

Funny Mag.

I.

No: 15

5th March, 1934



52
S: 527m N34
N34-1.15
123296

5
M
=

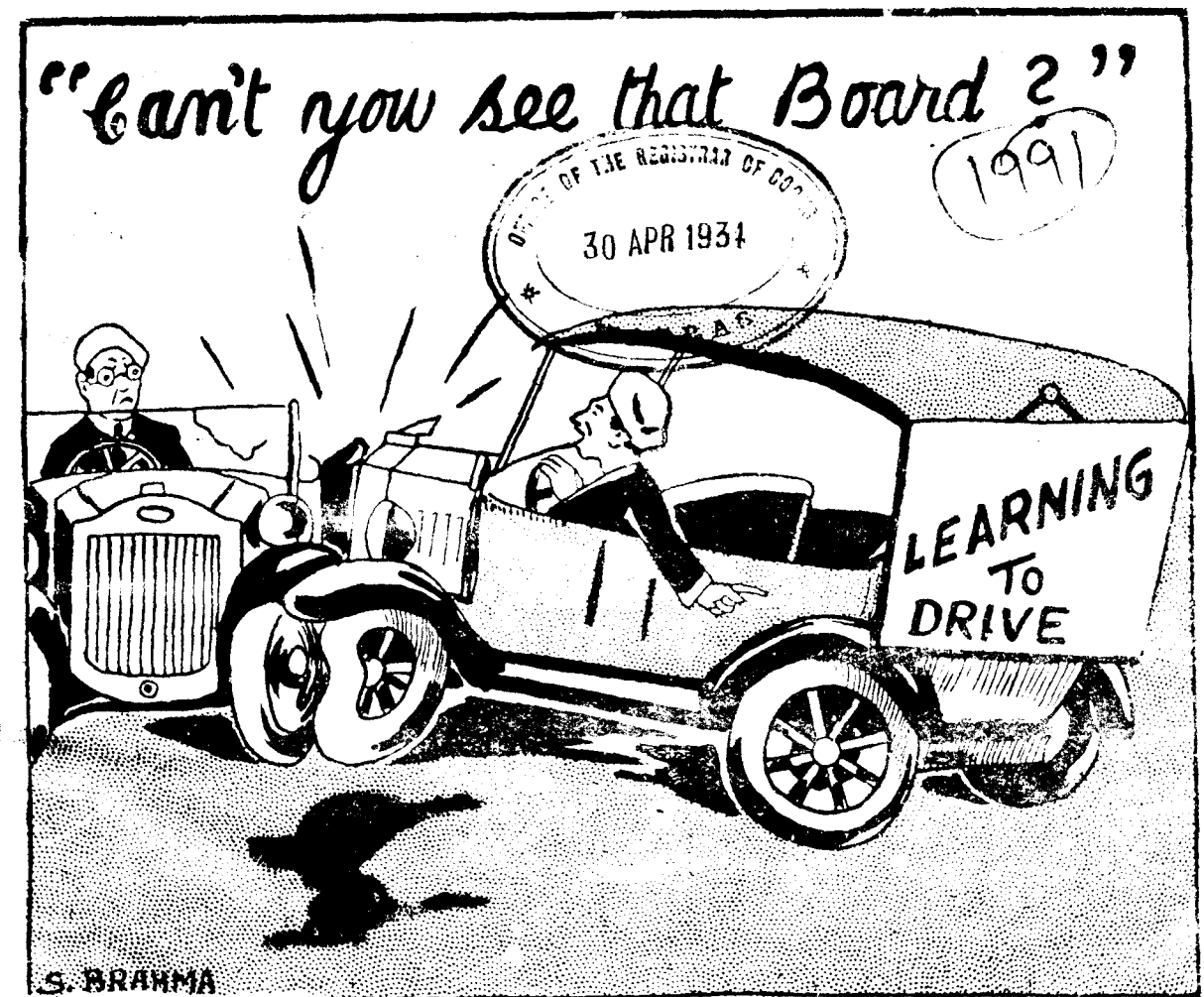
11406
Lucky Number & Free Contest Prizes Rs. 100.



VOL. I

MADRAS 5TH MARCH, 1934.

No. 15



A doctor says it is a good plan to walk two or three miles after a good dinner. But it is very disappointing if it doesn't turn out to be a good one when you get there.

house," says too, what a lot of bathroom after the has had his well-advertis. cold tub.

BI MUDALI ST., SOWCARPET, MADRAS.

PRICE AS. 1-6.

March 5, 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	Re. 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.

Ma



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

Vol I.

MADRAS, 5th MARCH, 1934.

No. 15

TRUE MODESTY



Husband: "Lalitha, there goes Shama Bai your old class-mate and chum."

Wife: "Do keep quiet and dont call her. Can't you see that I have come out without gold belt on?"

An excellent imitation of the saxophone, we read, can be given by the bagpipes. It's a great shame.

"I have found that nudists are often incurably indolent persons," declares a writer. They are quite incapable of pulling up their socks.

According to an expert, too much valuable advertising-space is left blank. We have always felt that the ceilings of ice-rinks are wasted in this fashion.

A woman correspondent claims that she cures herself of depression by suggestion. She probably suggests that her husband should buy her a new hat.

We are told by a publisher that there is a dearth of highlycoloured fiction at present. This is the sort of thing that puts the designers of flower-seed packets on their mettle.

We read that it is fashionable now at parties for guests to sit on the floor. The world is improving. At one time most of them would lie under the table.

"Why not keep a goat in the back garden?" asks a writer. Why not keep one in the front garden—preferably one with a grudge against vacuum-cleaner salesmen?

The mysterious affair of the tax-collector who was pulled out of a river by a passer-by is now explained. It appears that the rescuer is a stranger in the district and strenuously denies that he knew it was a tax-collector.

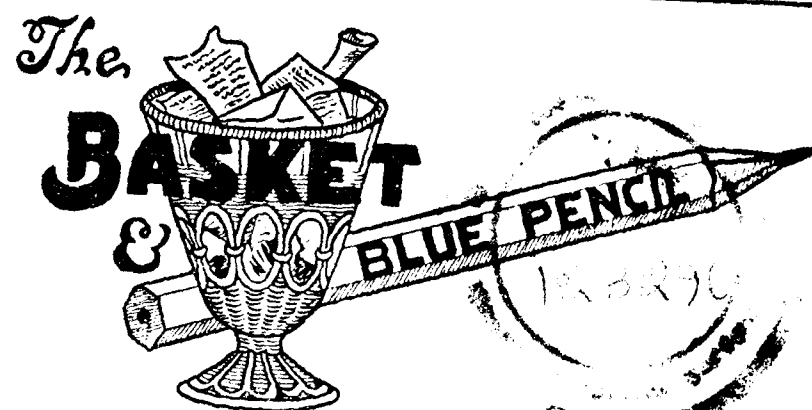
FOAM AND FROTH (PURELY PINCHED)

"The task of executing the terms of a will involving a large sum of money is enough to make one go bald," declares a lawyer. Especially when the heirs fall out.

A doctor says it is a good plan to walk two or three miles after a good thimner. But it is very disappointing if it doesn't turn out to be a good one when you get there.

"Most clubmen dread the period of spring-cleaning," says a writer. Although it is a rule that all aged members shall be dusted carefully without being awakened from their after-lunch coma.

"When there is fog about, a certain amount always penetrates into the house," says a writer. It's extraordinary, too, what a lot of mist collects in the bathroom after the head of the house has had his well-advertised morning cold tub.



—EDITOR'S TITTLE-TATTLE.

DEAR READERS,

Come on; gather round. Let us have a cosy talk after all the labours of editing, rejecting and selecting; by the way what has become of the names of our ladies? I mean



to say—we are having too much of the 'Leela' business in our stories. Why are you young men so much infatuated with poor Leela? She may be handsome and all that—mind that I don't say anything contradictory—but, why overwork the lady? What about Neela for a change? Our 'Magzin' has been seeing too many Leelas of late and

you would excuse me if I ask all of you to make an effort and get over this Leela complex. Surely there are many names in our country equally lovely as Leela; don't you think so? Now then let us give a rest to dear Miss (or is it Mrs?) Leela, which I daresay, she very badly needs.

The next item on the programme rather embarrasses me. Why do you, kind readers, persist in doing that? And what is the big idea behind the whole scheme? It certainly won't do, you know.....Oh, I beg your pardon you want more details? All right. It is like this. Remember the letters competition and the result? But still letters continue to come making me blush so much that a friend asked

me the other day whether I should not consult a doctor and ascertain if I was suffering from blood pressure. I know some of you are past masters on the art of flattery. But why try the joke on poor Bhai? On the other hand what you say may be sincere. Then why bother to express it? Don't I know how you feel about me? So please don't waste any more time writing adulatory letters about Funzin. Moreover, it is not wise to go on spending pieces of one-and-a-quarter-anna

when in the near future the postal rates are going to be reduced. In the meanwhile please try to amuse me and yourself by writing snappy articles. There is money in writing nice things. If you don't believe it please try and see.

And what about this current issue? Well, need I say anything to you? Anyway, I will first whisper to you that Sohrab has come again with his lively "thrill" story. Subbu is here again introduced as before by 'Pagser.' Besides this there is that Ladies' page which once gave me no end of worry and which judging from the nature of the articles now appearing is sure to revive controversy. As usual writers like 'Babu' M. L. S., Edwin and our good old 'Kamber'—remember his old name?—will keep you busy chuckling. And then there is the Kine corner wherein now lurks a vagabond reporter who in addition to going to a cinema show without invitation, insisted on our publishing his 'review.' The only way to punish him, I thought, was to publish it and show what an egoistic little chap he is. Well, he asked for it, didn't he? Summer has begun in right earnest. If you feel very thirsty take a sip of my cocktail. So long!

BHAI FUNZIN.

Music Hath Charms

OVER MAN, MIND, BODY & BABY!

Sweet are the uses of Harmony



Miss Dhana-Lakshmi, of Veena fame is singing on the Veena (Harp).

Sreejaya Pantalu, the Violin star, is accompanying the great Veena performance;

Garibari Dimmappa, the unrivalled drummer, is doing his best;

While:

Advocate Anantaram Sastry is chiding his wife for bringing the baby;

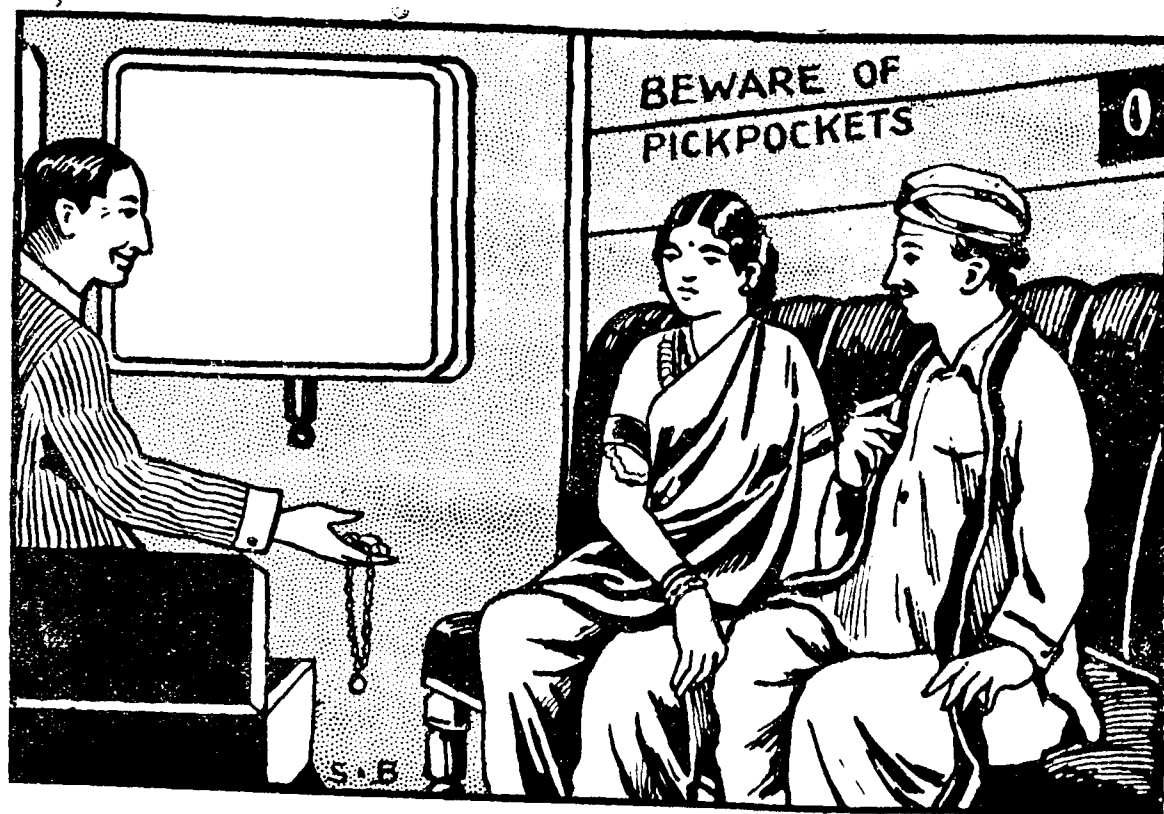
Mr. Ragho, manager of the Harrods, is trying to make up his quarrel with his wife, Mrs. Ragho resents the publicity her husband gives to their domestic occurrences.

Their son, of seven sweet summers, has started vigorously, perhaps inspired by the music, to cry for a bat and ball.

Other beloved darlings have started mixing their melody with the splendid music of the great artistes—

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

— BY "SOHRAB." —



"EVER travelled third class?" His Excellency asked.

"Haven't, Your Excellency, did you, Your Excellency?" answered H. H. the Maharajah.

"Sorry, I haven't, Your Highness. But I would like to. I can assure Your Highness," replied H. E.

"But I would like to, Your Excellency".

"So do I. Of course, I have done plenty of third class

travel at Home. But I would like to do it out here," almost sighed H. E.

"But my old daddy Rama Sahib was against my even looking at a third class. Play the Maharaja, my child, he would always say," the Maharaja said.

"But a third class trip must be quite a delightful thing to do, I am sure," put in H. E.

"Surely, Your Excellency, they tell me that it is often quite a thrill; such a joke to jostle against all kinds of

people," remarked the Maharajah.

"Oh, nothing like a third in a Railway train. You really catch the living and moving world within a small range. What handicap our office is sometimes!" wondered H. E. the Viceroy.

And so His Highness and His Excellency moaned over what they never could experience, still less enjoy.

Ram, Hari, Ghose, Pal, Sen, Iyer, Sastry, Rao and men their brothers, and women their sisters, do their going about in the third class of crowded

trains; and never had they at any heaved a breath of thankfulness, that Providence, whatever else it might have denied them, had not denied them the delights of third class trips.

To sign for a trip with the mob and mass does remind one of the Prince of Abyssinia that panted for the pleasures of hunger and starvation.

Yet, Vardhan and his spouse Parvat Bai were of the class that could not be allowed to mix and mingle with the million and many.

Vardhan was a business man: money multiplied as he sat looking at his bags in this iron-safe.

on their pilgrimage to the god of the south.

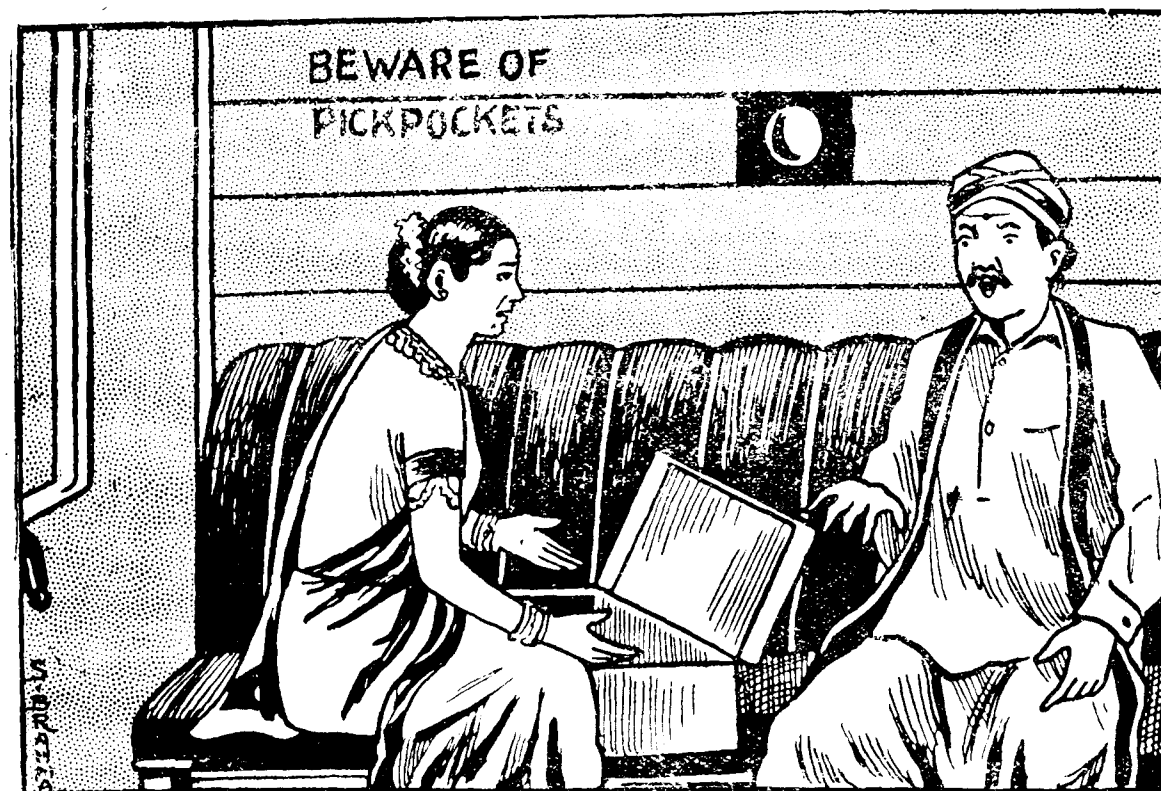
Prakash Rao, smart and sweet of manners was going along by the same train: Prakash peeped in where Vardhan and his lady were seated. Good fellow as he was he immediately left them undisturbed and withdrew his head from the window.

"Poor man, he evidently wants a seat," pitied Parvat Bai.

"If so, why not he come in? Surely, there is a whole seat vacant," remarked Vardhan, and peeping outside, called to Prakash, "why, sir, if you are in quest of a seat here it is. There is no

wife's good opinion by his respectful bearing and polite smiling; repaid the goodly couple's kindness with his avowed opinion, "I travel quite a lot in this line. But hardly have I come across people so good as you are. You know what takes hold of people that travel in trains? The moment they get in, they think the whole carriage, station and Railway company is all theirs and that others have no rights whatsoever. Surely, you must have seen how they snarl at one another when somebody is trying to get a place for himself."

"Surely, surely," said Vardhan, it is such an unhappy sight to see people



Plenty of profitable trade brought up Vardhan to the position of one who has to buy things he doesn't need and to pay for pomp which are even irksome. Simple at heart, absolutely unconscious of self, he loved the worker who earned his bread by the honest sweat of his brow.

