

278

FUNNY MAG.

1278

Lucky Number 34199

&

Contest Prizes

Rs. 155

WITH A GOOD BENT
FOR MUSIC



SINGLE COPY As. 1-6



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.

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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 the Manager.

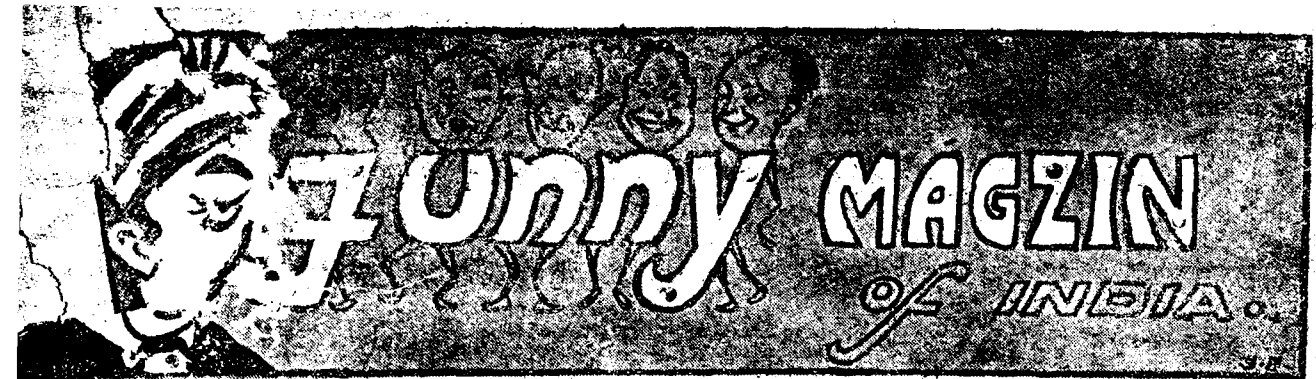
Telephone No. 3005.

Telegrams: "ANANDA BODHINI," MADRAS.

THE MANAGER,
The FUNNY MAGZIN,
6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali St., Madras.

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

Vol I.

MADRAS, 5th MAY, 1934.

No. 19.



A Human Failing as old as the Race itself!

BHAI FUNZIN CHATS:

Dear Little Chums!



"BHAI FUNZIN"

Yes, some nice things are coming in for the Kids' Corner which I am getting up for your Well-Beloved Selves. When it is all ready, when some of you at least have sent me what you like best or laugh at most, I shall surely be so happy to come out with the Kids' Corner.

By the way,

The Prize Jokes are coming in in ever growing bulk—every day sees such goodly heaps coming.

Here are the Prize Winners for the last month: (1) Mr. S. M. Iyer, Nagpur; (2) Miss. M. N. Radhammal, Mysore; (3) Mr. Abdul Kayum Sait, Pondicherry, (4) Mr. Nageswara Rao Chowdry, Cocanada: to all whom we give our hearty hand of felicitations.

As it did last time, the Star Art Photo appears on the base of our "FUNNY" done in special artistic tin. We do not grudge all that it means because our Readers' unstinted appreciation so generally communicated to us, amply repays us.

This time, we open the month of May. Ah, very bright Sun, you say. True, but it is the month of brightest Moon too: and the Queen of the Night is at her best only in the clear month of May.

And that is why poetic Friends lightly turn their thoughts to Dreamy Future and Dreamier Forms.

Else, how audaciously dare our Friend, "Aha" muse upon the possibilities of Sex Glory in the year of Grace 3333? Or, how can that other serio-comic "Cheamah" spin out his really humorous explosion of "Dear Darling, I will never forget this fine Kiss"? and then "Jalaja" comes in with an appeal of delicacy all its own.

And as our "Brahma" captures these daring Flights of our Dreamy set, in his own inimitable style of Beauty and Reality, no wonder that from all parts of the Empire our "Brahma" is hailed with praise for his Art Creations.

Most Cheerfully,
BHAI FUNZIN.

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JALAJA - THE JOY-GIRL HOW LOVE WON BEAUTY

By
"ARBELA"



JALAJA was always happy!

It was her birthright.

She was slim—not too slim—with just a suggestion of fulness where need be—tall without being unwomanly tall, broad forehead not massively Shakespearean, but the full semi-curve of the half moon—and eyes—well, soft lovely,

but not too overwhelming to be of any good on whomsoever their potent rays might fall.

Yet, Jalaja was happy.

She was not single. She lived with Ramesh. No, they were not united in holy wedlock according to the primeval rites and ceremonies.

But they enjoyed all the happiness of Earth and Flesh.

Ramesh was not an idler: he made money in his own way and as suited his whims.

He started as a savage critic of all kinds of Indian Jewellery: he would scrap them all: he would destroy them: he would even make a gift of them to Mahatma Gandhi when that good man goes about on his quinquennial collection for some mighty

cause which only a Mahatma can invent.

Not that Ramesh has any scruples about giving away what he does not like; but his fear was lest these bad misshapen designs should once more get into vogue.

The result being that Ramesh, from being the destroyer of current jewel fashions, became the creator of new artistic styles in Indian ornaments; what he designed was law, and his law ruled the land.

So that Ramesh, without intending became the fashion expert; and things so shaped themselves that for the time he spent on his new art creations, he was being repaid pretty fairly—no matter how seriously the canker of Depression has overtaken practically all walks of life.

Nor did Jalaja live on the bounty of her real and dear friend Ramesh. She was a musical artist of a voice-beauty only equalled by her personal beauty, a fact which was known and quietly loved, enjoyed and admired by a select body of music fans; she too found munificent patronage; and what she and Ramesh had was all theirs and none else's but theirs.

It was all for them to enjoy: the best salts for baths; the best of teas and cakes; the purest milk, the chastest almonds, select and tasty; the choicest of foods and drinks; life flowed merrily on.

Ah, but the voice of the highly Puritanical souls would object to the way Jalaja and Ramesh lived.

How could they live together like that? they asked. True, they had two separate rooms side by side; but, it was not even an open secret, but a closed fact, which all knew and nobody spoke about, that they lived as man and his mate.

How could they live like that?

That was the protest of the meddlesome busybody world, which minds everything in which it ought not to poke its nose.

But what cared they?

Jalaja cared for Ramesh; Ramesh cared for Jalaja.

The world was nought for two such souls: there was no room for the world in between their love: it had woven so close round their two souls and knit them so flesh with each other that what "they" might say or what "they" might think was no part or item in the programme of their undisturbed enjoyment of all that the World and Flesh offered them during their stay on this planet.

Yet, love may endure; but not worldly goods; love survives wealth, age and trials: only when Love is of the true noble metal without the adulteration of the alloy of the baser stuff.

But Ramesh and Jalaja's love was of that noble unmixed kind.

Jalaja had her shower bath with flower essences. She had only half dressed; and as she reclined on the settee by Ramesh, he looked at her innocent care-free face and said:

"Jalaja, silly child, do you know that we have practically come to the last note of money in that box?"

"What then, if we have?" asked Jalaja.

"The question is very simple: what shall we do after that too has followed its companions?" asked Ramesh.

"I can make money."

"Can you, dearest girl?"

"I can."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I did; so I can."

"These are days of Terrible depression, my dear good lady," he said in a tone of mock humility.

"Ah, foolish boy, Ramesh. You are a baby that does not know the value of the doll you are playing with. Somebody, say Luck, gave me to you, easy and free. And so you think what is difficult for others is as difficult for me too," answered Jalaja.

"Jalaja, Jalaja, you never spoke thus of yourself any day all these days. What makes you so bold now?" wondered Ramesh.

"Just because I too saw that we have no more money to spend and that we have to find out some new means of filling up our purse. So I tried if I could not add to our common stock."

"And what did you do?" asked Ramesh.

"Why, I offered to mount the Kinema Stage."

MAY 5, 1934

"You! Jalaja! Kinema Star!" almost swooned Ramesh.

"Yes, I, Ramesh, I did offer myself. Are you jealous?"

"Never that, Jalaja. Only I wondered. What luck did you have?"

"They offered a thousand a week."

"So——."

"So there you are. I have to meet the Manager and begin from the morrow. Is that right?"

"Then, Jalaja, I shall wake you early to-morrow. That is sweet," he kissed her a dozen times.

Jalaja sprang from her settee.

She stared in anger for just a second.

"No, no, Ramesh, I shall never go to the Kinema Stages. Money I may get. But, good boy, I don't know what may happen to you. Who knows some lucky wench may find your worth and win your heart. Not that you can ever love me less: but you are too gentle, too charitable not to give of your pure heart to one that begs for it. Never shall I leave you," and she rested back on the settee.

Ramesh somehow drew larger sums from his Art designs for Indian Jewellery: money began to slip in more freely.

The purse did not come to that end that once threatened to cut down their comfort.

And, Love did conquer Beauty as Prosperity stole in between to aid them both.

He was reading to his wife an account of a naturalist's death. "Reaching for a rare plant, he slipped over the cliff, and as he fell he gathered momentum."

"Oh, Fred," interrupted his wife. "The poor man! What an enthusiast he must have been. Fancy picking flowers even as he fell to his doom."

Mrs. M. D. Sriranga,
Bangalore.

Big Man: "So you would like to be my typist?"

Fair applicant: "Yes, Sir."

Big Man: "What are your qualifications?"

Fair applicant: "I can detect your wife's coming by the sound of her footsteps."

M. D. Krishnan,
Bangalore.

As the maid was washing, her mistress asked her if she soon would be finished. "I'm coming to the tail end of them ma'am," she replied,

"Oh," said the mistress, "don't say tail end, but say I am coming to the conclusion."

Later, that same day, they heard a noise outside. The mistress asked the maid, "what noise that was?" "Oh," replied the maid, "that's a donkey gone down the road, with a tin can tied to his 'conclusion'."

Miss M. T. Susilamani,
Bangalore.

Male Mickey:—"Why can't I marry your daughter in marriage?"

Female Mickey:—"Sorry! She is four years younger than you."

Male Mickey:—"Never mind! I'll wait for four years."

R. S. Parthasarathy,
G. T., Madras.

Beggar:—Sab, blind sab, Sab blind sab.

Sab (getting wild): Who is blind you fool.

Customer:—What will be the price of that empty bottle.

Shop keeper:—It will cost you only two annas sir, but if you take anything in it I will give you free.

Customer:—All right then insert a cork in it and give it to me.

Abdul Kyum Sait,
Pondicherry.

The English master noticed that young Kittu was back in the class after a long absence through illness. He said, "I am glad to see you Kittu, here again. You have to make up a good lot! How long have you been away?" Kittu, "Since the Burial of Sir John Moore, Sir."

P. R. Pattabhiram,
Dharmapuri.

Teacher (to the student):—Well; illustrate which is farther—Moon or Africa?

Student:—(All at a sudden) Africa!

Teacher:—Why so?

Student:—The moon is visible from here, but Africa is not.

Father (to his son):—How do you like your teacher?

Son:—Dad! He knew nothing. He asks me to tell him, what is a rain drop? how is the rain caused? and the total of six plus two; as if he does not know himself.

M. Abdul Majeed,
Madras.

Kind-hearted gent (to a boy):—Why are you crying boy?

Boy:—I had lost my four annas which I gathered in these long four months.

(The man gave him a coin of 4 annas)

The boy again began to cry.

Man:—Why are you crying again?

Boy:—If I have not lost my four annas I would have gathered eight annas.

Khoja Sadrudin Visram,
Karachi.

BABY COMES TO AID

— BY M. V. V. R. —

THE clock just chimed nine when the calling bell announced somebody's arrival in the office of Rupchand, the money-lender whose name was a byword for usury and extortion. It was rather unusual for any visitor to call at Rupchand's office at such a late hour of the night, but since courtesy demanded Rupchand condescended to grant the late comer an interview.

In response to the calling bell the usual "Come in" was said by the Sowcar and there entered a tall lithe individual whose mien bespoke of him as a gentleman.

"Good morning Mr. Rupchand. Kindly excuse me for this intervention at such a late hour as this. Will you please find it convenient to have a talk with me"

"Oh yes. If it is business you needn't stand on any such formality. You may proceed on straight with the business.

"You might remember Mr. Rupchand I spoke to you once about a client of mine who has asked me about raising some money."

"Well! Well! I thought you have gone over here to pay your own loan which has long been overdue. I propose to think or consider of any other business with you only after your present loan has been paid in toto. I will have to resort to unpleasantness if you do not repay the loan by the end of this month."

"How is it you seem to lose your patience which is one of the indispensable ingredients of a man of business. You are going on lecturing even without lending your ear fully to what the other man has to say. I propose to repay your loan only through

the commission. I expect from that rich client, whom I promised to secure a loan from you." As to the solvency yourself, of your solicitors first go through the papers and satisfy yourselves."

Rupchand having convinced himself that the lawyer Ragunath would at last be able to repay the loan, said, "Yes, then what do you want me to do now."

"Come along with me to my client's house and talk the business over. That's all. You may pay the money to her later.

"Very well then I will come. I ought to write an urgent letter and before I do so kindly have the car ready in the porch." So saying Rupchand began to pen his missive very vigorously. As soon as the letter was finished he donned his long-coat, and came out of his office in quite a business-like style and got into the car which was awaiting his arrival. A short way off was a post pillar in which Rupchand posted his letter and the stately limousine with Rupchand as its inmate and Ragunath, the Advocate at the steering went towards the south in a breakneck speed.

Some minutes elapsed and the car stopped in front of a house in a deserted part of the city. Ragunath got down the driver's seat offering to open the door for the Sowcar. In the pitch darkness of the night Rupchand felt an excruciating pain in his chest and the next moment his fate was sealed. Ragunath then withdrawing the sharp instrument from the wound taking care not to stain himself or the car, drove it further north the speedometer of the car showing eighty at times. Being an adept at driving, he avoided a smash with another car on the way, and eluded the notice of a passing

policeman at his car number by switching off the car lights.

On reaching the city limits he stopped his car before a brick tunnel, which exhibited sign of not being in use, into which the Sowcar's body was safely deposited and once more Ragunath's car was racing towards the metropolis to the house of Rupchand. Kneeling down before the usurer's safe the contents of which were rifled, everything including the ledger, pocket book and pro-notes were removed. Once more to ensure perfection he ransacked Rupchand's safe and none but a pocket book belonging to one "Amar-nath" containing a list of names and amount in no way corresponding with Ragunath's own ledger, was left there.

By this time it was eleven and he remembered that he ought to park the car opposite to the Elphinstone theatre, lest he courts trouble, because it was from there that he pinched the car when the owner of it was enjoying the performance in the theatre, and it was just then that the show closed and the audience began to disperse. He leaving the car in its place, mixed himself with the crowd and shook hands with the Asst. Commissioner of Police, who was just coming after attending the show. The coming to the place where his own car was, tipped the attendant with a silver coin who jeered at such a handsome *baksheesh* for taking care of his car for more than two hours.

Back home by half an hour past eleven Ragunath was quite busy with burning those papers of which he was terribly afraid of. No sooner did he perform this onerous task of destruction than was he relieved of a night mare.

A couple of days later, it was eight o'clock in the morning when a person who called himself a police official demanded an interview of Ragunath. The interview was granted and the police official in quite a business-like way asked the lawyer "Will you kindly put me in the knowledge as to the

whereabouts of Rupchand the money-lender with whom you were seen day before yesterday night from which time onwards the Sowcar is not to be seen.

A sudden chill passed through the body of Ragunath, but he not disclosing his uneasiness asked quite calmly "What?" Then the police officer drew from his pocket an envelope addressed to his son Vittal, by the Sowcar: "I am following advocate Ragunath on business. In case I don't turn up you know with whom I went with." After perusing the letter with affected calmness, Ragunath looking the police official in his eyes asked, "What of this?"

"I needn't tell sir, you know what it connotes. Kindly answer your charge. Ragunath at once viewing the situation rather correctly, said "I do not know who this Rupchand is even. I haven't come across such a man named Rupchand either in my professional or private capacity. Moreover day before yesterday night that is on the night of the disappearance.—

What is that man named.—

Rupchand.

"Yes Rupchand. I was attending the Elphinstone theatre between quarter to nine and a quarter past eleven."

"Can you prove to that effect."

"Of course; quite willingly. It is fair play now."

Then Ragunath to the detriment of his professional business went to the theatre Manager, whom he convinced about his having attended the play by giving a complete account of it in front of the police official. Then the police official suspected Ragunath of having attended the performance on a previous occasion since the same film was exhibited during the entire week.

Then Ragunath also said that he could prove his having been to the theatre on the day in question even, by referring to the assistant Commis-

sioner of Police with whom he shook hands in the other day. When both the police official and Ragunath here interviewing Assistant Commissioner of Police information came to the latter that Sowcar Rupchand's dead body was found in a brick tunnel in the borders of the city. Whatever it might be, the Assistant Commissioner of Police had to recognise in Ragunath the person who shook hands with him outside the picture palace, and on all sides the police were thwarted by lack of evidence."

