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No. 20.

HEROICALLY DYEING FOR LOVE!



No matter what happens,
An old man's grey hairs,
An old man's lined face,
He trusts to the Black Dye.

HOW I GET MY JOB

"NO VACANCY"

"No Vacancy!"

Never mind. No; Don't get frightened.

Go anywhere you like: the biggest firms or the mightiest offices.

Only one thing stares you in the face: "No Vacancy."

I had taken my degree: and that with distinction. My Prof. and Lecturers gave me the best certificates. Of course, they give only "best" certificates, you might say. But in my case, it was the steady work I did in the class that got me their good wishes and good opinions.

Of Commercial courses, I passed all with distinction too.

MY "make up" too was faultless. I had my suit made by Rahim Khan of our pett: a more stylish fellow you can hardly meet with—no matter what you think of your Mount Road vanities.

Oh that small tuft of hair on the head! That vanished into thin air long long ago. My name I changed to St. Kalyan. You know my name was Shantakalyanam.

I always carried about my pocket a tenner cigarette case and striker: writing implements of the best and all that.

My job-hunting begins!

I began with small offices: that awful board, "No Vacancy" stood staring me in defiance of all decency or even the crudest elements of courtesy.

Then I attacked the larger ones. The same forbidding, unfriendly retort: evidently the heads or managers took it into their heads that to put up a board with "No Vacancy"

was a stroke of cleverness for which the Imperial Government would thank them and award a C. I. E. or an O. B. E. or even a Knighthood for the courage involved.

I was not daunted by these petty scraps or strips of wooden boards. I had not come to Madras, spent my good village money, and worked hard, day and night, and passed your Exams. and further wasted money on stylish dress and got up a thousand things more; all that just to be scared away out of big buildings by that most ill-mannered and heartless board with the most disgraceful words the English Language should be ashamed of viz., "No Vacancy."

I was never known as a chicken-hearted fellow: though as an orthodox fellow, I had the coolness to stomach plenty of chicken.

By

"ARBELA"

I was one week end

I had done plenty touring among these offices—but why should I not send in my applications and get at some job through post? You might ask.

That is worse than impossible: Don't you know some of these proud chaps at the head of these offices have a special large basket into which they shove all applications for jobs, and auction the refuse every week?

They do get a good sum because most of them contain postage stamps which the fond dreamer of applications expects to be used for the reply.

No, applications by post are no good: they are like money lent: both the application and the stamp for reply are lost.

I was tired of this hunting business: I had almost made up my mind to start some big office for myself.

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What do I want a big office for myself? you might ask.

Just to give jobs to poor devils like myself. You only require a peculiar nerve and a kind of audacity for that:

You advertise for Cashiers, Managers, Agents and Representatives. You get decent Cash Securities. You honestly start business. You work hard and sincere. You live and let live. And if things turn out well, then you have found bread for so many that didn't have it. But, if bad luck dogs you, you close down: and no fault of yours either!

Well, I was on the brink of my new venture, when, almost automatically, I stepped into Rashid Rafique & Co., you know them—perhaps in the first line of the biggest firms of Asia.

I stepped in.

There was the telephone girl: Yes, and like the "Tel-girl" of our Movies, a fine handsome affair: never mind my job: one mind spend a happy five minutes at least with this full-moon faced girl, so I thought.

"Good-morning, Miss."

"Good-morning," in the sweetest of voices with a sweeter face than I had ever seen on the stage or screen.

"I have come for a job," I said.

"What a pity! Haven't you seen the board outside?"

"I have," I said.

"Well, there you are!"

"But I must have a job, Miss. I have come to the end of my tether. I don't know what I should do without something to do. But you have so many lines here. You seem so busy: and yet you put up that infernal board 'No Vacancy.' How can that be?" I asked.

"Yes, that is the wonder of it. They are always for 'cutting down' as they say," she said.

"No, that can't be. Something wrong somewhere. Shall I see the boss?" I asked.

"I don't know if there is much use," smiled the sweet faced one. "Yes, do see him."

"Yes, see him, I shall," I was wheeling about.

"Wish you luck. Should like to hear how you fare. Boss is up in his room. Not a bad one, either. Hope something nice will turn up," she wished.

"Well, if it does, you will hear," I said.

"Yes, I should like to. So you come in here as you are going away?" she asked me almost with a gentle command in her tone.

"Certainly," I said, and came out.

UP I went and I was shown in.

Fine specimen of man, the Boss of Messrs Rashid Rafique Company: cheerful, well-fed,



Looked at each other only to be friends for life.

with a healthy glow and optimism flowing all over the man, table and room.

"Well, young man," and he looked up, quite a big man in a big place.

"Sir, my father used to tell us that Messrs Rashid Rafique & Co., was there since the days of his father," I began.

"That is so; You are Mr. Nagoo, Yes, Mr. Nagoo. My grandfather began it when quite young. But, now, what is it that I can do for you?" he asked as he read my name on my visiting card.

"All that I wanted to tell you, sir, is that as I stepped along, I saw that board 'No Vacancy' almost insulting every passer-by. This old firm, the dream of my father, why should it be marred by such a board?" I asked.

"Maybe you are right. But, you know we are passing through very bad times," he answered.

"There are so many departments," I objected.

"There are, but all of them are hard hit," he answered.

"But surely there must be lots of men coming round for jobs. Is it not so heartless to turn them out with that rude board?" I appealed.

"I admit, Mr. Nagoo. My own father would have done that the last thing. But I don't know how I shall help it. At any rate, I have no idea," he lighted a cigarette as a mark of his frank expression.

"May I take the liberty of suggesting a gentle course, sir?"

"Surely, let me hear."

"Let the applications be taken from applicants as they come in, in person or by post; they can be registered and each one can be sent for as he or she is needed in any of the departments," I put in.

"But we generally absorb the place left vacant," he said.

"Even then, it won't do to let people run in and run out and curse that such an ancient House of business should turn out people in need in such scurvy fashion," I pressed in.

Boss looked up for a second.

"Well, Mr. Nagoo, I am sure we Rafiques hardly relish the harsh step. So you would have somebody look to these applicants?"

"Certainly, sir; and, when there is nothing to offer, their names can be registered if they deserve," I urged.

"Not a bad idea. You want a small Service Commission to be started here?" smilingly he queried.

"Somewhat like that; but with more heart," I answered.

"Let me see; as it is, we work with just as many hands as we need. Your idea needs another hand. But, as you suggest this Service Commission business, do you think you will take it up if I offer you?" he asked.