And Parvat Bai too was of the class of goodly women who are happy in their prosperity because they are surrounded by so many needy sisters to whom they can be of help.

Every New Moon day found them seated in a second class compartment

one else in our compartment besides us," invited Vardhan.

"Thank you, sir, it is very kind of you. It is just because there is nobody else in your compartment that I was going away. I did not want to disturb you," Prakash replied.

"Surely, Sir, we shall not in the least be disturbed. There is no meaning in our having a whole compartment for ourselves when others are in want of a place," urged Vardhan.

Prakash came in: seated; introduced himself to Vardhan and his

without the least consideration for the age, weakness or convenience of others. Great or small, learned or ignorant, young or old, I don't know why people must be rude and rough to strangers. I simply can't understand it."

"But a few minutes after they have been together," remarked Parvat Bai, who could not endure harsh criticism of even unknown and imaginary strangers, "a few minutes of journey in the same compartment, they become such good friends, don't they? Why last New Moon day, when we wanted to

get in, you remember how those people objected; but when we were all seated, how kind they were. We attended the wedding of Radha, the daughter of Sripat who travelled with us. Why judge people harshly, dear," turning to her husband.

"Far from it," answered Prakash, "You are quite right that people are so good when once you come to know them. However, one has to be careful."

"Careful?" asked Vardhan.

"Yes, sir, careful. very careful."

"Why, sir, people that travel in these trains are all good people just like ourselves. Why suspect them, sir?"

Prakash smiled: "True, you are so good that you can't think evil. But it is a sorry, sorry, naughty world, this one of ours, sir."

"But there are good people too," pleaded Parvat Bai to whom the world was as good as she was to the world.

"Good Madam, if you think I am too hard upon the world, just look at the words there 'Beware of pickpockets' Surely, the Railway people are not out to abuse their own passengers. They know what they are about," went on Prakash "It is not only pickpockets, but thieves, dangerous and murderous fellows, travel by hundreds. We shall have to be very careful."

Prakash pulled out his box. He drew rings, sparkling dazzling jewellery: costly things that the stylish male wants: he held out them, for Vardhan and Parvat Bai's inspection.

They were simply admirable, worth quite a small mint of money.

"They are really the best I have seen, sir, flawless, pure, bright and blue gems—I haven't seen better, sir," Vardhan expressed his admiration. "At the same time, sir, I am also a humble lover of gems myself. I am a contented soul. I take what God has given—nor do I ask for more as some do and importune the Almighty. Yet, He has been kind to us. Though He has denied us a boy or girl, yet we go to his shrine every New Moon and offer our humble puja. I am contented with what we have. Parvat, show this good gentleman your ear drops—single gems; look at her neck-lace—I

have yet to meet with such a galaxy. The ear pieces, they offered any price I wanted for the Ranees of Hindustan."

Prakash was shown all the splendid collection that Vardhan had made for his wife. So admirable they were, Prakash, an excellent connoisseur as he was, could not help pouring forth his admiration.

The three sat discussing gems far into the night. Diamonds, emeralds, Sapphires and other precious stones, their values and their influence upon our life and luck and how some of these gems were dangerous to people born under certain stars and how it has ruined empires and toppled down rulers: it was talk such as only people who knew gems intimately could indulge in or follow.

Prakash drew their attention to the fact that they needed some rest. Yes they did need rest.

It was dawn; Vardhan was the first to rise; he woke up Parvat Bai.

But the good lady was always blessed with sound and long sleep such as only people with peace in their souls are blessed with.

So she said, "Dear, if you do want somebody to talk to, there is Mr. Prakash, Rao. He is so interesting. You can just be chatting and I shall join you in an hour."

"Parvat, Mr. Prakash is not here. Maybe he has left when we were sleeping," the husband said.

"He told us he had a long distance to go; and that his station was a few hours' journey after ours. Maybe he changed his mind. But you can just take out my neck-lace and see if the silk threading is safe for me to wear," Parvat said. "It is in the case in our jewel trunk."

"It is not there, Parvat."

"Then it is in the cash box."

"No, it is not in that."

"Try, our suit case."

"No, nor in that."

"Dear, do find it somewhere in our boxes. Why bother me out of my sound sleep? You know now I like a bit of sound sleep in the morning," remonstrated Parvat.

"But what about the necklace? Parvat, do please get up. I am not able to find any of your jewels, horrid! Why have we been robbed?" shouted Vardhan as the train too came to a stop.

Vardhan jumped out, and raised a hue and cry. The passengers in the next compartment came up. "Why, sir, the gentleman that got from your compartment, did he tell you all about 'Beware of pickpockets' and all that?"

"Yes, he did," said Vardhan.

"Ah, he is about the greatest artist in the line," remarked the neighbour, "I thought you knew about him and that you would be on your guard."

An American claims that he can make people much taller by a system which involves stretching the limbs. It sounds suspiciously like a leg-pull.

It appears that a carpet-beating machine has been invented. It is said to be a great improvement on the old-fashioned one-husband-power model, as it can't sneak off to play golf.

"Some brides promise to obey the groom, and some don't," comments a writer, "and what invariably happens? He obeys."

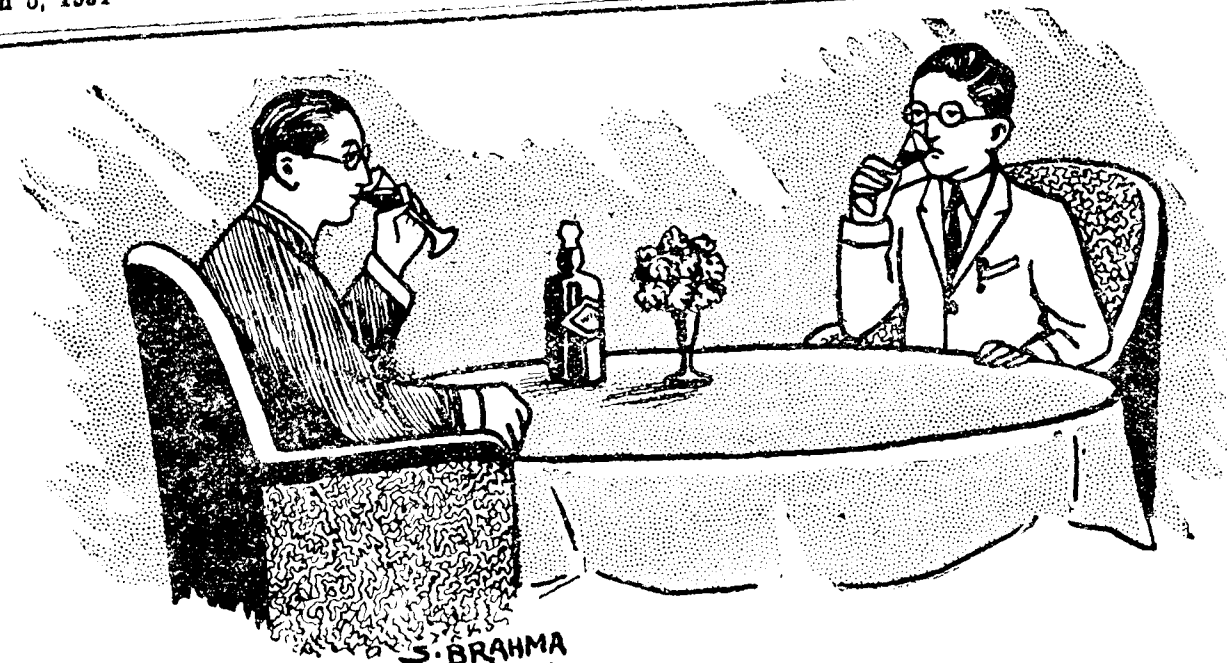
Mother: "Mary, where's Johnny?"

Mary (who had seen Johnny with his skates): "Well, mum, if the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating, but if it is as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."

A "MAN about town" went into a West End restaurant, and was far from pleased with his luncheon.

"Do you call that a real outlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire."

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said in a tone of apology: "I really didn't intend to insult you, sir."



—over a bottle of J. W., such a miraculous change—

GHOSTLY ADVICE

— BY T. L. EDWIN. —

IT was an intensely hot afternoon, and the torrid Indian sun shone down without a single ray of pity, for either man or beast. The thermometer at the aquarium registered 118° in the shade, and ran up to 127° when I applied the lighted end of my cigarette to its bottom. Lonely as a stray cloud, I was waiting for my sweetheart to turn up as she had promised.

If women have a fault—and show me the sap who says that they haven't and I will give him a poke in the eye—it is that they are never punctual. Leela, my sweetheart like every other female, did not arrive at the appointed hour, and so I opened the paper, and ordering a fruit salad at the aquarium restaurant, sat down and began battling doggedly through it, side stepping here a divorce case, and there a racing tip for the Guindy races when Leela turned up, clad in a lovely sea-green Karachi Saree, with her plaited hair brought forward, after the fashion of the collegiate girls.

"Hello sweet! been waiting long?" she queried as soon as she spotted me.

"Oh no, just a matter of a few centuries" I grunted.

"If that was intended to be funny, I must really deplore your sense of humour" snapped Leela.

"Well, we needn't quarrel about it now that you are here. But do tell me how your Ma reacted?"

"Nothing doing Rajan. I told her how I feel about you, and how I'm crazy about you, and how I couldn't live without you and all that sort of stuff, but she wouldn't yield. She says that you are a ne'er do-well and that she would sooner die than allow me to marry you!"

"What about your Pa?"

"Oh he's worse. He says he will cut me off with an anna, and leave all his money to some society."

"Well then, that's settled."

"What's settled?"

"Why!, we'll have to elope; that's all."

"Now look here Rajan. We needn't go into all that again. I'm not fool enough to give up all my money to marry you. Surely you don't expect

to live on love. Such a thing happens only in story-books."

"Oh, I see. So you care more for your beastly lucre than you care for me? I might have —"

"Do be reasonable darling. We must face facts. The money is for both of us. Can't you understand? When Pa says a thing he always means it, and you don't expect to carry on the marriage game, with the paltry thirty chips you make?"

"Then what do you advice?"

"Let's wait, something might turn up, or we might be able to bring Ma to listen to reason. If Ma says 'yes' Pa naturally will say 'yes.' And now I'll be late. So I'll be getting along," and with that she left me.

It was then that I thought of my chum Venkat. Whatever accusations my other friends might make against Venkat, ———— and it is only fair to say that he provided them with constant opportunities for criticism — there was one admirable trait that he possessed. He could invariably be relied upon to supply the satisfactory solution to any doubtful question, and to set difficult matters right.

So I took a bus to Washermanpet, and knocked at his door. Venkat appeared at once, and was very pleased to see me.

"Well, Venkat, you know that I love the world's sweetest creature —" I began.

"That's a matter of opinion", interrupted Venkat.

I was about to explode, but checking myself said, "and Leela loves me. But the parents especially my would-be Ma-in-law, has to be brought to reason, and I want your advice."

"How does she behave towards you when you go to see her?" queried Venkat.

"Behave?" Good Gracious, she set the dogs on me, the only time I went there to pay her a call!"

"Umph! Bit prejudiced evidently. Would she alter her prejudices, supposing some one sang your praises?"

"Not likely. She never listens to a soul, including her husband. She might to a dead one. She's very superstitious, at least so says Leela," I said.

"H'm, superstitious eh?" he muttered. "Well alright, you needn't worry. Just drop her a polite note asking for her daughter's hand sometime next week, and let me know the result. I expect things would be better by that time."

"What are you going to do? Can't you help—?" I began, but he waved me off.

I returned home crest-fallen and not the slightest bit satisfied with the

interview. I imagined that the brilliant intellect of Venkat had fallen flat. A week later, I wrote a letter to Leela's mother. Imagine my surprise when two days later, I received a letter accepting my offer and inviting me to dinner. Did I jump with joy? You bet I did. I felt as if I could easily beat the all India High jump record! I rushed into the kitchen danced the opening steps of the tango, (as I had seen it done on the films) with the look before she could protest and rushed to Leela's house. Well a week later we were married.

Of course Venkat was invited, and the day after the marriage, over a bottle of Johnnie Walker, I asked him, how he had effected such a miraculous change in my Ma-in-laws behaviour.

"Well it is a long story, and the bottle is almost empty" said Venkat.

"Krishnan!" I yelled to our servant—boy.

"Get another bottle of 'Johnnie Walker'."

"Well since you insist," said Venkat filling a tumbler and pouring it inside him, "I shall, hic, tell you. The day after you left me, while she was about to pop off to bye-byes, at 12 p.m., a ghost got in somehow, all shiny like phosphorous, and it said very solemnly and in husky,—hic,—tones, 'If you

want to see your daughter happy, marry her to Rajan!'"

"But how did you come to know about this?" I asked.

"Well, you see—hic—er—I wash the Ghost!"

I was so surprised at this that I gulped a whole tumbler of whisky.

"What? hick wash ith you?"

"Yesh. 'Krishna' — a — a, get another bottle. Yesh, I know the house pretty well, hic and some old clothes, hic, and rubbing shome phos, no-er-phosphus, I mean pusphors, well some darneth thing, stuffed two pillows and there I wash, hic, a joy to the eye, a ready made Ghost!"

"Wash my ma-in-law frighthened?"

"Yesh of course. She, hic, went into hystherics, ha ha hah."

A man in court complained of heavy knockings on the floor of his flat from below. It appears that the tenant underneath is in the habit of lying bed and practising the trombone.

"Cats with squints are quite common," says a writer. The best thing a mouse can do on encountering one of these animals is to sit right in front of it and hope for the best.

A new political party is said to have been formed in Finland. It is reported that its members have struck an original note by wearing no shirts at all.

"Few expert cocktail-mixers drink cocktails," says a writer. Evidently they haven't the courage of their concoctions.

"It is instinctive for babies to beat violently on plates with their spoons," says a doctor. Unfortunately the habit sometimes doesn't wear off and they grow up to be jazz drummers.

In a new play nearly all the characters are murdered. We understand that their names are given in the programme in the order of their disappearance.



According to a railway porter, carrying trunks about soon reduces weight.

We hand this tip to Western women. Yet, look what it has done to the Elephant!

"Very few people have the gift of being able to see through the average sort of man," says a psychologist.

How true! The tall man who stood in front of us during the M.C.C. vs. India Test, didn't seem to realize this.

'Lamp - posts should be abolished,' writes an architect in an English Weekly.

Yes. Even in India many motorists seem to have the same idea immediately they dash against them.

A journalist confesses that the worst thing he ever did was 'An Ode to Kamala.'

It seems his wife's name is Lalita!

"Learning to ride a donkey," says a reader from

Bezwada, "has given me many thrills."

He certainly seems to have got no end of a kick out of it.

According to a local magistrate, the man who takes another person's money, always lives to regret it.

We must tell our bookie at Guindy about this.

We read of a horse stung by a bee, which galloped for a mile and a quarter before it stopped.

We earnestly hope the insect in question will do the same on the animal we intend backing in Guindy next Saturday.

'Emerson had a habit of talking to trees as if they could understand him,' says an Essayist.

Well, so does our neighbour every night, when he returns from Madaswamy's arrack shop. He sometimes goes one better and talks to lamp-posts!

'A good story must have an interesting beginning and an

end that satisfies,' says an eminent novelist.

We draw the attention of a certain serial writer in a Contemporary Magazine to this.

"Hope will carry a man past any barrier," declares a man.

No, it doesn't. We found this when we lost our return half from Ooty and tried to get past the ticket checker at the end of the Journey.

'Some race-horses are just as keen on winning a race as their owners are,' declares a trainer.

But the ones we choose seem to have no ambition at all!

We hear of a German Professor, who, in order to count them, has gilded a number of microbes.

This, we expect has made snobs of them.

A Contemporary wants to know what is the biggest meal ever eaten by a human being?

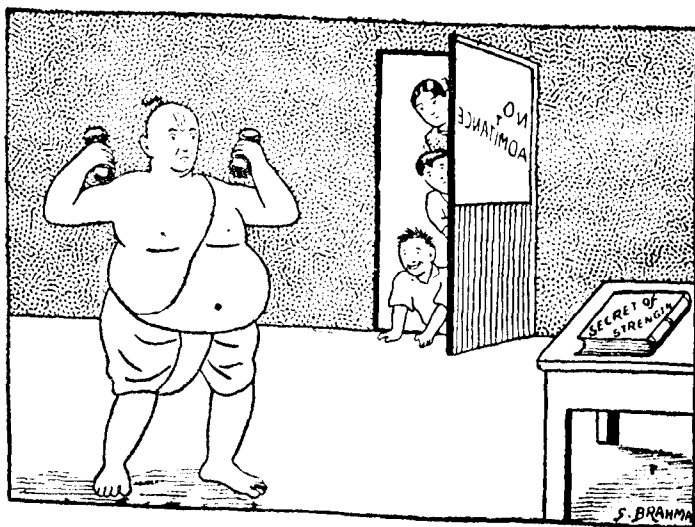
A certain friend of ours, who is now financially embarrassed, is firmly of conviction that it is the one a friend of his ate, when he took him to a restaurant.

A place ticket in the hand is worth all the Win tickets in the 'Toti.'

The Law Reform Society of England says that insanity should be a cause for divorce.

Till now we were under the impression that it was the cause for marriage!

DOING GOOD IN SECRET



Children: "Ah, mother, we have caught father; ah, here he is; we know what he is doing; mother, run up and see."

you up. A man doesn't do so much sport shouting, without getting tired at the end of it. And, if you want to go on with your critical work, you must fortify yourself. You simply deserve it, Willie," exhorted Shankar, for he knew Willie's habit.

For all his shouting and swearing, Willie was a hearty fellow. The moment his eyes met with good things, he would forget all else and begin to do himself well with the things before him. Shankar knew

that the others followed as in duty bound.

The dignity of the Four lies in this great fact: the Four belonged to four communities: each proud of its own peculiar and rigid habits. If Sesha was keen about his high caste, Shankar would not allow even Sesha Rao to touch his lunch bag; nor would Willie give up his ham, though Fiaz a faithful Muslim would have nothing to do with Willie's box nor would he give up his meat and

for Jealous or evil eyes: but they enjoyed in the humility of their simple heart and robust stomach.

Nor did the heavy lunch remain idle. It had that effect upon Willie that Shankar so much wished.

Willie began to snore steadily and loudly: louder than when he shouted at the players.

People all round cheered as the game went on.

But what did the Four care? Willie's example was catching: all the Four snored; it looked like a pious Requiem they sung upon the departed spirit of their vanished lunch!

A writer says, that a Geologist is a man to whom a thousand years is a mere nothing.