The police had simply to prove some connection of Ragunath with the dead Sowcar Rupchand and the advocate could be brought to book. But the latter with the skill of an adept removed all traces of evidence by destroying every possible incriminating document that he found in Rupchand's safe.

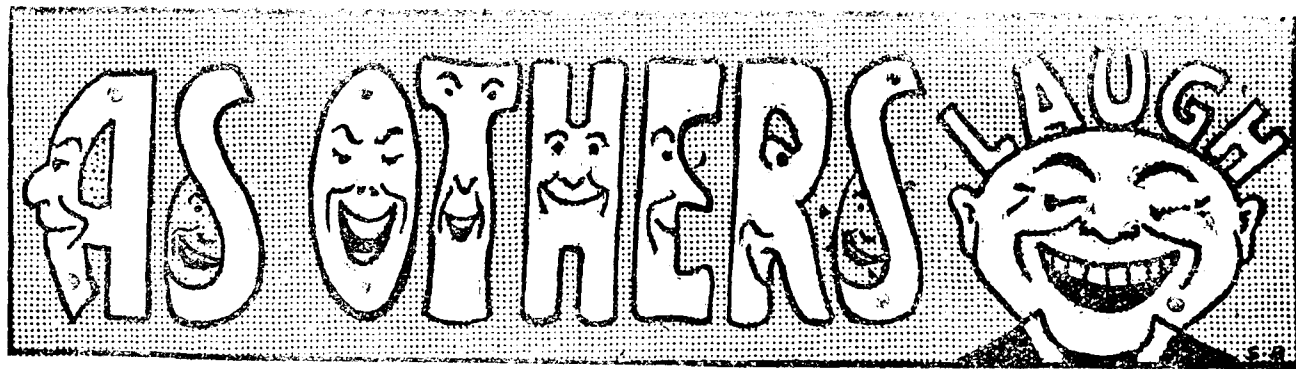
The crime branch and the criminal intelligence department set to work in this case day and night and they got so many particulars about the case, except the one required—that could establish the least connection between the Advocate Ragunath and the Sowcar Rupchand.

Ragunath has already seen the film a couple of days ago and thus was able to convince the theatre manager about his attendance. He stole a car that his own could not be identified. Destroyed all evidence against himself in the money-lender's office by burning away all records and documents. How are the police to charge sheet him and on what evidence. They were all in a despair about it, when a private detection, who was very often sneered at by the police and the so called C.I.D.'s. offered to investigate and give them soon clue. This detective was nicknamed by the police as "baby" meaning thereby that he was after all a stripling in the art of detection. Anyhow since Mr. Baby (we shall also call him so) offered his help at the moment of despair it was gratefully accepted and a generous reward was even promised.

The next day the Commissioner of Police, the Asst. Commissioner and some other police officials were discussing over the sensation of the season "Sowcar Rupchand's murder" and the perfectly and carefully prepared *alibi* of the criminal. Just then Mr. Baby entered with two registers under his arm-pit. All the police officers swarmed round our Baby. Some confident of Baby's talents, and many others hoping to have cheap sneers at his cost. The Police Commissioner in stentorian voice asked "Well Baby, anything that could lead to the arrest of Ragunath. Came right to the point yes or no"

"Yes sir" began Baby "for the purpose of evading the harassments of the income tax department Rupchand ran his business under two names, one under his own name Rupchand at his residence, and the other business under the name of Amarnath at Mount Road. He kept two private registers Rupchand's office containing the register with the transactions of the firm under the name Amarnath, and the latter firm containing the register of the office which went under the name of Rupchand. In time Rupchand is the virtual proprietor of both the concerns Rupchand and Amarnath. All the transactions between Rupchand and Ragunath are entered in the register of the firm of Rupchand but found at Messrs. Amarnath. The clue for this I got from the pocket book in the Sowcar's safe, which I think the criminal did not think as useful for him."

With glee did the Commissioner perused the pocket-book obtained from the firm of Amarnath which ratified to the statements of Mr. Baby. Orders flashed forth for the arrest of Ragunath and the appointment of Mr. Baby (who has proved his worth) in the detective force much to the chagrin of many police officials.



"Phwat was the last card I dealt ye. Moike?"

"A sphade."

"Oi knew ut. I saw ye spit on ye hands before ye picked ut up."

Two kindly old ladies stopped a ragged urchin in the street one day, and asked him why his mother didn't patch his trousers with a cloth that would match; and the boy blurted out: "That ain't no patch; that's me."

First Charlady: "You know, dear what do you call those drawings that are all scratches?"

Second Charlady: "You mean itchings, don't you, dearie?"

Counsel: Are you positive that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"

Witness: "I was until you cross-examined me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car at all."

The captain remarked to the boatswain:

"Supposing when young you had choatewain Some easier job."

Than just being a gob (sailor)?"

And the boatswain replied: "Well, suppoatewain?"

Little Chap (to his tired mother): "Oh, mither, whaur dis the tide gang tae when it gangs oot?"

Mother: "I dinna ken, sonny. It's a gey mystery, like your faither when he gangs oot."

Editor: "Well, how's that thrilling article getting on?"

Author (looking up from blank paper): "Too thrilling for words!"

"If I gave you a hundred pounds," said Mr. Blank to his son, "what would you do with it?"

"Count it," said the son.

An Irish Guards officer called up a sergeant and spoke of the unsoldierly appearance of a recruit.

"He looks very slovenly, sergeant."

"Yes, sor."

"Are you sure he washes?"

"Yes, sor."

"Absolutely certain he washes?"

"Yes, sor, but he dries a bad colour, sor."

"Why have you broken off your engagement with Reggie?"

"He told me he was connected with the movies, and last week I saw him on a furniture van."

"Sometimes I think my husband's got tired of me, Mrs. Smith."

"Why do you say that, Mrs. Tomkins?"

"He hasn't been home for three years."

Prospective Purchaser of Car (second-hand): "What's she like on hills?"

Owner: Hills! Down 'em in a jiffy!"

A commercial traveller asked an Aberdeen draper for a repeat order for elastic.

"Na, na," said the Aberdonian, "I'm for nae mair o' your elastic. I couldna measure a yaird o' your last consignment wi'oot the darned stuff snapping."

The young housewife was in tears over her futile attempt to cook hubby's first meal.

"What is it, dear," he asked, sympathetically. "Oven out of order?" "Oh, no," she sobbed. "I—I've been all the morning trying to pluck this rabbit."

During a political campaign in a small Western town a publicity man hailed a candidate and said: "James, there's a paper in this town says you're illiterate."

"Illiterate!" bellowed the politician. "I ain't, I was the second child in the family."

"If you wash your face I'll give you a piece of chocolate," said grandmother. "And if you wash behind your ears I give you two pieces."

"Grandma," replied Johnny, "perhaps I'd better have a bath."

"What's the first thing that turns green in the spring?"

"Christmas jewellery."

Temporary Postman (returning with parcel): "I've been from end to end of that road and there's no house called 'Frugile.'"

"How is Morton getting on with his young wife?"

"Well, a month after the wedding a belated telegram of congratulations arrived and they refused to take it in."

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A citizen of Trichy recently succeeded in jumping four feet seven inches from a sitting position.

He has since discovered that it was his wife who left her needle in the arm-chair!

The S. I. Ry. recently carried a carriage full of eggs.

So now we have, not only express trains but also Eggspress trains.

'There is often a certain amount of truth in a rumour.'

A smatter of fact, eh?

In a recent lecture, an eminent doctor recommends us to abandon the customary posture of the body during sleep, and instead, to place the feet higher than the head.

But we beg to assure him that this is not a new idea. We have often known gentleman, who have celebrated at some tavern, sleep quite soundly with their feet on the pillow.

"Why do hippopotomuses have such extraordinary thick

skin?" asks a regular reader from Berhampore. No doubt to prepare it for the many unkind things that would be said about its face.

"No home is quite complete without children," says the Bishop of London. On the other hand, a father of three, points out that no home is ever complete with them.

Close upon the statement that an Indian who is charged with killing an Englishman, has expressed "his sincere regret" for the crime, comes the news that he has been committed to trial on a charge of murder.

Surely the action of the magistrate seems more than a little brutal after such an apology.

From an advertisement:—A gentle-man writes "After 19 years of use, I have found a cup of tea taken after a dose of —, a great boon." It is only right to give these remedies a fair trial before rushing out into print about them.

"For to-morrow's ceremony 200 of the leading residents have been invited, who with their wives, will number it is expected, nearly 500, which is the full capacity of the hall." Exeter Express, Nov. 1.

We had all along thought that polygamy was not a strong point in the West!

"The management have spared no pains or expense to make this total un-approachable." Advt. in Bombay Gazette.

Another example of commercial candour!

Owing to a strike of grave diggers in Paris, soldiers were employed to do their work, and they have been grumbling at their unmilitary task. The authorities ought to have called it: 'Practice trench digging.'

"Carry on," says the 'Observer,' "is the sailor's watch word."

No doubt, we have seen a lot of Jacks at it with the Anglo-Indian girls!

From a girl-school's examination:

Question:—Explain the following passage:—

"Those melodious bursts that fill,

The spacious halls of Elizabeth."

Answer:—Songs that Elizabeth used to write in her spare time.

"Trade talks at Delhi." Hindu 29-11-33

Yes, and we can guess what it said.

Girls of 3333

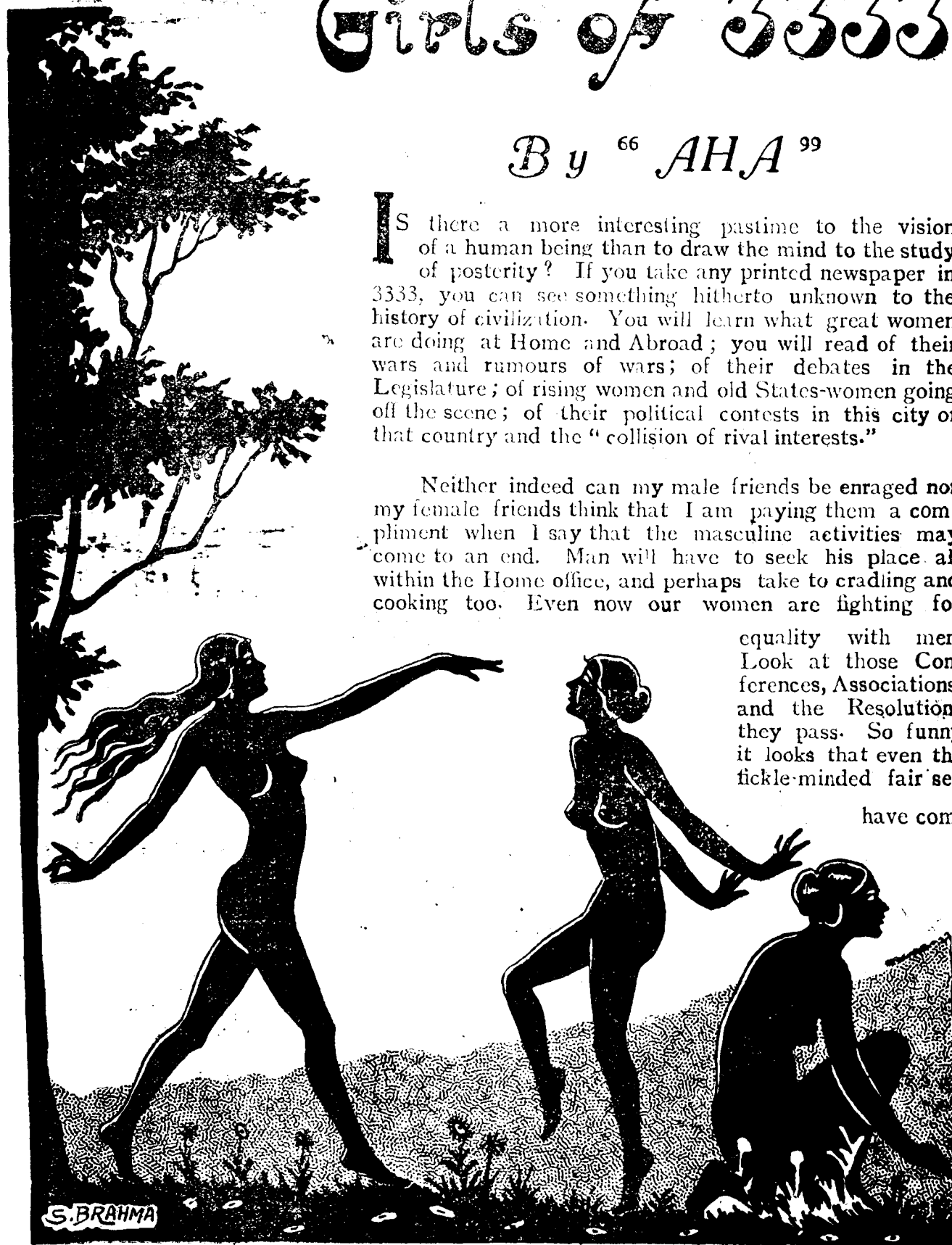
By ⁶⁶AHA⁹⁹

IS there a more interesting pastime to the vision of a human being than to draw the mind to the study of posterity? If you take any printed newspaper in 3333, you can see something hitherto unknown to the history of civilization. You will learn what great women are doing at Home and Abroad; you will read of their wars and rumours of wars; of their debates in the Legislature; of rising women and old States-women going off the scene; of their political contests in this city or that country and the "collision of rival interests."

Neither indeed can my male friends be enraged nor my female friends think that I am paying them a compliment when I say that the masculine activities may come to an end. Man will have to seek his place all within the Home office, and perhaps take to cradling and cooking too. Even now our women are fighting for

equality with men. Look at those Conferences, Associations, and the Resolutions they pass. So funny it looks that even the tickle-minded fair sex

have com-



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menced to think. They are fast approaching a clear position of being able to live their own life and stand upon their own legs.

A doubt may arise as to, to whom thanks are due for our safety from this danger for many more years. Naturally to our revered ancestors. In India owing to the morality, chastity and modesty which developed the noble characters of womanhood from time immemorial, it may take a very long time to see this interesting picture, but there are many things that captivate our interest.

Unlike many other Western countries, in India, man feels shy even after the widespread of transplanted western civilization, increasing education and co-education, to talk to a strange girl or a middle-



aged woman. Even if some heroic spirit comes forward to get over this common and yet forbidden thing, a thousand eyes would be focussed on him. This may make our hero nervous. Naturally heroes lose their hearts when they become victims of selfish criticism. The so-called moralists may plead their philosophy for the sake of pleading; but, strange as it is, I am inclined to think that this shyness is a noxious growth of our civilization and culture.

Shyness will be a strange word in the Lexicon of 3333.

In those bright years, even the mute, the unlettered one and the stone walls too might talk to a woman of impelling beauty without the least tremour about love, roses and moonlight-nights. When you dream of romance and when your dream ideal comes to life in flesh and blood, you are often startled, thrilled, nay, encompassed with a passionate desire to shower your affections upon your beloved. It may only be the lavish display of their physical beauties combined with their facial charms that gives such Promethean spark to the eloquence of man.

Our scholastic career could not have enjoyed a more humorous and enjoyable time than in the Geography class. The ebb and flow of troubles might victimise the heart of students when questions about our own Motherland, India, is asked by the teacher and it is left for the teacher himself to answer whose thoroughness and correctness we even now admire and which is yet ringing in our ears like the bells of my angry boss. When that is so I cannot forget the 'Muslin of Dacca' bearing an ample testimony to the finest achievement of Indian Industry. But our teachers have certainly failed to discharge their duties as they did not furnish to us in our younger days proper testimony to the fact whether our honoured women wore this transparent Muslin—To err is human—nor will I take any trouble to find out the fact whether the privilege of wearing this transparent clothes was extended to our women as:

"My days among the half-clothed women are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty brilliancy of gold:
My never-birring friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

Transparent clothes are now winning their places behind the purdahs and zenanas too. After reaching a climax, in 3333, it may lose its place even more on women. Our progenies may be lacking in clothes as they are now sometimes, even when they become citizens of to-morrow. No one need run into hysterics or shock when they see bare bodies of either sex. For many reasons, not an insignificant one being, health reasons too.

Girls of 3333 may be almost nude; with that nudity they may carry on their work and routine. Back to Nature our girls will go and Naturism may reign everywhere. And the Beauties of Nature might be so mixed up in them that Nature might stand up and say to the world, 'These are Women'. He would be an indecent and disagreeable fellow to society if he were to call this as indecency. Health professors need no longer take any trouble to teach nude culture, sun bathing, etc.