"I should, at least for the sake of the thousands of youngsters without job or hope or ray of Sunlight."

A word or two more; it was handsomely fixed up.

I came down; true to my promise I peeped into Miss Lyons room, the Tel. Exchange girl.

"Come in, Mr. Nagoo, so glad awfully. You have managed to get in nicely. You are fixed up," she looked such joy as came from heart and not from mere lips.

"You know my name, Miss. Lyons. So kind of you to feel so happy at my success: it is due to your tip about the Boss. Let me thank you so much," I grasped her hands in mine and as we looked at each other for a brief second, we knew we met only to be friends for life.

Years now: Miss Lyons is at home as Mrs. Nagoo with a brood of little ones round her. I am in sole charge of the most important branch of foreign trade of Messrs Rashid Rafique & Co.

Out of pity our Service Commission started; to-day it is a necessary limb of our House which gives tested and trained new hands as they are needed to our various Departments and Branches all over the Empire.

But, not a day passes that I pass by that Tel. Exchange room without raising my hat to the chamber that gave me the job, and without thinking of the Friend at home and her growing brood of pets.

JEWELS FOR CHARITY JUST OR UNJUST?

"MRS. Dhaman is giving a way valuable jewels for charity."

"Why not give money?"

"Why not jewels?"



Mrs. Dhaman throws a globe of light—Dhaman takes him up as if he were a baby.

"But hard cash would be more helpful. When you want to give for charity, why convert money into jewels and then force jewels back into money again?"

"That is nobody's fault. He began it."

"Who?"

"Mahatma Gandhi. He went about taking jewellery for Swaraj Fund or Tilak Fund or War Memorial Fund. I know they were some Fund, though I don't distinctly call back whether it is war or peace or Tilak or Trotsky."

"No matter who began it, Sivraj. What amuses me is that Mrs. Dhaman is giving away so much for charity. Didn't you hear about it?"

So did Sivraj and Ishwar argue.

BY
"RUBIKON"

"Yes, she does, I too heard about it. But it is only right she should give to poor-houses and nursing homes so liberally," said Sivraj.

"So you think it is only just. How do you mean? Did she or her husband, Dhaman, —that giant—get at all those valuable jewels by force or mur—"

But before Ishwar could finish what he was saying, Sivraj put his hand on Ishwar's throat, "My dear Ishwar, good luck Dhaman can't hear your wonderful doubts about how he and his wife got at their wealth. If you only knew how all those costly things fell into their hands, I am sure you will hasten by the first Taxi you can jump in, to offer your apology."

"Really, Siv, you only make me the more curious," begged Ishwar.

"Why didn't you read that Headline in the newspaper posters, 'Going to Shear, Getting shorn'?"

"Yes, I am sure I did see that."

"You know Dhaman?"

"Well, only last week he had almost strangled to eternity that Chinese wrestler Fa Hian and our Submarine Gore was glad to be let off in the fourteenth round with the front dentals drawn out without a penny for the dentist or a drop from the chemist. Well, who doesn't know Dhaman?"

"You know Dhaman and his wife dwell next to Sett Jumna Lal?"

"Yes, they do."

"You know about three months back a burglar thought he would spend a pleasant and profitable half-hour with the best bankre of the City, I mean Sett Jumna Lal?"

"I read about that"

"Why, Ishwar, the blinking fool of a burglar, there was more of the fool in that fellow than of the knave. I mean in the make up of his mind."

"Get along with the Dhams, Siv. I am in no way bothered about the proportions in which the fool and the knave entered into that burglar's make up,"

"Not so fast as that, Ishwar. Now our Burglar brother—he got into Sett's sleeping room. You know these Setts sleep in the valley of their iron-safes and money

chests. He went about and saw that it was all good—I mean all that the Banker had gathered together: it was the veritable garden of precious stones which Aladdin saw. He gathered all that he thought would be useful and at the same time, handy—easily portable. Ah! some little noise in the direction he came in—he came out from the Sett's room—the Sett slept pretty sound that night—he stepped on to the terrace—and trying to get out, found a door open. He took the door to be the way out of the Sett's house. He passed the door and found himself in another bed room."

"I suppose that was Dhaman's bed room."

"Yes, you know that Sett Jumna Lal and Dhaman are such good friends and practically live together. Our friend did not know who the Sett's neighbour was; but he slowly stepped into the den of Dhaman who was sound asleep that night. Our midnight Jack began his operations: he opened a drawer which, unfortunately, was crammed full of dumb-bell iron balls which had to be screwed together for the use of Buck's Physical College. Down rolled the balls with dull heavy noise,"

"So Dhaman got up?"

"No, no, he didn't." He thought it was his wife disturbing him in his sleep and he roared out "You are the very ogre, Kusuma. You won't let a fellow sleep quiet."

"Splendid, Sir. What did the burglar say?"

"Say! good fellow! Why Dhaman's wife, she is not a heavy sleeper, runs up, throws a globe of light, chides

Dhaman for quarrelling with her even in his dreams when, lo! the burglar is there in a corner, lurking, shivering too, for he saw the Woolwich baby; the mighty gun, that was stretched on the cot."

"What about Kusuma?"

"She saw the man and shouted, when Dhaman got up only to see our modest friend meekly trying to efface himself, if that were possible."

"That is real cursed misfortune," cries out Ishwar.

"Dhaman looks at the visitor and takes him up as if he were a gentle baby, takes the bag from his hand and hands it over to his wife."

"Did he not struggle Siv?"

"Struggle! my dear Iswar. What are you dreaming. He only wanted to be spared his limbs and life. But Dhaman is a sport, you know. He saw that there was a big haul not only from the Sett's house but from the lady friends of some big people of the city. He handed the bag to his wife; and with about fifty Rupees and a bit of sound warning dismissed the midnight guest."

"And the jewels?"

"The jewels: yes, Mrs. Dhaman handed over to the Sett all that belonged to him. She advertised about the rest. The owners had their own reason for not coming out to claim them as proper proof was also required. And what could not be given to the owners went to charity. Is that fair, Ishwar?"

"That is simply splendid."

MAY 20, 1934

OUR KINO TALKS —

Madras At Last

MANY a time and oft, every province, Punjab not excluded, sneered at the inactivity of Madras in the sphere of films.

When Calcutta and Bombay could boast of productions, at least one or two that can favourably be compared with those from Hollywood, Madras could not harbour within its fold, even a single producing unit worth the name. Perhaps she did not recover up till now from the sudden shock which the advent of the Talkie administered to the then growing silent film industry.