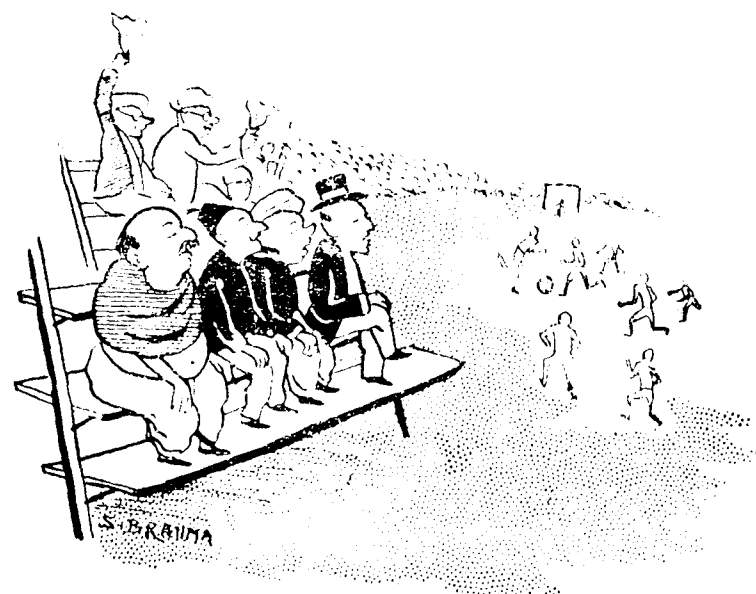
Well, we must be careful not to lend money to a Geologist!

"Give me the man who gets what he wants in the end, no matter how long he has to wait for it," says a business man. He will find him in some telephone-box, still waiting.

"Domestic life has its moments of triumph," we are told. What can be more thrilling, for instance, than to learn that the new maid has definitely decided to unpack her trunk?

According to a famous detective, a criminal who has served a term of imprisonment can always be told by his expression. That pinched look.

"I can't understand a man losing his head over an argument," says a magistrate. Unless, of course, he shouts it off.



the Four snored.....like a pious Requiem upon their departed lunch.

Willie's habits and so induced Willie to start with his lunch as the only way to stop his shouting which was becoming uncomfortably attractive.

The others too joined their prayers with Shankar's.

"Certainly, my good chaps. We shall all begin our lunch. You have all been as keen on sports as I have: Let's all begin, I say." So saying Willie opened his box and set an example in rendering justice to his store of eatables

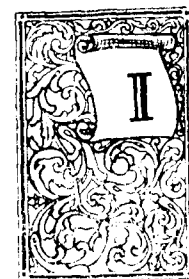
eggs for the sake of his caste ridden Hindu friends.

Yet, intimacy in no way suffered. Best of friends they were: and each lunched heartily, grateful to God, King and Country for His All-mercifulness, for His Majesty's regular pension and for his Country's ample produce.

They were generally the envy of their dyspeptic colleagues whenever they saw the splendid appetite of the Four: but they never cared

WHAT IS THERE TO LAUGH ABOUT?

— "FELIX." —



strongly object to the levity of certain people, the publishers and Editor

included, that seem to be completely devoid of any sense of responsibility.

Life is a serious thing and should be taken as such.

You are born, and if you think that it is an easy job to be born just because you don't happen to remember what a row you made, and everyone else with you, in the house, you are very much mistaken. Is there anything to laugh at or for, in being born? It is tragic, ultra-tragic. For I tell you there are ninety-nine chances against one that you will go to hell when you die.....But there is more than that, I mean of the tragical in life, and to prove to you conclusively my point I am going to take the short exposition of a life that starts with all the advantages that money, medical attendance and social position can offer. Let us proceed with our example, then.

Master X is about to be born. X's mother gives a yell which arouses the neighbourhood into morbid attention, and Mrs. Next-door remarks: "I think, my dear, Mr. X is throttling his wife, we will

read about it in to-morrow's papers. I knew this was coming. I never liked the ominous silence in that house...."

Mr. X who has already engaged the services of a day nurse, a night nurse, and a substitute nurse, rushes to the telephone and calls Dr. A, B, C, D, E and F who all rush with the speed that double and triple fees are capable of putting into medical legs and car-wheels. After much consultation and operation Master X sees the sunrise for the first time. Well, what are his chances in life? Simply disappointments after disappointments. He will be given too much vitamins by loving parents and grow where he shouldn't have grown. His stupidities will be admired as marvels of precocity, and he will flower some day into a perfection of idiocy. He will be given private lessons, his teachers more particular about their jobs than his education, and diplomas will be bought for him. Tailors will dress him, and he will think he has taste.

The only bright spot in his life will be the fact that he will never be aware of his foolishness and of what a boob he is at bottom. But sometimes a doubt will creep, like a black viper, into his half-soul, and he will be so miserable he will have first to drink, and to sniff cocaine to be able to sleep. Then the time will come when

he will find he is ageing. Time, the staunch ally of Death, will be plucking each day something away from his looks, his form, his energy. How unhappy he will be, and to cheat himself he will search and buy the Company of Youth, to be robbed, ridiculed and insulted. As the years pass his dread of dying will become more and more acute, and some day moaning, crying and oxygen-inhaling, he will breath his last.

And this is the life of one born with a golden spoon, studied with gems, in his mouth. He never had to face the greater dramas of life, such as hunger, thirst, love, jealousy, and yet he was not happy.

Is there anything to laugh at all in this? How dare you people speak of Humour! Only those who are never born have the right to laughter for having dodged life. Sometimes the dead also grin, but that is when they have lost all their flesh.

Life is a funeral procession from start to finish, and I hate those who laugh and shout and giggle during such solemn proceedings. I adore forlorn looks, long noses, mournful voices, tearful eyes, and sober dresses, in a word, everything that would darken the brightest of days.

When I am eating, I think of indigestion. When I am bathing, I imagine drowning. When I am shaving, I recall the picture of guillotine. When I am marrying, I'll think of divorce. That is how you should be!

I ask, what is there to laugh at?

THE CASTOR OIL

I call education castor oil and likewise castor oil education. I came to that determination of the alias name of education after a long stay of eleven years at school as a student and eight years after that as a caretaker of the students.

When I was a student, I was wondering how three men and six women could work at a field for five long days together and finish the work without being able to create some misunderstanding among themselves, if not a quarrel. I was wondering also how ingeniously my master classified the living beings into vertebrates and invertebrates and told me that I am a vertebrate animal, the vertebrate in my case judiciously moulded and arranged in the most perfect manner another vertebrate animal could think of.

When I was in the classroom I seemed to know everything my master had told us, and, once outside the classroom, I forgot everything my perfect vertebrate and flesh had held. And when I sat before my grandfather with books and lamp, my grandfather found that his grandson would not even be worthy of his possession of the best vertebrate. "If you are such a dunce," he told me one day in anger, "I shall give you some castor oil at dawn."

If you were near me then, at the mention of the castor oil, you would have seen me drop my books on the floor thus accidentally putting out the lamp. My grandfather knew that I hated only two things most, castor oil and education. He often threatened me with a bottle of castor oil in his hands. You see my plight. Castor oil at home and education at school!

I am now old enough to define life. Life begins at castor oil, is continued in education and lingers in marriage. Alas marriage is inevitable. And once you are married you do not come out of it. You do not go beyond—neither do you retard.

So, when my grandfather was alive, my life extended itself into regions of education. If not in the case of your childhood, in my case at least education was like taking castor oil. You take castor oil at the dawn of the day and education at the dawn of your life. I am of opinion that both do not generally remain in the body long; they are purged out.

In the case of castor oil there is only one kind. In the case of education, there are ever so many kinds. To mention some of them, there are the English, Vernacular, the mathematics, the science, and the history castor oils. The history castor oil in particular, has got a history of oils behind it. That history of oil is taken at the colleges, you all know, where they take it by bottles. They are to take it anyhow and there is no other go. Perhaps the professors there are their grandfathers.

At the time when you think that you have no more oil to take, the Government come in. They want to know the amount of oil in every kind you can take. They value your abilities finally even if your grandfathers had not done it. And when the Government go away from you, you begin to purge. There your life halts and does not end.

Perhaps, my master was right in pointing out that I possess the best selection of vertebrates. I have withstood so far all the amounts of castor oil my grandfather and teacher gave me and I have furthered life into my marriage.

The other day I approached one of my masters, and informed him of the state I was in after the education. Could he help me? "I am sorry, my boy," he said "if you are over dosed I cannot stop that. I am paid to see that everybody gets the same amount of oil. What all I can ever do is to commend my oil to every body; and I am glad my oil does not disagree with anybody. I am sorry, so sorry....." I left him helpless.

I wondered, what use one has got hitherto since he took so many oils. What use can he get if he knows something of the calcareous fossils at the bottom of the sea, something about the rings around Saturn, something of the temperature at the North-pole, something about the cube root of the irrational surds, something about the four grains of PIL PLUMBI CAM OPIO and something about the private life of Henry VIII? What use, gentlemen what use? Are these going to allay my troubles if not completely stop them? Never, never; I know. I saw that on the oil bottle below its name; "Effects last a life time."

At present, I am helping the Government to make this oil odourless and even tasteless.

P. VRIDDHAGIRI.

My Cruel Captor.

BY BHRUNG.

O wily capturer of innocent birds, what hast thou done? Thou hast captured in thy silken, yet strong meshes, a bird that has done thee no wrong, and see how it has been suffering and struggling to break away from its captivity. It has been striving and chirping piteously that you, O cruel one, may have pity on it and relieve it of its misery. Those narcissus-like eyes were the cause of all this misery, for they were like the bird-lime to the innocent bird, and it fell to thy charms, as drawn towards its doom. And now that it has once fallen in thy trap, what hopes has it of regaining its freedom? Thy simple but ravishing beauty has bereaved it of its senses and it knows not anything else, but to adore you mutely, for the Lord has not allowed it the power of speech.

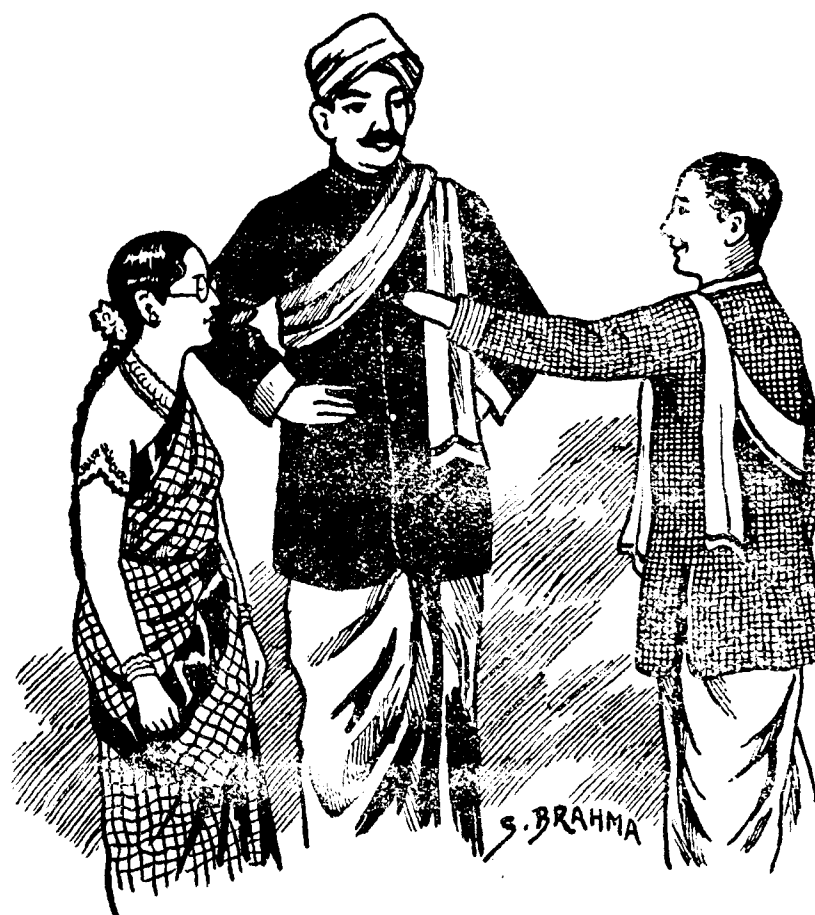
Around it didst thou spread thy net of golden ringlets and bind it fast lest it should fly away, but now that the bird has been trapped, thou but rejoicest at its struggling and smilest in derision at its vain attempts. O cruel one, what pleasure dost thou derive from such a cruel game? What bliss can such agony bring to one so generous and beautiful? It would be but humanity if you let it go. If you were to relieve it out of thy snare, it would be but just and a deed that would show thy greatness of the beautiful heart that thou possessest. Thou hast captured the bird and broken its heart. Oh, of what earthly use is it to thee, a bird with a maimed heart, if thou deem it not worthy of the sacrifice, the divine sacrifice, the sacrifice on the altar of Love? Then, let it fly away far far into the land of Darkness, that it having once gazed on thy lovely face, having once peeped into the deep wells of love, the two bright blue stars, the cause of his captivity, may never dare to soar anymore chirping and singing in joy and happiness, but brooding over his misfortune, embrace death and shunned and unworthy of living.

Mr. Smart: "And excessive drizzling shortens a man's life, you know."

Mr. Tart: "Yes; but you must admit he manages to see twice as much as other people in the same length of time."

FOOLING THE FOOL!

— M. V. V. —



—duped while attempting to dupe!—

THOUGH orthodoxy of the true old type seems to have vanished from the metropolitan centres like Madras, yet they survived in vestiges around the country parts like Kulitalai, where people instead of thinking of bed coffee and poori and potatoes, yet thought of the sacred Cauvery for the early morning refreshing bath. Sambasiva Rao as usual was returning from

the Cauvery at about 6 o'clock in the morning when he heard somebody accosting him in quite a familiar tone. Sambasiva Rao made up his mind at once to turn round and see who it was and he would have certainly translated his thoughts into action, but for the bulkiness of his tissues. Even then our Raoji did not give up his attempt and imagining himself to be the nimblest circus wallah, turned

his trunk towards the side from which the call came. In the meantime the person who accosted him was near our Rao and it was none other than our Sastriar's neighbour Dikshathar.

Usual lip deep nameskarams followed with enquiries about each others welfare. Then Mr. Dikshathar asked Mr. Rao whether his daughter was married. Mr. Rao taking the cue, "What, Dikshathar, do you mean to say that I will perform my daughter's marriage without informing you all? No suitable alliance has come yet. Every fellow that comes wants some thousands. Where are we to go for money? If we sell our land we are not able to realise even a third of what it is really worth. Oh, cursed are those that beget daughters!" Dikshathar was stupefied and stood dumb at Raoji's peroration, when Raoji once more breaking the silence, "Can you suggest any good alliance for my girl? Though she has not been educated according to the present day artificialities, yet she is very homely. She is an adept in the culinary art. My wife worries my life out day in and day out. Can't you suggest a good alliance?" The Dikshathar of course repenting for having called the man, yet seeking consolation in that Grandam's hackneyed saying, "Never brood over spilt milk," slowly opened his mouth and said, "Oh Sastriar, two months have elapsed since the marriage registration Court opened. How is it you have not yet secured a son-in-law? But yet I will try my level best to secure you one," so saying the Dikshathar made his way with quickened pace, not awaiting Rao's answer or "Thank you", but quite assured that the Raoji cannot follow him in the same speed because of his ultra-corpulence.

Raoji reached his house, performed his usual pooja and was awaiting the arrival of the post-peon to bring some letters which may supply information leading to the early marriage of his one and only beloved daughter, Muthulakshmi. The postman came and the postman went, but no letters except a notice from the municipality, reminding him of the tax due from him. Muthu was already nearing the completion of the thirteenth year and her

mother was afraid her daughter would any day get of age.

One day when Raoji was sitting on the swing in the hall of the house, his old friend Mr. Dikshathar came over and told him that there was a student bachelor in the B. A. class of the St. Joseph's College. No sooner did the news reach the ear drums of Raoji, than his limbs automatically began to act in spite of his obesity. He ran inside the kitchen told his wife that he was going to Trichy to see a boy and in a couple of minutes was at the station with Dikshathar awaiting the train to carry them over to Trichy. Raoji went and purchased two tickets for himself and Dikshathar, in spite of the taunts of the mischievous, rascallish imps who suggested to the booking clerk that Raoji alone should buy two tickets because he would occupy space enough to seat two persons of the mediocre type. In fine, the train did carry Raoji and Dikshathar to their destination in quest of a son-in-law. The two went to the house of the boy and saw him when he was about to go to the college. The boy was beautifully dressed in a tweed suit and his American crop well combed and fixed with cream. The boy smiled a gracious smile at the visitors with his left hand in his trouser pouch and was off to the college. Though all these "modern civilisations," as Raoji termed it, was at first revolting, yet, he had to put up with all these, considering the trouble he was put to for the past couple of years. Many a time and oft, he questioned within himself as to why that universal Spencer & Co., had neglected the idea suggested by that inimitable humourist S.V.V. that they may with ease supply sons-in-law as well and make money in that field also. If that be the case, our Raoji would have made only one trip to Madras, but not the innumerable trips to more or less all centres where first grade colleges exist—Madura and Annamalai-nagar not excluded.

Tired of running on fool's errands any more, Raoji fixed upon the marriage with that boy at Trichy itself. He called himself as P. Ramu as a shortened form of Parasuram, and so long as the pecuniary bargains were advantageous for Raoji, he cared not a pin's head for the rest. The bridegroom came over to Kulitalai to see the bride and he asked our Raoji to ask his daughter to sing a song, which demand threw the Raoji into a great

despair. His wife cut the gordian knot by bringing the next house Jaya and making her sing from behind the kitchen door.

Quite satisfied with the musical excellence attained by his beloved-to-be, Ramu returned home and both parties prepared for the marriage in right earnest. The marriage being over, in the evening's social function some members belonging to the bridegroom's party desired that the bride should sing, when the truth that Muthu could not sing came to light and Raoji with a triumphant voice told, "Whatever might be Muthu's disqualifications, I am satisfied my daughter has been married." This roused the anger of Ramu who stretching forth his left hand from inside his trouser pouch and exhibited its crippled nature.

Downcast were the eyes of the Raoji, for he was duped while attempting to dupe!

The tall, thin man was quarrelling with the undersized little fellow.

"Yer lanky strip," yelled the diminutive one. "If yer tied yerself in a knot yer wouldn't be fat."

"And you," retorted the lengthy chap, "if you were to pull your socks up you'd be blindfolded."

The wedding-present difficulty had resolved itself into the usual silver butter-dish.

"What shall I put on the card?" she asked. "It's not as though we knew them very well."

"Oh," he grunted, without looking up from his paper, "put on it 'For butter—or worse.'"

The Vicar was consulting his vergor,

"Do you think you could find me a good treble, John?" he inquired.

"Well," replied the vergor, with an anxious glance about him, "were you thinking about the choir—or about racing?"

Orderly Officer: "Any complaints?"

Mess Orderly: "Yes sir; bread's wrong, sir."

O. O.: "What's the matter with it?"

M. O.: "It contradicts the laws of gravity, sir. It's as heavy as lead, but it won't go down."

Vicar: "Yes, we must all study economy in these hard times, Mrs. Crump."

Mr. Crump: "So we must, sir. I takes my old man's collars to a place now where they does them a 'appenny cheaper. That's a clear saving of a penny a month."

The exceedingly stout lady indignantly tackled a 'bus inspector at a busy stopping-place.

