmosphere, sitting dignified and serene against breaking coconuts and burning camphor. The sight of the 'untouchables' will drive Him away. Why, he has already quit many polluted temples and has taken refuge below the waters? This people have no claim on our temples, built by high-class Hindus for themselves. I appeal to you not to destroy Hinduism and Hindu Gods. There are better services that can be done to the 'untouchables'; things for which they should feel grateful and your taking them to Hindu temples will be superfluous and unnecessary. Gandhi is impatient, impulsive, and, I fear selfish; and I appeal to you, Tribunals, to pass a permanent injunction, preventing Gandhi from continuing this propaganda which may tend to create caste-hatred and land us in bloodshed. You will also pass a decree that the

temples shall ever remain closed throughout to the 'untouchables'. Gandhi can be allowed fresh pastimes to be investigated and recommended by a capable commissioner who shall be a veteran politician and I am prepared to defray the expenses of the commissioner and his fee from the temple funds.

Gandhi:—The plaintiff is a fanatic who, in his anxiety to defend his position and his seat, has called me names, has traced my activities in the cause of the depressed 'untouchables' to selfishness and fool-hardiness. I meekly submit to his judgment as I would to yours if you are going to style me the same, for what I have undertaken to redeem the ill-used sons of our motherland. You can call me what you like, you can stand in the way of justice and truth, but I will persist till there is life in my frail body and if my untouchable brothers need, I will sacrifice myself on the threshold of some temple for the sins of my high-caste brothers. Hindu society has meted the gravest injustice to these people from obscure times by refusing them a social status. They have been denied nature's water and even good food and air, by their masters, the higher classes who stand at a distance and command their slaves. Are not these religious superiors to retrieve their own folly and injustice by according these depressed classes a decent place in society, some small status, if not equal to theirs? I want your Lordships to acknowledge these men as Hindus, they belong to no other religion and no other country than Hinduism and Hindustan and as Hindus they shall be entitled to worship their Gods in all the temples.

In a number of cases temples have been defined as 'places of God in India intended for Hindus to worship; and 'untouchables' as Hindus must find a place therein. *Nanda vs Vedia* is a case on the question and similar cases are reported from Melote and other pilgrim centres. God is not the monopoly of one man, neither is He the sole property of Sri Ramanuja Acharya. For ages the boasted higher classes have lived on the sweat of these labouring Adi Dravidas, disgracefully termed untouchables, as though the mere touch will plant a canker in their hands or gnaw their hands away. This heartless slavery in India must vanish before we can ourselves claim any equality or Independence from

England. Mr. Acharya can have his God in his Kitchen to worship in seclusion and keep the glorious banner of Hinduism flying on his house-top. Your Lordships will see Truth and Justice eye to eye and be not guided by the false arguments of Acharya. There is human justice, natural justice, and you cannot deny the natural rights to the human beings however low they may be placed. They have had an awakening and the bloodshed which Acharya expressed in the grant of this suit will be a certain outcome of it's non-grant. I shall not see blood or violence, will retire then to the Vindhya peak, refuse food and water that sustain me and quit the wordly coils.

Judgment.

John Bull C. J.—Mr. Acharya has presented his case at his best angle. Whatever the untouchables are, clean, or unclean, they have no right to enter into the temples of the plaintiff when the Satanists who have owned them for ages are opposed to such entrance. "Why spoil the little religion and God that exist," asks the orthodox Brahmin. Why? I too ask with him. The many court witnesses who have certainly no interest in either of the parties have spoken to the existence of separate temples for the 'untouchables' and the defendants themselves have corroborated the same by their admission. I do not for a moment think that Gandhi, for the sake of a principle, a much mistaken one, can lead the untouchables into the temples and drive out the orthodox believers bringing desecration. Do the Western educated Brahmins who are just a handful and who do not know what a temple is abet this move by supporting the 'Untouchables' just to drive away the religious-minded, among them and pull them into equality with themselves? It seems unjust on the face of it. I grant the plaintiffs the injunction prayed for and also order the Commissioner, the plaintiff has so kindly undertaken to provide, to divert the activities of Gandhi in the interests of religion, and people.

Mustapha Turnkey:—This seems an interesting tangle between two people who do not understand what they say. Gandhi wants Acharya to open his temples to the untouchables, but to which caste Gandhi does not belong, and the 'untouchables' are not parties here as they are not serious about these temples since they possess their own.

In *Nanda-vs-Vedia* the Plaintiff was pure, religious, clean, and sincere, and the Almighty loved the man and showed himself. Of course, it would not apply here as Acharya cannot stand in the way between his God and the 'untouchables' if they can play the trick of Nanda and force God to unveil. The 'untouchables', if they so desire can erect temples out of the funds collected by Gandhi on their behalf, and they can open such temples to all the Hindus alike and Gandhi can enlist sympathisers from the Hindus and lead them to such temples to bring the 'untouchables' on an equal basis in worship along with the other people of their country. This solution will be welcomed by all alike and will solve the situation.

Rev. F. Roman:—In *Gandhi-vs-G. Britain* Politicus, it has been observed that Gandhi is a real Mahatma, a noble soul whose sacrifice on behalf of humanity in general, and of the depressed in particular has been unparalleled for centuries though John Bull C. J. amends the whole tribute with the phrase "though perverted and mistaken." That is the cause which leads him to embrace the 'untouchables' whom no other Hindu except of the same caste will dare do without

compunction or without fear of excommunication. But he should not attack religious sentiments. God must be respected and belief in him however misdirected, must be revered. I am unable to sympathise with the persistent effort of Gandhi to force his way into the temples with his retinue of Pariahs, or 'untouchables', whatever they are called against the wishes of the orthodox Hindus who are, if not the owners, the trustees of the temples and the idols therein for centuries. The 'untouchables' can more usefully claim better things and their clamour in such direction will receive our sympathy and support. But if the 'untouchables' are aggrieved with their religion and require a more all-embracing one, where votaries are treated always equal, where neither man nor God makes any distinction, the proper course would be to turn to the natural temples, the high-vaulted churches, where there is the benovolent, All-merciful son of God—Jesus of Nazareth, the only God. The injunction prayed for to restrain Gandhi from his uncalled-for activities in the direction of Hinduism and Hindu temples is granted.

Suit decreed.



Gopi: Mother, I can tell the age of this fowl.
Mother: How, Gopi?
Gopi: By the teeth, mother.
Mother: But the fowl has no teeth, Gopi.
Gopi: But I have, mother.



Conceit, Thy Name is Man!

[The article on Girls by Mr. P. G. S. Rajan published in our last issue has evoked a strong protest from Miss. Meenakshi who, in the same spirit as that of the article, defends her sex. The article in question was written on the writer's own responsibility and though the following letter is addressed to us, we feel justified in supposing that the lady addressed the real perpetrator though, we presume, she is too modest to mention that. Anyway we warned Mr. Rajan when he barged in with the article. Now he is getting what he asked for. Our editorial dignity prevents us from exclaiming "Serve him right!" So do not run away with the idea that we did exclaim like that. And now let us open this letter.]

DEAR SIR,

I happened to see an article purporting to be about 'Girls' in the 'Funny' for 5-1-34. I have to confess that I read it, not so much to enjoy it but to find what baseless things the writer was saying. I did not frown as the writer thought. In fact my lips curled on seeing the title. What is more I did not read it till I had finished perusing all the rest of the contents.

My opinion is that the gentleman should have written about some other subject with which he is more conversant. I do not know what his idea was. Was he trying to be humorous? If so, I should say he succeeded. That is, I laughed—not at his sense of

humour which is not there, but at the thought that he should have made himself so funny by attempting to write about a section of human beings whom it is evident, he always dreads. Else why the furtive writing when his wife was away. There is a strong strain of what I shall call lack of courage running through the article.

I will just deal with his deliberate insult to my sex. "Deceit" indeed! What about Man? Mr. Editor, you will have to excuse me. I cannot but exclaim "Conceit—thy name is Man!" If you are offended, Dear Mr. Editor, you have yourself alone to blame. This is the result of not appointing women editors. But then, what can I expect from an editor who harboured such things as the article under discussion? (We wish we had not opened this letter—Ed.)

ARTICLES FOR THIS PAGE (WRITTEN BY LADIES, OF COURSE) ARE WELCOME. TOPICS OF INTEREST TO LADIES TREATED IN LIGHTER VEIN WILL HAVE PREFERENCE.—Ed.

The writer—I do not want to give him publicity by mentioning his name—says that the world does not welcome the birth of a baby girl. No greater misrepresentation could have been made. We do not want the sympathy or the 'chivalry' of the writer. We can defend ourselves. For the sake of truth I have to emphasise that it is the birth of a male child that is uninteresting. People do not give outward demonstration of their joy at the birth of a girl, partly because they are too modest and partly because they grudge the money they will have to spend for the girl's marriage. Well, who wants money anyway? Is it not a well known fact that the selling of girls like ordinary commodities is past?

And the accusation that woman is not steadfast is too ridiculous to merit contradiction.

Likewise, I shall ignore what the writer says about girls growing up.

From the latter part of the alleged article, one can see that the writer stands self-condemned. Imagine a gentleman, who cannot handle a class of small girls, presuming to write about the whole sex!

I am sorry to inform the writer that even if the poets did not write about us, we would have gone on as we do. On the other hand, one should not be surprised to see how some of the poets bungled into exaggerating our shortcomings. Let nobody forget that we have always been the source of inspiration to poets and writers. If we did not supply material, there would scarcely have been any poetry in the world. It is only too evident that the present writer pitched upon the subject of girls for lack of anything else.

Oh dear! What mess men make of things they do not know!

Finally, dear Mr. Editor, I want to make another complaint. Why have you stopped that "Ladies in Lal Bagh" page which hitherto masqueraded as Ladies' Page. Will you or shall we make you realize the justifiable necessity of devoting a section of your Magzin for topics of interest to ladies? But I should not be harsh on good old Bhai Funzin. Who can, after seeing his roguish smile?

You will open a Ladies' Page. Won't you, gallant editor?

Yours Sincerely,

MEENAKSHI,

Madura.

THE MAN

— BY VISHAYA G. T. L. —

HE is my Husband. He is an Adonis and a Hercules, blessed with all the perfections and the best specimen of Dame Nature's Handiwork. In the first flush of youth his graceful demeanour and polished exterior of manner and speech would make any one of the fair sex fall in love at first sight, leave alone me, who am his obedient slave.

2. Conscious of his magnetic influence and the weird charm of personality and appearance and the power he had over me, of making me bow to his will in all unconditional subjection, he was a tyrant. My love for him is unlimited and my veneration for him is boundless, and to say I am his and his slave, heart and soul, will not be exaggeration a whit.

3. Men are incorrigible. That innate stubbornness, vain-glorious ostentation, gloating of being the head of the household and the feeling that they are indispensable, is the cause of many a misunderstanding. The fair sex are belittled and our lives made unsupportable by the opprobria heaped on our innocent heads, which, unfortunately, some trusting soul like you and me, are handicapped very badly to retort suitably. Not that we are incapable, but we are bound down by our responsibilities to keep the appearance of a united household to the world at large, and fettered down by foolishly being head over ears in love, as in my case. The patience of a JOB, of the fair sex goes unobserved and in that spirit of arrogance and proud airs, they assume they are not easily amenable to any sort of sane arguments and they go headlong, exceeding the limit of flaunting, whenever the chances occur.

4. To be born one of us is a crime and to be independent and free, in view of the progress of Time and the changes it brings in its wake, is treason. To dance to their tunes, to attune ourselves to their moods, to give in to their whims and caprices is the life-work of the wife. They are like children, everything has to be anticipated, everything made pleasant to them

and still they will not be satisfied. The Drama of 'CONNUBIAL FELICITY' is a Tragi-Comedy one and tragedy and comedy appear in turns in one's life. Why, it is a game of chess always having to anticipate moves and counter them or else THE KING of your life is in jeopardy. Our lives are marked by a series of fluctuations according to the variable and varied moods of our HE's.

5. They are sometimes victims to inane and insane ideas of their own importance as stalwarts of the household, so that they feel it demeaning to confide in their own better halves. They are so close as an oyster, that sometimes what they do in real earnest ends in dismal and disastrous consequences. They have got their own penal codes (An unwritten and indistinct record) which makes the necessary provision for the penalising of every act of ours and when they are inordinately displeased, we have to put up with, in the expectation of a better time. We have made HISTORY once and HISTORY SHALL BE REPEATED, our greatness shall reappear in this world with all its past glory.

6. To give you hard-boiled facts and to convince you and some of the persistently disbelieving Jews, the truth of the havoc caused by such silly closeness, please read on—

7. I had set my heart on a costly jewel, like the one I saw my neighbour, the wife of the leading advocate, wear at Lady Thippanna's party. I knew full well that my husband's purse,

even on Pay-day, will not go half way to meet our ordinary household bills, leave alone the buying of this jewel for me, and the other extras of toilettes etc. the bane of civilization and Fashion. I was also quite aware, I could easily get it out of him, having fullest confidence in the powers of my beauty and the languishing and coquetish looks which played such havoc with him. No human being in the thickest of armour is proof against one of the flowery arrows of beauty. It is immaterial to me whether he could or not and I do not care the why and where of the thing but I must and shall have it. My resolve being made I set down to work for it and the fortress was built as impregnable as possible to be safe against the influence I had mentioned before of my 'HE'. After all, men are devout votaries at the altar of BEAUTY and their head swims in indescribable pleasure at the mere beholding of and in the presence of the fair sex. They could be easily twirled round the little finger when we have the mind to.

8 I was hursting with laughter at the silly long face my hubby put on when he missed his 'Welcome-Smile' on his return from Office that evening. Poor Boy, how I liked to hug him that very minute and console him. I pitied him, but my purpose was unfulfilled. He cajoled, coaxed, requested and prayed, using all the flowery language, which only they know, but I would not budge.

9. He was profuse in his promises, as all men are, to try to get me somehow, the desired jewel, in the course of a few days. The topic was never mooted afterwards and there seemed to be a big FULLSTOP after the other day's happenings. After a patient waiting for a couple of days, I thought I would have to resort to my own resources and invent a brainy plan to possess the aforesaid jewel.

KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
FUNNY Magzin.

IT MAY BRING YOU A PRIZE.