The lack of a producing unit in Madras afforded enterprising producers of Bengal and Bombay fresh field for exploitation with some tens of thousands of Rupees, these Bengal and Bombay producers issued pictures in the South Indian Vernacular and their returns were always in lakhs. Since a picture in the South Indian dialect is a rarity and a novelty the box office was always a sure success, however defective the film may be.

The credit of making a Tamil Talkie from Madras goes to Mr. C.V. Raman of the National Theatres who produced "Valli" at the Imperial studios. Like all maiden attempts, this production was also defective and as misfortune would have it another picture on the same subject, but better than the former, was issued from the Pioneer Studios. Hence this former one of Mr. C.V. Raman could not stand in the field.

Not long ago Mr. A. Narayan, the talented director and producer of South India, contemplated upon producing a talkie of all class appeal. His contemplation was brought into fruition in the shape of "Sakkubai" which was produced at the Barna Studios, Calcutta. Considering the handicaps they had to surmount, this picture is a remarkable one and is certainly a stepping stone towards further successes of Mr. A. Narayan, who has opened a new studio in Madras named Srinivas Cinetone with the beautiful Blue Seal Sound equipment.

While this Srinivas Cinetone is budging on its way slowly, another producing unit has definitely come to stay in Madras and that is Vel Pictures, Ltd. This organisation includes many prominent exhibitors in the Tamil Nad and the Andhra Desa and as such it hopes to be a pucca success. Their Studio is situated in Teynampet in a very spacious compound affording conveniences for all kinds of emergency requirements. Their sound equipment Fidelytone Truck has arrived and the necessary arrangements for the production of the picture "Lava-Kusa" are being carried in right earnest. They have got their own developing and printing plants and the laboratory has been built with much care and thought.

Now that Madras could boast of good studios capable enough to produce pictures, why should people seek

studios in Bombay and Bengal to produce pictures in the South Indian Vernaculars?

Scarcely could I find an argument for it. These studios ought to be patronised and cooperated. Moreover, these so-called financiers get into so many difficulties and losses, because of producing their pictures at studios some thousands of miles away from their sweet homes.

First of all there is the transport expense which amounts to a good lot that could be avoided, and also the difficulty of finding extras, who could speak the dialect whenever an emergency occurs.

Moreover, South India is full of people conservatively minded who could not be budged out of Madras for all the wealth of Croesus. The services of these people can never be utilised at studios outside Madras. Now this reminds me of a very sad and awkward predicament to which a director of a film unit that went from Madras was put to. While the picture was in progress at Calcutta one of the featured players in the picture refused to portray a role which she considered rather mean. Remember she made this refusal while at Calcutta, and when the film was in progress. What could the director do? Could he run to Madras to fetch another actress or could he leave away neglecting that important role in the picture?

Leaving aside as to how they tackled the situation, we can point out that if such a situation should ever arise in Madras it could be met with ease, no difficulty whatsoever being felt.

ROXY

This week of grace
(Radio British.)

Cast:—Gracie Fields—Gracie Milroy,
Henry Hendall—Lord Swinford,
John Stuart—Henry Irving,
Helen Hays—Lady Warrington
Director:—Maurice Elvey.

Who has not heard of comedienne Gracie Fields the Twenty Thousand pounds star of Britain? After her remarkable performance in "Salley in our Alley" and "Looking on the Bright Side" her fans are anxiously awaiting her next with parted lips and straining eyes. The picture deals about a Cinderella theme, of Gracie Milroy a factory girl being kept in temporary possession of a castle and an estate by the whimsical and capricious Duchess of Swinford, because she was dissatisfied with the way her step sister Lady Warrington and her son Clive were managing the estate. The inevitable love comes between Gracie and Clive, which results in a temporary separation and a final reconciliation.

This then is the main trend of the story which is strewed here and there with small anecdotes and episodes intended to exploit Gracie's versatility. The picture is predominantly Gracie's and without her it collapses. Frank Pettingel and Minnie Rayner deserve mention as the parents of Gracie and Henry Kendall himself is quite O. K.

Maurice Elvey's direction is superb and the picture is what it is because

We can iterate and reiterate the unique advantages Madras will derive by its having sound studios of its own. We only look for the day when financiers will rush on to take opportunity by the forelock and produce pictures of a higher standard and appeal to classes both high and low. Prabhat's "Sita Kalyanam" with its record breaking run in Madras has set a very high standard in Tamil Pictures, and all the Tamil pictures that are coming in the near future ought to be at least as good as Sita Kalyanam, if not better, to achieve success.

Our Kine Causerie

of Elvey's genius who has made much of a third story.

Stage Mother

(A Metro Goldwyn Mayer Picture)

This film adapted from the original story by Bradford Ropes another of 42nd street deals about the theme of the ambition of the "Stage Mother" Alice Brady who has scored a great hit in "When Ladies Meet" and "Beauty for Sale," portrays the mother of Maureen O'Sullivan who gives perhaps her best performance in this picture.

PARAGON

I'll Stick to you

(British Lion Production.)

This story of Michael Barringer deals about a hypnote of a president of a morality society who replies to an advertisement in the matrimonial gazette and is landed in trouble some waters as a result of his mischief. This girl who has advertised is the fiancée of a man whom the president fleeced. Now that she got chance she forced him to pay back the illgotten gains after putting him to endless shame.

ELPHINSTONE

Turkey Time

(Gammort British.)

Like all the Walls-Lynn pictures this is also gay farce very much like their predecessors. The story deals about two cousins Max a tough guy from abroad and David a harmless assinine gentleman, staying with their relation Edwin and his sour wife. They get interested in Rose who is bothered by her boss, and to protect her. This offer a lot of scope for comical and farcical situations to which the pair does good justice. All the fans of this comical pair Ralph and Tom are sure to get a 100 per cent entertainment out of this picture.

The Good Companions.

(Gammouth British production)

It is really a Herculeam task to bring into such a small compass a novel like this of Priestley and Victor Saville cannot be blamed for having

failed to give a film completely faultless. Here is recorded the trials and tribulations touring concert party which contains humorous situations and places where human sentiment and feeling are clearly brought out.

WELLINGTON

Hoopla

(Fox Production)

Cast:—Clara Bow—Low, Preston
Footor—Nifty, Richard Cromwell
—Chris, Herbert Mundin—Hap,
James Gleason—Jerry, Minna
Gombeli—Came

Director:—Frank Lloyd.