"I want to report the conductor of that 'bus that's just gone!" she shrilled. "He's been rude!"

"How?" asked the bored official.

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

Man motorist: "Why didn't you keep to your own side of the road?"

Girl motorist: "What!—go through that dirty, muddy water with my nice new car?"

**KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
FUNNY Magzin.**
IT MAY BRING YOU A PRIZE.
For particulars see Wrapper page.

OUR KINE CORNER —

A TAMIL TALKIE

— BY OUR UNAUTHORISED SCREEN-REPORTER —

Have you ever tired to get into a cinema theatre without ticket or complimentary pass? I have; and what is more I did get in! Rather an adventurous thing you say? Well, well that will do. I will wait till you finish your seventh round of applause.

Now then, many of you might have heard about a certain Tamil Talkie alleged to have been produced by one of the best film companies. Why, every body was talking about it for months and I had my suspicions that the allegation might turn out to be true. And it did. Messrs. Prabhat films of Kolhapur, the best picture-makers in the East sprang a surprise on Madras—or so they thought—by letting loose a good Tamil Talkie. You know what it is. It is the oft-repeated wedding of our epic characters, Rama and Sita.

But let me first tell you how I came to see this picture.

For days a certain theatre in Broadway was undergoing the agonies of repairs. At last, one fine morning it almost entirely disappeared and another new building in its place announced itself proudly 'Broadway Talkies'. Therein was the wedding of the afore-said lady and gentleman inaugurated some days back. It is a deplorable fact that the world is woefully ignorant of my importance. Nobody ever sends me an invitation for anything. And it happens that in spite of that I attend every function. Picture me then an utterly wronged and thoroughly disillusioned individual when I discovered that I was not invited for the press show of 'Seeta Kalyanam'.

But did I lose courage? No, we of the unauthorised brigade never know failure. I betook myself to the theatre and walked as far as the gate. But on seeing that the gate-keeper was one of those burly personalities I replaced my valour by discretion and fell back. Presently one editor friend of mine came up (I made his acquaintance once when I approached him with an article which

he promptly tore into pieces and ordered me out)

I accosted him as he neared the gate and pretended to talk about some important thing. Thus I safely got inside giving no chance to the gate-keeper to detain me.

Inside I found I was among distinguished company. It always happens that wherever I go the elite of the city comes too.

The picture was flashed on the screen. We saw it and came out when there was no more to be seen.

One fundamental defect of the picture, I must note in the outset; namely, it was perfect in technique. Another item on the charge sheet is its artistic photography. With these two major defects it is small wonder that the picture miserably failed to displease the audience. The company responsible for this picture is notorious for its extravagance; and it appears that it spread itself rather generously in erecting the sets with the result that we sat gaping within wonder at the scenic and interior backgrounds. One felt whether one was witnessing a Hollywood production, when, to disarm the doubt came the strains of Tamil music and that reminded one of the characters in the story.

The cast was tolerably well-chosen; and had not the director's genius subjugated the characters to his artistic touches the cast would have had a difficult job of convincing us. Yet, the group of girls walked away with the entire picture, which, considering that they are mere children and were appearing for the first time before the lens and the mike, was something to be proud of. Special mention must be made of the girl who played Sita's sister and showed herself to be a potential star of merry winsome roles. Sita, captivated the audience by her charming songs and a few snatches of brilliant facial expression—notably her ecstatic joy when Rama breaks the

bow. The boy who took the leading role has a profile which may at any time make Barrymore and Novarro jealous. He is scarcely out of his teens and his acting or whatever there was excepting a few close-ups was good.

I am still puzzled as to the main cause of the picture escaping the bad name of a 'compact whole.' It managed to be patchy and seems to have eluded the editor at a few places.

Had the director tried a variety of angles in photography (over head for instance) and had the scenario been a bit more carefully prepared the picture would have been convicted as the best Indian talkie in any language. In any case it has few rivals as the best Tamil talkie.

A notable feature about this picture is that it is the work of amateur artists. I sympathise with such of those professionals who, after seeing this film are likely to wonder whether they were not wrong in choosing their profession. The family which took the important roles is well known for its musical talents and this initiative on their part has surely given an incentive to other intending amateur actors—excluding me of course for I generally like to criticise rather than get criticised. The gentleman who was mainly responsible for the production and who by a curious trick of chance played Ravana—he who misses winning Seetha for his bride—deserves the thanks of Tamil Cinema Public. And lastly I think of going to see the picture a second time if only to see the small chap playing on the Kanjira. Watch him. He is a potential burglar. He may steal more pictures if unguarded.

By the way, I forgot the theatre! If ever you feel rather cold and depressed go to Broadway Talkies. You will feel considerably warmer in a few minutes. When the floor level rose in the theatre the roof seems to have refused to rise correspondingly. Fresh air needs a ticket in this theatre. Please Mr. Manager, won't you grant a permanent free pass to that element? Thank you, not in anticipation, but for the picture and for the admirable tact your gate-attendant showed in not detaining me. Congrats. on the successful wedding.



Miss. K. R. Saradhambal featuring in "SAKKU BAI" a Tamil Talkie, coming to "CROWN" shortly.

Around the Theatres.

(COMING SOON)

ROXY

"White Sister"

With:—Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Louis Stone, Louis Closser Hale, May Robson, Edward Arnold, Alan Edwards.

Directed by: Victor Fleming.

This is a Metro Goldwyn Mayer Drama originally produced in the silent version with Ronald Colman and Lilian Gish in the leading roles. On the advent of the talkies, Helen Hayes, the prize star of 1932 and Clark Gable who has been acclaimed, as the fitting successor to Rudy, have been chosen to being to the talking screen once more this play.

Though Clark Gable is not as impressive as Ronald Colman in the role of Giovanni, Helen Hayes does not suffer by comparison to Lilian Gish. As Angelo, Helen Hayes is marvellous and the portrayal of the religious scenes and ceremonies are very impressive. There are some aviation thrills introduced in this picture which are not found in the silent version.

Hell Below.

With:—Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston, Madge Evans, Eugene Pallette, Robert Young,

Directed by Jack Conway

This is a standing example of the ingenuity of the film executives of Hollywood. This is a story of the United States submarine service in action during the great war. The picture is full of tense moments and exciting situations. The photography is ingenious and the direction extracts the maximum of suspense from incidents already exciting enough in themselves.

PARAGON.

Warrior's Husband (Fox)

With:—Elissa Landi, Earnest Treux, Marjorie Rambeau, David Manners etc.,

Directed by Walter Lang.

If "The Private life of Helen of Troy" gave one of the best satires

commits suicide when the horror of killing is borne upon him.

CROWN.

Sakhi Sutera.

Featuring—Miss Kujjan, Cooper, Shorahjee, and others.

This picture deals with the story of one dacoit Behram who though he followed a base profession yet was philanthropic enough towards his less fortunate brethren.

The story is quite interesting and offers scope for many humorous situations, but it lacks in direction. It is full of stagey effects and at times proves to be tedious even. Miss Kujjan sings some beautiful and melodious songs.

Sakkubai.

(Tamil Talkie)

Featuring—Saradambal, Madurai Achary etc.,

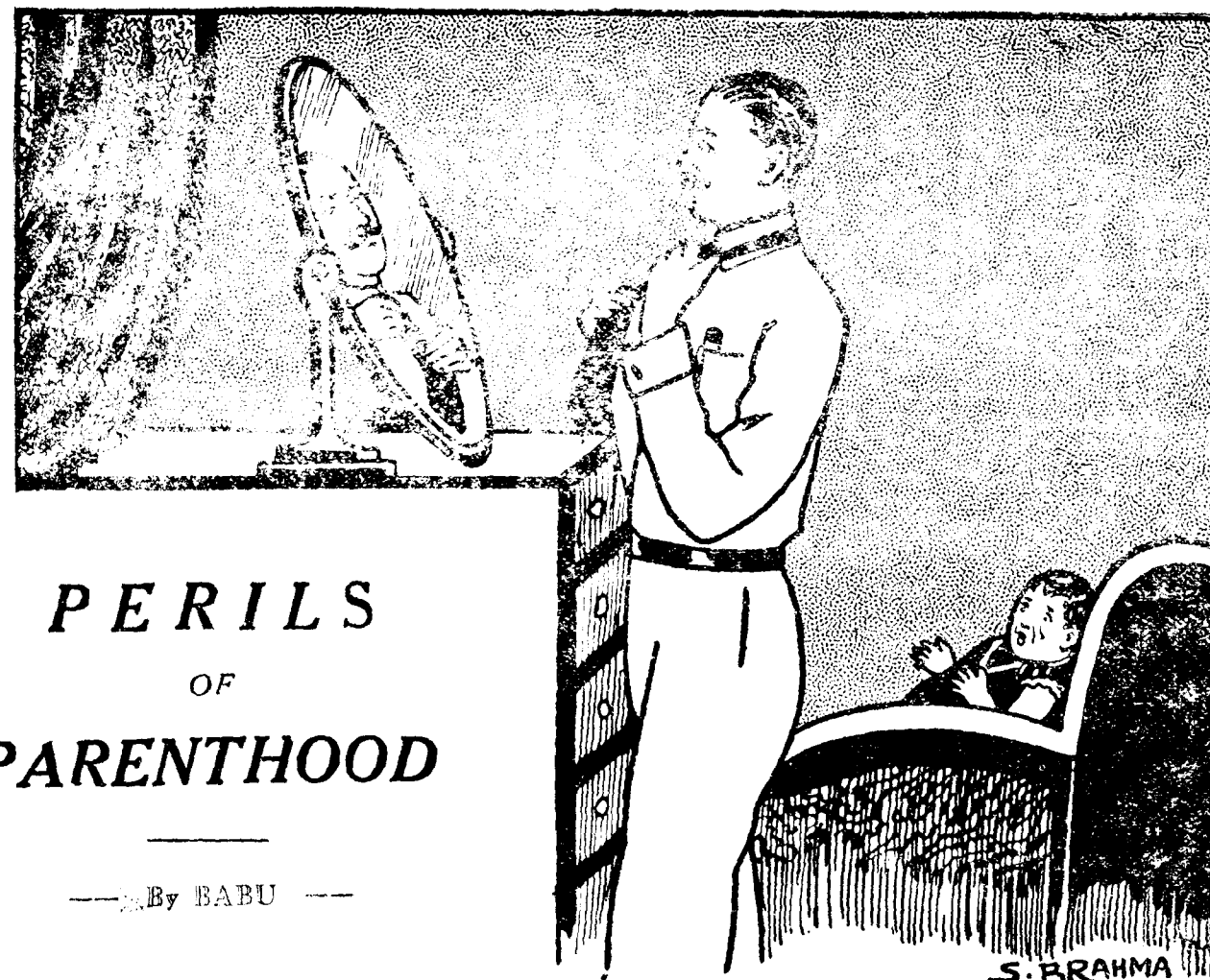
This all-amateur cast picture is welcome to a land where the death of film-making its own native language has been keenly felt. The plot of this picture is from the religious lore of which India abounds. The story deals about the cruel harassments of a daughter-in-law by a mother-in-law and a husband who has got little faith in the All knowing Mr. A Narayan whose ability at producing puranic pictures is unquestioned has handled the megaphone for this film. It contains a lot of popular song hits appealing to the masses. There is no doubt that this picture will be a success in the Tamil Nad.

WELLINGTON.

Eagle and the Hawk.

With:—Frederick March, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard.

Though war pictures are everyday getting out of vogue we see one such in this film which deals with an American air man's reactions to war. Sincerity logically worked out plots and convincing settings or some of its characteristics. Frederick March has given a beautiful character study as Jerry young who exhibits the mental break up of a flying ace who eventually



PERILS OF PARENTHOOD

—By BABU—

INSCRUTABLE are the ways of Providence. Why he should go about showering unwanted and unappreciated gifts upon some people while denying them to those who are pining and repining for the same, beats me. It beats my wife as well. But with the perversity peculiar to women in general and wives in particular, she refused to admit herself beaten. Nor had she the philosophy or the sportsmanship to stomach the thing non-chalantly. Instead she went about devising means to circumvent this particular way of Providence. She had always boasted she could give points to that guy if only he

would come out into the open and play the game according to the rules. It was only fair that nobody should hit below the belt or even behind the back. And I always echoed her thoughts, for I found it was much easier and smoother to play the second fiddle than to attempt to lead an orchestra of my own. After all, I consoled myself, we had been teamed together, and where was the sense anyway in pulling in opposite directions? It would only be living sleepless nights and countless worries.

It was a momentous decision. After days and nights of argument over the pros and cons, had she come to

that decision. We would send in the ad. to the papers. Of course it was a "wanted" ad. but don't start pestering me with applications. It was not for a job, no, not even for a loan. But for a—now don't faint—baby to bring up in adoption, a little bonnie cherub to cheer up my wife. Her unfulfilled mother-instinct or some such thing refused to be inhibited. As a matter of fact it began to exhibit itself in a thousand odd ways. One day it took the form of restlessness; another day it developed into hysterics. But frequently it showed itself in a general neglect of domestic duties. It set me thinking, and her too

"FUNNY"

Magzin of India.

Sole Agents for Madras City

The City

News Agency,

13/14, Pycrofts Road.

First Street,

ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS.

and as usual she found the solution and I just acquiesced.

Of course hers was a prolific family and I don't know why she did not inherit this trait. We had been happily married five years and more, and it was the much discussed topic of my relations-in-law. I mean not my marriage but my childlessness. It may sound strange but nevertheless it is true that they expected me to have showed in at least three souls into this over-crowded world. Their sympathy often took the shape of advice, free and gratis. Some thought that I ought to undertake a pilgrimage to Benares and Rameswar. Some others believed in offering some "prartana" to bribe the Gods. Still others thought that my wife should come round and round the "aswatha"

tree and the Snake Gods beneath it. Medical minded people believed in "L a" and "A n" according as they were national or cosmopolitan. But I thought that as yet it was too early to despair. And my wife thought of adoption—not of any of the aforesaid suggestions, but of a child. And I yielded.

But Providence unlike me was not prepared to hand over the laurel to my wife. A life problem could not be solved so easily as all that. Her aunt called that day with her two youngest children, a bonnie lad of five and a bonnier lass of three summers or so. Of course it was inevitable that she should be appraised of the developments in our household. As soon as she heard of the contemplated ad. she

began her peroration. It was preposterous, she said, because she had never heard of such a thing before. But that was no wonder. She had not heard of so many other modern things either. "Whoever heard of advertising for a baby?" she exclaimed, "And what if we should get a son after all? We were not too old as yet." Here she echoed my thoughts and I nodded my head in approval. It was then that the seed of all our future troubles was sown. The matron had a suggestion. It was that we should try keeping one of her children in the house for some time and see how it acted upon my wife's peculiar longings. It suited me, and I k-o'd it. But my wife had to be persuaded to take our point of view, and in the end we scored, thanks to Providence who had determined to balk my wife at every step.

The upshot of all this was that the curious but well-worded ad. did not get inserted in the papers, (how sad for people who expected to see me in print for the first time!) and we found ourselves frantically trying to please a rather temperamental girl of three. Now girls will be girls. And this girl had her strange fancies, too. Nobody can object to a girl having fancies, leave alone prevent them. But everyone will object to it when it takes the form of teasing you and trying your patience. The first day saw my collar studs and cuff-links in the gutter. The same day had the additional privilege of witnessing my wife's ivory knitting needles broken. That night when I was taking my meals I felt something hard in



Manager: "Peon, peon, pull me out, come on don't blink like that; I am being drawn away; come on!"

Peon, always most humble, "Yours most obediently, Sir, I am too low to touch, sir; I shall call for the Head Clerk, Sir."

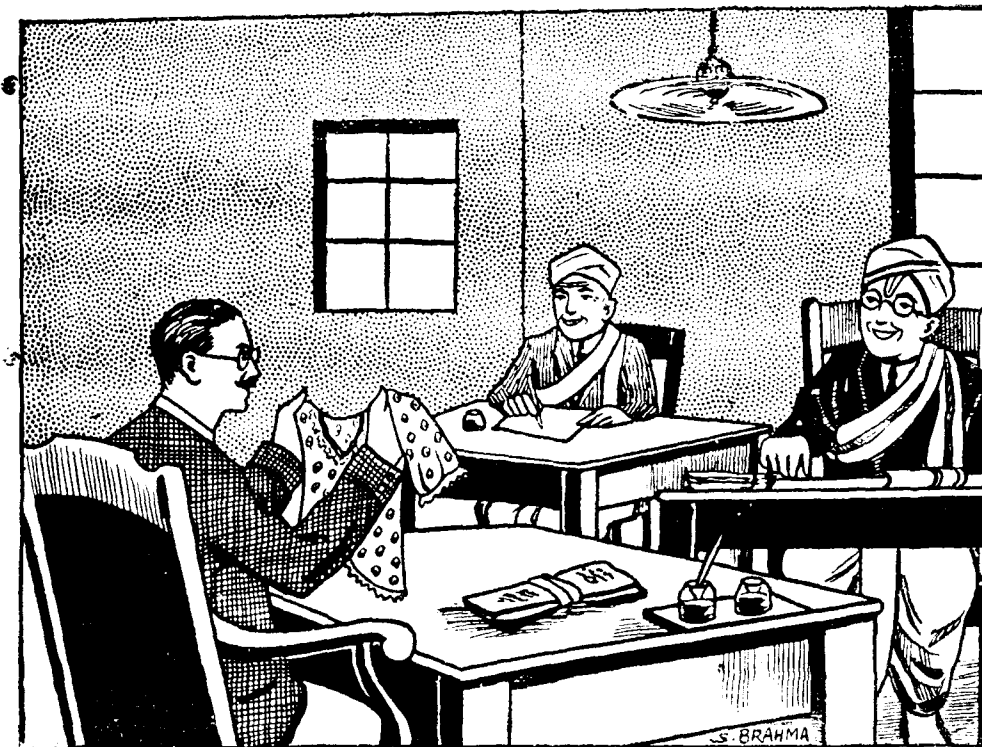
my food. It was a small wooden doll that my wife had given the child to play with. It amused my wife a great deal, but it spoilt my appetite. The second day I was tying the knot of my silk tie standing before the mirror, when the child began to scream loudly for no apparent reason. My wife came running from the kitchen. It was with great difficulty that we ascertained the cause of the child's fright. It had seen the reflection of my face in the mirror while I

not present. Hastily I stuffed them back into my pocket. That day was spoiled for me at the office. I could neither concentrate on my work nor avoid feeling that all eyes were turned upon me. I returned home earlier than usual, and found my wife frantically searching for the blouse. The whole house looked as if a police raid or a burglary had taken place. When I gave her the blouse, she thought I must have been a conjurer.

what had happened. At last we managed to quiet the child by feeding her sumptuously upon chocolates and sweets. This only led us into another mess. The child demanded the same silencers everytime it took it into its silly head to set up a howl. Needless to say it was proving costly, and my wife for once agreed with me. I was elated.