For particulars see Wrapper page.

I knew there was no use my depending on him to keep up his promise which was made in a moment of stress.

10. To my luck, my relative, only one at that in the world, a broker by profession and who had vast experience in that line, though he was as rich at the end as at the start, sailed in to the room with the most jovial smile on his face and kind sympathy in his heart. I felt relieved and in a few minutes he was in my confidence and he promised to get it for me that evening before my Hubby was back from the office, as I intended to surprise him, on the understanding of a certain remuneration for the loss of energy and trouble it involved. Look at that rascal! he calls himself my relative and still sits tight on the remuneration, as if he could not do it, for even me, without being recompensed. Relatives, brokers, police and princes are always like that. Do not put your trust in them, else you will find yourself in hot water, and that too at the boiling point and grim disillusionment inevitably follows.

11. When my husband returned that evening, he was profusely rewarded, (you know what I mean) and seemed a satisfied being, which made up for the scarcity, for those few days, and the necessary incentive for him to pay up the bill when it fell due, without grumbling. He was so overjoyed—but when he happened to catch sight of the jewel on me, poor soul!, his face fell and he nearly had a fit, and his face assumed such a dismal look as if everything had been lost, and it was so moving, to make me feel that I had done it without his knowledge. Whatever one might say against men, I admit that the fair sex should live to learn. I was sincerely sorry that I should have been the cause for it.

12. When I worried him for the cause of his grief, he hesitatingly gave it out, and imagine my dismay, when I concluded from his broken mutterings, that he had that day bought for me the promised jewel. He further told me he had wantonly kept me in darkness of it and on tenter hooks of expectation with the idea of making his surprise more thorough, and for the trifling pleasure, as he put it, it would give him to see my face then. Poor men, they ought to be really pitied.

13. If you had expected me to carry on, you will be sorely disappointed,

The Wrong Babe.

BY 'CHING CHING'

"Hallo Leela" I cooed as I steamed into the house after the usual Sunday morning walk. "No tea parties or Music parties this evening?"

"Why, of course there is Mrs. Cardboard's party in honour of her son's birthday and you know that I can't miss such a nice party. I hope you would not mind looking after the baby for an hour."

And her bewitching glance followed. This is one of the weak points in me. I can defy anything but that bewitching glance to which I cannot but surrender. Somehow Leela had found this out and she was taking full advantage of it. Now I think it would be superfluous to add that I consented to look after the baby.

At four o'clock precisely my wife commenced her dressing, for she requires at least a clean half an hour before she can be "Ready". She has her chief hobby as dressing. She spares no pain (and money too) to carry on her hobby by collecting the latest fashionable clothes in vogue. I belong to the set of people who believe in the principle "Keep your wife pleased at any cost" and as such I dare not refute her. Once I was sent by my dearie (this was the first and the last chance in which I had the privilege of getting her clothes, for she is very keen on doing the shopping business herself) to purchase some cloth, which she had inspected herself the previous day, and after purchasing the cloth I was hurrying home, when I met my friend Venu Gopal. He asked me why I was hurrying home and I had to answer him that I had to reach home, before the fashion changed.

At five o'clock precisely my wife set out in her gala dress. Then the

for you cannot expect me to lay bare everything to be a laughing stock. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" and this is sufficient for me. That is the end of a closeness, foolish in the extreme, and here I am with two jewels, at a loss how to dispose of one.

14. Both are still on my hands and if any kind reader of this will rid me of one I shall be much obliged. The bill is there and I am prepared to part with it for 50% less. Any offers, please. Address VISHAYA.

child was sleeping. But no sooner had she gone out than baby kicked her heels left and right and commenced her jazz band. Perhaps her music would have attuned Columbia's Orchestra. I tried to rock her to sleep and even tried several other "Grandmother's simple tricks" but to no avail.

At last I resolved to take her to her mother. So laying her on the table on which my elder daughter used to make her dolly sleep, I proceeded to dress myself. After finishing the dressing, I wrapped the baby in a shawl and set out. I was received cordially by Mrs. Cardboard and was conducted to the place where my wife was having her tea. I proceeded to unwrap the shawl when to my amazement I found that there was only a celluloid doll. Then I recollected that I had in my hurry to reach the house picked up the doll instead of the baby! However the party had some laugh at my expense.

No Excuse

The bride appeared, but not the bridegroom. The clergyman and the woman, silent and embarrassed, waited in the church from one o'clock until three. Then they departed.

A week later the woman wrote to the clergyman, appointing another day at one o'clock for the ceremony. But again the groom failed to turn up.

Two o'clock struck, then three. And then the bride broke the silence with a fierce ejaculation.

"Drat him!" she cried. "'Tain't his trousers this time, 'cause I bought him a pair."

Just the Thing

"I want to buy that book in the window called How to Captivate Men," said the little girl to the assistant in the bookshop.

The man looked dubiously at the at the child.

"That's not the sort of book for you," he said; "what do you want it for?"

"I want it to give to my daddy for a birthday present."

"But surely there are hundreds of books he would rather have?"

"No, I know he'd like that one. You see, he's a policeman."

NEVER SAY DIE!

— R. V. SRINIVASAN. —

(With apologies to P. G. Wodehouse)

PARAMASIVAM was a waiter. The word "waiter" ordinarily suggests something of patience and endurance. But as a matter of curious fact it means nothing better than a loud and shabby individual who goes about doing odd steps on his between-tables course, carrying hot and cold things in glass or china ware, in an atmosphere of great bustle and din. "Shanti Bhavan" where Paramasivam worked, was a misnomer. There was nothing peaceful or quiet about its inside. The service was neither quick nor correct, and Paramasivam was the worst of a bunch of young and sturdy servers. Of course he could rattle off the names of a dozen dishes at one and the same breath, and how he managed it was the wonder of many a strange visitor. But regular habits always knew where he would start and when he would end, and would ever out him short at the first word. And for this, he was paid ten rupees a month plus boarding and what amount of lodging he could find in the many nooks and corners of the hotel.

Ever since the day his horoscope was read, he had been waiting for his twentieth year to begin, when "Sukran" would do him all the good that he was capable of. He had always believed he was destined to be something more than a mere waiter all his life. To-day was his twentieth birthday, and he was a bit excited. He showed more than usual animation.

A certain jauntiness was observable in his step. His eyes gleamed and he beamed upon everybody in the hotel. He felt an impressive desire to whistle, and it was while he was essaying to from the first notes of a favourite tune of his, that he felt the keen, disapproving look of his proprietor.

Now this proprietor! He was a terrible man with a formidable temper. No conscientious judge could have pronounced a juster decree than that. But to-day he was more than ever terrible. The previous day he had lost pretty heavily in the races. His brackets had a knack of failing always at the last race. When he bet

place, the horse won in a canter: When he bet win, the horse finished third. And as usual yesterday had been a thorough disappointment to him. Considerably upset over his losses, he could not sleep that night. This morning he had decided to drown his grief in strenuous duty at the counter. Strangely enough the custom proved disappointing too. There were only a few luncheoners. Naturally he was not in a mood to appreciate the unusual brightness of Paramasivam. His glare seemed to sort of wither up Paramasivam's cheerfulness. The smile faded out of his face. His legs began to totter. And his service became confused.

Suddenly a harsh voice rang out. "Waiter! What do you mean by serving me Kasi Halva when I ordered Benares Halva?" This was what the proprietor was seemingly waiting for. It acted upon him precisely as a starting signal in a two hundred yards dash would upon its competitors. He shot up from his seat, and landing exactly a foot away from where Paramasivam stood blinking, caught him by the ear, and dragging him out of the hotel into the street, bellowed into his ears:

"You are fired! Get out and don't let me see your face again." With that he came back to his seat.

Paramasivam stood for a moment dazed. Then slowly he began to take stock of the situation. Contrary to hopes, his twentieth birth day had proved very disappointing. It had left him a masterless man. But, he recollected, he had ten rupees in his pocket, the savings of the past six months of serving service. He refused to be depressed. He decided to seek another position. He started buoyantly enough. He called at all the hotels he knew of. But none would take him without a reference. His tale that he had been given his conge for no apparent fault of his, other than perhaps his unusual briskness that fatal Sunday, did not tell. By evening he was fighting in the last ditch. By

nightfall he felt like a punctured balloon. The bottom had gone out of his world. Suddenly dark thoughts took hold of his bosom. He decided to commit suicide.

He fixed upon the Napier Park. It was dark at places, and he could safely trust to his not being observed. He waited patiently. Presently he heard the drone of a fast approaching car. With a shout he ran before it.

It was a mistake, the shout. He meant it for a sort of final farewell to all his hopes. But it warned the driver. There was the jamming of the brakes as the vehicle came to a stop an inch before Paramasivam. A gentleman stepped out of it.

"Hallo! What the deuce do you mean by standing in the middle of the road? Wanting to commit suicide?" asked a voice.

Paramasivam could only nod.

"What is the matter with you?" demanded the voice again.

"I want to die! I have lost....." began Paramasivam.

"Oh! That is it! The Races! Never mind, my boy! Here is a tip! Take this guide and be guided by it. It is never too late, you know!" So saying the gentleman thrust a copy of a well-known racing guide, and was off in his car before Paramasivam could blurt out his tale.

For a few minutes he stood thinking. The cold, desolate mood had passed. In its place shone hope. His twentieth year had just begun, and fortune may still smile.

Perhaps—

Just then his eyes fell upon the guide he held in his hands. Here was the sure tip. He may win, and then he could snap his fingers at all hotel proprietors, especially that of "Shanti Bhavan". He may lose. But then, why, he would be no worse. Why not have a stab at it?

At about 9 o'clock the next night, the constable on duty near "Shanti Bhavan" was aware of a man beckoning to him from the entrance of that hotel. To him the man looked an infuriated man with an even more despicable temper.

"What is all this?" demanded the custodian of the law of the realm.

The proprietor stormed and gesticulated and conveyed to the constable the news that an employe whom he had sacked two days ago, had returned and refused to leave the place. With massive dignity the policeman entered the hotel. At one of the tables sat Paramasivam, calm and collected.

"What is all this?" inquired the constable. Paramasivam looked up.

"I can't understand it myself, Sir," he admitted, "Figure to yourself. I enter this hotel to get a cup of coffee, and this man here would expel me. I say I am not an untouchable. Still he would?"

"He is an employe I fired two days ago," bellowed the proprietor, "and he can't have his coffee here. He has not the money to pay for his bill even."

"Eh!" said the policeman, eyeing Paramasivam sternly, "you'd better come along."

Paramasivam's eyebrows rose. Before the astonished gaze of the proprietor, he began to produce from his pocket and spread upon the table notes and rupees. The table was covered with them. He picked up a rupee.

"It would please me, officer," said Paramasivam to the policeman, "if you would accept this as a slight consolation for the inconvenience which this foolish person here has caused—"

The constable was all smiles. "Look here!" he turned to the proprietor, "If you go on like this, you'll be getting yourself into trouble. See? Take care another time how you trouble gentlemen." With that and the rupee he departed. The proprietor was discomfited. Paramasivam had his pleasure.

But his heart melted the next moment.

"If you will be pleased to take my advice, sir!" he addressed the proprietor, "Here is a guide! you follow it, and you will have cause to be proud. You won't lose your head or your money!" That was the last the proprietor ever heard from Paramasivam.

Weather experts predict a severe summer.

Despite this, it is believed that the weather will be severe this summer.

The Grandmother's Burial.

— By S. P. S. —

There's a peculiar kind of fever which attacks only the student population. It gets them just a day or two before the reopening of their schools and colleges after the vacation, and lasts some four or five days.

Well, I caught this fever just on the eve of the re-opening of my college after the Christmas vacation. I never consulted any doctor, for, as you know, the doctor can do nothing to cure this wonderful fever. But I had my own prescriptions instead. With a party of chosen friends, I wandered aimlessly about the streets of my native town. Every morning and evening we visited the coffee houses, and swallowed *Rava Idlies* and *Badham Halvas* to our hearts' content. Punctually at 6.15 in the evening we would attend the show. The rest of our time was spent either in playing at cards or in aimless chat.

Thus a week rolled by; and it was only on the morning of the eighth day that I began to think of the college, and the dreary life I had to spend there. So I packed up, rather reluctantly, my trunk and bed, and off I went to the metropolis, only to attend the college, and write the composition and tests which come one after another in quick succession.

It was 9.55 on the morning of the next day. The first bell had already rung. When the crowd round the office window had cleared away, I went there, and presented myself before the principal.

"My grandmother died a few days ago, sir," said I.

"I'm sorry for it," said he, "but this is not the office of the Registrar of births and deaths. Please note."

"But my grandmother's death has something to do with my absence from the college all these days. My presence was required at her ceremony."

"But do you remember that you have already buried one grandmother last September?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And isn't Ramanathan of the fourth honours class your brother?"

"Yes, he is."

But what on earth had Ramanathan's being my brother to do with this principal's excusing my absence! I blinked.

"And he has made use of the other grandmother a few days ago. I suppose you have only two grandmothers."

Poor me! My brother never cared to inform me that he had done so. The principal! A clever fellow. He remembers all these trivial details. I tried to deceive him, but I was caught instead.

"The principal is not to be caught by your tricks," he flattered himself.

"Well, you have to pay the fine. There's no other go. You know that it is four annas a day, and you have been absent for five working days. So that means a rupee and a quarter."

On that day I resolved never more to bury the grandmother for getting leave of absence.

Bad Luck

"How did you come to lose your job?" asked a friend of the young man who had just been dismissed at a moment's notice from a big shop.

"Simply by misplacing a label."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I saw it on the floor, where it had fallen from a pile of women's jumpers, and, without looking at it I put it back on a bath tub."

"That doesn't seem a very big mistake. What was the label?"

"How would you like to see your best girl in this for 10s. 6d.?"

A woman had bent one of the wings of the car in a slight accident, so she went to the garage: "Can you fix the wing so that it will not look bent?"

"I can't do that exactly," the mechanic replied, "but I'll tell you what I can do. I can fix it in such a way that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

Britain and America are now talking about war debts again.

The question at issue is whether Britain shall pay or whether Britain shall pay.

PHOTO--HUMOURS



As the Family Group sat, not excluding their domestic cat Dinah, when the Photographer said "Ready, Please."