Call it civilization, fashion, or style, or barbarity or whatever you like; but never make bold enough to say that it is a sight unbearable. Tell me, if you can imagine a more beautiful spectacle to the mortal's eye or more striking proofs of progress in true civilization. The dawn of this sight in the sure future should not miss to see how we live to-day clothed shabbily and even foolishly!

I do not think that the ministers of religion, the advocates of morality can limit it, if they think it to be barbarity or check it if they think it to be civilization at a time when our girls may be unquestionable. There may be the least attempt to make a favourable impression with clothes. Tailors can never say with a smile upon their lips, "Apparel oft proclaims a woman." The washermen's pet may lead a retired life. The cotton industry may get paralysed. The textiles may be closed. Thus there may be a final end for boycott which is now stalking the fair promenades of the Indian Mill centres.

Let us have a stolen peep into its love, life, laughter and romance. It would to-day be natural for any man to doubt the affections of the women he is said to have loved and to suspect her virtues. The labour of love may be lost. Just a moment, please! Suppose we give a long rope to somebody now-a-days, what will they do? I am sure they will hang

themselves. But what clever girls are our own progenies of 3333! They will use the rope in a better way. They will hurl the rope like American cow-boys from the house tops at any man whom they want in the streets and pull him up to them and set him a task.

Man would be just as good as a woman. Hardly can we find a 'husband' and his 'wife', a divorce court or a marriage priest. There would be no longer authority on those smiles which they lavish on a woman's face.

No man can deserve the passion or compassion of a particular woman he is said to have loved. It would be superfluous to question the practice of Birth control. But suffice it to say that Mid-wifery might be effaced as an art of a chosen few. The

3333 Girl would have kids when she fancies. Even now Birth control and the contraceptive methods are prevalent but not widely practised, though we see a catalogue of such sovereign medicines and drugs in the daily columns of printed papers and publications, musings and monographs, though a voluntary and free help either for consultation or for free samples are not offered. Can you ever find such a magnanimity! Need I beg pardon of many elderly readers who would find fault for a few 'atrocious' imaginations of such peculiar notions of the posterity which does not harmonise very well with the long preserved purity of our women, and the sanctity of their honour.

But oh! What surprises for us in 3333.

THE FUNNY MAGZIN

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A Story for the Non-Grown-ups

BUYING A BOOK

By

N. V. M. Noordeen

"Sir, please give me one rupee" I requested the manager of my shop.

"Eh? One rupee? What for?" he asked me stroking his fierce beard.

"I have to purchase a text book," I explained.

He looked at me in silence for a few minutes. Then he felt for the money in his pockets and the drawers of his table. They were obviously empty, for he turned to me and said, "Can't you wait till to-morrow?"

"I am afraid I can't," I told him.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"My master will be very furious if I don't show him the book to-day."

"But I am very sorry I can't help. There is no money in the shop and I can borrow only to-morrow."

Our manager is a very strict man. Once he has said something, he won't change it. Nobody can make him change his mind. So I went away, without talking further with him.

The manager of the other shop whom I approached for the loan is a very kind man—but only in words and not in action. He pretended to be very sorry that he could not have the pleasure of helping me, for he had no money at all—not a single pie, to use his own words—just then. "Would I care to come next day?"

I scarcely thanked him and walked out cursing all the managers of shops in the world. I must have the book, but to have the book I must first have the money and to have the money some one should give it to me. But who would? Yes, that was the trouble.

I paused and thought of all the people whom I might ask. Suddenly an idea crossed my mind. Why not I ask that old friend and classmate of mine, Gopal, the fellow who spent more money in a day than I ever got from my manager in a whole year?

Well, Gopal gave me a rupee and that with pleasure. I thanked him with all my heart, and started for the Moore Market.

The sun was very hot and there was little wind in the atmosphere. Still I walked, because I did not like to spend money on buses, for I had only one rupee. Finally, I reached the Moore Market almost dead with fatigue.

But as ill-luck would have it, all the booksellers said they did not have the particular book I wanted. One of them offered to give me three other books for one rupee, and I told him what exactly I thought of his impertinence.

Then I returned, feeling as though I had lost a fortune. I began to see the evening before me. The master, cruel and angry, would surely beat me. What should I do? I thought, bitterly.

Just then an old man with a basket full of old bottles and rags came up to me. He touched me on the arm and said, "Sir, will you buy any bottles?"

"Go to hell," I advised him.

"With these bottles?" He grinned.

But I suddenly beheld a book amongst the bottles which I had a moment ago suggested should be shown around the infernal regions. Eagerly, I snatched it up and looked at its title. Great Scott, it was the book I had sent off morning to obtain! I took out my spectacles, wiped them clean, put them on again and inspected the book closely. Still not satisfied, I read aloud a poem. The remembering that I had once got it by heart, I stopped a youth in suit who was going by.

"Pardon me," I told him, "I want to be sure this is the book I want. Will you kindly check up this poem?"

"How?" he asked, with a puzzled face.

"Oh, easy. I will recite it and you see if it is correct."

"What a fool! If you know it by heart, can't you find out by reading the poem if it is the same?" So saying, he threw the book down, glared at me and went away muttering, "Damned cheek! Trying to make a fool of me!"

I had not thought of so easy a way of checking up the book. So I now read the whole poem aloud to the bottlenallah who, while I did so, twisted his face as though I was entreating him to drink castor-oil.

Suddenly he snatched the book from my hand and said in an unnecessarily stern tone, "No more joking, my lad, can't let you read the book free. If you want to waste your time reading the dirty thing, pay up cash. No credit, no cheque; cash, remember, and four annas. That is, if you have it."

"All right," I told him with pride, "take six annas, you nasty old fool. Do you think I am a loafer or what?"

So saying, I flung the rupee coin at him. But it fell into the basket. After an impatient excavation into it, he fished out the coin. Then he rang it on a stone, and my heart sank, for it only made a dull noise.

"Ah, I knew you, my lad, know your typo pretty well. Hate spectacled chaps. Won't return you the rupee. Nor let you have the book. Learn you a lesson!"

And with that he went away, glancing back fiercely at me now and again.

What, you want to know, what happened between me and my master that evening?

Never! I will never tell you!

Mister Uncle-
Tom's-Cabin

By

A. K. BASU.

"MAY I ask your name, sir?" asked the semi-old man looking at me.

It was inside a running railway train. There were three in the compartment: my humble self, this inquisitive semi-old man who sat opposite to me, and another man, some-what younger than this man, asleep and snoring. I looked at the semi-old man and saw him smiling awfully, and the smile soon turned into laughter. "May I know your name, sir?" he asked again, controlling his laughter with considerable effort. "Of course I mean no harm. Absolutely no harm. Just a small piece of curiosity."

"My name is Oron Sticar," I said, forgetting for the time being that lying is a sin. "What's yours please?"

"My name is Uncle Tom's Cabin," he replied and burst into a broad laughter. "For shortness you may call me Mister Cabin, simply. Ha, ha, ha....."

So the man was trying to pick a quarrel with me no doubt. Else why was he behaving in that way with me, a gentleman? I got angry at once and wondered what to do. "Behave like a gentleman," I then said, considering that after all he was almost as old as my father.

"Gentleman?" he laughed out. "Well, what is a gentleman?" And he began to laugh a very long laughter. I felt awfully vexed and looked out through the window. The outside scene was rapidly changing as the train was running ceaselessly. "Well, well," he said then, "I fear you find it hard to believe that my name is what it is. Dear sir, I might tell you of persons who possessed more extraordinary names. My recently-gone-away-from-earth friend, for instance, was Mister Jupiter Satellite. His cousins were called Burma Oil Company, Caribbean Sea Sanatogen Vitamin, Oktober Saturday and Cambridge University. One of his sisters fell in love with Eureka Insurance Company and then married Mister Gunpowder Magazine. I suppose you are thinking all these are sheer cock-and-bull stories,

are you not?" This man's nonsensicalities amused me somewhat. I made up my mind to enjoy the fun as long as possible. At first I had felt somewhat annoyed, but now I blessed God that He had sent this funny man to entertain me and make the dull railway journey interesting. "I don't know whether these are cock-and-bull stories," I said, "but I must confess that these names are absolutely new to me and I could never have dreamt that human beings might possess such names, or rather that such curious names might possess some poor human beings." "Now you are a good boy," said the man in loud joy. "I see you have some humour in you although you look somewhat like my late servant who never smiled. And I used to call him Remington Portable Typewriter. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha." The man who was asleep and snoring felt disturbed and said in a most vexed tone "Don't laugh like a rhinoceros, dad, and don't shout like a crocodile."

This amused me all the more and I could not help laughing. "And as for you, young chap," said the talkative semi-old man, "I don't think it is proper that a young fellow like you should remain as asleep as a cool cucumber, when the train is running."

The young man replied nothing and went on snoring as before. "Have you ever tried to cross the Alps, sir?" he then asked me, I mean the semi-old man and not the snorer.

"Never, sir," I said. "Have you?"

"Twice, sir, no less than twice. Once when I was thirty and another time when I was about to be forty."

"That's wonderful, Mister Cabin," I said. "I would like you to describe your Alpine adventures."

"Thanks, thanks. I shall first tell you of my first effort. I was then just married, to a young wife who later became the mother of this sleeping fool. One day I had very bitter quarrel with her. I don't now remember why, and I, being very greatly vexed, resolved to run away from home and make an effort to cross the Alps. I went to the railway station

and asked the booking clerk to give me a ticket for the Alps. He looked at me like a lunatic and asked me where Alps was. I didn't know that myself and so I said that I wanted a ticket for the Alps though I didn't know where it was. The fool couldn't give me the ticket that I wanted, and therefore, greatly disappointed, I returned home slowly and sadly. That was my very first effort to cross the Alps, sir."

"Highly adventurous," I said, trying to appear amazed at the superhumanity of the great adventurer.

"And after a few months this snorer was born," he continued. "From the very first year he showed us signs that told us he would be a great snorer when he would grow up. Now see what he is with your own eyes and hear his snoring with ears that are your own."

Really his son was snoring awfully, I don't know whether really asleep or merely appearing to be asleep. And I asked the semi-old man to go on with his tale.

"When he was a child of four, but an expert snorer," he went on, "I had another quarrel with my wife. I will tell you how the quarrel began. I had purchased a pair of lottery tickets and was expecting to win the first prize of sixty thousand rupees. I said that after winning the prize I should keep the money in a bank and earn a handsome interest every year. But my wife demanded one thousand rupees for ornaments. And quarrel began."

I felt terribly tantalised and got out of home for the second time with a very strong resolution to cross the Alps. I took a long piece of rope with me, and a sugared and buttered loaf also, so that I might be my own hangman if I failed to cross the Alps and eat something before plunging into the mysterious eternity. Was it not a wise plan, sir?"

"Perfectly wise," I said, moving my head with an air of supreme wisdom.

"When I was leaving home," he said, "this snorer, then four years old, was loudly committing to memory the well-known lines:—

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

How I wonder what you are.....

My wife was then singing a song that might frighten the most terrible

ghost, with a cymbal accompaniment. I forget the tune now, but the beginning words were:—

Peacock, peacock, come to me

I shall sing a song with thee.....

There were no peacocks near by, but if there were any they would run away if strong enough to resist fainting."

"But you were too strong to faint away, I am sure" I said, looking at him with eyes full of admiration.

"Certainly, certainly" he said. "I was used to her music. And then I walked on and on and on and then..."

"Reached the Railway station?" I said.

"I never reached the station, sir."

"I see. But why not, sir?"

"I walked in the opposite direction. I did not like to go to the booking clerk and astonish him again with the name of the Alps. I am no Uncle-Tom's-Cabin, I said to myself, if I can't find out the Alps and cross it. And I walked for the whole day, within half-a-mile radius with my house as the centre but couldn't find the Alps. Darkness was coming apace. And it was a winter day, very cold. I therefore prepared to carry out my resolution of hanging myself but not a single tree was available. So what could I do? In order to carry out as much of the resolution as possible I ate the sugared and buttered loaf and then went back home. That was my second and last attempt to cross the Alps."

"You are a born adventurer" I said. He laughed a little and said "Exactly, sir. Adventurers are always born, not made. This snorer, for instance, will never be an adventurer. He will merely snore," snore and snore throughout his life.

He burst into a loud laughter again.

"Don't be silly, dad" the snorer said, somewhat peevishly. "Don't break to pieces the jewel of my slumber with the awful hammer of your laughter."

"Well, well, I am stopping now. Go on snoring like a quadruped with long ears and a tail." So said the great Alps-crosser and stopped laughing. "I am determined not to laugh

any more to-day" he added after a while.

"What do you call your son?" I asked the semi-old man, suddenly becoming curious to know the snorer's name. "I don't call him" came the reply. "It is beneath my dignity to call him, sir, to tell you the truth frankly. It was by God's mistake that he came on earth to be my son and not anybody else's. But what he is, he is and it can't be changed now." The Alpine adventurer sighed deeply and wiped off the tears that were not yet visible.

The snorer sat up with electrical rapidity. "What did you say just now, dad?" he asked, looking daggers at his father.

"I told this gentleman" the father replied with a sort of calm indifference, "that two and two will make four even below the Atlantic."

"How dare you say that? How do you know that?" the snorer roared out. "Have you ever been below the Atlantic? Even if you were my granny I wouldn't tolerate this sort of misleading ignorant people by telling them what you don't know at first hand."

"Do you call me ignorant?" I said feeling hurt.

"Tell me the present speed of this train, sir" the snorer asked me and I failed to answer, not knowing what to say. "See here, sir," the snorer triumphantly said, smiling at me. "You can't tell me the speed of the very train you are travelling in. And shall I call you a Mister Know-all?"

"Can you tell me the present speed of the train?" I asked the snorer, with an extra strong emphasis on the word *you*. The snorer did not answer me. He looked out through the window and informed us that the trees outside seemed to travel past us, one after another.

Mister Uncle-Tom's-Cabin felt somewhat uneasy at the wakeful presence of his son and said "Why don't you lie there and go on snoring as before?" The snorer looked at his father with peevishness in his eyes and then went away to the other part of the compartment.

"That will do" said Mr. Cabin. "Now sir, I would like to hear some of your adventures."

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"I never have had any adventures" I said.

"Never?" exclaimed the surprised semi-old man. "Ah sir, I pity you awfully. A life without adventures is no better than book without pages..... I see, we shall soon reach the next station where I shall get down with this snorer. If you don't take offence, sir, I shall make a request. "You are at liberty to make it, sir" I said with an awfully liberal mind. "I shall not feel offended in the least unless you do something like calling me names."

"Nothing of the kind, sir, nothing of the kind" he said. "Try to have some adventures so that you may tell me of your adventures when next time we meet....."

The train steamed into the station and stopped. Mr. Cabin got out with his son, bidding me a very hearty farewell and assuring me that he would make yet another attempt to cross the Alps.....

Now, it would be really funny if what I have so far said were true: would it not? But the fact is I have just told a series of lies, for I never met Mister Uncle-Tom's-Cabin in a railway compartment and I doubt whether there is or was or ever will be a man of that name.

According to Ruter, there are more than forty different parties, fighting for the elections in Spain.

We have nothing to fear, for we still lead easily.

..

"My husband is as thin as a candle. What would you advise me to do?" asks a reader from Madras."

Our advice is to blow him out!

..

"Some mothers-in-law, go too far," complains one reader.

Well, here's an example of a man who is hard to please, for many men complain that they don't stay there.

MAY 5, 1934

"Dear darling! I will never forget this fine kiss"

By "ROY"

IT was a fine morning, when a smartly dressed gentleman stepped out of his hostel room. Mr. Idle Dreamer, the son of a Cachier was attending the F. L. lectures for the last so many months. Even though he regularly attended the College, he never cared either to read his Law books or to hear the class lectures. He always used to take a corner seat and read a number of books dealing with Foreign countries. By 8 p.m. you can see the sound sleeping Boss in his velvet bed.

The F. L. exams. were fast approaching and our Boss does not know the A. B. C. of Law. He woke up in the eleventh hour and determined to do bull-work at his Law-books for the coming exam. He began his examination studies on Sunday. The table-light was burning brilliantly and Mr. Idle Dreamer was going through the chapter on 'Turn a new leaf in your life' of Justice Fate's criticism. He worked hard for half-an-hour. Felt drowsy and hence lighted a Gold Flake. Leaned back in his chair and began to puff the smoke into the air. The burning tip of the Flake resembled the blazing sun. The Flake was coming to a close and our Boss closed his eye-lids.

Sleeping covers a man all over, his thoughts and all like a cloak. A pleasant smile began to dance upon the smoky lips of our Boss. What's the matter? Perhaps he was having a nice dream.

He saw a peerless beauty, nay the "Queen of the flower beauty," enjoying the beauty of St. James Park of London. He thought that she was only at a distance of fifteen yards from him. "She must be a princess," he thought.