Clara Bow at the opening displays a bit of Mal west as a tough oirous performer trying to win the love of an unsophisticated boy in spite of his father's opposition. She consequently reforms herself and helps him to success. The role of the unsophisticated boy is played by Richard Cromwell who seems to be unsophisticated to a fault. His acting is natural and convincing. There is Herbert Mundin in the cast and we know only too well what he is capable of. He spreads humour throughout the entire film.

CROWN

Kismet—ki—Kasanti

(East India Production)

Cast:—Khalil — Khushru, Athar—
Nadirshah, Pafemaythy—Pakir's
daughter, Bachan—Amir Firoz,
Abed—Gulbazz, Noorjahan—Ra-
sheedar, K. C. Dey—Fakir.

The story deals about the times of Nadirshah who thinks that there exists no God but him, and defies destiny in spite of a fakir's prediction that the King one day will be the bitterest enemy of his son. Finally the fakir's words come true and this film illustrates, and reiterates that no body whether it be the prince with the sceptre and the crown or the peasant with the scythe and the spade could defy destiny—the mightiest force. This film combines within itself all the East India features and there is K. C. Dey the blind singer to entertain you with beautiful and melodious music.



"Oh, Barber!"

A Daily Joke

BY

A. R. NATHAN.

ONE day I sat groaning with a barber, for my mother compelled me to call a barber and crop my head. The barber took out his pan. Meanwhile my sister got hot water and she poured the water into the pan. Then the toilsome work began. He took some ounces of water and massaged my hair this side and that side, so that my neck nearly strained.

"Oh!" I exclaimed on.

"Nothing, Sami" he said.

Clap, clap, clap went the scissors on my hair. Suddenly he jerked my head to the right and kept it for half an hour using his full force upon it. He stopped for a little and I lifted my head for relief.

His hand banged on my cheek and he was clicking with his scissors again. There was a heavy down pour of hair on my body. It went to my eyes and made me so angry that I hurt one of my eyes in attempting to take away the hair in it. It then began to enter into my nose causing a lot of sneezing. Suddenly he jerked my ear and went on clipping. He asked me to close my ears with my hands

and at first I refused. He then threatened what the fate of the ears would be if I would not hold them for a minute, so I held my ears with a doleful look.

I looked at the clock and it was five minutes past ten.

For five minutes, I held my ears and I was going to release nobly when the barber craved me to hold on my ear a second more. So I complied with his request. When I was holding my ear with impatience, a fly whizzed through the air and sat gracefully on my back and began to sting so that I shifted an inch for the first time. The fly from my back jumped and sat on my nose as if it was the master of all he surveyed.

I released my ear and drove the fly, and again and again it began to worry me. I did not think that I was in company with a barber and began to fight a great war with that one fly. In doing so, the scissors cut my ear: loudly I cried, "Oh, barber!"

"Nothing, Sami, it is an itch on your ear," told the barber. Blood began to flow like the Ganges in the hot

summer. I was very much annoyed hough all the time very patient. At last, he finished his weary job, and called my mother for money.

My mother perceived blood on my ear and began to shout and scold the barber as loud as possible attracting the way-siders to stop and to join with her. In the meantime, the barber slipped nicely from my house. He did not even take his money. I gave him the charge for cutting my ear afterwards.

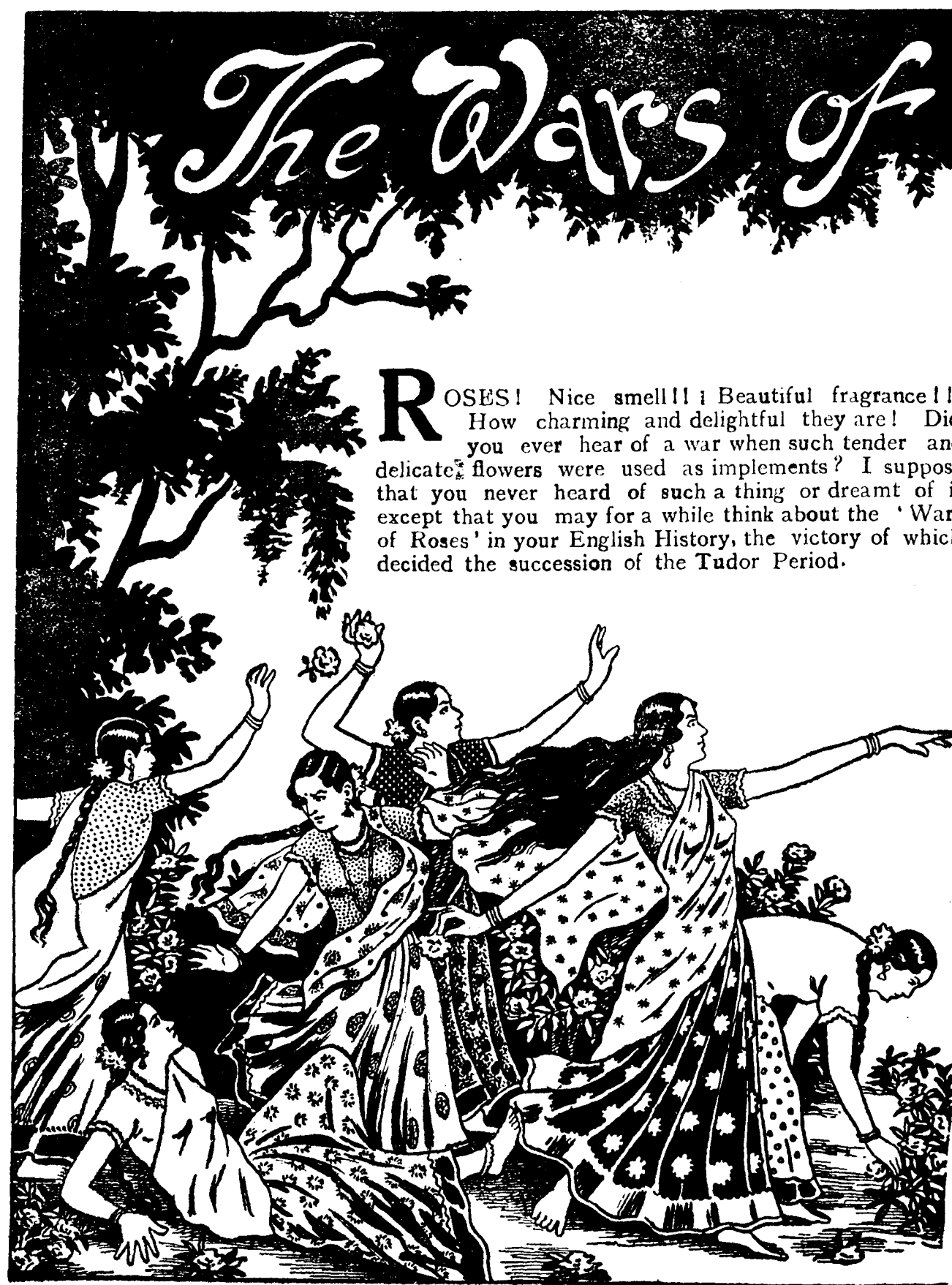
He had luckily met a fox's face that morning, for he was not beaten by my friends who would have generously given him sound blows. I used to see that fellow often afterwards and ask him how many ears he had clipped from that day and congratulate him for his luck in having escaped from my mother.