As the same Family Group was when Dinah espied an intruding rat just as the Photographer pulled out the cap of the camera.



"FUNNY"

Magzin of India.

Sole Agents for Madras City

The City

News Agency,

18/14, Pycrofts Road,

First Street,

ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS.

Sharp!

The sexton had been laying a new carpet in the pulpit, and had left a number of tacks on the floor.

"See here, James," said the parson, "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I reckon there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."

Nearer the Mark

A stout actor was late for rehearsal one morning and the producer was annoyed. He said:—

"Does anyone know where Blank is?"

"Yes," said one of Blank's friends, "He's gone to the tailor to be measured for a suit."

"Measured," shouted the producer, "You mean surveyed, don't you?"

PAPER PESTS

— BY P. G. S. RAJAN. —

A Mysterious thing happened the other day. A man, a perfect stranger, mind you, complained that the majority of the people do not take any interest in newspapers. What makes it more mysterious is, that the complaint was not made to me as I do not usually consort with strangers without introduction.

Under the circumstances I decided to do some Sherlock Holmes stuff. The sort of thing you know whereby you tell what a fellow had for last night's dinner after looking intently at his cigarette ash and measuring his footprints. Similarly I set the thought producer working and deduced the following points about the stranger.

(1) He must be the proprietor of a struggling newspaper.

(2) He must be one of those people who want their photographs in the paper and, not satisfied with that want other people to look at them.

That will suffice. If I were to recount other inferences, the chances are you may think that I am getting rude to the gentleman. Be that as it may I will place before you a startling fact. The gentleman, that mysterious stranger, was neither a newspaper proprietor nor a publicity-hungry man. What is more, he had never purchased a paper in his life. This I came to know later on.

In fine he was one of those people who pounce upon you the moment you purchase a paper. If you ignore their overtures they look over your shoulder, under your chin or generally possess themselves of the most important sheet. They are philosophical birds, these paper pests. They take things as they come and at moments they take them even if they do not come their way. These specimens are let loose



Counsel (cross examining):—What did the post mark on the letter say?

Witness:—Support Indian Industries.

mostly during the season of Test Matches.

Now, reverting to the subject of the above gentleman's complaint. He has no idea how many people read a paper on an average. If statistics were to be taken (and who does not deplore the indifference of the government towards the fluctuation in the number of newspaper readers?) it would appear that the number of readers for a particular newspaper is many times more than the number of

copies sent out. Such of those gentlemen who are now reading this article in this magazine without purchasing it, for generally they force a friend into obliging them by lending the copy, will know the truth of this statement. May be they are dissatisfied with me for exposing the truth. But would that deter me? Which great statesman with an eye for public welfare, I ask, was ever popular. Galileo died for speaking the truth.

As such there is no use blinking the fact that, though a newspaper may sell only a few copies, it is being made the most effective use of down to it being used by provision stores for wrapping up things, let alone the free reader; which takes me back to our main theme.

The *modus operandi* of this free reader varies according to the mood of the moment, and also in relation to his character. An observant student can glean a lot of information about these people from the way they approach their task. The champion free reader, for instance believes in direct action. He takes the paper straight away from you even before you have got the change back from the newsboy. His attitude (the attitude of the champion free reader, not of the newsboy) is so aggressive that you hesitate to demand your own property back. Consoling yourself with the thought that you do not really lose anything, you wait till he finishes the paper. But if it unfortunately happens that you have to get off the tram before him, you are forced to the painful necessity of asking him for the paper. Does he return it with thanks? He does

no such thing inconsistent with his tradition. He informs you with the air of one imparting confidential diplomatic information that you can get down at the next stopping place! It would not be an exaggeration to say that you would rather forego the paper than be rude to the news-avid stranger.

The reader who tries to peruse the paper simultaneously with you evidently believes in putting two heads together. He squeezes his face against yours and breathing all over your face tries to read that bit of news over which you have your thumb. He suspects that you have your thumb at that particular place just to prevent him reading. No amount of argument would convince him that you do so chiefly to hold the paper in position.

A third variety is a little more annoying. He has an individualistic outlook. He is not content in co-operating with you in the matter of paper-reading. He always wants to read the news on the rear of the page which you are scanning. To achieve this, he stoops under the paper or, if he is not prepared to do it, quietly folds the paper so that you can hardly go on with your reading. If you so much as retwist the paper he feels hurt and regards you as being thoroughly ill-mannered and selfish.

Quite different from the foregoing set, is the person who would not tolerate Samuel Smiles. He is no ardent follower of the doctrine of self-help. He scorns to take the paper from you. No, he would not even trouble you by

trying to read it with you. On the other hand, he sees to it that in addition to paying for the paper you serve him as a news reader. When, probably you are absorbed in a wordy editorial on the "Iraq question" or "States and Federation", he hails you in the chummiest manner. If possible he slaps you on the back and asks, "Hullo! is it to-day's paper?" as if he did not see you purchase it, "What is the news? How about the Test scores?"



Teacher—(After lecturing upon the effect of motion on air) If I raise my hand now what will be the result?

Pupil—A blow on my back sir.

If you do not want to give others the impression that you are either deaf or a member of the Society for the Suppression of Test Cricket Scores, you will have to turn to the sporting page and read out the news. In which case there is likely to be a discussion and a number of hands will snatch the paper from your hands in their attempts to substantiate their vehement arguments.

Such things happen to all sorts of periodicals. Even magazines are not spared.

But ever since the lucky number scheme flashed in the brain of an editor who wanted people to purchase the paper irrespective of the fact whether they read it or not, there is a tendency to avoid taking magazines into public places. If the newspapers too begin this practice of lucky numbers, such free reading might be eliminated. But there is always the danger of people purchasing and keeping their paper at home intact. This would hardly serve the purpose of the International Free Readers' League of which (if you have not guessed it till now, prepare for a surprise) I happen to be the president.

And would you believe it? When yesterday I was in the beach I could not see even one paper in any man's hand. And I so badly wanted to know whether my query regarding the English name of a certain herb since extinct, had been published. This is what I call utter meanness. Can't a man purchase a single paper for a few pies? Or, have the papers started the lucky number prize? Worse luck for me then.

Too Good to Loose

The magistrate heard the case patiently.

"Forty shillings fine and costs," he said.

"Forty and costs!" exclaimed the unhappy motorist. "Well, I'll have to leave the car as security. I suppose."

"Oh, no!" put in the magistrate's clerk. "Take the car and leave your watch."

The motorist shook his head.

"Oh no!" he said. "That watch cost me five pounds."

What is in Store?



British Trade in 1934

stars of 1934 are favourable to British trade, finance and economic development.

In my public writings and lectures during the past four years I have constantly emphasised that the great depression would not end until 1934. That an amazing boom would begin to develop towards the end of 1934, and be on the way to reaching its peak in 1934-5. I still hold this view.

Everything depends upon the ability of our people to restrain our politicians from entering into foreign entanglements. The British Empire is strong enough to stand by itself; it is the only League of Nations possessing the effective power to maintain financial and economic stability. Let us not be too modest!

I believe a boom in real estate is expected. Personally I rather doubt whether this boom will materialise to the anticipated extent. Property values will certainly be enhanced, especially in the south of England and in the manufacturing districts.

A slight increase in the value of agricultural land may be predicted, in spite of the apparently wretched prospects of the moment.

Mineral properties, on the other hand, will greatly appreciate in value, especially in coal-bearing areas. The rapid development of processes for utilising the by-products of coal will partly be responsible. Again war-scares, or actual wars elsewhere will send up the demand for plain coal.

The professional classes will have a better time. Those in the educational and health services—i.e., teachers, doctors, surgeons, nurses, institutional attendants, etc., can look forward to more prosperous times. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of national life in the near future will be the great growth of the medical profession.

The Trade Union movement has probably reached the apex of its development. I doubt whether it will ever manage to return to its old power and influence. This does not mean, however, that the worker will be the worse off.

(Writes R.H. NAYLOR, the famous astrologer, in *Pearson's Weekly*.)

The United States of America

During 1934 the stars cast no very friendly rays on the United States.

But even the inevitable reaction from post-war prosperity is enough to justify such a prediction. Careful examination of astrological portents makes one even more certain.

I predicted long in advance Roosevelt's election to the Presidency.

I now predict that when the President leaves office, he will not be re-elected.

This genial politician has a horoscope which is immensely interesting to the student of astrology. As I write these words there is talk of President Roosevelt introducing more drastic measures to force recovery of prosperity in America.

Although he enlists the best brains in the States he will not succeed. On the contrary, after his initial efforts have aroused a certain amount of enthusiasm and interest, these plans will go wrong. Industrial unrest will be succeeded by open rioting and disorder.

The disaffection will spread from the working-classes to the President's allies. Something akin to a Bolshevik movement will have its genesis in great manufacturing centres, particularly near the great Lakes.

The President's foreign relationships will be neither happy nor fortunate. The international position will add fuel to the fire.

A war in which the United States was involved would seem not improbable during his term of office. Indeed, there are other ominous signs pointing in the same direction. Foreign policy would be badly bungled. The tendency would be in times of international crisis to deliver drastic ultimatums of a provocative character; to stake all on a bold bluff—and lose.

War Fear

I think it unlikely that Britain will be involved in war with a great European power during 1934. One cannot confidently say as much for any other Continental nation, especially for France and Germany.

France will, throughout the year, make frantic attempts to inveigle Britain into a combined attack on Germany. Let every reader pray that Britain may not be sacrificed for French ambition.

If the stars show anything at all they show that France has got as far as she ever will. Unless French ambition is curbed and French mentality reforms, disaster will overtake our Gallie friends.

The Jews

Recent events in Germany have again brought the Jews into the limelight.

January 30, 1934

FUNNY MAGZIN

Astrological reasoning shows the Jews to come under the dominion of Taurus, the second sign of the Zodiac. Knowing the characteristics of Taurus as we do, it is easy to work out the future of the Jewish race.

It will never be suppressed. Indeed, the Jews themselves furnish the best illustration of the truth taught by the Man they crucified—the doctrine of non-resistance. The Jew will not fight—being a Taurus his star is Venus—the planet of peace. But he will multiply, for Venus and Taurus are the astrological indicators of fecundity and longevity. His children will multiply faster than the sword arms of his enemies.

But the destiny and mission of the Jew is a negative one. For so long as his kind live negatively; for so long as they ostensibly bow the knee to the Aryan, they will flourish. If they, as a race, ever attain world power, at that moment they will fail utterly.

The persecution and prosecution of the Jews in Germany and other parts of the world will continue. The power that in Germany may declare and protest their kind intentions, but the Jews will still be persecuted. During 1934 the persecution will be intense.

It will probably reach its apex in January, May and September, 1934. Can anybody be surprised if international Jews who, after all, hold the reins of the financial power, retaliate and do their best to make life difficult for other nations? The Gentiles would be wiser to enlist the Jews as friendly allies.

Chancellor Hitler.

At the present time the world's nose is turned in the direction of Herr Hitler; consequently, the world goes badly astray when estimating the strength and weakness of his personality.

The anti-Hitlerites regard him as a monster of cruelty. Pro-Hitlerites hail Hitler as a mixture of prophet, seer, genius, and patriot.

Both are wrong.

Adolph Hitler is born with the planet Saturn on the mid-heaven, Uranus being near the eastern horizon. There are no fewer than three planets and the Sun close to the western horizon. The moon is in conjunction with the Sun, near the Meridian.

In some ways a powerful horoscope.

Hitler is not brainy in the sense that he possesses a facile and comprehensive intellect. He is essentially the fanatic, the prophet, the ego-centric leader.

There is an extraordinarily pronounced streak of the female in his nature. He will not think to his conclusions; he will jump to them. The arguments with which he belabours his opponents will not be convincing analyses, they will be typical woman's reasons: "I do not like this," "It isn't fair," and "I won't play."

But, make no mistake about it, Hitler has dynamic force, and, above all, he has phenomenal psychic insight.

He can sense and understand the mass emotions of people as an old salt can understand and predict the ebb and flow of the tides.

Again, like John the Baptist, he is the voice of the one—or, rather, a group—greater than he.

From the trend of events at the present time one could be led to believe that Chancellor Hitler will succeed in estranging the Great Powers. Not so! Curiously enough, the reading of his horoscope promises that, should he succeed in keeping power, the formation of useful alliances will be one of his strong points. It is difficult, of course, to see now how this promise of the stars may materialise, but there is the astrological fact.

The weather.

Arm yourself with an adequate supply of warm clothing. The English winter of 1933-4 will be an exceedingly severe one. So will the English winter of 1934-5.

In other parts of the world the seasons will be similarly marked by extremes.

Astrological data which would enable me to make a forecast of the English summer in 1934 are difficult to obtain. My considered opinion is that the English summer of 1934 will be hot and dry.

Floods will be prevalent in many places on the earth's surface, and much ice is to be expected in the North Atlantic.

Volcanoes Will have a Busy Year.

The year 1934-5 will prove memorable in respect to the widespread volcanic activity it will bring forth.

Especially during a period between March and May, and at other times of the year such as June and December, dormant volcanoes will burst into eruption.

One such disaster will wipe out a large city placed somewhere near the coast-line, probably near 140° Long. E. or 80° W. Now volcanic eruptions and tidal waves go hand in hand; having one, the world may expect the other.

The British Isles, which usually sit so snugly and quietly in their places, will be affected by the widespread eruptions and earthquakes. One of the most definitely alarming earth-tremors ever felt in Britain is scheduled for somewhere between the end of 1933 and the middle of 1935.

Lastly, invasion by the sea will go on much more fiercely than usual, certain areas on the south and east coasts suffering badly.

Aviation.

Before Uranus finally leaves the sign Aries, which will be in 1935, inventions will be made which will revolutionise both the design and motive power of aeroplanes.

The next step will be the evolution of a new type of lightweight electric motor which derives the necessary



"Vance and Her Veena."