Miss. Neo Body saw him. 'Is he a prince,' she questioned herself. 'His

massive broad shouldered frame is taller than that of anybody and has polish: his complexion is very fair; his personality is very impressive and grand; the head is large with a magnificent forehead, the black eyes are penetrating and very expressive; the lines of the face are strong and beautifully severe. Really it is the head of a man born to rule and hence he must be a Prince," she thought.

Her first glance stole away his bold heart and his impressive personality carried away her sweet heart. This is what we call: 'The love at first sight.'

Miss. Neo Body sailed towards him and when she was at armslength, Mr. Idle Dreamer majestically took off his hat and greeted her, "Good Evening, Prince-s!" His sweet voice thrilled her, and she smilingly gave the response, "Very good evening, Prince!!!"

Mr. Idle Dreamer, noticed her flirting and so he after taking his seat beside her, presented her with a red-rose, saying "Princess! I love you." Miss. Neo Body flirted very much; her rosy cheeks sent forth a sweet smile; she bent her head and calmly replied, "It's very good of you, Prince, to say so. If so, I also l-o-v-e you."

Mr. Prince's heart swam with joy and said, "Dear Darling! let us seal

our love with a sweet and Divine kiss. Miss. Princess lifted up her charming face and her rosy lips seemed to smile at the back. Mr. Prince bent his head forward. Their lips met and he kissed her fragrant lips, saying "Dear Darling! I will never forget this fine kiss. Let this and this (kissing her) seal our bond of sacred Love."

With a sudden thrill, Mr. Idle Dreamer woke up from his sleep. His face was pale. What's the matter? Poor Prince! he never thought that he was dreaming. He kissed the hot burning table-lamp glass instead of that charming Princess. That portion of the lips got burnt.

He turned his head towards his room-mate, Mr. Genius, who was laughing at his friend's foolish adventure. The flames of wrath shot out from the two eyes of our Boss, which resembled the two burning head lights of the Rolls Royce. He suppressed his wrath thinking that if he should be angry with his chum, he will surely let that incident fly through the whole city of Madras.

This remarkable adventure, changed the character of our friend and enabled him to "Turn a new leaf in his life." Don't you think friends that he was very much benefitted by reading Justice Fate's criticism on 'Turn a new leaf in your life?' Can Mr. Idle Dreamer ever forget that sweet and fine kiss?

Client--"My neighbour has threatened to pull my nose everytime he meets me in the street, what do you advise me to do?"

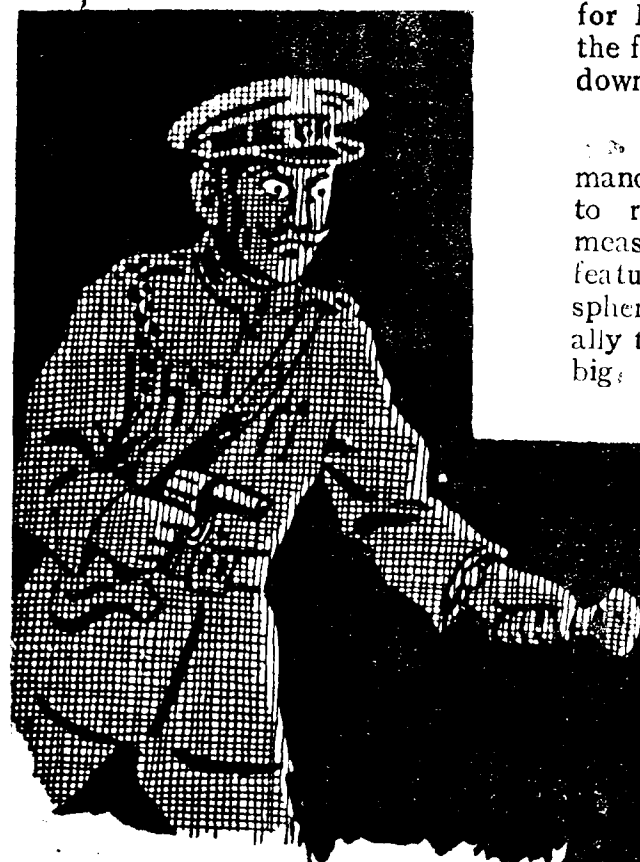
Busy lawyer--"Soap your nose well, then it will slip through his fingers."

M. R. K. Krishnan,
Vizianagaram.

KEEP THIS COPY OF THE FUNNY Magzin.

IT MAY BRING YOU A PRIZE.

For particulars see Wrapper page.



for laughter, his superiors had not lost sight of the fact that he proved a consummate fool and a downright idiot.

Blackstone, however, tried to devise every manoeuvre to curry favour and sought every means to regain the lost reputation. The firm and measured walk of the Inspector was the only feature which broke the solemnity of the atmosphere. The Inspector strode on and on, occasionally turning to the right or left, to stare at the big houses wrapt in slumber. At length, he



THE night was calm and cool. A clock in the neighbourhood was chiming the half hour after ten, when, Detective Inspector Blackstone was trudging downcast, along a deserted road, accompanied by a policeman at a respectable distance. There was a gravity in his looks and his face was quite an index of an uneasy mind. He was unminating on the ridiculous adventure he had, a week ago, when the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip proved but too true, and he narrowly missed the grasp of laurels in the detection of what he thought a first rate crime, but was sadly dis-illusioned. The "Balm" adventure unnerved him as it were, and he felt dejected when the thought of the fuss he created passed his mind. He was afraid to take a step even in the right direction, for, he thought that his whole career was blasted by that sensational case. Even though his performance was sufficient food



dismissed his gloomy thoughts and began to cheer up by lighting a 'Sportsman.'

Just then, a telephone bell rang out distinctly from the 1st floor

of a house. Instinctively, Mr. Blackstone turned and pricked his ears in the direction of that building. It was a big mansion situated inside a compound wall of sufficient height and masked in complete darkness. The house looked desolate. He made a general survey of the whole building and his sharp detective eyes fell on the

locked gateway. There was, of course, nothing curious in a Telephone Call in a locked house. The bell rang twice and stopped at once, thus suggesting plainly that some one was in the house attending to the call.

"A locked house and telephone exchanges, inside—sure! there is a mystery and it will be my fortune to unravel it,"



the Inspector thought aloud in a triumphant posture. "I shall apply the wealth of my ingenuity in this case and there is every chance that I may be awarded the—" he chuckled. Thus thinking he decided to act at once without delay and beckoning to the policeman to draw near, lightly tripped over the wall and cautiously dropped down to find themselves inside the compound.

SLOWLY and carefully he made his way through the garden and scrutinised the house. All the doors were locked in the ground-floor of the house and the Inspector went through the corridor and found nothing of importance. There was only the first floor to examine. Leaving the policeman with some whispered instructions as to what should be done in case of an emergency, he began to thread his way upstairs on barefoot. He clambered up the pipe fixed to the wall for the purpose of draining out the rainwater with astonishing ease and quickly reached the cornice lining the balcony. Grasping it tightly, he swung over into the long corridor of the first floor and peered through the darkness.

Groping his way with hands and feet he went step by step along the verandah adjacent to the suite of several apartments. He was afraid to use his torchlight, lest anybody should take him unawares. Thus, he went round to the back of the building and there was a faint light emanating from a room at the extreme end. Mr. Blackstone took greater precautions now and kept close to the wall and moved nearer that room. The radium dial of his wristwatch showed 11-30. Five minutes passed. Blackstone reached the room. The door of the room was closed, but not locked.

The Inspector peeped through the keyhole. Alack! The sight that met his eyes sent a shock through his entire frame. For, who would not be horror-struck to see cold-blooded murderer and robbery committed before his very eyes, let alone a police Detective?

The time had come for him to act and the prospect of honours already glistened before his greedy eyes.

He again looked through. Oh! what a sight! He saw a figure lying in the bed, apparently sleeping. Another figure masked in black satin, approached the sleeping person and cleanly shot him with a silencer at close range! After doing this horrible deed, the murderer drew back from the bedstead steadily fixing his eyes to see whether there was any stir from the victim. The sleeping man moved not. Then the villain reached the iron safe in the room, and deliberately sat down to operate on the cipher lock.

When Blackstone saw murder committed before his very eyes he was shocked. How to act in that crucial moment? If he were to butt in rudely, he would have to meet with a similar fate at the hands of the murderer. The murderer was a desperado.

He required careful handling. Blackstone saw him kneel beside the safe and perform three or four unsuccessful attempts at opening it. He decided that at this rate, the villain would take at least ten more minutes to open the safe. Ten precious minutes! Quickly running on tiptoe to the balcony, he scribbled a few important instructions in pencil, in his pocket book with the help of his torch light. Tearing the leaf from the note book, he placed it in the empty cigarette case. With his torch light he sent an S. O. S. message to the constable intimating that he was dropping the case. The policeman readily responded to the signal and hurried to execute the instructions, after picking up the cigarette case.

Blackstone grasped his revolver in his hand and nimbly returned to the original scene of observation. The murderer was continuing his manipulations with the letter lock and after about five more minutes of strenuous labour, he opened the safe. All the while, Mr. Blackstone was standing outside the room, carefully following the movements of the villain. The masked fellow, opened several inner chambers of the safe and began to read all the letters and manuscripts it contained, pocketing several of them at the same time. He was thrusting wads of currency notes in his capacious pockets, when Blackstone felt some one touching him on the shoulder. Turning round, he perceived the division Head constable with a dozen armed policemen.

"All arranged—whole house surrounded and men posted at all

strategical points. Is it murder?" enquired the constable.

"O. K. Be ready for a dash" replied the Inspector.

The instructions were circulated rapidly and all were ready. With a final "let go", the door was dashed open, and Blackstone, with a revolver in each hand, rushed in with his men.

"Hands up! In the king's name, I charge you with foul murder and robbery. I have to inform you that all you say from now will be taken and may be used against you," bawled out Blackstone with perfect sangfroid.

The murderer was genuinely amazed and lifted up his hands in surrender.

"Well, or—listen. There is a mistake" he began. "What! shut up and be damned" interrupted Mr. Blackstone, "I've been watching you actually commit the murder and now you want me to listen. Sirrah! Any idea to take me in the deal. Eh."

"Eh—Don't spoil, I say. Keep aloof. I'll explain—" persisted the masked murderer. "Shut up!" roared the Inspector and drawing nearer, nodded at the Head Constable, significantly.

In a minute the villain was handcuffed.

"Hullo, Sir. What the devil you mean by spoiling all our efforts? Explain, sir!" cried out another voice and turning round, Blackstone saw two more men issuing forth from a corner of the room.

"Oh! Accomplices, eh! A good number of guests to His Majesty's Prison. Now, now—Surrender like good boys—" remarked Blackstone and turning to the Constable, "Come on, be quick about them", he ordered.

"Save your skin, sir, or I sue you for damages. Out with you, sir! What do you mean by interfering? All labour lost—Gentlemen, you—you—don't know—For good, keep off, I say—you—you—" the elder of the two accomplices was at a loss for a word, fretting and fuming all the time the Constable handcuffed them.

"I'll explain, sir. Please listen. Do you know that you have destroyed the efforts worth thousands of rupees? We have been shooting—"

"Yes, of course, yes. Shooting that poor chappie, over there. Guilt admitted—you are doomed. That's enough—" went on Blackstone triumphantly.

"Oh, is that the trouble? He is not dead, Sir—" began the elder man.

"What! Not dead? well! well! It is awfully interesting. That's too good a story, sir. But it won't work. No murder or robbery committed, eh? Can't fool me, you know. No more of this bluff and nonsense, Sirs!" roared the Inspector, much irritated.

"I'll make it clear, sir. And now, bid you, Rammohan, jump up. There! That's a good boy" laughed the elderly man, looking in the direction of the bedstead.

Oh! Was it after all, hallucination? Blackstone stood petrified. He could not believe his own eyes, when the corpse, rising from the bed began to walk towards the group.

"Yes, sir. After all, I'm not dead", gurgled the murdered man, shaking with laughter.

"And, here is the wad of notes and papers I stole, sir" broke in the murderer, producing the packet of cuttings of newspaper, from his pockets.

"Are you now aware, that you have actually spoiled our grand shooting? You shall pay for it dearly," snarled the murderer, with perceptible sarcasm.

"Mr. Inspector. Now you can inspect the camera yonder, and see for yourself" said the cameraman of the Madras Chudamani Films Company.

Blackstone did not wait. With great alacrity he made his exit.

I met my ideal man at the S. P. G. Church bargain sale, in aid of the lepers, writes a young lady reader.

And of course she marked him down.

"My dear, every evening he treats her to ices at the best confectioner's."

"And then she complains that he treats her coldly."

"My wife had a dream last night, and thought she was married to a millionaire."

"You're lucky. My wife thinks that in the day-time."

"FUNNY"

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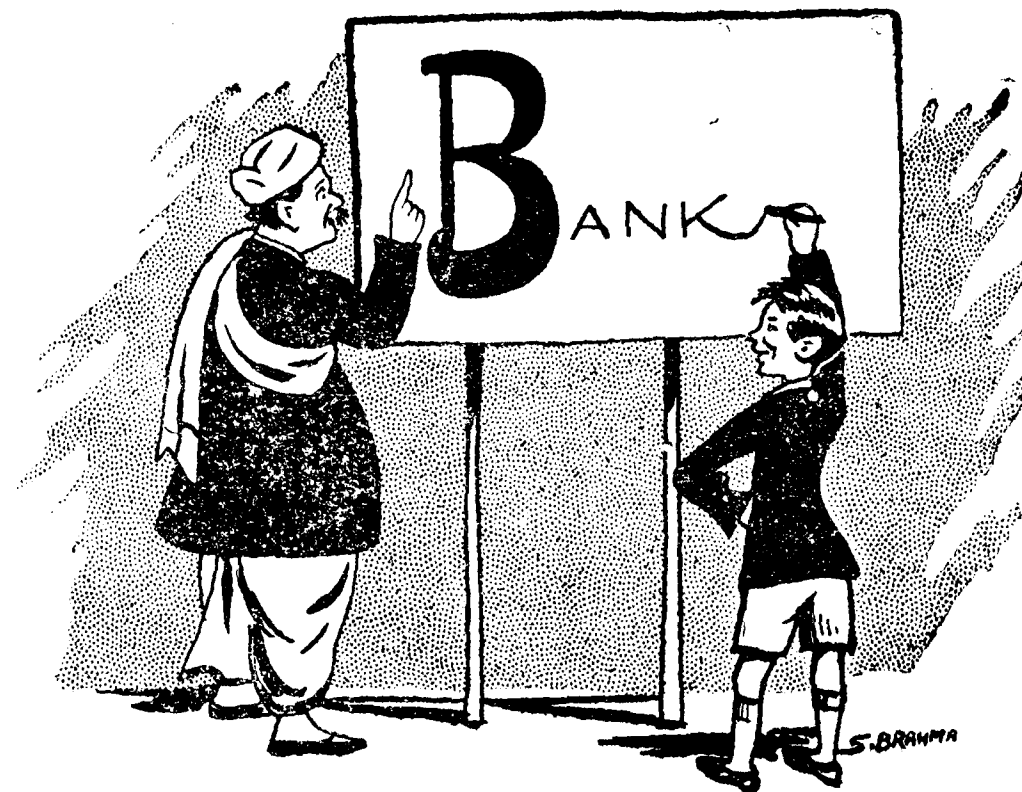
MADRAS CITY.

The City News Agency,

13/14, Pycrofts Road,

First Street,

ROYAPETTAH, MADRAS.



Father: "Ganesh, why do you write 'bank' with such a large capital?"

Ganesh: "Father, teacher told us that bank was no good unless it had a large capital."

FIXED FURNITURE

— By "NADAR" —

PERCHANCE dear reader, thou art on the threshold of matrimony. If so, my story might be of help to you. If you wish for happiness in your home, avoid marrying a furniture mover. Under ordinary circumstances I would be the last person in the world to utter a word about my wife. A man who does that is a cad and a bounder. But there are not ordinary circumstances and I who am a philanthropist would like to pass on my experience to others so that they might benefit by them.

When I first saw Lalita, I decided she was my dream girl. She was sweet and a typical example of oriental beauty. I married her a month later. And then it came out. I very soon found that I had married a furniture mover. Under the surface of sweetness and gentleness, there lurked in Lalita a demon that just couldn't bear to see a chair not on the go daily. Her eyes glittered and her palms itched whenever she saw a piece of furniture. She had an eye that went uncertainly from sofa to chair, chair to table, and table to pictures on the wall. From the day she set her foot in my house I've had no peace. We've all but got the furniture on wheels. The hall has got ruts and groves in it, that it more resembles the Salt Cotaurs freight yard than a habitable room. All day, and half into the night a steady rumble of

heavy pieces of furniture, being shoved from place to place could be heard.