The same evening I was greeted with a wonderful sight. My wife was sitting in

the chair by the side of my dressing table and a vase of flowers stood on it. A half finished garland hung neglected in her hand and some flowers were lying strewn about carelessly on the floor. She was gazing in rapt wonder at the child which was seated on the cot crooning to the doll in her hand like a mother. Suddenly my wife rushed up to the child and took her in her arms to kiss her. Next moment the doll descended upon her nose with terrific force. Once, twice, thrice, and I rushed in to



was knotting my tie and had been frightened out of her life.

I went late to the office, and began hurriedly to empty my pockets to get hold of my pencil. Suddenly the whole office rang with laughter. I looked up to see that I had brought my wife's blouse instead of my kerchief. Also a small whistle. Imagine my confusion and chagrin. But I was thankful that the loss was

But I explained it was the child.

Next morning I wanted to see that the child did not meddle any further with my things. So I threatened I would make frightful making faces at her if she went about mess of my things. At once there was such a loud wail as brought in not only my wife and the inmates of the house but the neighbours; Almost the whole street had emptied itself to see

prevent any further damage. The child had taken objection to my wife's fondling her exactly at the moment when she was cuddling her baby doll. There were tears in my wife's eyes as I approached to take the child from her. The child took fright on seeing me and screamed she wanted to go to her mother. My wife assured to take her back to her mother. I heaved a sigh of relief. The nightmare

would be soon over and finished.

Next day the child was tactfully bundled off to her mother with the essential evidences denoting a happy return. I mean a stock of presents including biscuits, enough to last for an year to come. I returned home to find my wife in tears. I consoled her saying it was useless trying to combat the blows that Fate dealt us. We had tacitly agreed to submit to our

fate and live a life of peace though progenyless.

But Providence again intervened. Before another five years had passed, we had multiplied by three: there were four children including a pair of twins. The same troubles happened again of course. But this time neighbours refrained from evidencing any interest in our affairs. For now these were our own children. But my wife expressed a wish that she should really have a moment

of peace. I don't know what this is being called in psychology. I agreed with her. But where could we send the children to? Nobody ever advertised now for babies for adoption, I said.

"Can't you realize the situation" exclaimed my wife vexedly, "After all you are the father of four children and still you indulge in humour."

"I do, dear!" I said and suddenly did realize that three of them were daughters. Oh! My Cursed Fate!!

The Funny Magzin

FEBRUARY LUCKY NUMBERS

ARE YOU A PRIZE WINNER?

RS. 25 WILL BE PAID

For the returning of the FUNNY MAGZIN copy bearing
No 2301.

RS. 5 WILL BE PAID

For the return of each copy of the FUNNY MAGZIN
bearing one of the following numbers.

0056 2345 4678 7035 9530

Copies of the FUNNY MAGZIN bearing the February Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, FUNNY MAGZIN Office by Registered post. The copies must reach the office not later than 25th March 1934; Copies must be intact. Mere forwarding of the wrapper containing the number alone or the copies received in the FUNNY MAGZIN office after 25th March, will not bring a prize.

Note: Removal of Competition Coupons alone is allowed in the prize winning copy of the Lucky Number Competition



MAN OR WOMAN— Who is to be Senior?

— BY N. V. RAJAN. —

There is a presumption that a woman should be younger than a man if loved by him; that if a man has only more years than a woman, he is wiser and more mature; and likewise, that if she is younger, she knows less and has less influence upon his character. It is true that men take for wives women who are their juniors in age; but can this mean that the human affections are directed by the world's convention that men should be senior? Is marital life happy only when the woman is junior?

We have seen a boy of eighteen or nineteen with better judgment than a woman of twenty-five; but a woman at twenty-five is more serious than a man at forty, often more commanding in intelligence, more influential in matters of women and men. Maturity is a matter of experience. We have seen a tree in the spring time bring forth its blossoms and bear its fruit, while another tree would not yield its fruit until autumn. It is so with mankind. A woman's heart may be younger than her years, and a man's heart much older. A man may be younger in years and yet in the life of the world older than the woman who may be senior to him in age. It is too often true that a woman much younger than a man is much older in the feelings of nature and in the sense of responsibility.

History affords us examples without number of women of beautiful judgment and exquisite sentiment who, senior in years, have found it impossible to resist the attractions of men junior

in point of age, but superior in the strength of commanding personality. Mary, Queen of Scots,—her high, exalted position, her superior years, her point of vantage—none, nor all, saved her from the fascinations of Darnley. He was her junior in years but superior in the strategy of love. He so involved her heart in its adoration and obedience that it led to the death of the one, the disgrace of the other.

Nor was good Queen Bess exempt from similar intrusions upon her senses by the commanding personality of Essex and exquisite insinuations of Leicester—both of them decisively younger than she.

Another interesting instance can be cited for the history of the House of Hanover, which concerns the amour between the Duke of Gloucester, the favourite brother of George III and the fascinating widow, the Countess Waldegrave, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Walpole and daughter of Edward Walpole by his sempstress wife. The Duke was a boy of nineteen when he fell under the spell of this lovely mother of three children; but from the first glimpse of her he was undone. He loved her with all the hot, unreasoning passion of a boy, and he would brook no refusal. In vain the Countess protested that he was too young to wed, and she too old to be his wife, and dwelt on the great disparity in their positions. But he loved her more than life itself. For her sake he was prepared willingly to resign the crown itself.

King Alexander of Serbia, a boy just past his teens, loved Draga Maschin, a widow about six years his senior. With exquisitely cut delicate features, illumined with large, dark eyes which would melt with tenderness, with a

brilliant complexion, long and luxuriant hair and a figure divinely moulded, Draga as one of those women of whom poets rave and artists despair—a woman born to conquest and the homage of man. She was laid in waiting to his mother, Nathalie, and her influence over the King soon became so great that he did nothing without consulting her. She loved the prince; she knew he ardently returned her love but she was prepared to stand aloof and wished that he must marry a foreign princess who would bring him powerful connections and riches, and would sacrifice her own happiness to secure his. It was a duel between love and duty, and how should it happen but that the former should prove the stronger. For three long years it was said that she resisted Alexander's solicitations, refused point-blank to be his wife. He took her to wife and met the consequences—both were assassinated in their to wife and met the consequences—both were assassinated in their own household.

And now to literature. Georges Sand—the woman of flaming intellect and profound genius—succumbed to the desperate advances of Alfred de Musset, the Byron of France. We are told that his sister protested to Georges Sand that she had ruined this brother and taken advantage of his lesser years. She even protested before the world that her brother was deprived of his manhood by the insidious influences of an elder woman. Yet we know to what altitudes Alfred de Musset soared under the inspiration of Georges.

Dr. Johnson's wife has become a classic. Did not the dictator of the Republic of Letters in the 18th Century take as his wife and companion a woman much older in years and whose youth of sentiment gained her the opprobrium of frivolousness?

Now who will say that marital life is happy only when the woman is junior to the man she takes for her husband? I for one will say that the affections which spring up in the human heart are neither directed by the world's custom of demanding the woman to be the junior, nor controlled merely because he is senior.

"Could you give a poor fellow a bite?" asked the dusty tramp.

"I don't bite, myself," answered the lady of the house, "but I'll call the dog."

MY ADVENTURE

— BY N. K. KUNHAPPU NAIR —

NOTHING could prevent the women-folk of my house, numbering a little over a dozen, from going out in the night for taking their bath in the open tank. Certainly I did not like this practice and I told them so one day. They stopped this for two or three days, surely to obey my word. But the weight of my word did not remain in them long and they resumed their practice after this short period. I resented this, not because of any harm I anticipated by their so doing, (of course there can be no harm at all as the tank is very close to the house and all of them go in one company, above all there is my 'KAADOO', the tiger-hunting big dog, always close to them as a guard) but because of the disobedience on their part towards a master of one and all. Right or wrong, they must obey me, that was my principle.

Once again I called them and gave them good advice, the sincerity of which I only know, and offered them threats of various nature. I narrated stories after stories about robberies and sorceries being practised in the neighbourhood which, though in truth existed only in my memory, had an electrical effect on all of them. Thank God! I have fully succeeded! none of them dared even to step into the verandah after sunset.

Utter nonsense! The 'fleeing time' has got a ruling power over everything. Anything, however hard it is, dissolves in it. I never even doubted the fear I could create in them would ever be vanished but, alas! this 'time' helped by the pressure of their need of a cold bath after the household duties and nursing of children, carried it away slowly. A few days passed; and so also their fear; and everything again went on in the usual way. 8 O'clock in the night, they take their oil and soap and go to the tank freely and there they spend a good hour, some of them chatting, some laughing, some washing their clothes, some bathing and so on. I grew restless, I gnashed my teeth and yet resisted my feeling. I did not show them my contempt by words or deeds except by grumbling over triflings, finding faults with every curry they prepared and beating some innocent children and my faithful KAADOO who had almost begun to hate me by the undeserved punishments he got from me every now and then.

I did not allow many days to pass by in this way. I thought over and over and planned a first-class trick. I grew proud of my plan as I knew it would serve two desired

purpose. No doubt it will completely stop their getting out after sunset and that is the first purpose, and secondly it will also teach them a lesson that will impress on them the truth in my threat.

On a pretext that I am not likely to return that night, I left my house with a black shawl I managed to take with me unnoticed by any of the inmates. I did not go far but returned when the night grew darker and hid myself on the branches of a small tree that stood close to the tank, completely disguised with the black shawl that I took with me. A few minutes passed when came the moment for my action.

All my female relatives reached near the tank and they began to chat and laugh more cheerfully than usual, probably because of my absence from the house. A few moments passed and all of a sudden I jumped down from my seat in their midst with a roar which I will never be able to repeat in the same style a second time. My jumping down from the tree and the attack of my 'KAADOO' on his disguised master, with the speed of a lightning and the sound of a thunder, happened almost simultaneously. The state of the women then was beyond description. Screams passed from all the lips, some fainted; and the holder ones ran for life.

Now I also became one of the victims of my own plot. I was trying hard to escape from "KAADOO'S" severe attack. I was so unexpectedly taken aback by the furious 'Kaadoo' that I threw away my shawl, I gave out my name, designation, address and everything. But this proved of no use to me though the women victims grew bolder by knowing about their assailant. I made several times the figure '8' with my feet in full speed through a group of plantain trees while the furious Kaadoo made circles over circles around it in the same speed. Thanks to my servants and the women relatives who rushed to the spot where I was struggling for my life I was saved.

Never before I saw my house with so much happiness as I found it on that night; every room was filled with the ringing of feminine laughter and I think I was the only member who at least pretended to be sleeping. No matter how I succeeded in my attempt; since this adventure I am always welcomed home with a smile from every face that looks at me, indeed in memory of my past deed.

HELP! OH! HELP!

BY "SIEM ESEM"

My heart throbs, my pen falters and my mind sways between hope and fear as I write these lines make this my last appeal to the public. For that multi-headed Hydra has decided that I am mad—mad as a March Hare; and has begun to treat me as such. If these lines of mine fail to bring me succour, my fate is sealed: Kind Reader, would you believe me if I say that I am as sane as any of you? Ah, I can visualise that knowing smile on

your face; you have no faith in my sanity! But reader mine, kindly bear with me. I have never known what it is to be tipsy in my life. Never known what an accident is that might derange the mental faculty. But it is true that for the past so many days I am an altered man; who would not be if one were faced by the same soul harrowing problem as I am?

Walking along the street one fine day, it flashed like a meteor across my mind. I was astounded. I stood still. I wondered. I wondered and I wondered. I stood in my shoes and I wondered. The more I wondered the more difficult it became to solve. The more I tackled it the more elusive it became. The passers-by knocked against me, as I stood dumb-founded in the middle of the street and cursed me for a blind beggar. A motor bus missed me by inches and a jukka more or less ran over me. But I was utterly unconscious of all these. There it was, the bolt from the blue, raging and seething in my mind like a terrific tornado. All the electric forces of the earth were at war in me. A burly policeman, it would seem, kindly removed me from

my dangerous position in the midstreet and somehow saw me safely ensconced in my place.

My food remained untasted. My bed remained unslept. With my mind being eaten thro' by this canker, how can I eat or sleep? Doctors were sent for, in dozens. They examined me through and through but with no result. They were perplexed. I became the ghost of my former self. I felt I would run mad if the strain was not removed. I asked the doctors. They mocked me. I ran to an eminent professor. But he

break. Will it really come to that? Oh! the unfortunate day when I ventured out, and the bolt from the blue came!

But no! I shall make a last attempt. I am fully aware that it may be of no avail. But a drowning man catches at a straw, they say. Who knows that there may not be one kind generous soul among the many thousand readers of "Funny Magzin" who, giving me my mental peace will earn the lifelong gratitude of a miserable man? These thoughts prompted me to pen these

lines, and would to God that it helps me from this excruciating mental torture! Oh, reader mine! Wouldst help me?

Every one will grant from personal experience itself, that none can sleep for long lying on their backs. We must turn on our sides at one time or other. And it is said in our Puranas that the mighty King of Lanka, Ravana the great, had ten heads! How did he, Oh, how did he ever sleep without turning on his sides and crushing his heads! Wouldst tell me this, kind reader mine?



professed ignorance. I asked the students of the city: They laughed. I consulted all without exception—from my customary barber, to the council member. And all decided ultimately that I was off my chump! off my hinges! Monstrous! Hideous! Have I been reduced to this? Is it because the world knows not how to, or is so stony-hearted as not to allay the suffering of a fellow-being, that they call me mad? But-but-Oh! God! what if they be ultimately right? Who can withstand this trouble of mine! I can't bear any more and so I must very soon

[Since none of our readers seems to possess more than one dead, we would like you to ask that gentleman who has your head; which incidentally you seem to have lost.—Ed.]

Mrs. Crawford: "Haven't you ever discovered a way to get money out of your husband?"

Mrs. Crabshaw: "Oh, yes. All I have to do is to threaten to go back to mother, and without a word he hands me the railway fare."

THE SECRET OF THE SKIPPING ROPE

— By "PAGSER" —

Another adventure of
Subbu, the super-
sleuth.



shirt, which got itself turned inside out,

and propped his feet on to the table in front.

out, old boy?" queried Subbu as I was struggling with my

"You are very selfish," he mused aloud. "Why didn't you wait for me? You brought something from the hotel and consumed it all by yourself."

I gave a start and jerked my hand. My head was half in and half out of the suit.

away the tell-tale leaf in which the edibles were wrapped. Needless to say I did not leave even a particle of bajji about the place. You can't possibly be very generous when you are hungry and have only few bajjis on hand.

"Oh no my dear fellow. I wasn't. If I had been there I should have had a treat from you. Only this tell-tale thread betrayed the fact of your sneaky lunch." He held up a length of fine thread such as is used in tying up parcels in the hotels. I never imagined that people would go around poking their noses into the affairs of stray lengths of thread.

"Again at your detective game, eh?" I observed lightly. For by now I had succeeded in getting into the shirt properly through it was a bit torn near the pocket.

He did not reply. After some more bantering we repaired to Shanker's house for that lucky bloke was leaving for Bombay that night as a result of getting an appointment in a big firm. It just shows, I mean the appointing of Shanker for that post, how woefully lacking our businessmen are in foresight and judgement of character. Here was I, a thousand times more capable than Shanker—but that is another story.

As we approached the house we saw Shanker's little sister, a girl of about 10, skipping. I have a weakness for grace and motion; and as I saw her skipping away like a butterfly while the rope described circles upon circles, I vaguely realised the rhythm of the earth's motion when it revolves round itself. I stopped and gazed at the graceful little figure fascinated.

"Come on, you coot, what is there to gaze at? Now, why do you



Shanker's little sister, a girl of about 10, skipping.

"Trying to, but this infernal shirt—" I thundered angry at Subbu for butting in at that uncomfortable moment. He lowered himself into a chair ignoring the neatly folded upper cloth of mine which I had placed on it

"So you were in the hotel?" I snorted. For I had purchased only a half-anna worth of bajji having no more money on hand. If he knew that I had been to the hotel, he must have been there; for I had carefully thrown

embarrass that little girl. Look, she has stopped her childish play," rebuked the cold-blooded Subbu.

"But my dear Mr. Cynic, how have no eye for Art and Beauty," I began.

"I know, I have an eye for beauty, perhaps not for art. I can see why Shanker's sister attracts you. You don't mean seriously to say that you looked at the rope and not at her? By the way you forgot to bring her the usual flowers. But I had the forethought," he concluded and took out a small bouquet finished with jasmine and rose flowers from his pocket.

I glowered at him in indignation, for the girl on seeing us abandoned her pastime and ran to us. She smiled at me and on seeing the bouquet in Subbu's hands she nestled beside him laughing happily. I was already flushing hot at the words Subbu unthinkingly spoke. Add to it he had stolen a march over me. True I usually brought flowers for the child. But after all, you know she was a child and—and—well you know she was a child, don't you know sympathetic reader?

"Don't be jealous clay-head" He nudged me and turning to the girl. "Hullo! little one your uncle Raju has brought you flowers. Why don't you give her yourself Raju?" he queried and thrust the bouquet in my hands.

With a peal of happy innocent laughter the girl ran in with the flowers. Subbu picked up the skipping rope she had discarded and carried it into the house saying as we went in. "Children do not realise to what trouble they put people when they play. This rope for instance is a nice one. Think what a lot of trouble it would caused to Shanker's parents if it gets entangled in the feet of Shanker when he hurries out for train at the last moment as is his usual custom.

Inside all was hubbub, denoting Shanker's preparations for the journey.

We will skip over (not by means of the rope) the unpleasant details of Shanker's departure.

Behold us then the next morning at Shanker's house to return the pickle-jar, he had inadvertently packed in his trunk and which we retrieved at the station quite by accident.

Shanker's parents were searching in the boxes in the room frantically.

"It is here!" I cried triumphantly and gave them the pickle-jar. But they did not seem to be very particular about pickles just then. They went on searching. Subbu seated himself in a chair and fell to thinking.

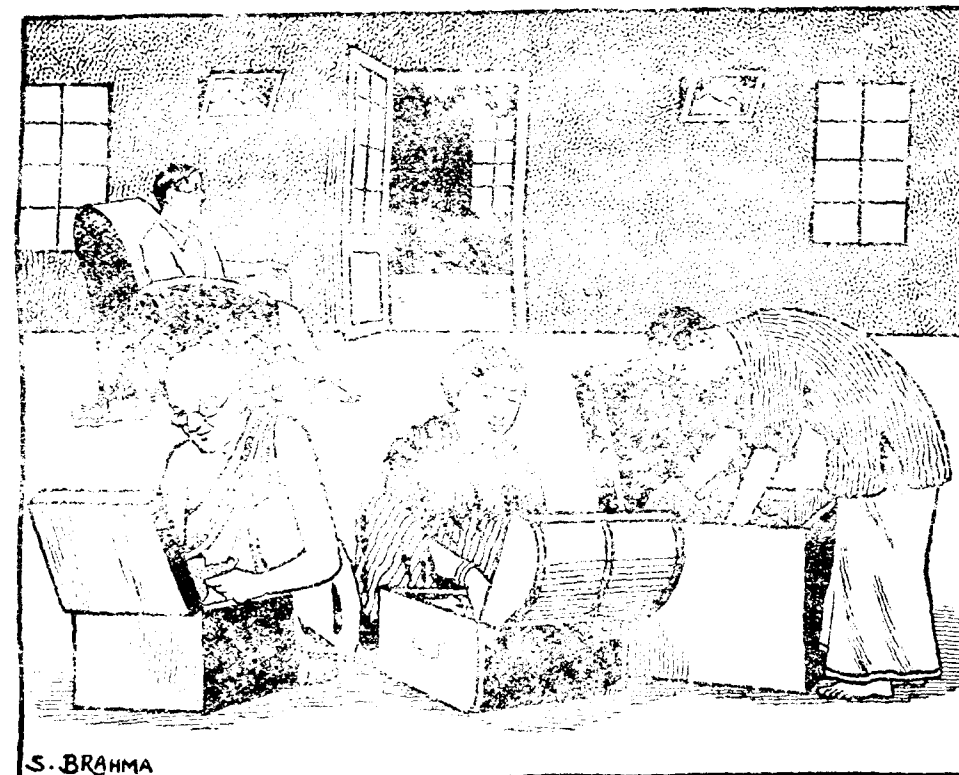
"It is Lakshmi's skipping-rope. The careless girl has lost it and says that

Shanker. He must have used the rope to bundle up his bed; just like him."