— By "INCOGNITO," Madura. —

The limpid lake of lotus with lilies pure,
And lofty trees around its lovely shore;
The milkwhite swans that spread their silver wings
The divine throne on Hill unlike of king's—
The enchanting plumage of Her peacock,
Her majestic swans of such stately walk—
There, does rest our Goddess so beautiful,
That aids us all to Her so dutiful;
Knowledge She spreads, wisdom you get, adore Her,
Soar not too high lest you so sure do err.
Her face and form they shine so gay with charm,
To us She thinks or does in truth no harm;
Her hands in all, they are in fact twice two—
Of these, two arms they hold Her Veena, true.
The third doth hold a string of holy beads—
The fourth, the Veda, they say, She still reads;
Her shining face doth spread knowledge all ways,
Think of Her and pray to Her all days—
Then you will have Her blessings sans 'nays.'

current from power-stations on terra firma which radiate wireless energy. Guided by devices enabling the pilot to see his way in darkness and fog, aerial travel will become a comparatively easy matter.

All this, however, takes time, and, though the year 1934 will see the first attempts at wireless transmission of electric energy, it is not likely that it will be available for practical use.

The difficult conditions in the United States will handicap the development there of aviation during 1934. Nevertheless the United States will maintain the aerial ascendancy which she bids fair to secure.

During 1934 Soviet Russia and Japan will progress by leaps and bounds so far as aerial navigation and equipment is concerned. Indeed, Japan will feverishly be equipping herself for the clash that inevitably must occur.

At present the spectre of threatened aerial warfare faces the nations of the earth. Humanity is sickened with

"My Pleasure Garden."

— By "INCOGNITO," Madura. —

My pretty park reaches the mark
Though no lark has tried this lovely park;
My treasure it is, and pleasure it yields
My park, it mars the vast and widest fields.

Nature tried Her hands at this
Thus my garden gives my lofty bliss;
A lad like me would never it miss
But naked Nature's hands in joy would kiss.

The sight would give the greatest ease
Though devoid of plants or flower;
Never, Never will I this garden shear
My sorrow—laden heart it doth release.

How I like it! Oh God!—such a treasure
That doth but give me only pleasure;
May God see her in Love, ever green
With joy, from weeds of woes of life, do screen.

descriptions of the unthinkable horrors that would follow the spreading of death from the air.

It is probable that the very near future will bring a measure of relief. The march of science will devise means of putting aircraft completely out of action, without the use of anything in the nature of gunfire or poison gas.

A curious side-issue of the development of aircraft will be the tendency of mankind increasingly to go to earth. Vast burrowing operations will commence almost immediately, and it is quite possible that we shall have emergency manufacturing and residential centres established in the bowels of the earth with connecting tunnels everywhere. Here again, one thing will lead to another, and this exploration of the strata will lead to the discovery of new sources of motive energy, which, in turn, become available for industrial purposes.

It is notable that this very year 1934 will mark the beginning of man's incursion to the subterranean world.

STEADY, PLEASE!

— BY BABU —

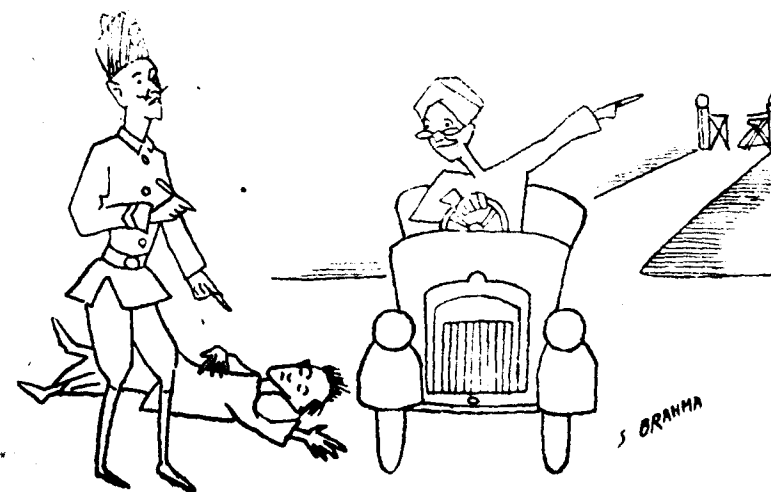
IT was in 1822 that a Frenchman invented photography. A hundred years is a safe period to allow before raking up the widespread consequences of this rash but courageous act. You won't believe me if I tell you that the inventor's name was Joseph Nice, phore Niepos. Yes; you will have to read it five times at least before you can get it right. But one glance at an art study of any modern Screen Star or a champion race-horse, or a bunch of roses will do to show that photography has taken large strides in all directions since that momentous day.

In its childhood, photography, like horse races and cricket matches, was largely dependant upon the weather, artificial light being practically unknown. Only when the Sun shone bright from a clear sky could the pioneer photographer erect his apparatus, insert his head into the black velvet bag and cry "steady, please." And even then—how inscrutable the ways of Providence!—the chances were that a sudden wilful breeze might blow the sitter's hair right over his face at the critical moment, giving

him the appearance of a frightful effigy or a grotesque freak of Nature. Or again a fly might come buzzing too near his eyes, making him shut them tight and giving him the appearance of a man seeing terrible nightmares or of an erring schoolboy crouching before the upraised cane of his disciplinarian master. It was not till electricity was invented that indoor or wind-and-fly proof photography became a tempting business proposition.

Only three sets of people could ever have to say anything against this craze for posing before the camera. Either a portrait painter or an absconding criminal, generally a financier or a motor driver, or a member of the Society for the Suppression of Bathing Belles would deny the value of the camera as an educational factor. Of course I forgot to include those who are opposed to this snapshottory business on strictly non-debatable grounds of orthodox sentimentalism. For who could wish for a photograph when the subject was alive and kicking? Why grab the shadow when you have the substance? Thus grandmothers in general!

Evidence of Innocence



Policeman: "Stop, Sir, you ran over this man down here?"

Motorist: "Not I. I just come by that road there, you can see the gates through which my car playfully dashed and broke."

Of course in the pre-photograph era, many Englishmen, lacking visible proofs to the contrary, believed that the Taj Mahal was either a small Polynesian waterfowl or a rare kind of autumnal sunset in Turkey. Not till authenticated photographs of the Great Moghul Potentate were forthcoming could they believe that it was a tomb erected over the much beloved and more lamented ruler of his passions.

In the same way the veriest infant is nowadays aware that professional footballers and female tennis players spend most of their time in mid air, that Russians wear their shirts outside their trousers, that Mr. Gandhi wears neither, that the statue of Liberty is on the left or right of America as you go in or come out, and that a yatching cap can look just as funny on a British Baronet as on a Burmese Baritone. And again it is because of photography that we Indians have come to know that nudism and semi-nudism are not the patent privileges of India alone and that there are such creatures as sea lions and sea horses and sea-anemones. Of course these things were known to the intelligentia but entirely unsuspected by the masses.

Somehow it is not realized that many politicians owe their very lives to the camera. Thanks to the P.P.B's and P.N.A's, the salient features of our more talkative statesmen are as familiar to the humblest amongst us as those of Charlie Chaplin or Greta Garbo. As for murders it is impossible to commit one these days without causing one's photograph (cabinet size, unmounted) to sprout like a fungus on every door, a most embarrassing sight for a sensitive evil doer.

From a purely artistic point of view, the family album is sure to show a steady improvement since great grandfather sat, frowning or glaring as the case may be, in a rickety chair with stripes of ash all over the body and wreaths of beads round his neck and arms. For the modern photographer aims at concealing rather than at emphasizing the fact that the sitter more often resembles a badly stuffed over dressed dummy, exhibiting more than a dozen front teeth in an anxious but abortive attempt at looking pleasant. The present-day studio portrait is of course a gay and winsome thing, showing the subject in some unconventional posture or unreal surroundings, and drawing a tactful veil

"Now I Know"

— C. S. SUBRAMANIAN, B.A. —

He stood staring at the ceiling in the premises of "Biscuitworth & Co". Perspiration gathered on his brow in globules. His eyes were dull and his mouth drooped discontentedly. He looked like a man "who had searched for the leak in life's gas pipe with a lighted candle." Now and then, he was clutching at his self-control, as it slipped away from him. In short, he had an air of one, who is surfeited with life.

"Anything up, Ramu?" queried I. He hesitated.

"Come forward. Be quick; else you will have to stand the racket," said I.

He began:

"You know, I have taken up the agency for 'Gajam' toilet soaps. I approached the manager of 'Bis & Co'. He refuses to place an order, with me unless I give him a certain commission. At this rate, I have to tamper with my pocket even for my expenses. My pal,

over such blemishes as warts and freckles. Broadly speaking the tendency at present is to photograph men and women (including the temperamental baby as well as the grumbling grandmother) with an artistically arranged background such as a painted skylight or an open window and a correctly camouflaged setting of a drawing room or a library. And very nice they look too! Even our reluctant grandmothers!

But—Here comes the rub. The notion of photographing a third rate beauty with powder, hair, painted face and pinched eyebrows in several improbable situations and inconceivable poses, gluing the photographs together, adding a sound track and calling the result a "soul-searing drama of motherlove beneath blazing tropic stars" is original but ridiculous. But Nispeo did not start this thing. The credit or rather, the blame, goes to entirely another guy whose name does not matter in the least. Where this business is going to end, we certainly can't see, much less foretell.

any scheme up your sleeves to draw me out of the pit. I am now in?"

There was a pause. A tense silence. "I see. Business is not an easy joke. You ought to have begun at the foot of the ladder and gone, at least, for a time, through the mill. But never mind. You need not worry. I will see to it. Now go," added I.

Ramu felt very contented. He knew pretty well that I was considered in commercial circles as quite the nib. He rode hell for leather to his residence.

Next day, while he was sipping his morning coffee, there was a gentle rap at the door.

"Yes."

A youth floated noiselessly into the room.

"Sir, we want a case or two of your 'Gajam' soaps, sir. Be quick, sir. Manager waits there, sir. Come there, sir. With your soaps, sir. Au revoir, sir."

So saying he staggered out.

He could not wrap up the deeper emotions and put them back on their shelf, immediately after the use. He

did not know if he was looking as amazed as he felt.

He headed for "Bis & Co." There he was the recipient of several "Thank you, sirs." Having given two cases of 'Gajam' soaps, he ran post haste to my abode, and rang.

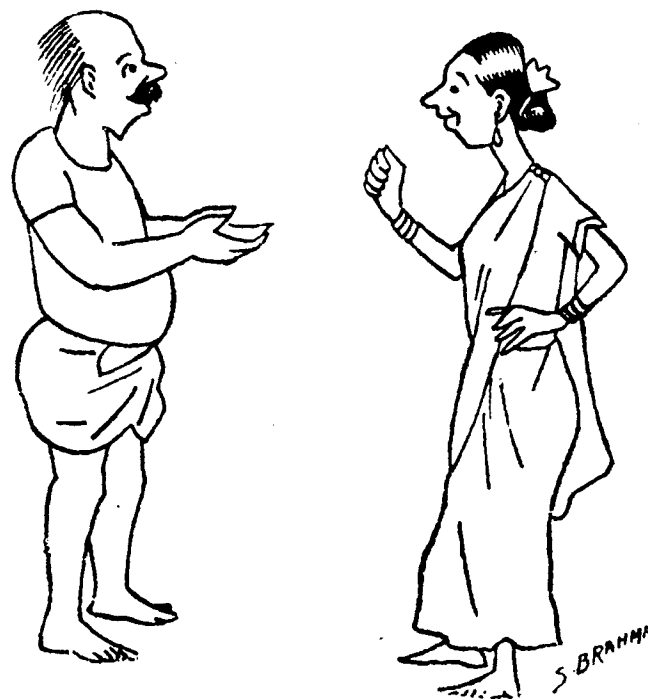
"An able business-man, you are. Most able. It is sweet of you. How did you help me? Just say that. I shall be much obliged," begged I.

The corner of my mouth curved quite a quarter of an inch.

"Things in demand fetch a price. This is one of the laws of Political Economy, you know. Hence" I went on, "I considered the circumstances. I pressed the mental accelerator, and at last got an idea. I sent to 'Bis & Co' in quick succession, a number of persons inquiring after 'Gajam'. I mean 'Gajam' soaps. The manager of 'Bis & Co' got the wind up to such a frightful extent over the ghastly situation, he sent a man after you. And the rest you know."

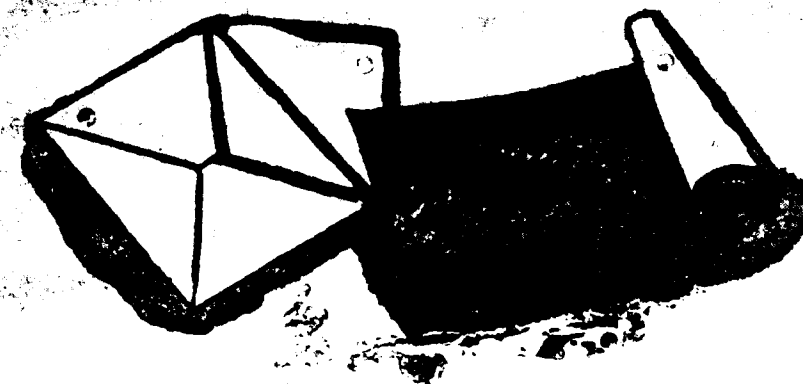
"Now I know," said he.

Law Abiding Begging



Lady: "What a pity, a sturdy man like you to ask for money!"

Beggar: "Not my fault, good mother: I once took money without asking and they called it a crime and punished me."



SIR. C. P.
RAMASWAMY
IYER, K.C.I.E.

DEAR SIR RAMASWAMY,

KNIGHTHOOD, some declare, was created specially for you.

Nothing can be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact you were created specially for knighthood. Among the hierarchy of Imperial honours there is nothing that forms a more fitting handle to your celebrated name. 'Sir C. P.' is a veritable legend all over India.

It was a happy Fate that brought you and Lord Willingdon together.

Any attempt at analysing the psychological factors that make up your personality must necessarily end in failure. For, yours is a personality full of colour. Your activities are multilateral.

You are a rare example of what is known as popular official. When even non-officials with much pretence to patriotism find that people do not agree with them in their line of thought, you easily carry the day. Arm chair theorists dismiss you with one word "Personality"; they say and think that they have arrived at the secret of your success. But they use the term in a crude sense. The real secret is your readiness to adapt yourself to things and circumstances. You can give points to a vaudeville quick-change artiste. Still one should not forget that your personality has contributed a good deal to your reputation.