The way I like a piece of furniture, is that when you leave it on a spot in the morning, it is still there in the evening and not on top of the terrace or out in the garden. The big chair near the table, that I've had before my marriage was never moved during my whole single life. Now after my wife's entree, the only way I can sit on it is to pounce on it, as it goes hopping by, from place to place. I have always kept my ash tray on my left side on the table, so that I can flick my cigarette without having to look for a place to flick it. But that ash-tray got shoved around from the left side to the right, from the right to the left, and back and forth, and it well-nigh drove me crazy.

The little stool on which I rest my tired legs, has seen more of my house than I could ever hope to. If we gentlemen had a stool we would say, well we have got a stool, what of it, and then we would throw it near the chair and there it would be unless an earthquake moved it. But my wife! If that stool had been in one place, it has been in a thousand. It had an uncanny knack of appearing at quite unexpected places (owing to my wife, of course) that I've stumbled over it a million times, without exaggeration.

Sometimes my wife would stare at a picture, and for a single picture, a single picture mind you, decide to move every single blessed piece of furniture in the room.

IT was I think a year after my marriage, that I found my big chair showing signs of weakness. Whenever I sat on it, it squealed and screeched as if it was suffering from an acute attack of Asthma and whooping cough. I casually told my wife that I needed a new chair. On my way to the office next day I dropped, at Raja Ram's, the furniture makers and ordered a big chair. The next day it was delivered and I placed it near my table. While I was undressing in the next room I saw Lalita standing in the centre of my room, a thoughtful hand at her mouth. She was studying the arrangement of the furniture.

Suddenly she shoved the new chair a little farther away from the table, moved its suffering predecessor upstairs, pushed the sofa towards the corner, and rehung seven pictures.

"That's fine," I said, "now we are settled."

Five days later she moved the new chair over to the right side of the table and brought the old chair downstairs, dragged the sofa a little nearer to the table and rehung four pictures to match the change.

Exactly a week later, after this change, I was sitting in my new chair, in its new position reading an Oppenheim, when suddenly a cold chill swept over me, followed by a shudder such as one might get if he had suddenly awoke at the dead of night and seen his ancestral Grannie's ghost doing the *Bhratha Natya*. I looked by, frightened. There she was, with thoughtful gravity looking at the position of the sofa.

"Hello darling," I said.

"That sofa," she said, as though to herself "is wrong. It ought to be on the opposite corner and Sulochana's picture must occupy the vacant place near your shelf."

"H'm," I grunted.

"We might swap the old chair, Push that stool near the....."

"Oh yes, I know," said wearily and rehanging nine pictures."

"What?"

"Listen sweet," I said feeling that matters were beginning to call for a bit of talking over.

"Why don't you just sit down and ease yourself? Why don't you relax for a moment?"

"Relax?"

"Yes just relax. Let the muscles have rest. Let your triceps, biceps, deltoids glute, and calf muscles just sag naturally. Let your lovely hand droop down like water lilies' stems. The truth is, you are over-wrought. I made a mistake in purchasing a new chair, for it has been too much for you emotionally."

"That sofa is wrong," she said again.

"Wrong? What is wrong with it?"

"It is in the wrong place."

I gave up in mute despair as I did not want to hurt her feelings. More over, I wanted to be patient till a more suitable time came when I could act. As it happened, the time did come much sooner than I expected. Never before had such a thing happened in our family and God willing nothing like it will, ever again.

It was on a Friday night, that I had to work late at the office, making out the provident fund particulars of the workmen. The Ripon building tower clock chimed eight and the Central Station tower clock followed suit. I had, had nearly fourteen hours of hard work to my credit, when I was finally able to get away. Never had I felt so tired. Usually my trip home from the office would be a little depressing. I would be worried about the probable whereabouts of my comfortable chair. But on this night such thoughts never occurred to me. All I could think of was my bed, my cosy bed, my soft feathered bed, comfortable, refreshing and delicious, it would be to lay my tired frame on it, pull up the covers and drift off to the land of nod, forgetting all about Provident funds and furniture shifting.

Letting myself in softly (for it was then nine and my spouse usually goes to bed if I do not turn up before 8-30) I found the house in darkness. I struck a match and entered the bed-

room just as the match went out. I could hear Lalita's gentle breathing, still in the dark with my hands stretched before me, I located a chair and sat down, with a sigh. Then I went about undressing, slowly with tired fingers. I could hear her steady breathing, and as I pictured her young, beautiful, quiet and innocent, I was ashamed of myself for my impatience with her. I resolved to take a broader view of things. Finding my way to the bed I yawned, stretched and throwing up my arms in pure abandon, with a happy ecstatic smile, I fell straight back, to the soft warm luxurious bosom of feathers. But the bosom wasn't there!

The next moment Lalita the dark of the room, the stillness of the city, all were split with the shrill bellow of pain, that reverberated throughout the neighbourhood. It was immediately followed by a high pitch screech from Lalita.

I scrambled to my feet, one forearm hugging the back of my skull, for it had suffered rather seriously owing to the unannounced rearrangement of the bed-room furniture.

Was I mad? A billion stars spluttered before my eyes, and before my wife. I performed a Zulu war dance, clutching my throbbing head and roaring loud, unintelligible sounds.

"That's a nice way of trying to despise me," I cried heatedly.

"Sweet, are you hurt?"

"Just wait", I muttered sitting down.

"Try to kill me, will you? Just wait!"

With an insane determination, I caught her by the throat with one hand, and pointing to the spot, where my head had banged the floor, yelled.

"That's where the bed was and there it ought to have been, and always ought to be! The next time a piece of furniture is moved in this apartment....."

Well, the consequence was, the next day Lalita left me, and went away to her mother's place in Tinnevely. All the furniture stayed where it had always been, and to that extent my mind was at rest. But it all seemed so empty and worthless without her. I felt very unhappy for I loved Lalita,

and regretted my hasty impulse. For two months I tried to be indifferent, but I soon choked down my pride, and took the Trivandrum express, to Tinnevely to effect a reconciliation. Lalitha welcomed me with open arms and tears of joy. She loved me too and so we returned to Madras.

Once and once only was mention ever made again of the course of all this trouble.

"Sweetheart" Lalita whispered, sitting on my lap. "I'll never again shift the furniture."

"Darling don't worry. You couldn't even if you tried," I whispered.

For during her stay at Tinnevely, I had taken the precaution of nailing down to the floor all the furniture! What else could I do?

HELPED HIMSELF!

A man took his kiddle to church for the first time.

After the service he said, "Well, how did you like it, Ian?"

"It was fine, father," replied the boy. "The part I liked best was when they brought the money round, I got a shilling—how much did you get?"

THOUGHTFUL!

"What are you doing here?" said the woman to the tramp, who had got over the wall just in time to escape the bulldog.

"Madam," he said, with dignity, "I did intend to request something to eat; but all I ask now is that, in the interest of humanity, you'll feed that dog."

"Where will you find the clinging type of girl to-day?" asks a writer. Still on the pillow seat—provided she has been clinging tightly enough.

It is said that all-glass houses are a possibility of the future. Goldfish and railway sandwiches have had them for some time.

Many a man has gone to the races in quite a liberal frame of mind, only to leave it with a strong feeling of race prejudice.

SYMPOSIUMS

— BY "LESLIE LATTER" —



I am not quite sure whether it ought to be Symposium. In fact I don't know much about it at all. But as our popular magazines and weeklies are supposed to favour us with them from time to time, it obviously needs looking into.

The first dictionary was promising, very promising, it gave:—

SYMPOSIUM..... A banquet. A drinking together. Merrymaking.

I wish I had stopped there. I was most definitely beginning to like the word. Indeed, I was just on the point of recommending it for inclusion in the coat of arms of our local caterers. It would look well between a couple of curry puffs rampant.

Unfortunately my second dictionary, left on the verandah and the hire purchase system only yesterday, dished out the following startling information.

SYMPOSIUM....An article in a magazine in which various people express their ideas on some given topic.

So you see you will know what you are going to read or skip next time you stop at a page full of snappy articles on "HOW I KEEP MY

YOUTH" by a bevy of celebrities.

Money for jam it seemed to me, as I typed fifty neat notes asking for views on "RETROCESSION." Culling fifty addresses from WHO'S WHAT, and purchasing one hundred stamps of one anna each I was quite ready for a nice fat editor's or should it be editor's fat cheque. Off went my missives with reply paid envelopes and off went myself for a fortnight's holiday in anticipation of said cheque. On my return I discovered five replies, Three said their fee would be fifty rupees and the other two sent passport photos and told me to write what I liked.

Not to be deterred, I hit on the brainy idea of sending a wire addressed to the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, asking her to write a short description of her favourite husband. So far I have received ninety-seven separate replies from which I have gathered the following to make up my own symposium and reduce my bank overdraft.

MY FAVOURITE HUSBAND

Miss Yvonne Germaine: "De Mortuis nil nise bonum."

Miss Olga Petrovitch: My first. Distance lends enchantment to the view.

Contesse Marie De Broke: I shall always love the dear Count. He brought my score up to seventeen and assured me the record for all stars

earning £1000 per week or over.

Miss Annie Seed: Gerald, most definitely. He was a perfect gentleman, even to the bitter end. Dying just when I was filing my suit, he saved me much.

Miss Belle Fry: Am sending photos by freight steamer. Make your own choice, Big-Boy.

"If you wash your face I'll give you a piece of chocolate," said grandmother. "And if you wash behind the ears I'll give you two pieces."

"Grandma," replied little Johnny, "maybe I'd better have a bath."

The minister was loud in his praise of the fat and juicy bird his coloured host provided for dinner, and finally he asked: "Where did you get such a fine goose as that?"

"Pahson," replied his host, "when you preach a good sermon ah doan ax whar you got it. Ah hopes you'll have de same consideration of me."

"Man," said the woman sternly, "will wake up one morning and find that the world is being ruled by women."

"Um," sneered her husband, "just like a woman, that!"

"What's just like a woman?" she demanded.

"Why," he answered deliberately, "to take advantage of a man when he sleeps."

Teacher (after the lesson on physical force): "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the street?"

Brilliant pupil: "Please, sir, the police force."

"Just why do you want a married man to work for you, rather than a bachelor?" asked the curious man.

"Well," replied the boss, "the married men don't get so upset if I yell at them."

FUNNY MAGAZINE

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OUR KINO TALKS —

NORMA SHEARER

"She has a husband who loves her, beautiful baby, film success, social position, wealth, health, happiness. Yet she is still in her twenty." Who could that be except Mrs. Irving Thalberg?

Strange, fantastic, fabulous stories have we heard of the sudden unprecedented and meteoric rise of so many extras to stardom. But on the contrary Miss Norma's film career is one characterised by sheer dint of perseverance unstinted courage and unflinching labour. Hoping to get a job in the film business, she, followed by her mother and her sixteen year old sister, came and settled in New York. At first she did not get any footing and many a time and oft she was turned out of the studio gates merely because she had no previous experience. The little purse that was at their disposal slowly thinned till Miss Shearer, her sister and their mother even partially starved. Even then Norma did not give up her attempt, till at last she got her film job in a College picture on a magnificent salary of 4£ 10sh (for the work of both herself and her sister Athole.) When once she got a job, things began to improve and soon she got a leading role in a western picture of Fox. She got for this at remendons remuneration of 20£ a week. Soon she was assigned to play extra parts and fairly good feminine leads. Miss Shearer did to all of them good justice. The Selznick Company featured her in their film "Charming of the North West" and Robertson Cok in "The Stealers" These two pictures Charming of the North West" and "The Stealers" really marked out an epoch in her career because they were responsible for bringing her to Hollywood, nay bringing her nearer to Irving Thalberg the presiding deity of the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios to-day.

Irving Thalberg who witnessed both her films, "The Stealers" and "The Charming of the North West" was convinced of the latent potentialities of this rising young actress and asked her to sign a contract with the Universal, of which he was the general manager. But Thalberg and Miss Norma did not agree to the terms and

the contract ended there. Sometime later, another offer came to her from Louis. B. Mayer accepting which she went to Hollywood where she found Mr. Irving Thalberg as the General Manager of the Louis. B. Mayer Studio after having ceased his connections with the Universal.

Mr. Irving Thallery is a Man endowed with a character that is characterised by its firmness, and doing what he thinks right. He will assign to Miss Shearer parts which he never those parts which she wants. He was never partial to her because something like love for her has entered his heart. Even in the later days when both of them were husband and wife their business life was and always has been entirely separate from this private life.

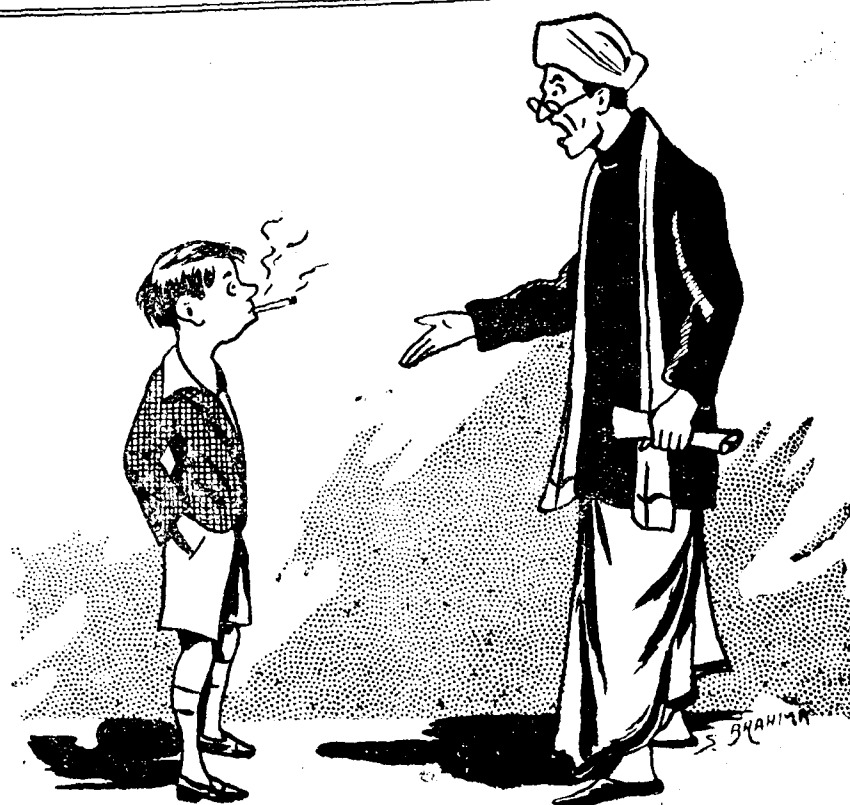
During the years of her work under Mr. Thalberg she worked strenuously and slowly, but always steadily rose up the ladder of fame, rung by rung.

She featured in a very wide range of pictures like "Broadway after Dark" "Pleasure Mad" "Broken Barristers" "The Student Prince" "After mid-night" etc.

She shedded lustre all her own. On more or less all the occasions, the male lead opposite her was given only to the stars of the first magnitude like John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, Ramon Novarro, or Lon Chanoy.

During all those days Norma though in love with Mr. Irving Thalberg, did not show signs of it, neither did Mr. Thalberg betray his feelings. Whenever both of them met, their talk would be purely centred on business. One day three years after her advent into Hollywood her telephone bell rang, and Mr. Thalberg's Secretary asked Miss Shearer "Mr. Thalberg asked me to ask you if you care to attend the opening of a picture with him to-morrow evening?" A sudden thrill passed through her entire frame and she assured the telephone call "Please tell Mr. Thalberg that I shall be delighted," before replacing the receiver.

From now began their non-official meetings which culminated in their marriage.



Father: "How is, Ram, I see you smoking beedis?"

Son: "Sorry, Father, I had no money to buy a cigarette."

GRADUATES TURN- - APRIL FOOLS

By
K. S. K.

WHATEVER might be the arguments against it, the fact remains that many people suddenly become wonderful fools on the first of April every year. So much so that boys in schools and colleges indulge to unusual lengths in pasting "April Fool" posters on the back of others' shirts and coats. It is the day of merry-making amongst clubmen and in social groups, and even Christmas does not seem to stand comparison with it in this respect. Already a section of the populace in this Presidency has been mercilessly converted into April Fools by the abolition of an entire department—I mean the abolition of the Taluk Boards.

Having been transformed thus on the 1st of April, those employees are

now amok in search of some job to compensate their recent but undeserved loss. Many are busy taking their first and last group photo on the eve of their home-going. To be short, there is, then, much truth in saying that the first of April ushers in a number of brand-new fools—thanks to some cause or other.