A man entered a hotel, hung his overcoat on a peg and pinned a card to it on which was written:

"This overcoat belongs to a champion prize-fighter. Back in ten minutes."

When he returned the overcoat was gone, but the card was still there. To it had been added:

"Overcoat taken by champion long-distance runner. Won't be back at all."



R OSES! Nice smell!!! Beautiful fragrance!!! How charming and delightful they are! Did you ever hear of a war when such tender and delicate flowers were used as implements? I suppose that you never heard of such a thing or dreamt of it except that you may for a while think about the 'Wars of Roses' in your English History, the victory of which decided the succession of the Tudor Period.

the Roses

"Wars! History!! Tudor Period!!! What nonsense does it mean in our Funny Magzin? Might be the murmur of some impatient student reader who has just retired from the agonies of Charles I's tyranny, or from the weariness of the American Independence, or as a wounded soldier from the Battle of Waterloo. But let them not be dejected at the mere sight of these words which, I am sure, will boil their blood. Patience will have its own reward.

Perhaps our growing youths, the younger generations of society, are more interested in the history of the present, the passing hour and the 'passing show' than the history of the past. No one



will call me a sane person if I were to expect from our youths, the trusts of posterity, any concentration on the history of the past with their old customs, manners, superstitions and traditions when so many cheerful clubs, kinemas, Carnivals and amusements are opened to welcome their eager visitors.

Now, let me reveal to you the mysteries of the 'Wars of Roses' in a way that is far less boring than History.

WHEN I was reading in a college in Bangalore, my daily prayers to the Almighty were to give me more holidays, not knowing "if years were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as work." One fine early morning, after my usual prayers I casually glanced over a wall calendar, which I had secured with great difficulty by using all my diplomatic skill and winning manners over the business talents of the head of a firm who was almost unknown to me, in the beginning of the year when many other gentlemen of my type had taken to this (to ask for calendars) as a part-time work. Such a calendar being as it was in a very prominent place of my room, never failed to show that nice morning how fast the summer holidays were approaching I was filled with joy. My heart danced within me as it had no one else to dance with. "Not when my first wedded wife crossed the threshold did my heart dance as it danced then....." Pardon me for my little dream. It is only natural when you have an overflow of joy.

College life in India is not so cruel as to deprive us of our well-earned holidays; nor did the brain, the books and all blessed things connected with my study, fail to congratulate me for giving them a rest which they badly needed. You may as well ridicule me when I say that I took great interest in plants, flowers and bowers from the closing day of my college, like some retired gentlemen who are perpetually blessed with the substantial and solid pension of His Majesty's Government running away from the maddening crowd and the metropolis of labour and commerce,

to suburbs to spend their life in peace, plenty and gardening; or you might think that I am a Botany student. I am almost sure that he will never take any interest in plants or flowers on precious holidays like Summer as he had in his working days cherished for much of interest for them. I used to spend most of my holidays in the ever-green gardens of Lal Bag. Either I had a fascination for Lal Bag or it had a fascination for me, is left entirely for you to decide afterwards. My admiration was so great that I would call it the 'Eighth wonder of the World.' But I am not justified in so doing as I have not myself witnessed the other seven wonders except in photographs and pictures. Every day, every evening the sinking Sun saw me just below a fine rose bower which was a speciality in Lal Bag.

The roses deck many beautiful damsels and the charming girls deck the roses. Their natural feminine play and display, their hops and walks, the absence of masculine spectators and my solitude among them seem to me as though my sincere prayers were answered in a better and sweeter way and as though God had blessed me with recreation and beautiful sight which is indelible from my memory.

"But so thought of danger,
Comes in roses of lovely bowers"

Yet, there was danger too. Over a small and petty cause, a quarrel arose among these beautiful girls who were playing in a bower opposite to me. The division of parties was formed in a moment's notice. There were two gullible leaders. It was an unnatural conflict unprecedented in the history of wars. Natures played their part too. Like many a passionate youth peeping into the Ladies' Bathing Ghat in a Lotus Lake, the Sun was having a clear peep through the gaps of the silvery clouds of the Western horizon. The surrounding plants and trees were the most eager spectators waiting to see the fate of the unnatural war.

Oh! What a war! What girls! What implements! The implements were Roses and nothing but Roses. These roses with their most extravagant scent were plucked out one after another mercilessly and hurled at their opponent parties. If Shakespeare had

himself appeared on the very spot and said:

"The quality of mercy
.....
....."

Surely, he would have been a very bad preacher. What is it? Had not the Roses beauty enough to charm another beauty's heart? Or did the girls envy the beauty of roses? Whatever it might have been, a more pleasant situation I can hardly conceive. Neither the arrow of the Red Indians nor boomerangs of Australia ever did whistle through the air as the roses, the weapon of this unusual war.

To me, their blood-shot eyes and quivering breath were a mere matter of sport; so romantic, so delightful and so enchanting. One was pushed upon the other, and some were thrown in the thorny bowers near by. The thorns were fed with their sweet blood. Buds, full bloom flowers and flowers that are about to wither had the very hour of their death. And I was then the hero of that hour.