"Keep quiet fathead. He did not take a bed with him," interrupted Subbu and turning to Lakshmi asked. "Now little girl, where did you put the rope last?"

"I was skipping this morning in the back-yard near the well and—and—I don't know what happened to it afterwards," replied Lakshmi in frightened tones.

"Don't you see half-wit. The rope was perhaps picked up by a passing



I ventured, messing about the things in a big box.

she has to go to school for the skipping competition. The rope is supplied by the school and she is afraid to tell them that she lost it. We have searched all over the house. It is not found yet," explained Lakshmi's mother.

"What did I tell you about troubles yesterday?" observed Subbu rather conceitedly I thought.

I frowned in deep thought trying to remember where I saw the rope last.

Then I had the usual brainwave. "I've got it!" I cried. "It is

crow." I elucidated. But Subbu ignored me.

"No, she had it on her shoulder when she tried to draw water from the well. I rebuked her, for the rope attached to the pail is too short even for us. She persisted and the result was, the pail fell into the well. I heard the crash and went out to see her standing looking into the well" further explained the mother.

"Did she have the skipping rope then?" asked Subbu.

"Yes of course. Do you mean to say she threw it into the well?" asked

ON LENDING

By. M. L. S.

'Neither a lender nor a borrower be,' urges a sage counsel. As a text adorning the wall we all welcome it, but as a practical proposition—it is simply impossible. The borrowers being in a majority it is a mere matter of persuading the lenders and over-

Lakshmi's mother. I went to the next house and borrowed the well-hook. Lakshmi herself took out the pail from the well by means of the hook. She went out to return the hook. When she came back she asked me whether I had seen her skipping rope. I had not, and still we are searching.

Subbu sat lost in thought for a long time.

"The rope must have fallen into the well," I ventured, messing about the things in a big box.

"Where did you put the skipping rope when you investigated the well with the hook?" asked Subbu.

"I had it with me," said Lakshmi. "But I don't know. I forgot what I did with it."

"Will you kindly run along and get the hook again from next door?" asked Subbu.

Lakshmi went out.

"So you agree with my theory?" I began. "Elementary, my dear Subbu elementary. The rope fell into the well and....."

"It did not. Hold your tongue," snapped Subbu. "I am not going to look into the well."

Lakshmi returned with the hook and a pile of rope attached to it. Subbu shook out the rope and from inside its many folds fell the skipping rope which had been entangled in its meshes.

"You must be careful hereafter Lakshmi. You should not forget the skipping rope whatever you do. You ought to have separated it when you gathered the hook-rope into a pile. But then, you did not see it. Now then skip on to the school and if you win Raju will certainly bring you chocolates," finished Subbu.

coming their scruples, if any, or overawing them by sheer force of strength. And we are all accustomed to be ruled by the majority.

What is more, who knows you might not be a borrower to-morrow? And so the wheel goes round, a lender to-day, a borrower to-morrow, every one of us, and the text on the wall stands sublime.

'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,' pleaded a Mark Antony, and before he had finished his speech he had them by the ears. Would Governments have been able to float loans if the text on the wall had been strictly followed?

'Ask, and it shall be given.' But do they ask? No. They demand, beg, borrow, or steal. Does your neighbour ask you for the gift of your gramophone? No, he simply begs you for a loan of it. That he may forget to return it does not matter.

The money-lenders are doing their best to inculcate wrong ideas into people's heads—that the main function of money, wherever found, is to go on loan—a loan, if it returns; a bad debt if it does not.

"Please lend me five rupees. I am in an awful mess, and the matter is very urgent. I have just left my people at the Railway Station, and when about to buy them the tickets I found I was five rupees short. There is hardly five minutes for the train to depart. The banks don't open till ten. You must not refuse." What am I to do? Refuse to lend the money to my friend and take the risk of possibly having his people on his hands again till the morrow—though I am not sure whether it is not a story invented for the occasion—or pay and be done with it? My friend never asks for a gift but for a mere loan, though, thanks to his convenient memory, it comes to the same thing. Probably the next time I see him will be when he is in such another awful predicament—a predicament of his imagination mostly. Some people are so very plausible with their tongue that they deserve to get on in this world.

Look what a harm the lending libraries are doing. By dint of hard toil I managed to get together a few books to keep me company during the dull hours, when down came my friends whose ideas were that books are intended to be taken on loan,

presumably, never to be returned, really. What is a library for—though a private one—except to lend books, they argued. Now the books have all been lent, and an empty void stares one in the face whence Pope once proudly peeped, and Goldsmith has departed to keep company with Johnson and Byron.

And that is the way my fountain-pen too went though I should not blame any of my friends for it. I would here pause to ask a straight question. Why do people who evidently come to the post office to write their letters forget to bring their pens with them?

Go to any post office and sure enough you find them waiting to borrow your pen. 'Only a line please, won't take more than a minute; thank you.' In one of my weak moments I relented, and now I would be glad to meet the man who borrowed it. The screw cap is of no use to me.

Your services are lent, your belongings ditto. One day I should like to make a list of things initially lent by me, and I won't be surprised if I find I couldn't call myself my own self. As a matter of fact, do you assert your individual existences? No. You simply beg to remain the most obedient servant of another.

'Inspector borrows a Wife' is a headline from a well-known weekly. Well, that is the limit.

By the way, could you lend me five rupees? It is very urgent for I must immediately get away from Madras. 'No'? Never mind, don't be sorry. See you some other time.

Teacher: "What is your worst sin?"

Young Miss: "Vanity—I stand in front of my mirror for hours admiring my beauty."

Teacher: "That's not vanity—That's imagination."

"So the evening wore on," said the romanticist, telling a story.

"Excuse me," interrupted the wit, "but can you tell me what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"It doesn't matter," replied the romanticist, "but I believe that it was the close of day."

INDISCRETIONS of GOPU

By C. S. SUBRAMANIAN

GOPU'S mind was made up. He remained adamant. He did not belong to that strata of society, who go back on their own words. He was like the "God of Axe." When once he decided upon a thing, he was sure to have it accomplished in two shakes of a duck's tail. He knew full well that life's a mixture of suffering and boredom and we, people, have got to have one or the other. His stuff was full of snappy cracks like that. Hence it was that he took it into his own head to put a period to his existence by taking prussic acid or that sort of thing.

Like Hamlet, he never argued. "To be or not to be" was never a question to him. The nut, he was not able to crack, was "How to cease to be." He was wearied of existence, altogether. He started life with nothing. Hadn't even the education—just the three R's. Denied himself relaxation of any sort. Why? He wanted to have the key that opens all doors. Did he succeed? Yes, Won the wager. Now he proposed to abandon everything in this world and pass away peacefully. He thought and thought till he caught the spot. What did he do? He left three wills. One to his cousin of the fifth degree remote. And the other to his mother's father's daddy's uncle's son's daughter's grandson's baby. The last to his Private secretary, Miss. Leela.

The telephone bell rang. Foot-steps were heard. The door stood wide open and in jerked...who?...Miss Private... Leela. She looked more like his mother than his secretary. Her eyebrows were two marks of interrogation. She was flabbergasted to see her boss appalled in a dress of costly gray 'moir antique,' impregnating the beautiful fresh air with a 'Scissors.' In her innocence, she foresaw not the storm that was brewing.

"That old bird must have been pretty hot stuff, I imagine, back in the days of his grand, grand-mother," she pondered.

Having put his hands in his trouser pockets, he settled his long frame more comfortably in the easy chair and

surveyed the room through his rimless pince-nez.

"My dear Miss Lovely Leela!" he said huskily.

She gave a little gasp. Those were unsuspected depths. His conversation had the effect of making her feel as if she had suddenly taken something acid.

"Oh! how I came to be in the wrong box?" she meditated.

"My dear pretty lovely handsome... .."

"Oh! ho!—on the booze, eh? Always the way with these so-called horses," she interrupted. "Enough of your badinage."

"That is it, Miss pretty...er...er... comely, beautiful, pleasant to look at....."

"Yes. You have exhausted all adjectives. And then?" she retorted and resigned herself to trust to circumstances to develop the mystery that perplexed her.

Gopu's verbal eruptions did not pay attention to her interruptions. He began in the same strain.

".....er...lovely...that is it... ..lovely Leela, I have a world of things to speak of. To say the least of it, it is suicide."

She sprang up from her seat as if a serpent had stung her.

"Suicide! Self-immolation! Ah! *Felo de se!* oh! no! it is perfect nonsense. Utter, absolute, dashed rot! You have your head screwed on the wrong way. That is it," put in Leela.

"Yes, Leela. Have these two letters committed to post. Take the third for you, oh! beautiful belle! THAT IS A WILL."

This put the lid on it. A spasm ran through her ample frame.

"For what?" ejaculated Leela. "You called me by all sorts of epithets. Let it be; Why you tip me? I see, you have the effrontery to affront me...eh? Stand to your own guns, you, son of a gun. Abuse is a game at which both can play. But I have no satisfaction in this pot-and-kettle warfare from which both the belligerents are sure to come forth losers."

So saying she pattered off pigways. Then there was the lull after the tempest. Leela's hot reprimands had a cold effect upon him. He slowly cogitated over what took place a few minutes before. At length, he gave the craze up, reluctantly though. And producing a pocket mirror, he began to curl his moustache. Fumbled at the table for the letters. Where were they? His thoughts then drifted to Leela. It dawned upon his intelligence that he had given instructions to her for consigning them to post.

"Safer not to have too much written matter circulating about the place," thought he and took to heels after Leela.

"Leela! Leela!" he called. Leela got the wind up. She smelt a rat.

"A desperate man is capable of anything," she said to herself.

He ran with his voice in his boots. And she fled with her life in her hands.

A cop who was on beat called him back.

"I want her," said he. "You want me," cried she. "I want mine," added he.

In a short time Leela was in the encircling arms of Gopu. He strained her to his bosom—not with any malicious intention—and what? In short, a fight with their might ensued. Leela was armed with "sighs, sobs and passions and wars of tongues" and a phial filled with "fainting fears, soft sorrows, melting grief and flowing tears." The gathered group took them for beings, off their onions. Widely as they differed on many points, they were unanimous on this. In response to the request of the public, the Majesty of the Law materialised into the shape of a stout, tall inspector and a lean, short constable.

"And meet thy doom," bawled out Leela, with fresh alacrity and vigour, on seeing the Guardians of the law.

Inspector Jayaram was a man of action. He asked the constable to catch hold of Gopu and he himself held Leela. Jayaram next tipped him the wink.

"Ready go" Both were pulled aside into two contrary directions, the man being drawn towards North pole and the girl towards South pole.

And as "Unlike poles attract each other" the man and his Private Secretary joined hands once more and bent their steps homeward cheek by jowl.

COMPELLING ROMANCE

— BY A. V. SITHARAM, M.A. —

I got vexed at her suggestions. At first I thought it was her jocular nature that impelled her to do like that. Then she began to wink at me in a romantic turn. I believed it was something wrong with her eyes as some people have it. Afterwards she was staring in my face with a passionate floating of her eyes. Yet I could not but ignore her and her amorous activities. Still she continued in her unwanted attentions towards me. I became adamant—yes—adamant. Not to say that I am an exceptional character keeping the tradition of the ancient days of puranic lore, but really I was not able to respond to her uninvited offer. How can it be possible? I felt it was a dirty thing to lead a romance with a widow—with all her high complexion. I don't mean to say that a widow is such a despicable creature; on the other hand she is a lovable creature as a potential factor assisting the onward march of reform; but a widow with a clean shaven head! Oh! My God! The very idea irritates me whoever may sympathise with her. Not only that she was a cook in a neatly uring house in our street. A widow—that too a clean shaven widow—and also a cook! My God! what romance can a fellow of taste try to have with her? Impossible—

Gradually Laxmambal became a pest to me—believe it on my honour—which should be carefully avoided. Because we were living in the same street and because Rama Rao, that briefless lawyer who was her master happened to be my friend I had the misfortune of meeting her too often. I gradually avoided going to Mr. Rama Rao's house. Rama Rao used to ask me why I was not to be seen often, and some lame excuses were given to satisfy him, though after a time I was hard pressed for creating fresh explanations of my absence at his house for long intervals. Anyhow I was able to manage to give some explanation to Rama Rao whenever I used to meet him. But how to avoid her on the road? I cannot stop all my activities on

account of her uncalled for favour. How can I stay at home all the twenty-four hours—especially a man of my stamp who wants at least ten hours outing daily.

I changed my whole programme. Stopped going to the Coffee Club in the morning which I was attending regularly by 7 A.M. for the last five years since the day of its establishment. What can I do? By the time I come near Mr. Rama Rao's house there is Laxmambal, his cook throwing sportive glances at me. If I go my own way hanging my head down—for no cognizable offence, unfortunate fellow that I am—she will say something to me indirectly—afterwards directly. First it began in praise then turned into flattery, afterwards to abuse, and now to threatening. What a strange romance!

I became almost sick of this thorny love which I didn't want. I didn't want. That's all. What right had she to worry me like that? Moreover I knew that I am not a charming fellow. Perhaps that was the reason why she wanted to create an aesthetic symphony by turning together these two great beauties. There was no other go for me except to stay at home.

I stayed at home for a fortnight. I got vexed again. Why should I fear a mere cook? I didn't know why I should. But I was really afraid to see her. I wanted to make hold that day and go out to the cinema. It was such a ridiculous thing that I should always sit at home telling my people that I was not keeping well. The very idea of my being afraid of a cook irritated me. The advertised film also was tempting—"Gold Rush" of Charlie Chaplin I thought I must get rid of all my lethargy accumulated all these days by idle stay.

I started in full suit—for the second show—when everybody was asleep. I was thinking of the fine actions of Chaplin in that famous film which I had already seen some years back.

I left our street and joined the main road when suddenly I saw a graceful female figure slowly going before me. Unconsciously my legs worked at a higher speed and I almost joined her. She turned back just when we both came near an electric lamp post. I was stunned.

She had excellent curly hair neatly trimmed. Some graceful locks lurking on her sweet forehead, tucked up in a beautiful knot of ultra-modern style at the back decorated by an ingeniously arranged variety of flowers. A fine saree in mild rose colour enriched her personality and a pair of fashionable patent leather slippers carried her charming figure. She threw a darting look—a passionate one I imagined on me through her glasses. I wanted to question her and hesitatingly I asked:

"May I know who you are, please?"

She stepped a bit to the side of the road. I also did the same thing keeping pace along with her.

"Why do you want it?" she replied in a sweet tone. It was as if the chords of a piano vibrated, by an expert player.

"Excuse me. It is so late in the night. I would like to accompany you home, if you have no objection."

"Thank you very much. I may be giving trouble to you."

"Oh. No. I will be glad to accompany you," so saying I approached her very closely. We were walking in the Temple Street with giant trees on either side. Now and then my body was touching her causing me thrilling joy.

"What is your name Dear?"

"Laxmi..."

"Fine name."

Suddenly she tripped over a stone. I wiped my eyes and saw her face. My God! It was a widow with a clean shaven head in a rose colour saree! The beautiful 'wig' of curly hair, graceful locks and a modern knot decorated by flowers had fallen down. I shrieked. Laxmi! My God! It was Laxmambal the cook of Mr. Rama Rao!!

THE UNRECORDED CONFERENCE

— BY P. R. CHARLOO —

It was in the afternoon, about 2 p.m., on a Saturday, which is a red-letter day for all petty clerks like us, when though not in real spirit at least, nominally, we are supposed to be free from the drudgery and monotony of office routine, when I was having my forty winks, after a hearty midday meal. A sympathetic and loving soul is my better half and she generally gives me extra and delicious dishes on that day. Besides, the secret of it is, she is supposed to fast in the night of that particular day and hence it is more out of a selfish interest than real welfare of the husband at heart. She makes the best use of her knowledge of the culinary art, excels herself that day, and even an epicure cannot find fault. If you are still dubious about it, please notify me before hand and take the chance of an occasion to be my guest.

My grandmother, an old woman of 60 years, lean and shaky, with a head bald as a billiard ball, a toothless cavity as an apology for a mouth, and a worthy representative of the MOTHER of the present generation and the VENERABLE ANCESTOR of the future generation to come, was sitting in the hall making tasty appraisals. She was a curio by herself and her peculiarities supreme in themselves. She was hasty and short-tempered, and had a funny knack of shutting her mouth with an angry snap, expressive of the deepest disdain and sneering derision and contempt. So much for my worthy ancestor. (She was a MISS 1886 once, so no more jibes please.)

Bokkaivai Patti, of the opposite house, a remnant reminiscent of a masculine woman, glorious in her towering height, and flaming sari, red as a railway banner flag, stately in her dignified walk and light of step, stepped in and took her seat opposite, as the enchanting toothless smile of my grandmother, Subbu Patti, greeted her with a grunt to acclaim her presence.

Times there had been when they were the rage of their household, and the charming belles of their villages,

having missed being regular and genuine debutantes, for not their own fault but for the want of the necessary tin. They had now only the reminiscences of their past days to brood on and discuss into shreds.

Like jaggery to ants, it provides an attraction, to the 'CRONY SORORITY' when there is gossiping or chattering going about and some more of them crop in. I have enough experience of these meetings, and honestly, I could tell you, that a perusal of a report of their various activities would convincingly prove they were really of such significant, varied and purposeful a nature to make the League of Nations and the three Round Table Conferences to pale into mere insignificance. Besides, if one was the League of Nations, the other was the League of Sects (of the Brahmin Community) and if one sat for the right or wrong of Nations, the other was a miniature of the same brother. Consisting, as it was, of members of the opposite sex, and that too of an advanced age with ripe and mature experience at that, they were selfless or rather unselfish and always concerned themselves in others' matters only.

There was a full bench sitting that day, and their chattering became so incessant and noisy that I was disturbed from my sleep and forced to become an unwilling insidious listener to the wily machinations of an artful set of shaved heads, which was more alarming and dreadful than the recent Bomb burst in Laxmi Street.