We also had this strange but real experience for the first time in our life. We are a happy group of roaming, unemployed youths who cannot find salvation even in the newly inaugurated Unemployment Board. Even in these days when recommendation, money or any other attractive presents in kind as well as in person,



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alone are said to determine one's success in job-hunting, we were under the most scrupulous belief that a postage of 15 pice or the possession of a Navarozzi or a Talisman would fetch us cheap some good job vacant in distant Punjab. Hence also our enthusiasm in going through the 'Wanted' columns of the dailies and often we discussed among ourselves the advisability or otherwise of applying for certain vacancies—though not many were overlooked. Being youthful and optimistic we were too hopeful to suspect false motives in the advertiser. Never had we allowed ourselves to be deluded into the belief that the advertiser would risk Rs. 5 simply to outwit such blooming candidates like us.

One fine day, while running our eyes through "The Hindu" a rather big advertisement attracted our attention. It ran thus:

"Wanted, for the newly opened Metropolitan Banking Syndicate, four qualified graduates to be appointed as clerks. Economics graduates preferred. Security Rs. 500 essential. Call at our office at Broadway, Madras."

What should be our ecstasy to note that Economics graduates were preferred! Even already we used to harangue on the utility of Economics in life as well as in business, and had converted many a wary educationist to our view. So we determined to make the best use of the preference extended to us.

Meanwhile we had a friend amidst us who was employed in the Secretariat to whom we broke this news, as it were. He was now care-free having made himself secure in Govt. service through the rare courtesy of the Madras Services Commission. Unlike some, Ramachandran would never believe that qualification is the sure passport to success in job-hunting. Hence much unpleasant criticism was indulged in between us.

"So, you see, Chandran, Economics has some value attached to it," we began.

Chandran: "May be, as a literary study it might have ample value and importance. And I don't deny that. But—"

"Why do you hesitate, come out with your argument, what is the necessity for the but?" we questioned.

"But," he continued, "I only want to tell you that Economics is no ticket for a job which you however, seem to believe with much tenacity."

"What, didn't you see the advertisement of yesterday?" we rejoined, "Candidates are wanted for the appointment as clerks in the newly opened Metropolitan Banking Syndicate, and strangely enough Economics graduates are preferred."

"That may be, but there will also be a thousand and one applications pouring in which the manager may throw into the W. P. B. and confer the posts on his own favourites. So nothing warrants you to be jubilant over the matter," retorted Chandran.

"It shall be put to the test now, Chandran. But we shall tell you, this much: recommendation and such other tactics which you speak of so glibly might have much value when seeking an appointment through your Services Commission, in order to overcome the objections of being over-aged or under-qualified," we challenged him.

"What," Chandran raged, "do you mean to say that I was admitted into service through the back-door? I have satisfied every condition laid down by the Commission and obtained a first-class medical certificate too."

"Enough, Chandran, we know the tricks played by your august commission and you need not worry yourself giving an apologia for it. When Medical certificates are sold at two per quarter anna where is the difficulty in securing one? Anyhow we are born optimists and we shall see that we succeed in our adventure to-morrow," we concluded.

The whole lot of us—unemployed and hapless ones—waited the next day at the Manager's office expecting his call every moment. The office board itself was magnificently attractive and we blindly believed that it was the index of the Syndicate's business.

Presently, the manager called us in and enquired about our qualifications. Some eloquently blurted out they had passed typewriting (higher grade) and some that they commanded a speed of more than 150 words per minute in Shorthand and all that rot. The boss passed over this all and enquired if there were Economics graduates since

the nature of the work in his office demanded their service most. Very hopefully we explained our qualification. And, believe it or not, the Manager appointed four of us—Economics graduates—and dismissed the rest. Having obtained the appointment order we did not hesitate to remit the security amount Rs. 500 immediately. We were to go to office the next day precisely at 9 o'clock.

Chandran was snoring after a sumptuous midday meal when we called at his room. At the top of our voice and exultantly enough we shouted that we four were appointed in the vacancies and that we were to go to office the next day.

"But don't lose your security amounts, my dear friends," Chandran slyly put in.

We pretended not to listen to it and the next day we were at the office precisely at 9. But surprisingly enough the office was not open and the sign-board was missing. We never lost courage but consoled ourselves that the peon might be late. It was 10. Still we waited. It was 11, 12, and now 1 o'clock. We were simply struck dumb. We began to ruminate about the incidents that happened on the previous day and the sequents of the morrow. We were at our wit's end knowing not what to do. Shedding tears like a child—unemployed and hapless ones, really—returned home.

We informed Chandran of the unhappy turn of events. He at once asked us to look into the Calendar and put in cynically: "To-day is the first of April. So you all have turned April Fools."

"Maybe she isn't much to look at now, but she must have been very attractive in her youth."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, she told me that a horse ran away with her once!"

Film Director: "So you think you can stand the severe duties of a film actor? You know, in our business we may find it necessary to throw you down a flight of stairs into a barrel of water!"

Applicant: "Oh, I can stand that. I was collector for an instalment furniture House for three years."

THE 66 WOMAN QUESTION 99 SOLVED !!

— By M. S. C. —

AT the very onset, I must honestly confess that my dear Leela, that pink of perfection, my better-half, tastes to me like honey, atleast that was how our honey-moon tasted to me. She is to me the world, with all its riches and pleasures, let alone the others, in one word, my Leela is more priceless and lustrous than the famous Kohinoor diamond itself.

As a result, I love her most, I adore her beauty, is that all? I show devotion to her, deeming her a Goddess. I concentrated my heart and soul upon her welfare alone. The World, with all its riches and pleasures, if it were not for the presence of my dear Leela, would have been but a mere point-blank, in my view. We both felt extremely joyful and contented in each other's company. As Goldsmith had truly observed, there was in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the World or each other. But the sort of rube, which are apt to disturb our peace and tranquillity, and which are as common in the modern families, (by Jove, not children!) as revolutions in Russia, are not wanting with us too.

Though I am the earning member of the house, yet, cut of a sort of devotion to my sweetheart, which in the later days of my life, induced me to register my name with gold letters in that woe-begone-fraternity, "the hen-pecked-....." the rest you know, I had to place the household management and Exchequer in my Leela's hands.

So, naturally, she had become proud, nay, insolent is the word. And as days rolled on, had become a bit of shrew too. So I must admit that I am hen-pecked, though to a very little extent, when compared with that of those poor souls, as Mr. Rip Van Winkle etc.

Of late, there had been a complete transformation in my Leela. She was carried away by the inevitable, Modernism, socialism, psychology, politics and patriotism. Naturally, her whims and fancies transformed themselves into regular actions. Public lectures, reading rooms, tennis courts, held the reputation of being Leela's favourite resorts.

Proportionately, I too had to alter my whims and hopes. Somehow or other I disliked Leela's manners. I would rather avoid giving liberty to Leela. Oh! how I wished Leela to be the old stay-at-home again? But it was too late, I couldn't help it.

Firstly, I entreated her to avoid going out and making a show. My entreaties at this stage, which were pre-attended by indulgence and leniency, were of no avail. Naturally, entreaties transfigured themselves into warnings, and warnings changed places with strict injunctions or you may call them emergency ordinances. Leela had left no stone unturned to shield herself against my threats. I in my turn, had tried all possible means to reduce her to submission.

So, a fierce tug-of-war had ensued, a sample of which I give below.

The tower-clock struck Eight on a moonlit night. Having done due justice to my palate, I was lounging in an easy chair in the hall, giving vent to many a fanciful thought.

The mild but refreshing summer breeze, arising from the nearby stream, mingled with the fragrance of roses and night queens, of my garden wafted upon and elevated me into the Seventh Heaven of happiness, inspiring into my youthful mind a peculiar feeling, which is rather not uncommon in the case of budding youths, and which in its turn had attained to its point of zenith and aggravation at the

instigation of the just-then-rising-moon, with its one thousand and one silvery beams, scattering all over the world, a divine lustre and love-inspiring coolness.

By my side, in an ebony chair, sat my Leela that rosy-lipped, beauty, blooming in her first flush of youth like a rose flower. Leela was the first to break the ice.

"Women must be given liberty and they must be placed on an equal footing with men," observed Leela with a certain air intended to tease me.

"How? how on earth can it be possible for them to turn their heads in the public, with the air of men, when once both Gods and learned judges of antiquity, passed a decree to the effect that the only resort open to the weaker sex is the kitchen and kitchen only?" that was my "retort-courteous."

"Damn it all! Those who passed such foolish decrees are no more than fools, and you are worse than fools to follow them. We of the so called weaker-sex have every right to claim liberty and equality on an equal footing with men. We can be as care-free as you male worms are," she argued in a defiant air.

"No! such a thing cannot take place as long as the Earth and planets exist," I retorted.

"Things which cannot take place can be made to take place," she insisted.

"How? how the devil can it be possible?" I asked.

"Why? are you still unaware of the operations of the L. L. L. L. 2 (Liberty loving ladies' locality) It can do miracles, you see, miracles, which can make and unmake the stronger sex?" she boasted rather seriously.

"Then there is our H. P. H. A. (Hen-pecked-husbands' association) to rule out your d—d L. to the power of four." I too boasted.

"Are you sure? I don't think you, men, can score even one single success over us," she made faces at my argument.

"Enough! enough of those fooleries and vagaries! Take notice, from to-day onwards, you shouldn't stir out of the house an inch, you should not attend the conferences of your association, you should neither read nor hear the

proceedings of that shameless association of headless goalings. Lastly, mind you, confine yourself to the kitchen I uttered a warning, when she again interrupted, and challenged.

"I would rather go to the battle thrice than stay at home once," she challenged.

"You fool! shut up!" I thundered, my temper being tickled.

"Ah! husband! why have you passed such a foolish decree?" she remarked.

For the fragment of a minute, I was stunned at the remarkable audacity and sure-to-hit-frankness of Leela. The only recourse I had to follow was, a second "shut up fool!"

The modern woman is a nuisance, she is a clever headed, dare-devil-like, tiger-like, and frank stunt-heroine. She has an ever-armed hand or you may call it tongue. A sweetheart is a sweetheart, provided the husband deems and treats her so. He should bestow honours, offerings, and amicable services upon her. In one word, a sweetheart remains a ditto, only if the husband is ready to sacrifice his life for her sake. Otherwise, we can expect the result to be trouble. As a certain author puts it, "A woman is necessarily an evil and he is a lucky man who catches her in the mildest form." This is what I had learnt after so many years of my practical experience in the field of matrimony.

3

In the midst of the regular warfare between myself and Leela, a war was in full swing in the adjacent room. It was between a rat and a cat. The rat with a view to outwit its assailant, hid itself in a corner. The cat jumped to catch it. But while performing the feat it fell down-right upon a china-vase and overturned it with a clashing sound, which entered right into our ears with the "boom" of a bomb.

"Thieves!" shrieked Leela.

After surveying the whole house I happened to witness the above battle and after assuring Leela that it was only a battle between a cat and a rat, I remarked with the air of a critic.

"Women are timid creatures, who can make and unmake a thief at the very sound, little dreaming from which source the sound has come."

"That is nonsense, I say, to be applied in general, as for my present fear it is only an illusion," she replied.

"Nay all the world with its living stuff and the respective actions are all illusions." I corrected her.

"Then?"

"What then? women are timid creatures that is all." I insisted.

"Ah! how do you account for the valour of Rani Samyukta, Elizabeth, Joan of Aro, Chanda Bebe and a host of them? Are they timid? Even now will you agree or not that women too are as strong and bold as men and hence they should be given equal rights with men?"

"I must think over the matter and reply" said I.

"Well then, I give you five minutes of time, even then if you wont care to reply, mind you, you will have to shift your quarters into the kitchen, while I, to the office-room."

I was wavering whether to reply her in the positive or negative, when a ten year old chap hurried towards me bawling out "Sir, Mani wants you urgently."

I sent the fellow away replying him in the positive.

"By the bye, who is this Mani?" asked Leela.

I felt as if a thousand devils of the worst possible type were dancing over my breast. How could Leela know this secret? I questioned myself. The revelation dawned soon—perhaps she might have overheard the message brought by the boy, "Who is this Mani?" again asked Leela with the air of an officer.

"Mani is my officer" I tried to "trick" her but she was more than a match for me.

"Really? There is no doubt as to your saying that Mani is your officer, in one sense, i.e. the ruling sense, no doubt you are governed by her, but—but—" Leela observed.

"What but?"

"Any engagement with her?"

"Her! Why, she is a male?"

"Can 'She' be a male? What is this, my lord? In there anything wrong with your mental equilibrium? So we can conclude that Mani is a

nautch girl and that there is something particular existing between you. How do you account for your immoral behaviour?" At this juncture I got irritated and hit Leela on the face.

Half an hour latter; Leela was crying passionately, "My heart melted. Nature prompted me that I was wrong and since it was my duty to beg pardon from Leela, so I had to yield."

"Dear Leela, I was foolish, will you pardon me?" I asked. Scenting my changing attitude towards her, she said—

"You can't get a pardon so easily as you have kicked your sweetheart!"

"How then?"

"Hear me. Yes are the accused now, you see, and I am the judge. Will you plead guilty of engagements with Mani or not?"

"Of course, but I beg your pardon now."

"Then you should promise that you will never do such things as which are apt to destroy morality——"

"Why should I not do?" thought I, remembering Demosthenes's theory——"Every man requires besides his wife, at least two mistresses?" But yet I had to yield, lest I might lose the pardon of Leela. So the asked-for-pardon was granted forthwith. "By the bye," said the gracious judge, "who is the victor? you or I? Who is superior, woman or man?"

"I must agree with you at least for fear of your displeasure!"

"Thank God?"

"Ditto!"

There it is: you see how the matter ended? Have you noted how Leela made a fool of me? So, be careful in your dealings with the fair-sex. If you are foolish they may outwit you at any moment, so guard yourself.

Rustic (discussing merit of savings bank with vicar): "Well, sir, I allow do as my father did—keep my money in 't'owd stockin' at 'ome."

Vicar: "But you lose the interest that way."

Rustic: "No, I don't, sir; I puts a bit extra away for that."

'Marriage is a pottery.'
'You mean, lottery, dear.'
'No; I mean a pottery—a place for making family jars.'

Husband.—'The price you paid for this hat is actually sinful.'

Wife (sweetly).—'Well dear, the sin will rest on my head.'

Magistrate.—'This is the twentieth time I have had you before me for drunkenness, I hope I shall not see you anymore.'

Offender.—'Why, are you retiring from service, your worship?'

A middle-aged but rich widow, who had a very disagreeable temper, complained to her son-in-law that she was annoyed by the attentions of a certain man.

"How shall I get rid of him?" she asked.

"Marry him," replied the son-in-law.

"I'd see him hanged first."
"Just marry him and it won't be long before he'll hang himself."

T. Narasimhachari,
Bangalore.

Wife:—"My Dear, anybody would think, I am nothing but a cook in this household."

Husband:—"Not after eating a meal here."

Two married men, who had not seen each other for a long time, happened to meet in a Restaurant.

"Hullo, Anand!" said one. "My word, you have changed. What's making you look so old?"

"Trying to keep young!" was the reply.

"Trying to keep young?"

"Yes.—thirteen of them."

M. Gopalakrishna,
Mangalore.

Lecturer.—Now coming to the point of unemployment, don't you think that good many people in India are starving for want of food. Will you show me such country where the conditions of people are like this country?

From the audience—Why? Yes. See Austria, this country is itself called "Austria Hungry" (Hungary).

M. Soni,
Karachi.

A gentleman phoned the following to his cook.—D.P.W., F.P., C.O. (Doll Pepper Water; Fry Puppadam and Coconut Chutni.) The servant could not understand this till he referred to the Encyclopaedia of Abbreviations.

Samuel.—(to James who is unemployed) "In which department are you working?"

James.—I am working in the R.K.D.

Samuel.—Oh! Oh! I see!

James.—In which department are you-u-u working?