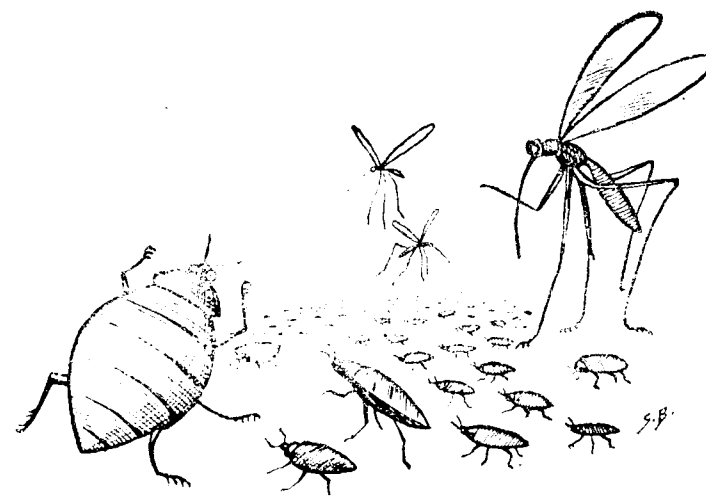
No sooner the countless roses exhausted than the war came to a close. They thought it was wise to negotiate truce, bringing about an impartial understanding between them. The little battle field had become a bed of roses upon which they sat for truce. The conditions of truce were not clearly heard as their talk was too low. Are you not happy too to hear in the end that with peace they reached the paradise of perfect rest? But this little of such uncommon sport still lingers to this day in my mind. If I were asked to write a short essay on how you spent your summer holidays, a question that is commonly asked in our Indian Schools (rather too commonly), I would have narrated the very incident which would have inspired the examiner with romantic ideas which would have made him a slave to the combatants! Cheer you, Every body!

An actor had married a wealthy woman and had retired. One day he and his wife were walking in the street when they passed two actors who had known the husband.

"There goes Bill," said one of them sneeringly, "with his labour-saving device."

CAN BUGS BE VEGETARIANS?

— By NIW DELT. —



A few days ago, near the Round Thana, in one of those highly fashionable restaurants, I met a delicious plate of *Gulab Jam*. And we had a quite nice time together. So much so, that shortly afterwards I felt null and void, and had an inclination of sleep came over me. So I hurried home and the bed being mighty comfortable, lay down for a snooze.

BUT there was nothing doing, for a bug started walking across my neck, searching for a tender spot to settle down and have his breakfast. With tender care I retrieved the wanderer, for I am a lover of rats, mosquitoes, and insects, and put him on my thigh, and started musing on the hard lot of these poor insects! So much so, that their sufferings have touched a chord in my tender chest, and I wept so copiously, that no fewer than seven hankies got completely wet. But let me tell you about my musings and the cause for the summer tempest of tears, or else you wouldn't understand.

NOW these bugs and mosquitoes, as you very well know, get their

living by chewing bits out of us. In other words, they sneak round like a detective on the trail, and when we aren't looking, jab their highly pointed proboscis into our epidermis or outer cuticle and get their breakfast, all hot and fresh. How they manage to keep their proboscis so sharp beats me. May be if we look into their lives closely, we might find out what knife powder they use.

BUT let me come to the point. Consider what is happening to the poor insects! specially the domestic bug and the mosquitoes! During the past ten years civilization has invented insect powders and various other devices to murder the poor insects! And what has the poor inoffensive insects done to deserve this? Surely, you don't expect them to turn vegetarian, and eat carrots, potatoes and brinjals? They cannot be expected to bite motor-cars and cycles, can they? There is no nourishment in them whatever, and they are so elusive to catch.

Imagine a poor mosquito chasing a Fiat car through Mount-Road trying to find a tender spot to sting and imbibe nourishment. Why,

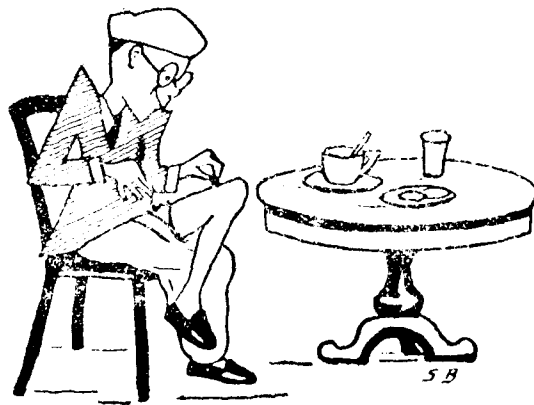
the very thought is painful to contemplate.

THUS on account of these modern atrocious inventions like "FLIT" 'Keatings powder', Mosquitos and Bug killing powders etc, the poor insects are being murdered at an alarming rate. So much so, that one of these days, mark my words, the world will be bereft of these mosquitoes and bug species and then don't tell me that I didn't warn you. And nothing whatsoever is being done to stop this inhumane massacre. Nothing whatsoever! And yet they say that we have a benign Government, not to mention the S. P. C. A. and the League of Nations! There is no Society for the prevention of anything to bugs or any association for their preservation.

I who am the friend of the oppressed, the weary and the down-trodden, intend doing something for them, if my constant readers would help.

WAIT! Don't turn over to the next page yet. It isn't your money I want. It is only your assistance and sympathy that I crave. Here are the poor bugs seeking and getting the food which is their

natural and inalienable right. But mankind looks upon them in an unfavourable light, and massacres them with modern weapons. Knowing the tender spots, you, my constant readers, have got for the meaner members of the community, the lower orders among our fellow creatures, I entreat you to help. Will you help please? Just give them a few drops of blood. Only thus can we expect to save these pets from complete extinction. So do your best please, always remembering that every little drop of blood means a happy and contented bug.



A humane heart giving a feed to a mosquito.

And I do wish the mamma and the papa bugs gave every day a lecture to their little ones on how to escape massacre from mortals. If I knew the bug language this is what I'd say:—

Oh bugs, and ye mosquitoes, lend me your ears and hearken unto me. The path through life is nought but strife and animosity, and extremely bitter. Beware, my little ones, beware of the beautiful housewife with her raven tresser and beautiful visage, when she approaches you with a pot of boiling water. Run when you see her thus armed, for the scalding water is meant for you, so that you and your whole family might be boiled to

death. Beware of the little of powder also which the aforesaid lady occasionally sprinkles on you. It is not your toilet but deadly poison and meant to kill you.

Beware also when you see her armed with an implement, like a machine-gun, for that is meant to spray a highly poisonous fluid to hasten your destruction. Beware also of probing pins and needles and finally beware of the insects called ants, for with most unholy glee they will devour you without the slightest qualm or quiver. And most of all beware of "—But it, there's a bug on my neck again. I wish the accursed things never existed. What's the sense in them anyway? There is in this world a lot of things I shall never be able to understand. Prickly pears

for instance, and colds in the head, toothache and bugs and—dash it there's a mosquito with his proboscis inserted half way into my nose!