They were too high above all silly formalities and hence the unnecessary procedure of proposing and seconding any body as a president was dispensed with and they tacked down to facts directly.

Without much ado, or preliminary, Subbupatti, with an ominous clearing of her throat, which resembled the deep throated growl of a bull dog, venting a thief, harangued at length on the callous modernness and iniquitous

behaviour of the present-day writers and Editors of Magazines who seemed to be secretly in conspiracy with the younger generation in encouraging them to flaunt their own elders by shamefully ridiculing them (Patties) in print. The others nodded silent agreement of the so strongly set-forth views of hers and Bokkaiyai Patti not to be beaten, out-Subbupattied-Subbupatti. She explained in detail, the cause for the urgent summons for convening an emergency meeting. Her chief complaint was against the editors lacking powers of discretion and observation and thus miserably failing to give the deserved prominence to the cause and question of these wiseacres of the land. She further gave instances of the scoundrous mischief-mongering attitude adopted by them which still aggravated the existing evil.

Her violent language, horrifying and striking in its greatness, as an example of linguistic pyrotechnics, would have made any Editor's heart flutter in fear of the impending doom. 'Above all' she continued, 'The editors of these magazines are becoming too intolerable an oppression to our minds, a bore to our class and a nuisance to society in general. Not only are they insulting in their lack of common courtesy, unkindful of the loss of our dignity, but also are they injuring our prestige by permitting mocking commentaries to be published. But for us, where will they be (Redoubled cheers).'

Then a long lived old crone, a puce-living specimen of a skeleton (I recommend her to the professors of physiology for their edification) intervened and her voice shrill in its hideousness and jarring, floated through the hall into my room throwing me off my cot. She said, 'Why all this bother about these senseless inebriates? Let us cut them off completely from our grace and determine here and forthwith to place a ban on all magazines, till such time the editors or the guilty parties concerned come forward in all humility with an apology.'

It was passed unanimously (without a dissenting voice) to place a ban on all magazines and God help you, if you chance to fall into their hands, for you are sure to be torn limb to limb, without mercy.

Professor: "Which is the strongest water power known to man?"

Student: "Women's tears."

RETRENCHMENT IN GOWRI BROS.

— BY "KAMBER" —

GOWRI Bros the well-known firm dealing in glue pots and black and blue and red inks got so sticky in the end, that the glue pots, the red, the green and the black inks; failed to glue the public and colour their imaginations respectively.

The Gowris gathered together one fine morning. The Big Gowri called the Little Gowri and with outstretched hands, in a melo-dramatic style said "We've got to do something for these pots of glue; inks Red, Black and Blue."

"Of course we cannot keep them all here, and so much of them, and encourage this love-for-the-home lazy feeling. We've got to do something for them," agreed the little Gowri.

"And that is," drawled the big Gowri "we have got to cut down. Trade is at a stop and we are overstaffed."

"What?" asked little Gowri in surprise and in a loud tone.

Slowly and steadily the Big Gowri said "We are just too many in the office, in short we are overstaffed. Somebody has got to make an exit, there isn't enough job for all of us on the staff. Say for instance; to begin with, I just sign letters all the live long day, and answer the telephone calls; and you just go about looking up people and bolstering the business. Suppose I combine my work with yours....."

"Trying to turn me out," said Little Gowri.

"Don't talk bilge," said the Big Gowri "there's somebody else's work you can do, go and do it. We've got to cut down you know."

Little Gowri pondered deeply for long; finally the wisdom of Big Gowri dawned upon Little Gowri. Little Gowri mentally assented that they must cut down in the interests of Glue pots and Inks. So he called up the Manager, took him to a corner, holding one of his buttons, opened the latest discussions on Trade rather tactfully.

"We have got to retrain," said Little Gowri.

"Retrench" repeated the Manager rather dazed.

"Yes, you know the depression now. Trade is at a stand still. Now, you see, all I've got to do is, to keep looking up people and keep in touch with the outside firms; You: you run the office, and pay the wages; and that is about all. Put the two jobs together for me," said Little Gowri.

"You mean" said the Manager "I'm fired? After thirty-five years of service!"

"Don't talk rot. There is somebody else's job in this office you can do. Find out whose it is and do it. It is all this depression and I can't be blamed. We got to cut down, you understand?"

The Manager sits on the thought for a long time. "Yes, fine idea too, we must make some headway; and this depression pulls us down. Yes, we got to cut down," muttered the Manager.

The manager went about the office quietly and meditatively, and then called the Senior Clerk to his private room for a quiet word.

"Got some serious news for you o' man" says the manager to the Senior Clerk.

"Go ahead" said the Senior Clerk.

"We've got to cut down" said the manager.

"Cut down?" ejaculated the Senior Clerk.

"Yes" responded the Manager. "I'm sorry it's not good news, the first thing in the morning; but I am hardly to be blamed. It's this darned depression that is weighing us down so. And just now we are too many for the job. My job, you see, is not enough to keep me going the whole day. You understand me don't you."

"Indeed, I do. What are you going to do about it?" asked the Senior Clerk.

"Well!" said the Manager "I'll combine most of your job with mine. You understand me....."

"Oh! that means I am out in the sun. And this comes of being faithful and true these twenty years, and chucking off better chances when they come," said the Senior Clerk, sadly reflective.

"Come, come, old man" put in the manager. "Don't you understand, if I can do your work, surely there must be somebody else's work you could take up. We must cut down, go about and see what you can do about it." advised the manager.

"Ah! I get you," said the Senior Clerk rather happily. "I will see what I can do. We must put the firm first."

"Sure," said the manager.

The Senior Clerk went about the office with a fine comb to cut down. Finally he hauled up the Junior clerk to his room.

"We have got to cut down," started the Senior Clerk.

"Beg your pardon, sir" said the Junior clerk.

"Cut out all that mock politeness. You understand what I said. We have got to cut down," repeated the Senior Clerk.

"Cut down!" repeated the Junior clerk, appalled.

"What's your work in the office," asked the Senior Clerk.

"I keep the file. I type the letters" put in the Junior clerk.

"And that is about all you do here. Now onwards I'll type the letters and file them," said the Senior Clerk.

"And what do I do in the office?" asked the Junior clerk most pathetically.

"Get round and see what else you could do. We have got to cut down, the sooner you realise it the better. Got me?"

"Precisely sir" said the Junior clerk.

The Junior clerk pulled up the office boy. The office boy was a lean, haggard, care worn, dark, and well stricken in years, a retired pensioner of

Under the Spell of Beer

— BY AJIT KRISHNA BASU, B.A., (Hons.) —

THEY say I drink too much beer. Ha! Ha! Ha! The idea! They have absolutely no idea what "too much" means. Even Pussyfoot Johnson would not object to the quantity I take at a sitting, for I never swallow more than a bottle at a time except on exceptional occasions. And yet they say I take too much beer! Let them; I shall never mind.

This time of course I have crossed the limit just a little because to-day is my birth-day and I must celebrate it by doing the best thing that can be done on earth: eating, drinking and being merry. I have eaten well, drinking too I have done perfectly well; and these being done well I can't help being merry. I am a very simple fellow; let me have good eating and good

the Government, now in active service in Gowri Bros.

"Look here old man: what are you supposed to do in this office?" asked the Junior clerk rather severely.

"Me, Sir?" said the office boy. "Sir, I stick the stamps, post letters, and show people in," said the office boy.

"Well; I will do all that" said the Junior clerk.

"You mean, sir?" queried the office boy.

"I mean you are fired" answered the Junior clerk.

True economy was established. The office boy was removed. The staff was cut down to a marvellous advantage. The business must look up and be doing. Depression must now take care of itself. It can no longer affect Gowri Bros, whatever it might do.

A week later, Big Gowri calls Little Gowri and says. "Well! old man, it's pretty rough on me, I've to keep touch with other firms, sign letters, and answer telephone calls. I say this is not fair. I might break down before I know it. I need, must have some one to assist me. What do you think of an advert. in the papers?" suggested Big Gowri.

"You want a secretary?" asked Little Gowri.

"Well! well! you know we have got to cut down. I think we'll have an office boy" said Big Gowri.

drinking and you are sure to see me merry.

Mother Earth is seeming rather dizzy to-day; she is shaking her head to and fro, to and fro. What is wrong with her to-day, I wonder? Are you angry? Well, well, here is some drink for you. Pour it down your throat and be jolly. You can't be angry when you have drunk well. One that drinks well can never play well the game of being angry. That is why I gave the boy who made faces at me a silver coin to buy some sweetmeats with. The more angry with him I tried to become the jollier I felt till I could not help giving him the coin made of silver I think. The boy tried to win more coins from me by making more faces but I had no more coins with me then.

Come in John old boy, how do you do? The world is a jolly place, isn't it? The sun by day, the moon and stars by night.....wonderful, wonderful. Come and sit down here, John. You are a perfect gem, a gem of the purest ray serene that wastes its sweetness in the desert air. Don't you know that excellent poem of Gray, John?

The curfew knells the toll of parting day.

The lowing wind.....

I don't exactly remember the poem now, but it is beautiful. Now John, be a good boy and don't tell me I am awfully drunk. Men were born to drink beer, or why is beer made at all? Don't look at that bottle and the tumbler in that fashion. You seem to have bullets in your eyes that may go off any moment and shatter the bottle and the tumbler to pieces. Come John, let us talk and be jolly to-day. None of your anti-beer campaign this time.

It is a pleasure to think, John, that this is my twenty-fifth birth-day. Twenty-five triumphs over death. What do you say? If I drink at this rate I shall not have many more such triumphs? There, there, you are trying to excite me. I don't want that sort of nonsense. Talk some sense John. And if you can't talk sense, John, let me do all the talking and you please remain silent.

That nonsense again? Well, well, old boy, if I die due to drinking before my youth is passed, what harm is there? Isn't it better to die early than late? Die early and you get good seats

in heaven, but die late and you will find all good seats in heaven occupied by those who have gone earlier. Have a head in your brain, John, and don't be silly.

Yes, my dear John, I have gone beyond the limit somewhat to-day, but it was no fault of mine. I shall tell you everything frankly, John. When I poured some beer into the tumbler, what did I see on the surface of the beer? The sweet face of my sweetheart, smiling, smiling. It was an awfully sweet smile, believe me. I would surely pour the beer back again into the bottle, but those rosy lips, smiling lips! They were so inviting! I picked up the tumbler and tried to kiss my sweetheart's lips on the beer. I tried and tried and at last, believe me John, the tumbler became empty and where was the sweet face gone? Oh, where? So. I poured some more beer into the tumbler, and lo! There smiled my beloved's sweet face again on the beer in the tumbler. "Won't you try to kiss my lips again?" she seemed to say. I tried again and the same thing happened again. I had to refill the tumbler, John and repeat the effort. It is no fault of mine. You see, that I have gone beyond the limit to-day. You couldn't have done better if such sweet lips had tempted you. Yes, yes, you may smile as much as you like till your mouth begins to ache, but, for God's sake, don't say silly things.

Certainly John, I was invited to attend Dick's garden party. I started all right, and had some little drink before I started. Hasn't a great writer assured us that to walk hopefully is a better thing than to arrive? You say R.L. Stevenson? May be. I walked hopefully for a long time to arrive at Dick's party, but I never arrived. Our earth was shaking, shaking, and it was very hard for me to walk properly. I wonder how the people in the street could manage to keep straight as if everything was all right and as if our earth was quite normal. Really, John. I often think that the world is full of abnormal men and women.

Yes, smile and smile, John, as much as you like and can. Be jolly. You may even laugh as loud as you please, old boy. You are an angel, John. Ha! Ha! Ha! You are a real angel.

What! Call me a drunkard! No John, you are not an angel. You are the silliest fool in the world. You must be off at once. No no, you must not spoil my birth-day. Good bye!



RECOLLECTIONS.

The clock struck three,
Calm night was free
From dreary din of day.
The south-wind blew
The window through
By which I musing lay.

Now silence reigns
But for the pains
Of languid lover's heart,
Whose deep breaths mix
With time-piece 'ticks,'
Thus Nature mourns with Art.

The grassy green
Shines emerald sheen
By love of Moon in sooth;
He drinks the dew
That droppeth new
From lips that die in youth.

No mortal treads
The mighty beds
Of firesome Earth that bears
The crimes of men
From their gloomy den
Of hearts, in silent cares.

Yon oozing rills
On moon-lit hills
Remind our parting scene,
With tear-stained cheeks
My love she seeks
In solitude so keen.

The sky-lark sings,
And peacock springs
To dance to Morning's tone.
The cock heralds,
My heart yet welds
By love's enchanting throne.

Her iv'ry arm
Around my form,
Her eyes surveying me—
Imbued with love,
Register how
The tendril twines the tree.

Her sunny smile
Doth fill a while
Of the flying time of mine—
Her lotus-eyes
Bespeak the ties
That bind our love by sign.

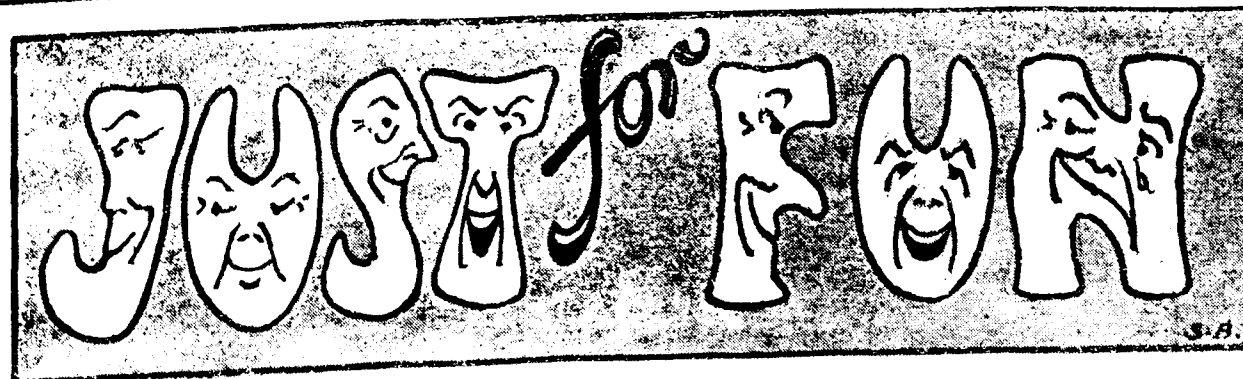
Her tresses flow
Through my shoulders low
Like clouds kissing the hills;
That 'Formless' smiles
Because his guiles
Rob victims of their wills.

That time is o'er,
Will come no more,
She lies in yonder grave.
Departed Soul!
Thou play'st the role
Of mute ancestors brave.

Thy lovely gaze
I can't but chase,
E'en though beyond my reach:
A warm Embrace!
Eternal Grace!
Once more! I none beseech.

Fear aught I know
That flirting glow
Of frailer veins explode;
Like air-bubbles.
And fresh troubles
Rush forth and seek abode.

P. M. KANNAN.



He had dined and wine'd very well.
He thought he would ring up his wife,
and picked up the telephone receiver.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello," returned the operator.

"Hello!"

"Gosh!" said the man. "How
this thing echoes!"

Two actors were discussing them-
selves over a friendly drink.

"I hear," remarked one, that you
received quite an ovation at the
theatre last night."

"Yes," was the reply. "but some
of the ova was stale."

He was about to leave for the office
when his wife handed him a small
parcel.

"What's this dear?" he asked.

"It's a bottle of hair tonic," she
replied, sweetly.

"Oh, that's very nice of you, dear,"
he said. "But——"

"Oh, it isn't for you: it's for your
typist," she exclaimed. "Her hair is
coming out badly on your coat."

The doctor was summoned to the
telephone.

"Come at once!" came an agonized
voice at the other end. "My little
boy has swallowed my pencil!"

"All right," said the doctor, "I'll
come immediately. What are you
doing in the meantime?"

"Using my fountain-pen."

"My fiance said he would be the
luckiest man in the world when we
were married."

"How about your father?"

Rs. 5 for 100% Laughter.

We invite original jokes
from our readers. A prize of
Rs. 5 will be awarded to the
best original jokes 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 April.

"Yes, I'm sure my voice is improv-
ing," said the lady who prided
herself on her singing. "Do you
know, every time I sing to my husband
in the evening he is so affected that he
gives me some extra money to go
shopping!"

"Ah," her "friend" replied, "that's
what I call hush money!"

At a country race-meeting one of the
amateur jockeys was thrown and sat
down heavily.

His mother went to his assistance.
"You plucky boy!" she said. "You
showed no sign of pain."

"No," said the rider. "I felt it
beneath me."

The very modern child was look-
ing over some of his father's photo-
graph albums containing pictures
taken during the war.

"Dad," he said presently, "What
were you in the Great War?"

Father smiled proudly. "Why, son,
your father was a battery sergeant-
major," he replied.

"High or low tension, dad?" asked
the boy.

She: "I knew this was only an imi-
tation diamond the moment you offered
me the ring."

He: "But you told me that your
sight was bad."

She: "It is, but I'm not stone
blind."

Magistrate: "What did the prisoner
say when you arrested him?"

Policeman: "Leaving out the bad
language, sir?"

Magistrate: "Yes."

Policeman: "Not a word, sir."

Irish Doctor: "Well, my man,
what's the matter with you?"

Pat: "Pain in the back, sir."

Irish Doctor (handing him a few
pills): "Take one of these a quarter
of an hour before you feel the pain
coming on."

Inspector (to small boy): "Now,
what are raised in wet climates?"

Small Boy (promptly): Umbrellas,
sir."

A scientist, giving a lecture to some
students, asked one to name a poisonous
substance. The amusement was
intense when he replied, "Aviation,
sir."

"Come, come!" snapped the Pro-
fessor, "this is no time for hilarity.
What do you mean?"

"Well, sir, one drop will kill!"
was the reply.

I've called to tune your piano,
madam," said the piano tuner.

"But I never asked you to call,"
she snapped.

"No, madam; but your neighbours
did."

Competition Jokes

A gentleman had a motoring accident. On calling at the office of the insurance company, he was given a form to complete. "Remember," said the clerk, "we don't pay you any money in respect of this accident." We only repair or replace the car. "Oh," said the applicant angrily, "if that's the way you do business, give me back the premium I paid on my wife's life."

A. M. A. Arunachalam,
Pallatur.

Teacher: To which number does "trouser" belong?

Ramu: Common number, sir.

Teacher: Common number!

Ramu: Yes. They are singular at the top but plural at the bottom.

Nageswara Rao Chauduri,
Cocanada.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Sure"

"I want to borrow some money."

"Don't worry. It's just as if I never heard it."

M. D. Narayanan,
Bangalore City.

The following confession appeared in a small town paper:—

"Our paper announced last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force."

R. A. Shamanna,
Bangalore City

"What is your occupation?" asked the Judge.

"I am a locksmith," replied the prisoner.

"Oh! what were you doing in the Doctor's house when the police appeared?"

"I was making a bolt for the door"

K. Ranganayakiammal,
Mysore.

An uncivilized villager went to a school to see sports. The first was tug-of-war. When the boys were pulling the rope he was in an agony of surprise and asked the neighbouring boy, "Oh, boy, what is that?"