There is nothing you do not know. There is hardly anything you have not handled in your manifold capacities. Endowed with a keen mind, you quickly grasp any subject that you are called upon to deal with. Any topic, from Disarmament to Dutch Drama, or from Theosophy to Travel By Air, you elucidate with a clearness that staggers the experts and sends them back to

their elementary schools. Society is your playground; politics your pavilion where you retire at times to take a long needed rest.

You discharged the duties of two offices that necessitated your flying from one end of India to another. In between, you could afford to hop to London to lend your hand to the constitutional merry-go-round known by the prosaic name of the Round Table Conference.



Sometime back, you did an unusual thing. You denied that you were going to be Law Member of the Central Government and stuck to your words. The country was astounded. For, how could it think of Law Membership without at the same time conjuring up your personality? The South which had been used to your description of the administration of the presidency of Fort St. George as "My Government" naturally looked forward with pride to the Central Government being labelled alike. When it was

known that this was not to be, the winds howled in despair. The sky shed torrents of tears. There was a cyclone. Nor was this all. India lost its first Test Match. There is a theory that what C. K. Naidu whispered into the ears of Amarnath in the middle of that brilliant youth's bright batting was really the intelligence of your decision not to uphold your personal tradition. We know the performance of Amarnath after that whisper. What else could it be?

Now that you can devote all your attention to the advancement of the enlightened state of languid lagoons and lofty palms, we have no doubt that we will see more of you in the South. 'Hamlet' without the prince of Denmark will certainly not be gloomy. On the other hand it may be less morbid. Garden Parties and Dinners without you would be just lifeless, to say the least of it. You lend colour to a gathering. You create a stir by the turn of your head; by a flash of your eyes. You do not confine your presence to social gatherings alone. You readily accede to attend, preside and speak at religious meetings, literary clubs, and musical performances. And characteristically enough, you change not only your speech and demeanour; but also your dress to suit the occasion; you are popular everywhere.

But.....

Of all the words in the language this 'but' is a poignant one and it is never more intensely tragic than when it is used in your case.

.....One cannot forget that your genius could have been more useful to the country. You could have easily carved a bigger niche in the hearts of the people. That it has not been so ordained is a tragedy that cannot be lightened by your many-sided

DEEPAVALI GIFT

— G. N. SWAMY —

I am a quill driver, a clerk and a machine-driver I, mean a typist in an office drawing a poor salary of Rs. 35 per mensem. One fine morning when I was busily engaged with my office work, two hands hid my face from behind. Having felt them—the ivory hands—I came to know that the intruder was none but my young beautiful wife. I took off her soft hands gently and saw her. She smiled. Her smiling was so beautiful that I smiled unconsciously. Then there was a long conversation between us.

"Dear, please sit by my side," said I. Accordingly she took her seat by my side. Holding her hand I said "My love! You always keep me smiling by your comic and love

personality. Had you been a nationalist (not one of those 'nationalists' of the council halls) you would have had few equals in the gallery of patriots that India has the fortune of having to-day. You were once in the Congress.

Now, perhaps, you belong to that fraternity who while calling themselves, Liberals, think that they are doing greater service to the country by occupying positions of importance in the temple of authority. It is difficult to gauge the measure of your intended service to the country.

Your palette of energy and your brush of statesmanship ought to have had a wider canvas.

In vain did I expect you to be the star in the play of the prodigals recently enacted in Gokhale Hall. They have at last found that the White Paper is too white to contain anything worth reading. It appears that you were not in the cast even. Is any other 'portfolio' waiting for you round the corner?

WRANGLER

sketches. What shall I give you for your comic sketches."

"A kiss as daily routine will be enough," said Rambai with a smile.

"You are a very intelligent girl," said I giving a kiss on her cheek.

My wife, Rambai—now gently embracing me said "Dear Swamy! You promised me—some six months before—that you were going to present me a golden bangle; so that, it may suit me to wear the other three bangles which I have got already. But you have not yet fulfilled your words. You know well that to-morrow is Deepavali day. So won't you like to see me, my love, wearing golden bangles on a festival day like Deepavali?" "My Dove, Rambai, I regret very much for not having done so. You know well that I am a poorly paid clerk. So, how can I present you a golden bangle; and that in these poverty stricken and costly days, "I retorted gently.

"What dear! You are always giving lame excuses. Aren't you able even to make a gold chain for your watch?" asked my sweet-heart. "For that also where is the capital? Now-a-days capital is very important. So no use of talking about this. You please take leave and get the meals ready. Meanwhile I will finish my office work."

Hearing my words my sweet-heart Rambai thought about something for a time seriously and said "Never mind dear! Don't worry about this. You can go on with your office work."

My wife left me alone with a kiss and went away to take care of her household business.

Now I was left alone and I began my office work. But my mind and hand refused to do so. Something was telling me that I should keep my word by presenting a golden bangle to my wife. I thought over the matter deeply for a long time and at last came to the conclusion that I should present my wife Rambai on Deepavali-day without informing her before. So, as usual I took my meals after my bath and left my house earlier for my office.

I went straight, not to my office but to a sowcar who was well known to me and sold my wrist watch to him for Rs. 28-9-0 and by paying Rs. 21/- I got a sovereign. Then taking it to a goldsmith who was my father's personal friend, I asked him to make a

bangle before the evening. After his consent I went to my office.

There also I was not able to do my duties. To me that day was very tedious. That evening I hurried back to the gold-smith after my office work where I received the bangle after paying him Rs. 2/- for his labour. I kept the bangle in my table without my wife's knowledge.

That evening, I saw my wife smiling. I didn't know the cause for her frequent smiles. I even asked "Rambai, what is the reason for your smile?" To which she answered "Nothing dear."

Next day, "Dear! please bring your watch. I must present you with a gold chain", asked my wife. "What? what? A gold chain for me. How did you get it, my dear?" I asked with astonishment. My love! As you have no chain for your watch I made a chain yesterday only, out of my three bangles. I kept it secret to present you with it to-day. This is the cause of my smiles yesterday evening. Now, my dear! please bring your watch. Let your sweet-heart present it to you."

I blinked. I told her what I had done yesterday and about the 'New bangle'.

We both laughed and exchanged our 'Deepavali Gift' by kissing each other.

Insult

The very stout woman tackled a bus inspector at a busy stopping-place. "I want to report the conductor of that bus!" she shrilled. "He's been rude."

"How?" asked the official.

"Why," went on the woman, "he was telling people the bus was full up and when I got off he said: 'Room for three inside!'"

Twisty

The diner, observing a notice on the wall of the restaurant advising patrons to take care of their hats and coats said to the waiter: "A queer notice you've got there! Do crooks frequent this place?"

The waiter nodded, "A few of them are so crooked, sir," he said "they can hide behind a cork-screw."



A Clergyman called on a widow. He was a big man, and he sat down heavily on an air-cushion, which burst with a loud bang. He apologized, and said he would replace the air-cushion. But the widow said:—

"Grateful though I am, it could never be the same. The one that has burst was blown up by my husband with practically his last breath."

The traveller had taken rooms at a fashionable hotel, but just as he was signing the visitors' book a little insect hopped on to the page. He put down his pen and told the clerk that he couldn't stay there.

When asked the reason he answered, pointing to the insect, "Well, it's bad enough when those little beggars attack you in the night, but when they come to see the number of your room it's a bit too thick!"

As an athlete, Jones was more enthusiastic than efficient.

On every possible occasion he entered a sports meeting, and with monotonous regularity finished amongst the "also rans."

At last he found himself one of only three starters in a race for which three prizes were offered.

He finished a bad third, and, without changing, dashed to the nearest post-office and wired to his wife, "Clear the sideboard. I've started!"

Salesman: "Madam, this fire-extinguisher is guaranteed to give you service for fifty years."

Elderly Woman: "But I sha'n't be here all that time."

Salesman (misunderstanding her meaning): "Oh, but you can take it with you when you go!"

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.

At a party a young man became a little elevated and proposed marriage to a pretty girl present. The young woman replied, coyly, "Oh, George, you are so sodden."

"Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Smith to his neighbour, "have you spoken to your boy about mimicking me?"

"Yes, I have," replied Mrs. Brown. "I've told him not to act like a fool."

Irate Caller: "You spoiled my article by a misprint."

Editor: "I'm sorry. What did we get wrong?"

"A proverb I employed. You printed it: 'A word to the wife is sufficient.'"

"I know what you're thinking about," he said.

"Well, why don't you?" she whispered. "Nobody's looking."

Two schoolboys were discussing a strike in the locality.

"My father doesn't believe in strikes," said one. "He says that if we had a coal strike it would turn the country upside down."

"And a good thing too," said the other. "Then, instead of the men going down the mines to get it, the darn stuff would fall out!"

The Christmas party was at its height, but an elderly woman sat near the door looking very glum.

"What's made her so solemn?" asked a guest.

"Well," said the host, "she's a temperance advocate, and some blundering idiot told her that her smiles were perfectly intoxicating."

"It says in this leaflet that cannibals won't eat a man who smokes a lot of tobacco."

"Well? Who's going to stop smoking just to pamper cannibals?"

"That's my shillin'."

"Who says so?"

"'s got my name on."

"Wha's y'r name?"

"George."

"That's right—It's yours."

"On the day on which my wedding occurred—"

"You'll pardon the correction, but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners, and things of that sort 'take place.' It is only calamities which 'occur.' You see the distinction?"

"Yes, I see. As I was saying, the day on which my wedding occurred—"

SEPARATION

— P. M. KANNAR —

THE electric train screamed out of the Tambaram station amidst the tumultuous uproar of the late arrivals who flew like flies to jump into it. Many succeeded in the enterprise. The unlucky few were either villagers with all their apprehensions of the new monster, or were accompanied by their whole household including their domestic pets, or were physically prevented from entering with gusto into the race for the receding carriage. They stood on the platform, fuming and panting, a pretty sight to see.

The train was fast picking up speed. I was seated comfortably in a corner of my compartment. My listless eyes were wandering over the fleeting landscape while my mind was contemplating Neela's loveliness. Believe me, she is a beauty, admirable, adorable! The very air that surrounded her, it seemed, would hardly bear to be separated from her. No wonder that I felt the pang so acutely.

While I was thus wrapped up in entire seclusion from the motley crowd of passengers about me that talked about everything from politics to birth-control, the train came to a dead stop. A long whistle was heard. I started and found the carriage empty. The porter on the platform was shouting in a stentorian voice that the train would be travelling back to Tambaram in a few minutes. I got down, looking rather foolish, and found that I was at the Beach station.

Of course there is nothing startling about this fact. But my destination was Mambalam, and I had travelled farther. With trepidation, I approached the exit where stood that unympathetic person pompously styled "ticket collector". He demanded my ticket, and I explained to him that I had slept in the train owing to a certain illness (I did not tell him it was my heart!) and so had failed to alight at Mambalam. But the fellow seemed to be too conscious of his official position, perhaps because of his recent appointment to that exalted post; he wanted to see my ticket all the same. With alacrity, I put my hand into the breast

pocket of my coat. The ticket was not there. Frantically I searched the other pockets, but no ticket was to be found. I was not a conjurer; so I could not produce a ticket when I had none upon me.

I reconciled myself to paying double fare for the whole distance. Disconsolately I gave him the money, and left the station wondering whether I could have succeeded in avoiding this payment if I had told him about Neela. But I remembered that ticket collectors were as a lot thoroughly foreign to romantic sentiments. Sweet dreams had no place in their humdrum life.

Tired in mind and body, I badly needed a refreshing drink. Ordering a cool drink at a nearby shop, I gulped it down, and decided to spend the rest of the day at my friend Cheema's at Muthialpet, instead of returning back to Mambalam with a heavy heart and a gloomy mind. I was about to start when the shopman pulled me up by my coat tail and demanded to know whether I thought he was running that shop for supplying free drinks. Then I remembered I had not paid him for the drink. Muttering an apology, I took out my purse. Imagine my chagrin when it gaped at me with its empty bowels. The one rupee it had contained had been handed over to the ticket collector who had not bothered to give me the change; rather I had not bothered to demand it of him. And now—

If I were to recount the words with which the shopkeeper greeted my story, it would shock even the most hard-boiled amongst you. Moreover why rake up the past? It is better buried. Suffice to say that there was hardly any chumminess in our conversation. But when it threatened to turn round my ancestry, I beat a hasty retreat, putting greater speed into my exit than I did when I entered the train at Tambaram.

How I reached my home would not interest you. But you may take it from me that the incidents narrated above contributed nothing towards my forgetting Neela. Nor did they do anything for my getting Neela. She

refused to have anything to do with a man who could lose his head along with his heart. Trust to a woman always to find the difference between a head and a heart when you are in love. "Frailty! Thy name is woman!" indeed!

The Window Fiend

A member of a well-known golf club was much addicted to opening windows. One night, after dinner in the club-house, he had driven members from the card table because of his cold-air hobby.

Next morning, when he came down to breakfast, the first thing he did was to open a window.

"Gosh!" said a member, who had followed his actions of the night before. "What a time you'd have if you lived in the Crystal Palace!"

He: I adore everything that is grand, exquisite, super-ominent. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life."

She (blushing): "Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?"

"There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome," declared the Sunday-school teacher.

"Please, sir," said little Jackie, "have you ever tried to squeeze the tooth-paste back into the tube?"

Extract from a boy's letter: "We gave a performance of 'Hamlet' before we broke up for Christmas, and a lot of fathers and mothers came. Although some of them had seen it before, they laughed just the same."

The fellow who had been employed out East returned home to retire. He met an old friend whom he hadn't seen for years and they were soon discussing mutual acquaintances who had come under Father Time's scythe.

"Ah," said the stay-at-home, "but of them all I miss old Jack most."

"Really," said the other; "what makes you miss him so much?"

The home-bird leaned forward, whispered confidentially, "I married his widow."

The Profit of A Passionate Love

— BY S. V. IYER —

RAJAN and Swamy were two close friends who were studying in the Christian College. Rajan was rich enough to give poor Swamy a leg up. Swamy studied him as a problem and was a coadjutor in all Rajan's hobnobbing.

Rajan was on the threshold of youth and his plump and Cupid-like form tugged at the heart-strings of women. The very sight of Rajan would cause the fair sex pucker into a frown. Lolita, the only daughter of the zemindar was swept bare of all such thoughts and knick-knacks; yet that charming one conceived a condensed and purified love for Rajan.