A lady was training her Chinese servant to answer the door-bell. She went outside, rang the bell, and the servant came to the door. A day or two later she was worried by a continual ringing of the bell. At last, as no one went to the door, she did so herself, and opened it to find her servant on the step.

"Whatever are you doing, Li?" she asked.

Said Li: "Yesterday you fooled me; now I fool you."

Punished for Poverty.

Do you know how many people go to prison in Russia in a year simply because they cannot pay the fines imposed on them—mostly for trivial offences?

In 1932 no less than 7,634 people went to prison for this.

Unfortunately, justices do not always grant petty offenders time in which to find the money to pay their fines. It is just a matter of luck whether a man or woman happens to encounter magistrates whose habit it is to allow time to pay.

This unjust state of things should be altered. Fines should be payable in instalments, like civil debts, graduated according to one's means.

If a fine is imposed, instead of a prison sentence, it is a plain indication that the magistrates do not think the offence serious enough to merit gaol.

To put men and women in prison simply because they cannot all at once raise the amount of the fine is to punish them, not for crime, but for poverty—which is an intolerable abuse of justice.

Dick—"Where's our Jack? I haven't seen him for months."

Tom—"What! Haven't you heard? He's got three years for stealin' a car."

Dick—"Why did he steal a car? Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like a gentleman?"

M. Ramagopal,
Rayapettah.

Client—"My neighbour has threatened to pull my nose every time 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. Good morning."

N. Venkataramana,
Purasa-walkam.

"And when you eloped with the girl," asked a friend, "did her father follow you?"

"Did he?" said the young man.
"Rather! He's living with us yet."

MAY 20, 1934

Help ! Oh, Bhai FUNZIN ! Help !

ON my way to office one fine morning, I suddenly stopped in the middle of the road as if struck by thunder, and narrowly escaped being run over by a car.

Well, then, can you guess the cause of this lunacy? You can't? Now, it is a gold ring, or rather, the loss of a gold ring. You may well ask why all this fuss over a gold ring. The answer is simple. In the first place, it is a fine specimen of the workmanship of our ancient goldsmiths. Secondly, it was given by my grandfather to my father, who in turn presented it to me, and I was hoping to pass it on to my unmarried son. Thus, the ring has become a heirloom, and hence, it is more precious to me—if not to you—than all the gold in the world sent to U.S.A. I telephoned to my detective friend, Mr. Jaya, but I was so excited that words refused to fall out of my mouth. I tried to say something and the only result was, "I—my—ring." I heard the voice of the buffalo (I mean Mr. Jaya) bellow out. "What are you muttering there, you owl? Are you transformed into an ape?"

I said, "Yes—No. No.—"

He shouted, "Double negatives make an affirmative, my friend. No No means yes; and that is, you are an ape. Isn't it simple? What?"

By this time I had recovered my mental balance and I roared, "Damn your logic, you impudent ass."

"Now that you are speaking like a sensible goat, tell me what ails you, my dear."

"My precious ring is missing and I order you to find it, my dear Sherlock Holmes."

"Steady, Dr. Watson. No ordering here. You and your ring, go to the devil."

There was a click and no more. I rang up but there was no answer. I called up the exchange and asked why I was cut off in mid, and I was told that the other party rang off. What a mannerless brute he was to leave the telephone in that abrupt way

without a word of encouragement. I decided to see him personally, and therefore made a quick journey to his house by car. Alas, what a plight! I was disappointed. He was called away on some business, and the mysterious disappearance of my priceless gift yet remained to be solved.

I was wondering what was best to do, when an idea struck me; and that was to call upon our dear Bhai Funzin for inspiration. As it was impossible to go to him across the sea, I dreamt of him and his bulging stomach. That sweet smile of his was ever there on his happy face. If I were a girl I would have—no, not kissed his lips—but had a bite of his fleshy cheeks. I remembered his greediness for his fortnightly cocktail (not the tail of a cock) and I gave him a glass of my best. But he was not so easily satisfied. He had another glass, and

By "SOCKS"

yet a third (curse his greediness)! I wasted three glasses of my treasured cocktail on his fatness—not his highness—and the only advice he gave me was to call again upon my friend, Jaya, late in the evening. I was so furious that I wanted to give a good blow on his fatty stomach, but he disappeared mysteriously—wisely!

At about eight o'clock in the night, I went to Jaya's house and found that worthy busy at dinner. I helped myself without an invitation, and ate voraciously.

Jaya was at last ready to question me and I prepared to answer all his questions whether foolish or otherwise. He opened fire, "Now, look here, Socks. You are always troubling me with your trifles. With all your experience of me, you can't use a bit of your common sense and get over your difficulties. What is your trouble this time?"

I said, "I lost my invaluable gold ring."

"Why don't you begin at the beginning without beating about the bush?" was his next question.

"Well, as I said before—"

"No, that is not the beginning."

"Then, where is the beginning?"

"Had you that ring on you this morning when you got up from bed?"

"Yes, I had it on my small finger."

"Right Finger or left?"

"Right."

"Let me have a look at your finger."

I showed him my finger, and he gave it such a pinch that I howled out. He said that he had to do it professionally, but I doubt him even now.

"I find that the mark left by the ring round the finger is very faint, and as such, the ring should be loose for that finger. Is that not so?"

"Yes," said I.

"So that if you apply soap, it will fall down even without your knowledge. Am I not right?"

"Yes, that is possible. What a brain you have!"

"There, there! Enough of your compliment. Now tell me whether you had any occasion to use soap this morning."

"Yes. When I had my morning wash."

"Did you wash your hands thoroughly, so that not even a particle of soap adhered to your fingers?"

"I am not sure of that."

"Then, there is a possibility of your not having washed your hands thoroughly."

"Yes."

"After the wash, what did you do? You wiped your body, I suppose."

"No, I didn't, after the wash I went straight to the wardrobe and brought out my office wear. Then I wiped my body, put on my clothes, had tea,

and then rushed out of the house, all in a jiffy as I was already late for office. I discovered my loss on my way."

"You have already solved the puzzle for me. Ha! ha! ha!"

"How can that be?" queried I.

"Well, what will you give me if the ring is returned?"

"Are you having it with you?" If so, you are a common thief."

"Tut! tut! not so fast, my friend."