Samuel.—(who is also unemployed) I am working in the S. S. O. (Simply Sitting office)

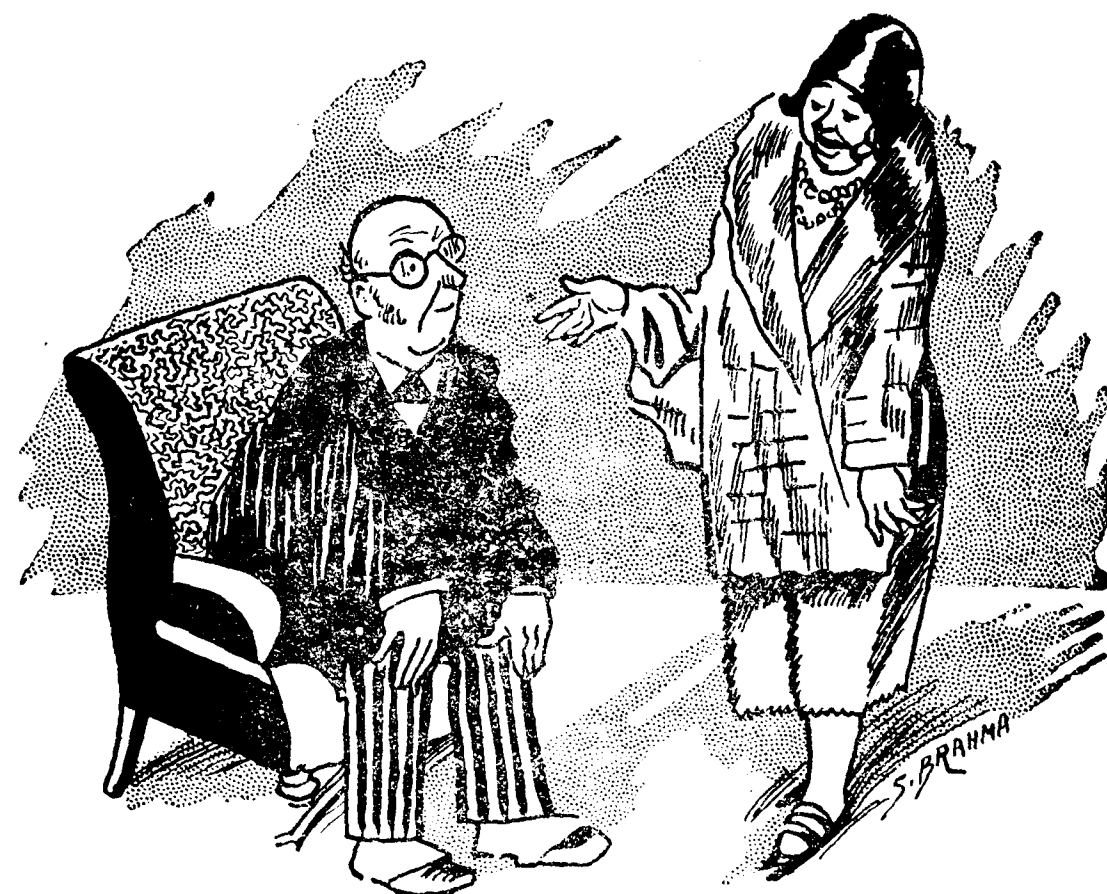
C. S. Backianathan,
Erode.

When you see a dog leading a man you know that that man is blind: but when you see a man leading a dog, you know that that man is leading a dog's life.

Wife: Mrs. Jones has another new hat.

Hubby: "Well, if she were as attractive as you are, my dear, she wouldn't have to depend so much upon the milliner."

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Professor's Old Flame:—"Ah, John, didn't you promise thirty years back to wed me?"

Professor:—"Dare say I did. But didn't I keep up my word?"

Rs. 100 in Cash Prize IN FUNNY Magzin MAY LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME.

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during May dated 5-5-1934 and 20-5-1934 have unduplicated numbers printed on the Front Page of the wrapper. Twenty 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 May '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th June, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, of both of which he was exceedingly fond. His generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, just to hear what he would say, to give them one or both of his pets. On one occasion the boy told a friend, who had often teased him in this way, that he might have the colt—but not the dog. His mother naturally expressed surprise, and asked, "Why, Ramu, why did not you give him the dog instead of the colt?" "Don't say anything, Mamma," he whispered; "when he goes to get the colt, I will set the dog on him."

"There is only one place," said a misanthropic bachelor, "where I have found a woman's head carrying many secrets, and betraying none, and that was—on a postage stamp."

G. Singamuthu,
Pudukotah.

Four men once wanted to see the races; but not having funds they sat outside the course discussing. At last one of them got a bright idea and, bidding his friends follow, walked right up to the gate.

"Ticket please" challenged the gate-keeper.

"I'm the owner of Biped" said the first man as he went passed in haughtily.

The second man was similarly challenged, to which he replied "I'm the trainer of Biped."

"I'm Biped's jockey," said the third as he passed in.

It came to the turn of the last man. He looked up complacently at the gate-keeper and whispered, "I am Biped."

M. A. Perera,
Colombo.

"I spent ten years on this picture."
"That is a long time just to paint a picture."
"Oh, I painted it in ten days—the rest of the time I spent trying to sell it."

"The dinner was delicious. You must have an old family cook."

"Yes, indeed; she's been with us ten or twelve meals."

Boss: "For a man with no experience you ask high wages."

Applicant: "But it's so much harder work when you don't know anything about it."

"What is the best way of becoming a successful angler?" asks a correspondent. Bait and see.

GRATITUDE

— By S. M. K. —

MY friend Mr. Wind who had been on a tour to Africa with his family, narrated to me a strong adventure which he has undergone. He spent some months in the Southern parts of the Continent and then proceeded to Egypt. When he arrived Kartoum, he met his friend who was a forest officer. The friend insisted on Mr. Wind to stay with him for some days and to enjoy some hunting games in those parts. My friend, who was born to sports and games readily welcomed this suggestion and consented to stay with him. A special tent was pitched for his family and he stayed there.

After taking rest for two complete days, my friend started on the third evening of his stay on a hunting expedition. Three miles were passed but not even a single bird or beast met his eyes. As the sun was sinking below the horizon, and also being disappointed in his expedition he began to plod his weary way towards home. While returning he heard a crying noise and stopped for some minutes to know from which direction it was coming. Soon he traced his steps towards that direction and came to a place where he saw a lioness and three cubs. Aiming his gun at the lioness, he approached still further to a place of safety from where he could easily shoot the beast. But, when he approached it, he came to know that it just then gave birth to the cubs and was unable to rise or walk. She was crying so bitterly turning her to a particular direction, My friend guessed that some thing had happened to the beast and hastily ran in that direction where the lioness was turning her face. Soon he saw a huge tiger, going at a slow pace carrying a cub in its mouth. He ran swiftly and shot at the tiger. Though the aim missed, but the sudden firing sound excited the beast and dropping the cub, it ran away for its life. My friend took the cub and returned to its mother. The mother felt immense joy and it even licked his palms.

The next day he started still earlier than the previous day and determined

to hunt only in the near vicinity of the tent. After two or three hours he returned home with a small booty. But to his utter disappointment he saw his wife weeping and running here and there like a mad girl. His mind confused, he stood like a statue. He asked her what the matter was. But she wept still loudly and did not answer to him. At last he came to know that his only child, the dear child, was carried away by a huge tiger. His grief knew no bound. He took his gun and ran to the forest. He wandered here and there ups and downs but his search was fruitless. He could not trace the tiger. The night was approaching with all its darkness. Abandoning all hopes of getting his lost son, he traced his steps towards home at least to pacify his wife.

As he was coming with a heart filled with grief and eyes filled with tears, he heard the roaring of a lioness. He arranged his gun carefully and was proceeding. Suddenly he saw the lioness with her four cubs. On seeing him the lioness ran to him and made gestures to follow her. Leading him she came to a place where to his utter astonishment he saw the tiger lying dead and his son sleeping comfortably on a bed of dried leaves. He took his son and kissed him thousand times. He laughed, he danced, and he jumped. Then he patted the lioness on her back and kissed her cubs. With a heart filled with joy and happiness he returned home to enjoy with his wife.

"Look here, my man," she said, "will you please inform me why you've come begging at my door again? Why don't you try some of the other people in the road?"

"Can't," replied the tramp. "Doctor's orders, ma'am."

"Doctor's orders?"

"Yes, ma'am. My doctor told me that when I found the food that agreed with me I should continue with it."

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Fits of coughing, a doctor tells us, are often caused by the dryness of the atmosphere. Or the play.

"Heavyweight boxers are continually weighing themselves," says a trainer. They also frequently measure their length.

A German professor declares that worms can sing. They would be very foolish, however, to indulge in any blithe carolling before an early bird's breakfast-time.

A man recently entered a London police station and pleaded to be locked up. It appears that his wife suffers from loss of memory and had started on the spring-cleaning all over again.

"It is usually easier," says a woman novelist, "to wheedle a thin person than a stout one." It takes longer to get round the latter, of course.

A lady lecturer stopped in the middle of her address to apply her powder-puff and lipstick. She was just making it up as she went along.

"Hands can be extremely beautiful things," declares an artist. Especially when they contain four aces.

A girl recently played the piano for thirteen hours. This is not necessarily unlucky; it all depends on the neighbours.

Chemist: "How's your wife today?"

Customer: "Oh, she can't complain."

Chemist: "I didn't know she was as ill as that."

"This village boasts a choral society, doesn't it?" asked the new resident.

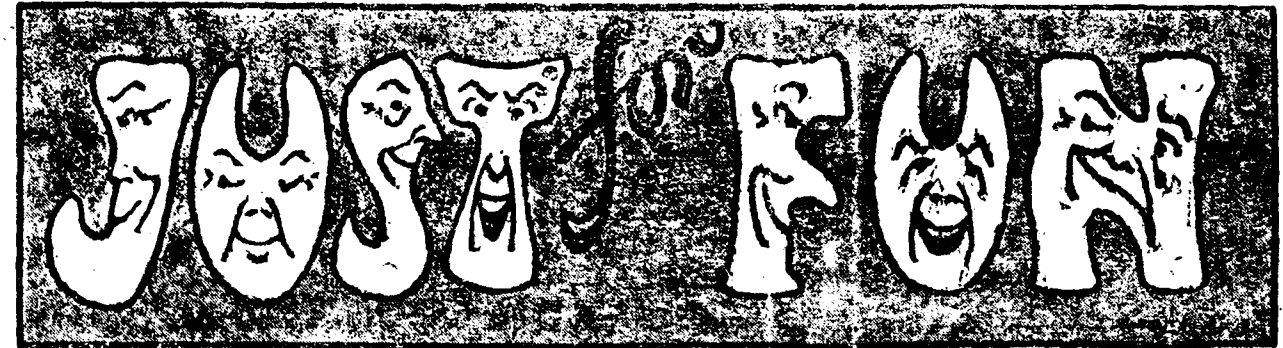
"Well," replied the old resident, sadly, "we don't boast about it; we suffer it in silence."

"My husband wired me from Paris on my birthday asking whether he should buy me a Rembrandt or a Titian. Now, which would you have?"

"Well, as far as that goes, most of those French cars are very good."

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"Yes," said the candidate, "I'm going among the farmers to day, to a cattle show, or jackass show, or something of that sort; not that I care for cows or jackasses, but I want to show the people that I'm one of them."

A travelling circus had arrived at a small village, and the vicar paid a visit to the encampment to see if he could be of service. He came across three circus hands sitting silent and very dejected.

"What's wrong?" asked the vicar. "The elephant's dead," volunteered one of the men.

"Dear, dear," said the parson, "I am sorry. But at the same time I am glad to think that you three men cared so much for a dumb animal."

"Oh, t'ain't that," explained one of the three. "You see, us chaps 'as got to dig the 'ole to bury 'im."

"Yes, we spent our holiday motoring on the Continent. It was glorious."

"Motoring abroad, eh? I'll bet you passed some glorious scenery?"

"Oh, we must have done. Why, we averaged four hundred miles a day!"

"Eric loved a girl called Emma. A month ago he called her 'darling,' three weeks ago he was calling her 'dear,' a fortnight ago he was calling her 'Emma,'"

"What does he say now?"

"Maud!"

"That fellow Jacobs has owed me a tenner for two years."

"Can't you get it out of him?"

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

Rs. 5 for 100% Laughter.

We invite original jokes from our Readers. Prizes 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 May.

"What happened?"

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

Dean's Wife: "I hope you enjoyed the service, Binstead."

Butler: "Very much indeed, thank you, madam, but unfortunately I was obliged to leave before the Benediction."

"You knew, my boy has just joined the Navy."

"Oh, then I expect he's met my son. He's in the Navy, too."

"Ever been to the National Gallery?"

"No, we have plenty of that sort of thing at home! You see, my daughter paints."

"What's a peace offering, dad?"

"Anything from a box of chocolates to a fur coat, son."

"Who is the agent for these flats?" asked the prospective tenant.

"I can let the flats, ma'am," replied the man standing at the door.

"Are the rents reasonable?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What sort of a caretaker have you?"

"A very good one, ma'am."

"Is he polite and attentive?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Honest?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Doesn't he ever steal from parcels of groceries or other things left in his charge for tenants?"

"Never. A politer, more attentive more honest man never lived."

"I'm delighted to hear that. Where is he now?"

"I'm him, ma'am!"

"You're new here, aren't you? What's your name?"

"M-M-M-M-Mabel."

"I'll call you Mabel for short."

"I always laugh when I see anything funny"

"You must enjoy yourself when you shave."

Young Author: "The art in telling a story consists of knowing what to leave unsaid."

Married Friend: "It doesn't make any difference, my boy. My experience is that she finds out, anyway."

Wife: "I didn't like the look of that pretty maid you engaged, so I discharged her this afternoon."

Husband: "Before giving her a chance?"

"No, before giving you a chance."

Lighter Side of Law

— SMANI —

THE trial day came. The court was packed to overflowing with litigants, lawyers, curiosity-mongers and pleasure-seekers. The various persons, as they arrived with their friends and relatives, were greeted by one or the other party and proceeded to the main hall, where Vakils gathered in council. Exactly at ten o' clock, Magistrate entered the hall with a look of solemn gravity and was conducted to the seat of justice. Deep on his front, majestic splendour shone. His look drew audience and attention still as night or summer's noontide air.

The business of the day went forward. The plaintiff Samu was sworn in. He was a stocky man with a conical head and a nose which ill-treatment had reduced to a mere scenario. As soon as he came to the box, he said "I declare before God that I speak the truth and nothing but the truth."

Here is the result of the Examination-in-chief:

"I am a dealer in sticky goods—I mean—a proprietor of a coffee club. On Ashtami day, Abbavi the defendant came to my club and ordered for a seer of 'Jilabi'. While I was in the act of executing his orders, Abbavi chanced to see the photo of my wife hung near the chair. He went near and studied it well quite suddenly and astonishingly, there came over his face, a look

that I alone knew why should I say more? Muttering "Lovely lips!" with considerable ardour, he punctuated this comment with appropriate action. I now seek the help of the Court to redress my grievances."

Next came the cross-examination. Mr. Ayyakutti, who appeared for the defendant, stood up and began.

"You are a proprietor of a coffee club, isn't it?"

"YES" replied Samu.

"How long is it since you are employed in this line?"

"Nearly five years."

"To be exact?"

"Five years, two months, three weeks, five days, eleven hours, fifty five minutes and seventeen seconds."

"You have come studied?"

"Yes."

"Then who taught you?"

"My pleader"

"What! Your vakil, eh?"

"No, Yes, No, Yes, No—I learned it myself."

Samu's counsel bowed respectfully to the judge and immediately snapped out.

"Your honour, the defendants' lawyer is raising a dust."

Then addressing his client:

"Don't lose your head. Speak only to the point."

FUNNY MAGZIN

Ayyakutti then proceeded quietly to another point.

"How much are you worth?"

"Fifty thousand rupees."

"Are these your earnings?"

"Yes, no doubt about it."

"You earned fifty thousand in five years, isn't it?" roared Ayyakutti, with a certain ironical condescension towards the rich parvenu.

"Yes"

"That means ten thousand a year, am I correct?"

"No, less than that."

"How so?"

"Divide fifty thousand by five years, two months etc, etc."

"You say you earned nearly twenty eight rupees a day, which a Governor does not get, is that what you mean?" queried Ayyakutti, with a kind of bedside manner.

Samu's counsel jumped forward and said:—

"One swallow does not make a summer, your honour. The plaintiff's lawyer is leading my client to a wrong conclusion."

Magistrate then raised a point of order.

Ayyakutti proceeded with his main point next.

"On what day did the incident referred to in the plaint take place?"

"That is mentioned in the plaint. Just refer to it, if you want to know" answered Samu in a tone, which betrayed his loss of temper.

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"Your honour, the plaintiff is liable to be punished for contempt of court."

"Shakespeare has said that anger has its privilege" put in plaintiff's vakil.

"On what day, I say....." growled Ayyakutti, again.

His eyes turned crimson, while he said this.

"On Ashtami day" replied Samu, lowering his tone.

"What did Abbair do that day?"

"He kissed the photo of my wife."

[Laughter]

"How long did he kiss it? I mean, did he break the world record?"

"I don't know"

"Say, Yes or No."

"Then have it No."

[Laughter]

Several other witnesses were examined and among them were those who were

present at the club at the time of this incident, the man who passed that club at that time and also the man who saw the defendant entering the club.