Rajan was an intelligent student of the College and a pet of all the professors. He topped the class in each and every examination. All the professors had a good opinion of him.

It was the month of February and specks of light were seen from every room of the students even in the last watch of night. Yet Rajan was ill-humoured on account of his love for Lolita and was in a slatternly mood. Though he was a man of considerable attainments that iniquitous object—Yes—Love inveigled him in his net and like a Devil had smeared all the cheerfulness and insolvable nature of Rajan with one great daub of his brush. He remained insouciant to all his friends—even to his intimatest friend Swamy. Insomnia attacked him all nights and rendered him drink-sodden. The emblematical and uncathbed form of Lolita made him ill-at-ease at nights. Especially in moonlit nights. This ardent love gathered to a head and Rajan grew careless and indifferent to his studies.

Rajan was an intelligent boy; but that does not help him in his examinations without a bit of glance into his books, for, "Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it."

Three days for the University examinations! Students were on the

tip-toe of expectation. But Rajan was refracted from all such worries and cares of examinations. Society and friendship had no seat in his heart: only for Love and for that Love alone.

It was the particular day of examination. Time half-past nine. Students were expecting questions from nooks and corners of books. But Rajan was musing in the hall and that conspicuous Love preponderated in his heart even in the examination hall. The huge clock struck Ten. Professors rushed in like constables. Death-like silence pervaded everywhere.

The hearts of students grew anxious. Question papers were distributed and Rajan in his unwonted excitement was not at all able to handle his pen. His pen began to tremble and shiver like the tooth of an old grand pappa. Anyhow or somehow he spent the devil of time—three hours—heroically. In this manner all the examinations of Rajan's were over.

It was the month of May and students were enjoying examination-rest. Date 26th of May, the despicable date in which fates of students exploded. Hopeful and hopeless students crowded at the station like flies upon a carcass, eager to know their fortune of lottery tickets. Rajan sat on a waiting-bench and was in a fetid atmosphere. He was building castles in the air and his love-lorn thoughts were entombed in the dust, all of a sudden by the arrival of the majestic train.

A bundle of "Hindu" papers was pulled out, enchantingly as it were to the eager students, by a stout porter. The porter was ready to fight with the students for one anna and a half. The bundle of papers enhanced the anxieties of the students and their crudities of thought were flabbergasted. Papers were evaporated as it were into the hands of the students.

Rajan's number was missing. He did not get even a single part. All students and friends pitied him to the

extreme, and tried to enliven him. But Rajan who was in an epileptic fit, as it were, did not pay heed to their encouragements.

He returned to his lodge solemnly. Swamy though passed in the first class, was anemic and turned his face away on seeing Rajan. Rajan's heart beat like a sledge-hammer. He did not give way to his unripened feelings.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Lolita's marriage was also over against her will.

It was the dark night after the release of the results. Rajan was maddened by thoughts of love and despair. He stealthily strode out from the lodge, and left the city after having a last glance at his beloved's mansion.

In the morning Rajan was found missing. Swamy was in an enigma. Police searches were futile, Rajan, our hero, was nowhere to be seen.

Winner

An Irishman approached a stall-holder at the Christmas fair and, proffering twopence, received three balls.

Taking careful aim, he let fly, smashing a beautiful clock. Grinning broadly, he threw his second ball, knocking to fragments a painted vase. Scarcely able to control his excitement, he threw his third, breaking a biscuit-barrel.

Then he exclaimed, triumphantly: "Now give me one of those clay pipes."

Macpherson: "Ay, the wind's turned fra' east to west, Jean, so now ye'll hae the change o' air the doctor ordered."

"I wonder what the time is?" said one small boy.

"Well, it can't be four," replied his companion. "Mum said I was to be home by four and I'm not."

Welfare worker: "And have you any plans for the future when your sentence expires?"

Incorrigible: "Yus, I've got the plans of two jewellers' and a post-office."

Confessions of a Drunkard

— (BY K. N. MAKKUNO.) —

"Rome was not built in a day," they say; nor was your house or mine. Ditto is the case with a beehive or weaver-bird's nest. In fact, there are thousands of things that are not done in a day. And one of them—not one of mean importance either—is DRUNKARD. "DRUNKARD was not made in a day," says Makkuno, and contradict him if you can. You dare not do so, if you read how hard he was at it, before he could make himself accomplished in the art of drinking.

I have a faint recollection how at the age of five I was initiated into the line—not meaningfully of course—by my dear dad who, at the height of his merriment with his jolly friends making the most of an evening, would, once in a way, allow me a few sips of toddy, in spite of mama's vehement protests and cursings. I didn't relish it myself, if I remembered right, but could have learnt to like it, had it not been for the perverse fate that cut my dear Dad off from us!

That was the first stage, and there my education (I mean in this line) suffered a long suspense. It seemed as though I could never revive it; but no, God has his own way, and he rightly intervened in this too. Some of us, students, had one day gone for a festival and on our way back we all felt very thirsty. Some suggested going to a tea shop, others were for tender coconuts, but no, our leader knew better. He bade us sit under a banian tree, and calling away the two junior fellows amongst us despatched them with some secret commission.

We didn't know what he was up to, but didn't bother in the least on that account, for, like true scouts, we had implicit faith in our leader. We were not kept waiting long, as soon the urchins re-appeared followed by two men who seemed to have full sympathy with the cult of nudity, but were anxious to please the public, generally, by insisting to cover-much against their will though just the neighbourhood of their loins. These men were carrying with them some mud pots and bamboo pieces, which looked to me like the "suspicious" bottle mentioned by

Dickens in his "Curiosity Shop." And then the whole thing dawned into my head: they had brought toddy—my old friend Toddy.

They set those things before us and, our leader commanding, distributed each apiece. Some Bengal gram also graced us with its presence. All applied the bamboo or mud pots to their lips and freed them of their contents with calm composure, excepting two or three of us who could manage the affair only with some awkward display of our faces. Somehow, all of us finished, and our leader paid and bade the good men back, and we got up and resumed our journey.

You know students, as a rule, are quite good at shouting and mischief making. And with Mr. Toddy to keep them company, their buoyant and turbulent spirit was all the more accentuated. Some began to shout and some to sing; some were shouting songs and some singing in a shouting strain. All contributed to the confusion his mite, excepting poor me: I was rather silent and moody, and had a headache too. My attitude was severely condemned by my friends and specially the leader. To make matters worse, I had a vomiting which interrupted my jolly brothers, and one and all began to jeer at me. "He is a woman, and the worst of her sex for the matter of that," said my leader. "Can't hold a bottle of that stuff in all his six feet; Another six bottles would not have made any difference in me, had I only the wherewithal for it!! Such an old girl to have come with us!!!" he pitied.

By this time, night was falling, and the cool air soothed mine aching head, and I managed to keep pace with my comrades. Coming near our destination, our resourceful leader bought three pies worth of coriander seed and shared the same with all his followers. This we were asked to chew, lest the smell of toddy should betray us to our elders at home. This we did, and were more than satisfied with its marvellous result. (The result was indeed more marvellous than that of many 'Kavachams' generally advertised!) At home we were not in the least suspected!

That night and the day following thoughts of the above incident haunted me like anything. More than many times, I pictured myself in that piteous, moody state with my friends jeering about. My leaders words had pricked me so much that I resolved to make myself a "man" at any cost.

Towards nightfall, I told mother that I had to produce a new exercise book the next day at school, with some exercises written, and thus got an anna, which she could only ill afford. With this I wended my way towards the bazaar. You might imagine I went to the stationery mart, but no, my good friends, you are sadly mistaken there; it was only the toddy tavern that attracted me. I called the tavern keeper aside and got my anna exchanged for a bottle and sufficient 'kadala'. I had the precaution of taking with me some coriander from home, this time, which did its duty satisfactorily well. That day also, I experienced some vomiting sensation, headache and all that, but I was far more at ease than the previous day.

This experiment I repeated as often as I could pinch an anna or two from my poor mother, until I was confident that I could trust myself to come home after two or three bottles, without ever having to embrace the lamp post or command the garden wall to move aside, prostrate before every boundary stone on the way or abuse all the passers by, as if they had grievously wronged me—until I knew that I had sufficiently progressed in my "man-making."

And later, when I got an employment in a town and could afford more, I changed Toddy for his stronger brother Arrack, and cultivated his intimacy as much as I could. Afterwards, when I gradually got into "civilized" societies, I was introduced to Messrs Toddy and Arrack's Western friends, Beer, Brandy, Whisky and others, with whom too I have managed to do intimate enough. And this I tell you is not the achievement of a day; I began at the age of five, as I told you at the start, and it is only at the age of twenty-five that I could become an efficient, all-round Drunkard. Thank God! at least now, I can without much difficulty do justice, at a sitting, to about six bottles Beck's and a bottle of any good Brandy, mixed or otherwise as you wish, with some kindred liquors (whisky or any thing) and something

VENKU BREAKS THE RECORD

— BY RANAY —

VENKU is a friend of mine, rather old, not in years, but in friendship. He has been my classmate ever since our middle-school days, but only recently he separated from me taking a different course. He has become an advocate and has put up a board before his house with the long name of "Venkoba Rao" and a few letters of the alphabet which he could scrape up with difficulty. Still he is to me my dear old Venku, with his octagonal belly, angular legs, parallel hands, semi-circular neck and a square face. He is a good specimen for Mathematics scholars.

He joined the Bar, a few years back and has rented a cheap room furnished cheaply (with only a table and two chairs so that only one effort can be seated) in some dingy quarters, bounded on the three sides by Municipal canals, holier than Ganges, exhaling 'scented' perfumes. The post of the attendant and assistant has been filled up by his only son, who has no other better business to attend to. It is obvious by these that he was getting very few cases, perhaps at the rate of a dozen a year, and, of course, these were only connected with the small cases court (where rash and negligent motorists and cyclists are fined) and in these he invariably could not succeed.

Thus being put up in tight corners, Venku could not go 'hand in hand' with 'gentlemanly etiquette and manners.' For example he could not afford to say 'No Thanks' when he was offered some light refreshments. The few Rs. that he could scrape were snatched away by the hungry family. Also he could not afford to feed himself liberally at home, for had he done so, his family would have been starved to death, as he is a person of such

to bite and chew. Those who wish to test my efficiency may please apply with sufficient materials, C/o Bhairu Funzin.

P. S. Applications may be made on, before or after the 1st January 1934.

appetite that he could consume 14 plates of iddies and several cups of drinks and coffee before he could say 'enough for the present.' I myself had one of these pleasant (or is it nasty!) encounters. He fell upon me while I was entering the 'Neo Kom' and helped himself liberally to all plates. I had to shell out Rs 2-14-0 before I could escape from his clutches.

Now, let us proceed to his adventure. Venku had come almost to the verge of insolvency. He was threatened on all sides by the creditors. He could not stir out of the house and just at this juncture he had a 'brain wave.' He had read in the papers that Mr. so-and-so had broken such and such a record and had got so many rupees. So he thought he could also pile a fortune by resorting to this method of breaking records (not gramophone ones! please). He could have easily broken the floating record, judging from the point of view of scientists who say that round bodies can float longer. But fortunately or unfortunately he had not been introduced to Mr. Water and perhaps that was the reason why he feared to venture out after rain when the roads are all in 2 ft. water.

This being the state of affairs he had to resort to the one and only method i.e. going on a trip 'Round India,' in the least time possible. He planned to set out in a car. He had got a license in his teens, but had not since then touched a car, for how can a man of Venku's position ever possess a car? Ramu, an old friend of Venku, presented him his 18th century car which was lying idle in the garage.

With this car and some of his personal belongings he set out on a fine "Amavasya" day at the auspicious moment of 'Rahukalam' after a cat had crossed the way. No wonder Venku had a tyre burst within a few hundred yards. But Venku's spirit was undaunted. He proceeded; but ere he could reach the 5th mile stone, an accident which was almost fatal overtook him. At the 5th mile stone there was a corner, rather sharp, and the Municipality had duly notified it on a board. But Venku philosophised

that the world being round, he would come to his starting place if he took a straight road. He dashed against a huge oak tree and the car even climbed its trunk. Venku was thrown out with multiple injuries varying from the size of a pea to that of a coconut. However he got better after a few month's stay in the hospital.

Now, if you ask him what record he broke he will say 'Well! I am the first man who ever tried to pass through the tree!'

Out of the Frying-pan

Mrs. Brown was tired of the borrowing propensities of her neighbour, Mrs. Smith. First it was some household utensil she wanted, then some small article of grocery.

The other day a knock came to Mr. Brown's door. It was Mrs. Smith's little girl.

"Please, mother wants to know if you will lend her some paper and your big flat-iron."

Mrs. Brown was determined to stop her neighbour's borrowing.

"Tell your mother I've got other fish to fry," she snapped, and the little girl went away.

She was back in a few minutes, however, with a dish and the usual request.

"Please, mother wants to know if you'll lend her some of the fried fish."

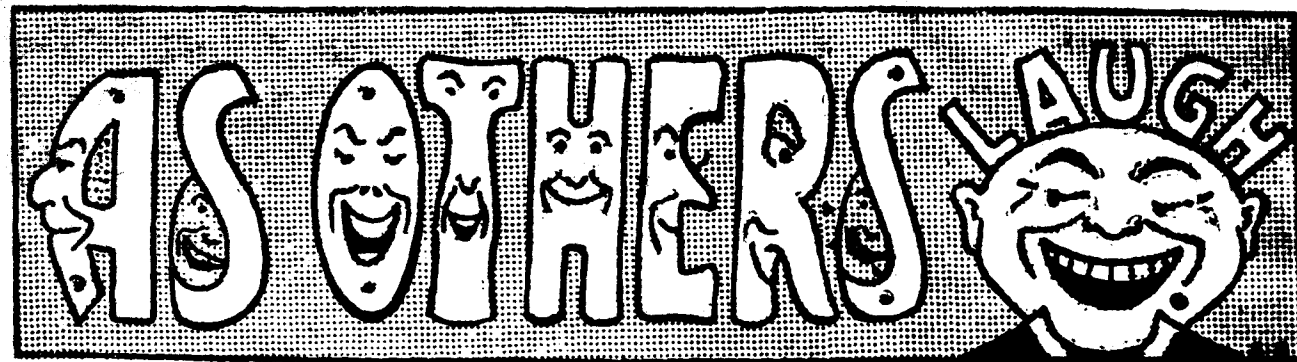
Photographer: "Watch and see the dicky bird."