The boy replied, "that is tug-of-war."

"Why, if they take a knife and cut in the middle it will be all right. Why pull like that?"

A husband goes to a metropolis for a month. Before his departure his favourite wife said, "my darling, I'll write to you in two days."

He "Oh, God, surely you would not spend the hundred rupees I gave you within that time."

Magistrate: How do you account that the accused stole your coat and how do you prove that it is yours?

Petitioner: There is a flower mark in the collar of my coat, sir.

Magistrate: Oh, that is not enough. Why, there is such a mark in my coat also.

Petitioner: Then that coat also should be mine, sir.

Two guests had come to a certain gentleman's house. After the meals, they were found by the host on the road.

The host: What are you quarrelling for?

One guest replied: Please excuse me, sir. Have you got a rupee with you? I want to toss as to which of us is to have your ring and which your chain.

P. R. Pattabiraman,
Dharmapuri.

A pie of Rabbit is a richer table than an anna of vegetables or a rupee of mutton.

P. R. Subramanyan,
Madras.

"Waiter, my bill comes to thirteen annas and you have made it fourteen annas."

"Sorry, sir, I thought I heard you tell your friend you were superstitious."

N. CHELLAPPA
Madras.

Little Sita came into the house weeping. "My goodness," cried her mother. "what a sight you are! How did it happen?"

"I'm s-sorry, Mamma, but I fell into puddle."

"What! with your new dress on?"

"Y-y yes: I didn't have time to change it."

M. G. Rajagopal,
Mysore.

Diner: "You advertised that this restaurant is under new management, but I see the same manager is still here."

Waiter: "Yes, sir, but he got married yesterday."

M. G. Thangachammal,
Mysore.

Mrs. Brown: "The servant that works for me must be very economical!"

Servant: "My last Mistress discharged me for that very reason."

Mrs. Brown: "What! For being economical?"

Servant: Yes, ma'am. I used to wear her cloths!"

Miss. M. T. Susilamani,
Bangalore.

"Pat," said Mike very thoughtfully, "Are you one for believing in dreams at all?"

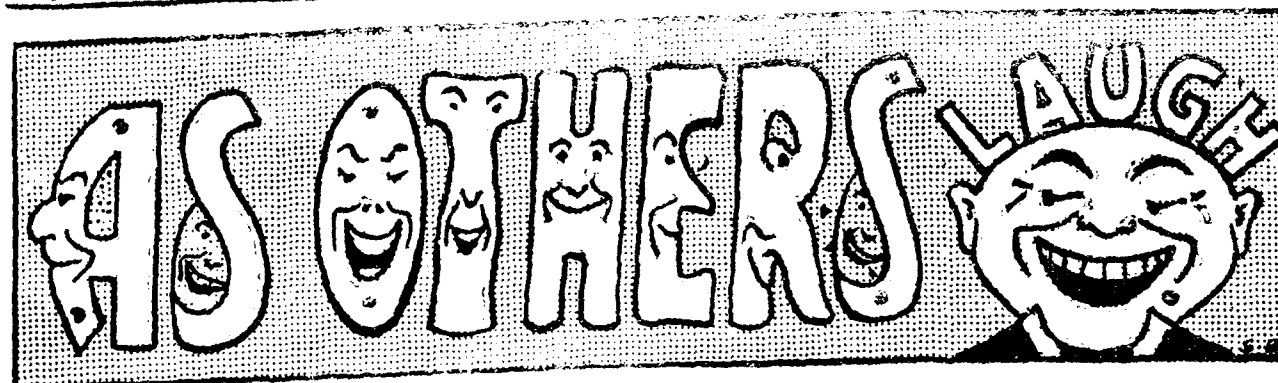
"Sure. I place great faith in dreams," said the fellow countryman.

Mike looked pensive.

"Well," he said after a while, "What sort of sign is it when a married man dreams he's a bachelor?"

"It's a sign he'll get a mighty big disappointment when he wakes up," replied Pat.

M. A. Tirumalachar, B.A.,
Bangalore.



The council was debating the question of building a new canal-bridge in place of their ancient structure. The builder, a member of the council, rose to support the scheme. He pointed to his chief opponent.

"Our bridge is so small," he roared, "that I could throw that man half way over it."

The chairman rose angrily.

"You are out of order," he said.

"Yes," returned the builder, "I admit I'm not feeling well, or I could chuck him clean over."

As the parting instructions were being given to the new traveller the boss said: "Well, good luck to you, my boy. Any important items wire us without delay."

Following day wire arrived: "Arrived here safely. Got a lovely room with bath. Feeling fine."

The manager wired back: "So glad, Remember to air your nightie. Love and kisses."

The curate, young and inexperienced, was asked to referee at an important football match on the village green.

The game was fast and furious, and the crowd took exception to some of his decisions. After a particularly noisy demonstration, facing the spectators, he said: "Er—may we have a show of hands for or against that goal, please?"

The Jones family went for a day's outing to the wonderful cave of echoes. When they reached home Mr. Jones noticed that his wife was not present.

"Do you know where your mother is?" he asked his daughter.

"Oh! I expect she's trying to have the last word."

A West-end comedian went to one of the big London institutions to give an hour's entertainment to the patients. When he had finished, he said he must dash away at once to change for his show at the theatre.

"Oh, come," said the senior surgeon, "you've been very kind to us and we'd like you to have at least a whisky-and-soda before you go."

"I'm afraid I haven't time, thanks."

"Well, a cigar, then?"

"No, thanks, really."

"Oh, hang it, you must have something with us. Have a leg off."

The clerk had just completed a quarter century of faithful service. At the end of the day the boss handed him an envelope inscribed, "In token of this memorable date."

The clerk opened the envelope, and inside it he found a photograph of his employer.

"Well, what do you think of my gift to you in recognition of your devoted service?" the proprietor asked.

"It's just like you," was the ambiguous reply.

"This is Barcelona!" exclaimed the wireless enthusiast.

"Oh, yes," said his grandmother. "I can hear them cracking nuts."

The wife of a recently married Aberdonian had successfully undergone an operation for appendicitis. A day or two after the operation her husband was having a whisky with the doctor, who in a moment of forgetfulness mentioned that the operation should have taken place two or three years earlier.

The father-in-law received the bill.

Jones had just returned to London after working on a bridge-building job in Egypt.

"And did they pay you well on the Nile?" asked a friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "we'd wait till the end of the month. Not exactly on the Nile."

While his mother was away on a visit, little Willie's nurse took him to see his two old aunts.

"And how do you like living alone with your daddy?" asked one. "Do you hug him and kiss him?"

"Oh, yes," said the little fellow. "Me hugged and kissed daddy last night."

"That's wrong," his nurse corrected him. "You should say, 'I hugged and kissed daddy last night.'"

"Nurse," said Willie, "that was Friday night."

He was awakened in the middle of the night by his nervous wife, who said, "I hear sounds as though someone is coming up the stairs."

"What's the time?" he asked sleepily.

"Two o'clock" replied the wife.

"S'all right," he said, turning over; "it'll be me."

He had been receiving anonymous letters. Nasty ones. Though the handwriting was decidedly individual, detectives had failed to trace the writer.

He went to a fancy-dress ball recently. In asking for a dance, he noticed on a fair damsel's programme a signature with the exact handwriting of the anonymous writer. He waited. Soon a fellow disguised as a lion came along.

Things are now even more anonymous. All he knows further is that a fellow dressed as a lion knocked him out.

Results of 'Add one letter' Competition

Correct Solutions of 'Add one letter' Competition are as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|---------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. CASH | 3. POINT | 5. GAME | 7. RONGH | 9. MEAT |
| 2. BAWL | 4. GAIN | 6. BROND | 8. SCAB | 10. BULK |

The first prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following eight gentlemen and the sum of Rs. 30 has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. M. S. NAIR,
D. T. S. T. office, M. S. M. Rly. Bezwada. | 5. P. V. SRINIVASAN,
810, Ramanatha Bhat Lane, V. P. Koil St., Tanjore. |
| 2. S. V. NATH, B.A., B.L.,
Sub court Palghat. | 6. R. S. NATESA SARMA,
63 Balagopalaswami St., Mannargudi. |
| 3. K. V. HARIDAS RAO,
Pensioner H. R. Covil Street, Karur. | 7. V. RAMIAH CHETTIAR,
Swan East Lane, Nagore. |
| 4. DURAISAMY,
678, Church Chambers, Tanjore. | 8. A. S. NARAYANASAMI AIYER,
Pensioner, Kaloor Village, Chandragiri Post, Chittoor Dt. |

The second prize of Rs. 20 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. MISS. THELMA RODRIGUES,
C/o P. F. Murrian, Loco. Qtrs.
Rajahmundry. | 19, 20. K. N. Rao,
Waltair, R.S. B. N. Ry. |
| 2, 3. M. S. NAIR,
D. T. S. T. Office,
M. S. M. Rly. Bezwada. | 21. B. S. VENKATRAMAN,
7, Jadamuni Koil St., Madura. |
| 4. NARAYANA RAO,
Franyi Khengar Buildings,
Main Road Vizagapatam. | 22. N. S. NATARAJAN,
Ramakrishna Lodge,
Teppakulam, P. O. Trichy. |
| 5. S. NANJUNDIAH,
Law College, Trivandrum. | 26. MANIAPRA RAMUNNI MENON,
Ottapalam, Malabar. |
| 6. K. APPASAMY,
Junior Intermediate,
Voorhees College, Vellore. | 24, 25, 26, 27. V. RAMIAH CHETTIAR,
Sivan East Lane, Nagore. |
| 7, 8, 9, 10. R. S. NATESA SANNA,
63, Balagopalaswami St.,
Mannargudi. | 28, 29. L. RENBEN,
102, Seppings Road, Bangalore Cant. |
| 11. N. J. SREENIVASAN,
694, Hanuman Temple, St.,
Oldagrabar, Mysore. | 30. B. SUBRAMANIAN,
15/234, Rangai Gownder St.,
Coimbatore. |
| 12. M. SUNDARAM,
Brahmeshtipuram, Melakkaveri, Kumbakonam. | 31. H. VENKATRAMANA RAO,
Sannadhi St., Polur. |
| 13. T. T. SAMBANDA MOORTHY,
C/o The Gramandhara, Vyabara,
Sangam, Ltd., Big Bazar St., Coimbatore. | 32. K. V. KANNAN NAIR,
Retired Excise Inspector,
Pallikunnu Post, North Malabar. |
| 14, 15, 16, 17. S. V. NATH, B.A., B.L.,
Sub Court Palghat. | 33, 34. I. R. MUTHUSAMY B.Sc.
Office of the Post Master General,
Mount Road, Madras. |
| 18. A. P. THANDAPANI,
Main Road, Nagore. | 35, 36, 37. A. S. NARAYANASAMI AIYER,
Pensioner, Kaloor Village,
Chandragiri Post, Chittoor Dt. |

All Prizes will be despatched in due course.

ONLY ONE SET! NO ENTRANCE FEE! ONLY ONE SET!

Rs. 50 CASH PRIZES.

In "The Film Titles" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 30.

SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 20.

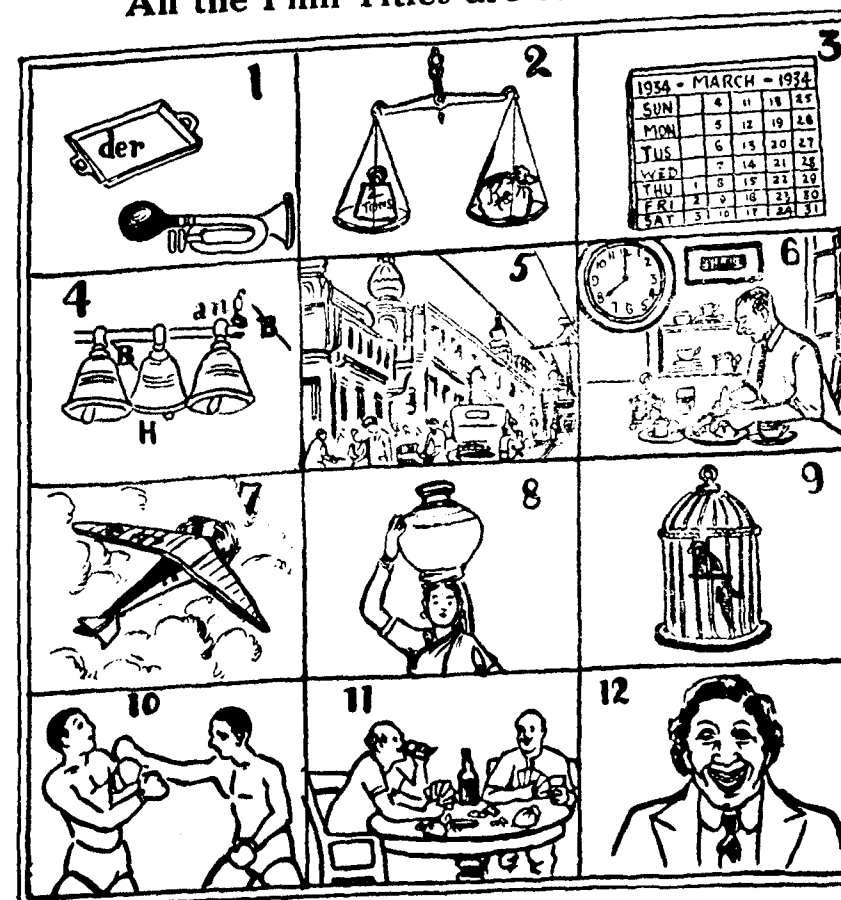
Closing date 5th April, 1934.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

Here is another easy picture puzzle for you. On this page 12 pictures and a list of Film Titles are given. Each illustration of the Twelve pictures denotes a title of a well known film. All you have to do is to study each picture and find out the title of the film. A list of Film Titles containing all the correct Film titles are printed by the side of the pictures. As an example No. 1 is solved for you. In the picture No. 1 there are pictures of a tray with 'der' over it and a motor horn. So the title for that is *Trader Horn*. In the list also the title *Trader Horn* is found. So the answer for Picture No. 1 is *Trader Horn*. All the others will have to be solved in the same way out of the Film titles given in the list.

As you find the solutions write them on the Free Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempts to reach our office not later than the closing date namely the 5th April 1934.

All the Film Titles are to be chosen only from this list.



Trader Horn
Laughter
Bad company
Cage bird
Dinner at Eight
Street Scene
Hell's angels
Tons of money
Big gamble
For the defence
Calendar
Pretty polly
Sky Raiders
City streets
Village girl
Fighting test
Men of the sky
Challenge

(For the coupon see next page.)

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 5th April '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 "**Film Titles**" 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.

"THE FILM TITLES" COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th April 1934.

- | | |
|----------------|----------|
| 1. TRADER HORN | 7. |
| 2. | 8. |
| 3. | 9. |
| 4. | 10. |
| 5. | 11. |
| 6. | 12. |

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 31-3-'34

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



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

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

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

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

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

The Mysteries of the Court of London

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST EDITION.

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

Published in 17 Vols.

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

Postage As. 7 extra.

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

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

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

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

Seamstress or the White Slave of England

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

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

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

Rye House Plot

OR

RUTH, THE CONSPIRATOR'S DAUGHTER
4 Vols. Rs. 3.

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

ALFRED

OR

The Adventures of a French Gentleman

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

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

Bronze Statue

OR

The Virgin's Kiss

IN 4 VOLS. RS. 3.

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

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

G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.**Stories Told by a Gendarme**

In One Vol. Price As. 12

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

Canonbury House

OR

The Queen's Prophecy

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 2-4-0

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

**The Mysteries of old London
or The Days of Hogarth**

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 2-4-0

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

Pope Joan

OR

The Female Pontiff

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 1-12-0

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

The young Fisherman

OR

The Spirit of the Lake and The Baroness of Grandmanoir

IN ONE VOL. AS. 10

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

Robert Macaire

OR

The French Bandit in England

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

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

The Young Duchess

OR

The Memoirs of a lady of Quality

IN 4 VOLS. RS. 3

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

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

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 nerve.

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

Per Phial for 20 days Rs. 1.

" " 40 " Rs. 1-12.

Scorpion Stings.



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

Per Box As. 8.

Sakuntala Hair Oil.



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

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

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

Per Bottle As. 12.

Cough Cure.



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

PER PHIAL 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 fang neuralgia, Gum boils, ulcerations bleedings swelling of the gum and face, ulcers of the tongue, etc. 1 Tin As. 2 and 6 Tin As. 10.

Photo Album.

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

Price Rs. 1-12-0 each.

A real boon to suffering humanity!

GOLD PILLS.



Youth in thirty minutes.

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

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

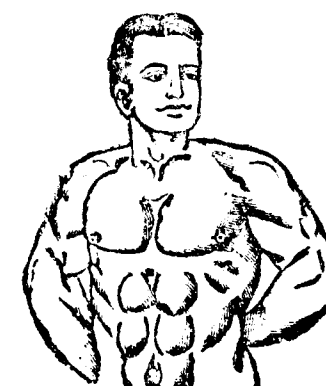
If two pills are taken daily morning and after supper with

milk, coffee, ovaltine or water before going to bed, it will restore manly powers and it is useful to both sexes. No restriction of diet. One phial of 20 pills price Rs. 2.

Amirthasanjeevi Lekyam

AND

Ayakanta Bhaspam.



The Strength-giving and Nerve-Invigorating Elixir.

This remarkable medicine is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life, Sleeplessness, tremblings, palpitation, nervous dyspepsia, mental and bodily prostration, Muscular and local weakness, general and nervous debility, faulty nutrition, premature decay or deficiency of the vital forces, waste of vitality, harassing dreams, sudden 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 As. 8 Extra.

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

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

Postage Rs. 1-4-0 Extra.

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

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

Hair Destroyer.

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

Price Per Phial As. 8

G. Cure.

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

PER PHIAL RE. 1.

Latest Novelty

Automatic Motion!!

Hygienic Rubber Goods.

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

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

Price 1st Quality Rs. 2 0 0 each.

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

Guaranteed British Manufacture.

Contraceptive & Birth Control Device for Women.

Solid rim Improved Check pessary
with Silk string.

FOR WOMEN.

(PRO-RACE PATTERN.)

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

Price 1st Quality Rs. 3 0 0 Each.

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

Krishna Sanjeevi

The Soothing Balm for all Pains.



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

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

Per Phial As. 8.

Ringworm Cure.

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

Per Phial As. 4.

"IDEAL"

HAND EMBROIDERY MACHINE

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

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

Rs. 2-8-0 only.

HAIR DYE.

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

Price Rs. 1 per phial.

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

OR

The Memoirs of a Maid-Servant

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

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

"Joseph Wilmot"

OR

The Memoirs of a Man-Servant.

This is a comprehensive account of a country-born forced by necessity to take shelter in the metropolis of London where both crime and vice, crime and murder, fidelity and dishonesty and all other conflicting specimen of humanities live and play the role in their own suits. 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.

FUNNY MAGZIN

MARCH LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME.
Rs. 50 IN CASH PRIZES

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during March dated 5-3-1934 and 20-3-1934 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 March '34 the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magz., dated 5th April 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.

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.