The defendant was then called for. He deposed that it was true that he went to the coffee club on Ashtami day and gazed at the photo hung near the proprietor's chair. He quoted Kalidasa's Kumarasambhava, stating that it is not criminal to look at beauties and God has created lovely creatures that we people may admire and appreciate His works. But he added

he did not kiss the photo as was alleged in the plaint that he was as innocent as the new born babe and that he had no wish whatsoever to purchase by his own act "the coal that will burn him in hell". On his side were then examined half a dozen witnesses.

There was a long debate. Arguments were addressed at

great length on both sides. Judgment was reserved.

On the day, when the judgment was to be announced, the plaintiff put in a memo, starting that he did not press the suit in as much as the photo in question was only that of a cinema star resembling that of his wife and their respective places were inadvertently interchanged by a servant while white washing.

Magistrate became delirious with delight. The corner of his mouth curved quite a quarter of an inch, while he thus wrote "suit not pressed, hence dismissed with costs."

"Well, and how's your mother-in-law these days?"

"Oh, fair to meddling"

Mother: "Here is a nice book from which I shall read to you."

Little Girl: "What did you bring me that book to be read to out of from for?"

Minister: "And what does your mother do for you when you've been a good girl?"

Margery: "She lets me stay home from church."

The Big Fellow: "Awfully well-behaved crowd for a cup-tie, wasn't it?"

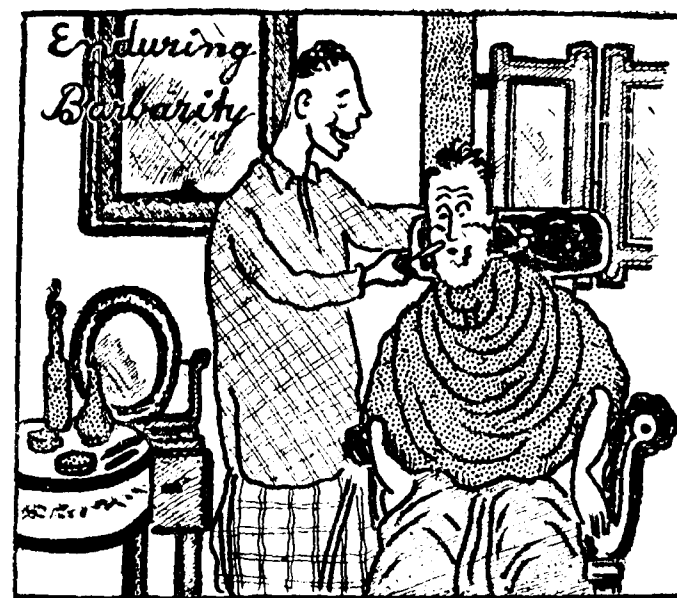
Little Stranger: "Oh, rather! The chap who gave me this black eye said, 'Sorry, chum,' twice."

Teacher: "How much is 12, 18, 33, 14, 7, and 16?"

Cohen (promptly): "98."

"Wrong. The answer is 100."

"Yes, sir, but for such a prompt turnover you ought to allow 2 per cent. discount."



Competition Jokes

A man once asked a Dhobi to lend him an ass. The Turk replied, "I have not an ass here." At the same moment, the animal began to bray in the stable. "Ho," said the man, "do not I hear you ass braying in the stable?" "What," said the Dhobi, "would you take the word of an ass in preference to mine?"

* *

Two lawyers having a dispute, one said to the other, who was a dwarf: "If you are not more civil, I will put you in my pocket." "Then," replied the little fellow, "You will have more law in your pocket, than you have ever had in your head."

G. Singamuthu,
Pudukottah.

Wife.—"When I die you will never find another woman like me."

Husband.—"What in the world makes you think I should try to find another woman like you?"

* *

School-master.—"Now, Madhav, give me the definition of the word widow."

Madhav.—"A widow is a woman who lived so long with her husband that he died."

N. Chellappah,
Egmore, Madras.

Father.—"Where's the book which I am reading till now?"

Son.—I placed it on a basin of water, father.

Father.—"Are you mad to place it there?"

Son.—No! Father, you said the book is dry.

M. Ramanamurthy Rao,
Dhugarajapatam,

Sir.—Who is the wealthiest man?
Father.—"Kubera."

Son.—Then, how much income-tax has he to pay.

Nageswara Rao Chanduri,
Alamoor.

Teacher.—What is the difference between castor oil and whisky?

Bright Student.—Castor oil is movie and the whisky is talkie.

M. R. K. Krishnan,
Vizianagaram.

Host.—"What kind of wine do you like best?"

Guest.—(absent-mindedly) Er.—others swine.

* *

At a dinner party, a gentleman asked the person next to him if he would please pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter." "Oh, no, Sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

Ch. R. Dikshatalu,
Rajahmundry.

In a Catechism class which was the last period for the day, the Teacher asked

"Hands up all those children who like to go to Heaven."

All hands up except one.

Teacher.—"Patrick don't you like to go to Heaven?"

Patrick.—"Please Teacher, Mummy told me to come straight home immediately after school."

Mrs. G. Jansen,
Colombo.

"Tommy, your head is wet. You've been in swimming against my orders."

"No, pa, I was just standin' on the bank watchin' the other boys when that little Tompkins kid did a 'belly-buster' an' splashed me."

"Then, why wasn't your hat wet?"

"I had it in my hand, pa, fannin' myself."

"Umph! I guess I'll have to make a lawyer out of you, my son."

E. J. Cutinha,
Mangalore.

Two friends having gone to a Coffee Club were taking their *Idli* and *Sambar*. The first dipped a piece into the *sambar* and placed it into his mouth when tears began to roll down his cheeks as it was too hot.

"Why! What's the matter?" asked the second just about to have his own mouthful.

1st.—"Ten years back this day my uncle was hanged in a foreign country."

The second having helped himself to a piece dipped in the *sambar* also had tears. Immediately the 1st asked "Why are you crying?"

2nd.—"Cause you were not also hanged along with your uncle."

B. Poorna Chandrarao,
Fort, Vizianagaram

A farmer was vigorously digging deep in his field. A passer-by asked him: "Why do you dig so deep? Is there treasure in it?"

Farmer.—"No, sir, I want to show to the Government that depression has taken place in agricultural farms also."

K. S. Krishnan, B. A.,
Badagara.



The Cow and The Bell.

To some hill slope a shepherd boy,
His humble herd of cows once drove:
At midday hour he sat in joy,
Beneath a pleasant shady grove.

Each cow had round her neck a bell,
Which tinkled sharply as she roved:
An angry rill from those heights fell,
And dashed its course like coursers proud.

To him a man came quickly there;
"Dear boy, I want a bell," he said;
Then showing him a cow too fair
He nobly him a shilling paid.

The boy gave him in turn the bell,
And thanked his star in immense joy:
But later while asleep he fell,
That rogue came back to cheat the boy.

Sunk deep in sleep the boy he found;
And she was browsing on the green;
Well with his rope the cow he bound,
And 'parted with it quite unseen.

But after rising from his nap
In vain he searched for his fat cow:
"The absence of that bell", he spoke,
"Has robbed me of my useful cow".

The Woodman's Ballad.

A weary lot is mine, O God,
A weary lot is mine!
To roam in wilds for wood abroad
To fetch my fare and wine!
A mighty axe my shoulders bear
And a strong, lengthy rope:
All lofty trees to fell I dare,
Entombed in that gay hope;
To blithely pass my days of woe, O God,
Without that scurvy pride or show.

My guiding star in sooth is bad,
It stares at me in rage.
Why dost Thou not see my life sad,
And free me from this cage?
Before Thy noble face I swear,
Untinged by selfish views,
In you unswerving faith I bear
Which you for harbour sues:
Forgive this weary heart of mine, O God,
And don't desert the child of thine.

V. M. HARI RAO.

"What is nicer than a cold bath and a good warm breakfast?" asks a correspondent. A good warm breakfast.

Nowadays it's a wise investment that knows its own par.

It is calculated that the average moosehorse travels at 35 miles an hour. That is, of course, if you have not any money on him.

A girl doesn't complain if a man prints kisses on her if she likes his type.

There are more than 40,000 registered brands of perfume in Paris. Still the scent of fashion.

A girl on a sofa
Is easily won o'a

It certainly would help things if the Government would start living within our incomes.

What we'd like to know is, when waiters go on strike, as they did in New York, how many hours is it before the diners find out?

We've just heard what an instalment collector does when he drinks too much at a party. He goes out and rings doorbells.

We heard of a man the other day who calls his neighbour's wireless set "mother-in-law" because he gets so much interference from it.

Results of the "First Letter" Competition.

Correct Solutions of the "First Letter" Competition are as follows:—

1. Sing. 2. Fame. 3. Numb. 4. Look. 5. Fare.
6. Pack. 7. Rime. 8. Tact. 9. Cage. 10. Came.

The first Prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. K. NATARAJAN,
Kotha Road, Vizagapatam | 4. P. S. VISVALINGAM,
C/o P. Ramesh Garu, Kilpauk, Madras |
| 2. A. APPAN IYENGAR,
Teacher, A. V. H. School, Sattur, Ramnad Dt. | 5. N. RATHINAM,
Ry. Contractor, Chitavadigai Village, Hospet. |
| 3. W. S. SARAVANAM,
32, Valandurai Vinayagar St.,
Walajahpet, (Chingleput Dt.) | |

The Second Prize has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. MISS. B. FERNANDEZ,
C/o. Whiteaway Laidlaw & Co., Ltd.,
IPOH—Pebak—F. M. S. | 21 & 22. A. S. NARAYANASAMI IYER,
Pensioner, Kuloor Village, Chandragiri Post,
Chittoor Dt. |
| 2. L. V. ADHIHETTY,
'The Grove', Waddigama - Ceylon. | 23. S. VENKATASAMY IYER, T.M.P.,
Kilperumathur, Tiruvannamalai Taluk. |
| 3. DEVIDASS. B. KAPADIYA,
1279, Rangrez Bazar, Secunderabad (Deccan). | 24. C. N. SUBBA ROW,
Clerk, Mysore Market Post Office, Mysore |
| 4. MAWJEE M. SONI,
C/o. Dr. Kalidas H. Shah, Napier Road, Karachi. | 25 & 26. K. NATARAJAN,
Kotha Road, Vizagapatam. |
| 5. K. KANNAN,
Clerk, S. R. O., Kottachira P. O., N. Malabar. | 27. P. A. BHIMA RAO,
Hunt Garden, Anantapur |
| 6. G. DASAPPA,
292 Seetha Vilas, Agrahar, Mysore. | 28. N. K. IYER,
P. W. D. Office, Amraoti Camp. |
| 7. K. RADHAMANI,
C/o. K. Subba Ramappa, Medapuram,
Chennakothapalle Post, Anantapur Dt. | 29. T. C. V. RAMANA IYER,
162, Telugu Brahmin St., Coimbatore. |
| 8. M. VIRABHADHRAN,
Branch Post Master, Kilambakam, Chingleput. | 30. M. HANUMANTHA RAO,
Clerk, Dt. Police Office, Chittoor. |
| 9. M. SUBRAMANIAN,
C/o. V. Kanakasabapati,
A. T. S., S. I. Ry., Podanur. | 31. V. SEETHARAMA GUPTA,
Beni St., Tirupati. |
| 10. P. S. RAJAM,
Agent, Oriental Life Office, Salem. | 32. S. M. R. KRISHNASAMI IYENGAR,
7, B. Ulagalandan St., Conjeevaram. |
| 11. C. R. SUNDARA RAJAN,
174/4, Brahmin St., Chittoor. | 33. C. JANAKIRAMAN,
1/12, Meeran Sahib St., Mount Road, Madras. |
| 12. T. K. GANAPATHI,
Ammayappan Post, Tanjore Dt. | 34. S. VELAYUTHAM,
Gipsanpuram, Tuticorin. |
| 13. Ch. B. MADHAVA RAO,
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C/o G. K. Iyengar, 805, Big St., Kumbakonam. |
| 14. D. HANUMANTHA RAO,
Dhenuvakonda, Anantapur, P. O., (Via) Ongole. | 36. V. SUNDARAM IYER,
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| 15. E. BAGAVATHU NAIDU,
Reddy St., Punganur, (Chittoor Dt.) | 37. G. N. KHARE,
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| 16. V. KRISHNASWAMI IYER,
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7, Prince of Wales Road, Mysore. |
| 18. D. A. SAMPATH,
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| 19. PADMASANI,
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| 20. P. SUBRAMANIAN,
12, Katchaleeswaran Agraharam, G. T., Madras. | 42. T. V. THIRUVENKATACHARI,
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SET!

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FIRST PRIZE Rs. 30.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 20.

Rs. 5 TO THE SENDERS OF LARGEST NUMBERS OF ENTRIES.

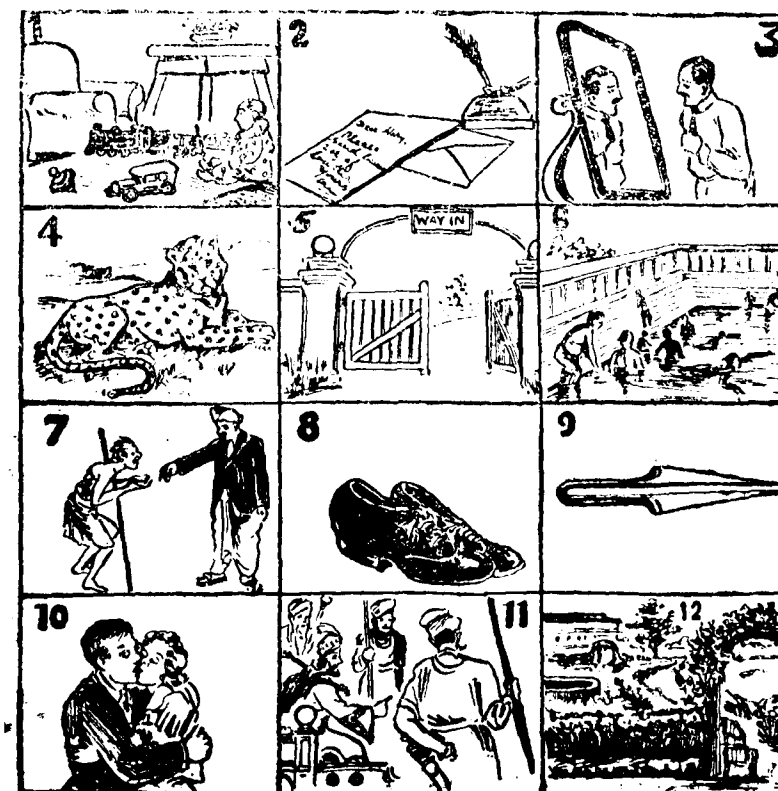
Closing date: 5th June, 1934.

HOW TO WIN:

Here is another easy but interesting picture puzzle for you. On this page 12 pictures and a list of words are given. All you have to do is to study each picture carefully and decide which word of the given list of words is the most appropriate one for that picture. You then simply write the word in the space provided for that picture in the Free entry coupon. As an example look at picture No. 1. No. 1 picture is that of playthings. In the list of words the most appropriate word for picture No. 1 is found to be Toys. So the solution for the picture No. 1 is Toys. All the others will have to be solved in the same way.

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

All the "Right words" are to be chosen only from this list.



1. Alms
2. Bathing
3. Beggar
4. Charity
5. Cheetah
6. Embrace
7. Entrance
8. Forceps
9. Footwear
10. Garden
11. Gate
12. Help
13. Image
14. Kiss
15. Leopard
16. Letter
17. Nabob
18. Pincers
19. Reflection
20. Toys

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 June '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 "Right words" 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. An additional prize of Rs. 5 will be awarded to the sender of the largest number of entries whether correct or incorrect.
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.
IN "RIGHT WORDS" COMPETITION.
Closing date 5th June 1934.

1. TOYS

7.

2.

8.

3.

9.

4.

10.

5.

11.

6.

12.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name Mr.
 Miss or Mrs.

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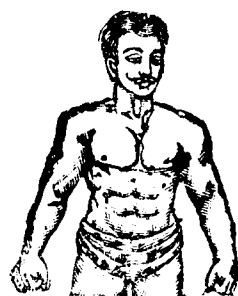
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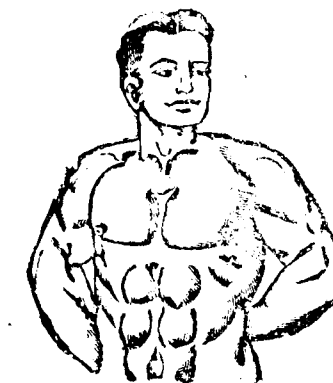
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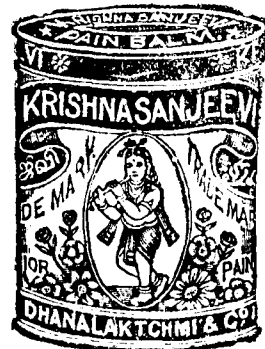
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