Child: "Just pay attention to your exposure so that you don't ruin the plate."

Dear old Soul: "You might pick me out a nice bunch of those grapes, please. Don't give me any of the damaged ones, as they're for a Covent Garden salesman who isn't very well."

Prospective tenant: "If the house has been recently occupied, how is it all windows are smashed?"

Agent: "Well, sir, my partner will insist on satisfying every inquirer that this house is only a stone's throw from the stations."



"Does the giraffe get a sore throat if he gets wet feet?"

"Yes, but not until the next week."

Wife: "Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife, 'You are the only woman I ever loved'?"

Hubby: "Only one that I can think of."

"Who? You, dearest?"

"Oh, no; Adam."

"My dear boy," effused the elegant lady of aristocratic demeanour, to the schoolboy at the gates of the high school, "will you—ha—inform Hector Reginald Cornelius Mannington-Mannington that his mother has arrived?"

"Sure, mam," returned the boy, then, facing the playing fields, he yelled, "Snifty, the old girl's blown in."

"Why did you name your boy Archibald Clarence Algernon?"

"Well, I want him to be a good boxer, and any boy with a name like that should get a lot of practice."

Clerk: "Do you prefer a red necktie or a green one?"

Customer: "I'm sorry but I can't say."

Clerk: "Shake, old man, I'm married, too."

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said the little man in the corner. "Next Saturday night."

"My dear fellow, you look miserable. What's the matter?"

"My wife went out to buy a loaf a few days ago and she hasn't returned. I'm wondering what to do."

"Quite simple. Buy another loaf."

Niece: "They say there are more marriages of blondes than brunettes. Why is that?"

Bachelor Uncle: "H'm! Naturally the light-headed ones go first."

"See that pretty young lady over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's been engaged to two University professors, and claimed for breach of promise from both of them."

"H'm! I suppose that's what she calls plucking her 'high-browe.'"

Mother: "What on earth are you boys making such a row about? You've been playing at soldiers all the morning, and have been as good as gold. What's the matter?"

Tommy: "Well, you see, we're playing at Disarmament Conference now."

Smith: "There goes the most independent man I have ever met. He takes orders from nobody."

Brown: "Really! What is he?"

Smith: "A commercial traveller!"

Husband: "This steak tastes queer."

Wife: "I can't understand it, dear. I did burn it a little, but I rubbed vaseline on it right away."

"Two bob for a tip to the waiter? That's a bit generous, isn't it?"

"Perhaps, yes—but then look at the lovely overcoat he's given me!"

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

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

"And how are you and your husband going to spend your Christmas holiday?" the old lady asked.

"Our plans so far are tentative."

"What! You're surely not camping out in the wintry weather?"

"Isn't radio marvellous? By turning a knob I can get practically anything that is on the air."

A comedian then cracked a joke over the ether. Quoth the radio fan's guest: "Marvellous! Fancy a machine being able to pick up a thing that's been on the air since grandfather was a lad!"

"The thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself—to bury yourself in your work."

"Goah!" returned the patient, "and me a concrete mixer."

Wife: "We really must get a new car."

Husband: "What! When I'm still paying instalments on the car I exchanged for the car I sold in part payment of the car I've got now!"

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

— By TORCH —



It has been my considered opinion, ever since I became..... Good God, what a narrow escape! I very nearly gave myself up! I mean to say, I was about to tell you who I really am! Having gone to the length of assuming a *psu—psu*—(no I had better avoid the word; the spelling is tricky) pen-name what is the use of revealing one's identity? Great men have perforce to do things incognito and I am no exception. That reminds me.

Somehow it happens that prominent personalities are invariably funny. Either their gesture, figure or speech makes them appear to the outside world as characters out of a farce. If you find it hard to believe this, well, I would be put to the painful necessity of proving things to you. Who is the most feared dictator at present? Yes, you are right: Hitler. Can you deny that he reminds you of Charlie Chaplin? Having been so reminded can you be calm as ice? Apart from his figure, there are people who make fun of him—as if what he himself supplies is not enough! Listen to this one.

One of the American Nazis, they say, who was recently in Germany, terrified the waiter in a Berlin restaurant by sitting down in the uniform of commandant and ordering a "Hitler herring!" The waiter approached the manager. "I can't serve a 'Hitler herring,'" he said. "I've never heard of such a thing, but the Herr will be furious if I tell him so."

"You needn't," said the manager. "We can easily make a Hitler herring. Just take a Bismarck herring, remove the brain, fix the mouth wide open and serve."

That, you would say, is the limit of cheek. And if you were a hundred per cent Nazi, you would doubtless arrest the manager. To gibe at the great may appear to be sacrilege to you. But Hitler is not the only great man to come under the joker's knife.

There is Dollfuss, the Austrian Hitler. There are people who maintain that his name should be Doll without all the fuss added to it. Fact is, he is rather diminutive in size which is saying the least. He has proved that Great men can be small—in size. But his short stature has provided fun for many.

A new story is told nearly every day about him.

The news that the Social Democratic party had passed a resolution declaring that any attempts to dissolve their party would be a signal for a general strike really angered him to such an extent that he climbed up on his chair in order to bang his fist on the table.

Notwithstanding this outburst, however, the Viennese are still fond of their little Chancellor. They say that even Herr Seitz, the Socialist Mayor of Vienna, gave orders for the grass in the Volksgarten, which is situated just outside the Chancellor's headquarters to be cut very short, so as to remove the danger of the Chancellor getting lost!

All Vienna waited anxiously for it ever since it became known that the Chancellor had not been seriously wounded in the recent attack on him, and finally it came—the first Dollfuss story about the attempted assassination. If his Nazi assailant, Dertil, it is remarked in Vienna, had unfortunately managed to put a bullet through the centre of the little Chancellor's anatomy, he would have performed an amazing scientific achievement, and would have been entitled to claim the prize offered for the first person to split the atom.

But all Vienna would have mourned, for, as they also say, Dr. Dollfuss managed in Geneva to get hold of everything he wanted—except the door handle.

This atom-splitting business recalls to my mind the attempts, alleged to have succeeded, of a number of scientists in breaking up the tiny particle full of energy. Two or more claims were made recently in this direction and it is all rather confusing. One doubts whether the thing that was really split was the atom or some other perishable commodity like the human brain for instance. Granting that they did split the atom, what would you call the act? An invention or a discovery? Here you neither originate nor find something that has been hidden. On the other hand you destroy something and call it the goal of the scientist. A term for this procedure is necessary inasmuch as one wants to name it first, before awarding it the Nobel Prize. By the way, is there a Nobel Prize for Discovery? If there is, here is the winning entry. The greatest discovery to-date.

I read in a paper this morning that Mr. Jayakar had made a discovery. The paper did not say so. But the news was such. Mr. Jayakar was reported as saying that though he was not a follower of Mr. Gandhi, he thought that Mr. Gandhi was the greatest national asset! And all this while we have been living without knowing this. It has taken a Jayakar to discover and impart this information to us. When he was striving with the newly appointed P. C. Sir Tej, to bring about Peace, the world was ungrateful enough to forget awarding the Nobel Peace Prize to Mr. Jayakar. Now that he has made a discovery, will the world take heed?

I hear an angry grunt from some of the readers who think that I am not fitted for this job of writing about the Great. What story about the great, they ask or want to ask, would be complete without anything about Mr. Bernard Shaw? And they think that I have forgotten G.B.S. No, dear readers. How could one? Come closer now and listen.

AN INTERVIEW

— T. M. VASAN. —

There is an old tale in Indian History that Gazini Mohamed invaded India eighteen times. I have appeared for Madras Service Commission selections eighteen times and, sorry to say, did not succeed even in my eighteenth invasion. But I cannot deny that I got an immense benefit by the Service Commission. I have visited eighteen different towns by way of appearing before the Commission and hence I have gained some experience. For the benefit of my unemployed brethren I am describing one of the Service Commission selections for which I was a candidate.

One day I saw this advertisement in the columns of "The Mohamedan." "Nine Physics demonstrators wanted. Entrance fee Rs. 20 payable in the Treasury etc."

Recently in a magazine article Bernard Shaw boasted that he knew how to make an excellent cup of coffee. A country person wrote to him asking for the recipe. Shaw granted his request, but at the bottom of the letter wrote the following:

"I hope that this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph."

The person replied: "Accept my thanks for the recipe. I wrote in good faith, and, in order to convince you of that fact, allow me to return what it is obvious you infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me—your autograph."

And Shaw did not have the last word for once! Sir William Joynton Hicks ('Jix') later Lord Brentford, came in for a snappy retort while he was defending a lady in a civil suit. A point at issue was the nature of the house the lady was living in and about which there was a complaint. 'Jix' said that he inspected the house in person. The opposing counsel, whose name I have forgotten, wanted to know in which capacity 'Jix' did so.

'Jix' sensed a trap. If he said that he inspected the house in his official capacity, objection may be made that he was prejudicing the case. If he answered that he did so in his personal capacity his opponent may crack a joke to the effect that 'Jix' was a good house-agent. So Sir William answered "I did so in the capacity of a human being."

"Really, Sir William!" rejoined his opponent "I have known you in many capacities. It is only now that I meet you in an entirely new capacity!"

I don't know what the present Viscount of Brentford said in reply.

At another time when he was Home Secretary, he narrowly missed being attacked by a convict.

He was inspecting the inmates of a prison with some others. A convict at work approached him and pointing to one of the others asked "Is that the Home Secretary?"

Truthfully enough Jix answered "No."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Because, if he was, I was goin' to have a go at him with this 'ere spade."

Truth saved "Jix"; and happily he lived to become a peer.

I am a M. A. in Physics and when I saw the advertisement, I began to dance with joy as if I had been already given the job. When my dance was over, I began to muse how to get money for the entrance fee. I had a gold ring, which was the only piece of gold that was left to me, after spending for the University, and the Service Commission. Thanks to the Exchange Problem. I was able to sell it for a high price. I paid the money into the Treasury and sent the application together with certificates and testimonials.

That night I was dreaming that I had got the employment and began to calculate how to spend my high salary.

From the next day onwards I began to prepare myself for the questions that may be asked by the Service Commission members at the interview. I will give you some sample questions for which I prepared. "What is the difference between X and Y rays?" "What is the length of the Hookworm?" "What is the weight of the Plague germ?" "Is there any Service Commission in Mars?" etc.

After one month I got a card marked "His Majesty's Service." From the card I learnt that the Service Commission will give me an interview at Madras on the next Monday. The word "Interview" has some importance and dignity with it. Interview is the special privilege enjoyed by ministers, law members, Zemindars and newspaper correspondents. When I came to know that I was to be given an interview, I considered myself as important as a chief minister.

I got dress, hat and boots from my friends and started to Madras. I was walking along the Teynampet road in search of the Service Commission Office. I saw before a large building about thousand youths dressed in various costly full suits. I thought that the youths were competitors in some beauty competition but later I came to know that it was the Service Commission office and that the youths were appearing for the same selection.

At three o'clock I was called for interview. One of the members cordially welcomed me with the words. "Come on Mr., Please take your seat." (This is the most pleasing feature in the Commission. Though they do not give you any job, they never fail to give you a cordial welcome.) Three members were sitting on three sides of a rectangular table and I took my seat on the fourth side.

The following conversation took place between the members and myself.

"Do you know how to swim?"

"I am not appearing for a sailors' selection."

"Have you seen a stork?"

"Sorry. I have got an experience only in job hunting but no experience in bird-hunting."

"Why did you study for M. A.?"

"Because I did not know that I would have to appear before a commission to get a job."

The interview ended and I returned home.

One month afterwards, I received a letter from the Service Commission. I opened the cover with throbbing heart, but I saw that my certificates were returned. With that there was a letter stating that the Commission members were regretting that I was not selected. I am not so much sorry that I was not selected but I am sorry for causing regret to the Service Commission members.

Competition Jokes

Clerk in the Court to Accused: "Look here, repeat what I say."

Accused: "Yes, Sir."

Clerk: "I swear by all that is holy, that I will speak nothing but the truth and what all I say is nothing but the truth."

The Accused repeated the same.

Clerk (again): "Your name please?"

Accused: "Your name, please?"

Judge: "I say, how much property have you?"

Accused: "Ten thousand rupees worth, Sir."

Judge: "Tell me some of the items."

Accused: All I have is only a small hut, Sir."

Judge: "And you say you are worth Ten thousand?"

Accused: "I will sell it only for that amount, Sir."

P. V. K. Krishnan, Ootacamund.

He: "I am sure Cupid had nothing to do in arranging the alphabet."

She: "What gives you that impression? If he had been doing it, he would have placed U and I much nearer each other."

A: Your wife does not hear very well, does she?

B: No, but she never misses anything the neighbours say about me.

Teacher: "Now, John, we will parse the sentence 'Robert refused the sovereign.' What is 'Robert'?"

John: Robert is a donkey.

Science Professor: "Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?"

A pupil (promptly): "Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold."

I. Narasimachari, Bangalore.

Mother teaching arithmetic to little son: Now, take our family. There is father, and I your mother and you our baby, How many does that make?

Bright son: "Two and one to carry."

Husband: It is too bad of you, you promised that you would not give away the secret I told you.

Wife: I did not give it away. But I exchanged it for another.

Doctor to Lady patient: All you require, madam, is a little sun and air.

Lady patient: But Doctor, I am not married yet.

P. S. Ramanjulu Naidu,
Chintadripet, Madras.

A certain teacher after explaining the dyeing of colour on silk asked a student who was inattentive.

Teacher: Murthi, Do you know how to dye?

Murthi: Yes Sir, There are two methods, Sir.

Teacher: What are they?

Murthi: (Suddenly) By hanging and by poisoning sir.

G. R. Venkatesh, Bangalore City.

Guilty.

A negro charged with stealing a watch, had been brought before the Court.

The Judge was not convinced that he was guilty, and said "You are acquitted."

"Acquitted", said the negro, "what do you mean, Judge?"

"That is the decision, you are acquitted."

"Judge, does that mean that I have to give up the watch?"

N. Chellappah, Egmore, Madras.

A boy in a book-shop: I want a Woman's Dictionary.

Shop-keeper: A Woman's Dictionary! Why!

Boy: Father said that it contains more words.

M. Bhashyam Aiyangar,
Purasawakam, Madras.

One day a man was brought into the Accident Hospital where the doctor examined him and said that the man was dead; but the man raised his head and said, "I am not dead yet," whereupon his wife who is near-by admonished him and said, "Be quiet, my dear, the doctor ought to know best."

P. C. Srirangachary, Srirangam.

Teacher: "Tell me an example to show that a polished surface reflects light."

A waggish boy: "Your bald head when coated with oil and exposed to sun-light will reflect light more than anything."

An orthodox gentleman to a modern boy: "In these days, even Brahmin boys smoke."

Modern boy: No. It is said in the Sastras that a Brahmin is given INDRAPADAVI when he once performs Agnihotram. Since I am repeating it many times that poet has been reserved for me."

M. Visvanathan, Kumbakonam.

The father and his little son were returning home after making some New Year purchases which included 5 yards of cloth for a shirt for each of them. "Look father," suddenly exclaimed the boy, pointing to a man walking in front, "he wears a shirt made of 24 yards and he is just your height. You have bought only 5 yards for both of us."

Sure enough, the man's shirt was marked '24 Yards,' being the top portion of a piece.

M. L. Seetharaman, G. T., Madras.

A THOUSAND RUPEE STUNT

— BY NANJANDIAH —

I was from my early days known to be regular good boy who 'stood on the burning deck.' I had not so much as displeased my parents or others of my people in any matter whatsoever. But on the eve of my nuptials I played a great stunt, as it were, to the dismay of them all.

The function came off during the time when I was off the gold standard. A victim of unemployment that I was, I was in dire need of money. My incessant demands had already strained both the purse and the patience of my father; and to squeeze money out of him any further was to take the life out of him. The only other source I could tap was my father-in-law. His weakness for his only daughter I know too well and it was but wisdom on my part to turn it to my advantage when necessary. Fools, it has been well said, exist merely that wise men may use them to their benefit. That was the occasion when the fond father sought to consummate the happiness of his Kanny, and if I did so much as pretend to mar that happiness he could be made to dance to my tunes. His love for his only female offspring knew no bounds and he would not hesitate to part with anything if only it was to avert her unhappiness in however small a degree it might be. But in other respects he was a veritable Shylock. It was absolutely impossible for me to get money out of him for the mere asking. So it was that I decided to make capital out of the occasion.

As for those hollow niceties which fools make much about—'indelicacy of feeling', 'spoiling the fair name of the family' and the like—well, I left them severely to themselves. Empty trash of this kind, you know, leads one nowhere—except perhaps to the Bay of Bengal on the one hand and a stealthy dose of potassium cyanide on the other. I, at any rate, was not the man to be swayed by sentimental scrupulocities.

And between people who were so closely placed as my father-in-law and myself, delicacy of feeling could have absolutely no place. I felt that I had a right to be free with

my father-in-law and I need hardly add that my freedom with him was nothing if it was not with his purse.

When livestock had been thrust on me was it not but just that an estate on which to rear it should accompany it?

He had not given me anything like an estate and would it be improper to demand of him a paltry sum of a thousand rupees when I most needed it? Certainly not. I at least saw no indecency in the idea and resolved, with the mighty determination of one who was pursuing the most righteous cause, to put it through and take the consequences.

It was about 7 p.m. on the day fixed for the consummation. All the cere-



Employer (catching boys at play)—Is it for this that I pay you?

Boy—No you need not pay for this. This is not in the programme of work.

monial parts of the functions were over.

I was about to be summoned. Just at that strategic moment I put my plan into execution. Assuming a countenance beaming with indignation as became a son-in-law who was greatly displeased, I stretched myself in bed at that unearthly hour and went into a silence of the most solemn type.

My sister was the first to discover the change in me. She came to bid me get ready for the function. Seeing me wrapped up in my blanket, she anxiously exclaimed: "Why, Ram!

Do you feel ill?" Far from replying to her I quietly turned towards the wall. Thinking that I was fast asleep she came nearer and shook me violently. But I held on to my silence austere. She talked and talked all to herself for a good while and out of sheer disgust quitted the room.

Then came my mother. I heard her entering the room with kind words which gradually turned into those of rebuke, and as she left me she was showering a variety of curses on my head.

By this time it became known to all in the house that something serious had angered the son-in-law. The news spread like wild fire and my room was soon packed to suffocation. Those who could take liberty with me rebuked me outright, and others merely contented themselves with words of entreaty and cajolement lest the already displeased son-in-law should demonstrate a walk-out altogether. But to all alike my stubborn silence was the only answer.

The clock struck eight. The *lagnam* was only half an hour ahead. But still the son-in-law lay unappeased. The feelings of my father-in-law had by this time worked themselves to a pitch. He was the one person who was most upset by my silence. All means of ascertaining the cause of my displeasure had failed. He grew extremely anxious and sought, in the last resort, the help of Gopal, my chum and cousin. Hoping that I would certainly open my heart to him, he set him on the mission of investigation and, if possible, propitiation as well.

The next moment the fellow was in my room. He hurriedly cleared it of all the people and, closing the doors and windows on every side, rushed to my side and seated himself on my cot. "What the deuce are you doing, Ramu? Do you know what havoc you are playing with the feelings of your parents and others?" he ejaculated pulling the blanket from over my face and forcibly rolling me towards him.

"What havoc?" grumbled I slowly, thus putting an end to my silence at the opportune moment.

"Havoc! What else do you call it? The whole house is plunged in anxiety and gloom. All happiness is gone; and something undesirable on occasions like the present has taken its place.

Please do get up, Ramu, and put an end to it all," he appealed passionately.

"Well, Gopal, to cut a long story short, I may tell you at once that I must have a cheque from my father-in-law for a thousand rupees before he can see the function through," I put in bluntly.

"What! A thousand rupees!"

"Yes, I should have a thousand rupees on hand before I would go through the ceremonies."

"Ramu, I never thought you were so greedy. Has he not already paid you three thousand rupees in your marriage? Has he not given two thousands in the shape of jewels to your wife? And what about the enormous investment he has made now on things intended for you? Certainly—"

"Hang them! If he paid some money to my father years ago that is of no consequence to me. And as for the other thing—well, of what use are they to me now? I want at present some hard cash."

"Surely you will estrange his sympathy for ever if you try to exact money from him in this manner. This sort of coercion will break all ties of affection and he will not care to help you hereafter even if you are in distress."

"Well, I only want his help when I am hard up, hence I solicit his succour. He has such a good lot and if he can't spend it for the happiness of his only daughter, which, of course, depends on mine, well,—"

"Suppose your father-in-law grows wild and matters take a serious turn."

"No fear, my dear fellow! Nothing of the kind will happen. I am no fool, Gopal. I know my father-in-law inside out and upside down. You just bear this ultimatum to him and see what happens." "But, Ramu, what will your wife think of all this? Will she not conclude that your love is more after her father's money than for her?"

"Ah, my man! Don't think that aspect of the matter has escaped my notice. I assure you no such misunderstanding will ever arise. Such a contingency, Gopal, has been safely insured against. You should know that no great scheme will be launched without the express approval of the Home Government."

"So you want me to tell him point blank that only a thousand rupees cheque will bring you out?"

"Yes. That is it, nothing more and nothing less."

Abruptly Gopal left Ramu. But he returned in less than five minutes. And there it was in his hands, the pink stuff I wanted. In a moment the irate son-in-law was appeased and he quietly submitted himself to the happy ceremonies.

Auntie finds the sun too hot

BY "JEAN" KANDY.

My aunt is seventy-five years old, but her passion for dress has long survived her youth. Every church festival saw her in a new frock.

It was a Corpus Christie Sunday; the sunniest day we had this year. My aunt was up with the crow. I think she had hardly any sleep that night, with her head so full of the new dress she had made for the occasion and her longing for the dawn. At last the dawn came and she was dressed for church. She came to me as she is wont to do every Sunday and asked me her usual question—"Johnny, is my potticoat seen at the back?"—To which I replied, "Yes, auntie miles", which put her into the unholy rage one could expect of a Christian on a Sunday.

She went to my sister and my second aunt and asked them the same question and receiving answers from them of a nature that completely restored the equanimity of mind which mine had so upset, she set off.

A full half hour had elapsed. Everyone at home except me had gone to church. I heard a knock at the front door. Thinking it was the postman I rushed to the door, but to my utter surprise there stood my aunt; flamboyant every inch of her except her face which was suffused with perspiration and anger. She had forgotten to put on her hat!

"I don't think any woman can keep a secret."

"My wife can—we've been married ten years and she's never told me why she's always wanting money?"

Hue and Cry

A Londoner, staying at a small country town, lost a valuable dog, and inserted an advertisement in the local paper offering £10 reward for its recovery. No one claimed the reward, so the Londoner went to the newspaper office again.

"I want to see the advertising manager," he said.

"He's out," said the office boy.

"Well, his assistant."

"He's out, too, sir."

"Well, I'll see the Editor."

"He's out, sir."

"Great Scott!" shouted the man. "Is everybody out?"

"Yes. They're all lookin' for this 'ere lost dog."

Fishy

A singer was trying to persuade the audience that he had a wonderful voice. He struck all sorts of queer poses, rolling his eyes and making what he hoped were angelic grimaces. But he did not succeed. The audience suffered him in frigid silence, which rendered painfully audible a question put by a countryman to a neighbour in the front row.

"What be 'ee?"

"A bass", replied his neighbour.

"Ah, a fish! I thowt 'ee weren't human!"

Ha, Ha!

"Now," said the lecturer, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—someone, for instance, who had begun to laugh and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," replied the new student.

Not in His Line

A well-known explorer arrived in Hollywood with thousands of feet of film showing life among the various African tribes he had visited. He suggested to a producer that these would make "a fine ethnological picture."

"Can't use it," snapped the producer,

"We don't go in for religious stuff."

Results of Singles Competition

Correct Solutions of Singles Competition are as follows :—

1. REWARD	11. BASE	21. HONEY	31. QUACK
2. RADIO	12. DRAKE	22. GRADE	32. GEAR
3. TABLE	13. JOKER	23. KNOW	33. NEIGH
4. COME	14. LIFT	24. BARE	34. WHEEL
5. GLACE	15. KING	25. PAGE	35. CREST
6. CROOK	16. CREST	26. BEND	36. CASE
7. ASTRAY	17. RACK	27. GLOSS	37. TAPE
8. CHAPTER	18. CALL	28. BLOND	38. SHARE
9. LATTER	19. IRON	29. TASK	39. SHAPE
10. HAND	20. RAVEL	30. CROP	40. SUCK

No competitor succeeded in finding all the correct solutions and the First prize Rs. 200 has been awarded to

Mr. K. A. P. Viswanatha Pillay,
54. Tanjore Road,
Trichinopoly.

whose attempt contained one error.

The Second prize Rs. 100 has been divided amongst the following whose solutions contained two errors.

1. Mr. R. M. Khan,
Ooregum Office,
Oorgum, K. G. F.

3. Mr. T. A. P. Krishnamachary,
III Form, G. S.
B. H. School,
Chittoor.

2. Mr. M. D. Narayanan,
114. Visweswarapuram,
Bangalore City.

4. Mr. P. R. Nammalwar,
'Kanakam'
Sivagnanam Road,
Theynampet Post,
Theyagaraya Nagar,
Madras.

All Prizes will be despatched in due Course.

ONLY ONE
SET!

NO ENTRANCE FEE! ONLY ONE
SET!

**Rs. 50 CASH
PRIZES.**

In "Add one Letter" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 30.

SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 20.

Closing date 20th February, 1934.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

In this simple and interesting competition all you have to do is to make the incomplete words into complete words by adding the one letter that is missing for each word. You will find below 10 incomplete words of which each is a word with one letter less. You will have to find out that letter and placing it in its proper place, solve the words. To guide you in finding out the correct letter easily, clues have been given for each word. As an example No 1 has been solved for you. Look at No. 1. The letters C A and S are given. The clue for that is Ready money. So the answer for that is CASH. From this it is found that H is missing in No 1. and putting that letter H in its place the first puzzle is solved with CASH as the solution. All the others should be answered in the same way.

As you find the solutions write them on the Free Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempts not later than 19th February, 1934. Closing date is 20th February 1934.

Incomplete words.

CLUES.

1. C A S

1. Ready Money.

2. B A L

2. Cry.

3. P O N T

3. Spot.

4. G A N

4. Profit.

5. G M E

5. Play.

6. B R N D

6. Burnt wood.

7. O U G H

7. A bully.

8. S C A

8. Left by a wound.

9. M E A

9. Food.

10. B U K

10. A stall.

(See next page for the coupon)

Rules & Conditions.

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 20th 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 "Add one Letter" 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 ties, 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.

"ADD ONE LETTER" COMPETITION.

Closing date 20th February 1934.

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. CASH | 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 characterization, 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 Macalre

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.

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.

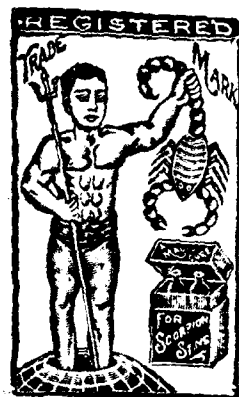
Iron Tonic.

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 lifegiving Energy of special value to the nerves.

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 RE. 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, staphyloma, 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 long 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.



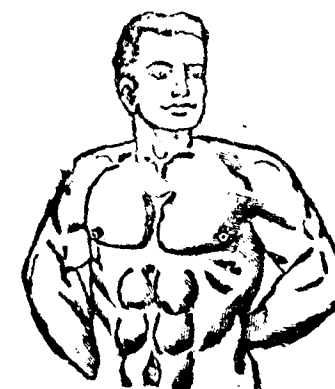
Youth in thirty minutes.

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 startlings, 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 At. 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 RS. 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 the Birth Control League of England. Packed 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, swelling, sprains, Lumbago Gonorrhoea 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 long string of novels 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 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 are 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 alone 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.