"Then give back my ring."

"I am sorry, I don't have it. You can search me if you wish."

"Then how can you give me the ring if you don't have it?"

"What I meant was that I have discovered where your ring is."

"In that case, at least tell me where it is."

"No, I won't, unless you promise to do what I tell you."

"Right. I promise."

"The first and foremost, apologize for all the silly remarks you made of me."

"From the crown of my head to the toe of my foot. I curse. No I mean I apologize for all the fine remarks I made on your account—er—er—your honoured person."

"I don't give you credit for that piggish oration. Well, let it go at that. Now, promise on your honour to buy me a new car and to take me on a world tour by sea. All expenses to be incurred by you."

Since I don't have care an atom for money I readily promised.

On being further questioned I told Jaya that I had the ring while washing and that I searched the whole place but without success.

He summarised the whole incident thus, "You had the ring while washing. It fitted your finger very loosely so that there was a possibility of its falling down without your knowledge, when you applied soap. You didn't wipe your body immediately after the wash, but went straight to the wardrobe. You say that you searched the whole place in general, and the bath room and the dressing

room in particular, but did you search the wardrobe?"

The question came like a thunderbolt to me for that was the only place I never troubled to search. My face revealed my thoughts to Jaya and he didn't wait for an answer to his question but pushed me out of doors, saying, "Run up, You will find it there, but don't forget your promise."

Something in me—or is it the inspiration of Bhai Funzin?—told me that my precious hairloom would be there, and in fact, it was there. I jumped up for joy and shouted three hurrahs, one for Jaya's genius, another for Bhai Funzin's fatness! and the third for your patient reading. My impatient goodness I even said my prayers for the welfare of my highly honoured—mind you, not accursed—friend, Jaya.

The next instant I turned pale to think of the new car and the world tour by sea. Oh! Bhai Funzin! come to my help. Is there room enough in your pockets to hide me? Jaya can then hunt for me high and low, but he will not dare to search the pockets of our dear Bhai Funzin. Don't you agree with me?

Two suburbanites were discussing a third.

"A strange man is Smith," said Jones, "such a small eater. They say he takes after his wife."

His companion looked puzzled.

"That's hardly possible," he said. "He can't take after anybody but his ancestors."

"This case is different," said Jones. "Smith's wife eats first, and he takes what's left."

That author fellow has had a story accepted at last," remarked one man to another. "Surely not," was the rejoinder. "Yes, He went home at two o'clock this morning with an awful yarn, and his wife believed it."

Mrs. M. D. Sriranga,
Bangalore.

Cashmore: "What it takes to win women, I've got."

Badlybent: "Then lend me a tanner."

"Do you believe in heredity?"

"Absolutely! That's how I got all my money."

She: "I've found a needle."

He (fed up): "Well, find a haystack and we'll have some fun."

Tommy (at the seaside): "When does the tide come in?"

Old Salt: "Five-fifty-five. I've told you a dozen times!"

Tommy: "I know, but I like to see your whiskers waggle when you say five fifty-five."

A Scotsman came across an American who was gazing at the Forth Bridge, and the American said, "Say, what is that bit of iron that is protruding over the water there?"

"I dunna ken," replied the Scotsman. "It wasna there yesterday!"

Customer: "Have you a book called 'Man, the Master of Women'?"

Sales girl: "Fiction department, the other side, sir."

Hen: "Where did you get those trousers, Ben? They fit you like a glove."

Ben: "That's just why I'm kicking about them; they should fit like trousers."

"Is this applicant steady?"

"Steady? He's practically motionless!"

Film Producer (directing comedy scene): "Hey, hold that for a second!"

Actor: "Sorry. The pie is cast!"

Old Lady: "Well, Bobbie, I hear that you have another baby at your house."

Bobbie: "Yes, and ma says if we get one more we can get in the cinema news free."



RAJ settled himself in a corner of his railway-carriage with a comfortable sensation. After a year of trials, it was most pleasant to be going on a long holiday to his own people. He was by no means humdrum, but quite a spirited and talented young man, rather exceptionally good-looking, and it was with a genuine thrill he thought of Leela who had left him in great anguish the last year. Truly, Leela was a girl of sheer beauty. Ambitious she was and she had the flaming desire to ascend to the topmost rung of the ladder of society which leans on the broad walls of aristocratic insolence. Yet she had no touch of gaiety. Why, her

ambitions were too soaring. But her husband was not aspiring. Besides, her mother-in-law wanted her to remain as a domestic animal which her temperament could not brook for a moment. Her flair for social dignity being too great, she found it too hard to pull well with a man whose contentment she abhorred. Mere impertinence, her mother-in-law called her, and even went to the length of comparing her to a bull in a china shop, but still Leela entertained the remarkable delusion of climbing to social dignity along a horizontal way too. But Fate willed otherwise. Raj's mother fostered a deep hatred for Leela. He could distinctly remember that unfortunate night when that

regrettable incident happened. In her fury his mother flourished her broomstick at Leela's face with such an inimitable skill that few would feign to be masters of. But for Raj's timely intervention she would have fallen a prey to her wrath, fired with jealousy. He could not forget that sorrowful scene that followed the incident. His mother threatened to quit his home. He caught her feet and begged forgiveness. Leela fell up. That deed calmed the throbbing pulse of his mother's heart. But his mother left no stone unturned. He had the mouse-fear of destiny, despite his agile watch over the march of unhappy events. The fret and fever of the world was too much with

her and it was past her endurance to cork up the turmoil of her feelings. She lost sight of her future and gravely crossing the ridge of honour and patience she ran up to her father's home with a stern determination never to turn up.

ALl these thoughts were mingled in his mind as he arranged himself in a corner with a generous supply of illustrated magazines. Glancing at the watch, he saw the train was about to start, and he was congratulating himself on having the roomy first-class carriage to himself, when the door was flung hastily open and a girl darted in.

There was a moment of confusion, of stowing away of packages on the top-rack, of breathless tipping and the girl sank down into the cushioned depths of the seat, and the train started.

Natural curiosity succeeded to natural vexation at the intrusion in his mind and he glanced with keenness at his companion. The first look told him that she was very beautiful. A sweet face, enriched by pleasant ripples of dark, brown hairs, flashing eyes, soft, rosy cheeks, delicious neck and heaving bosom—with all she was a picture of loveliness which would delight the soul of an artist.

Raj was so startled that he could not for a moment command himself. There was a look of enquiry on the stranger's face and he handed a magazine with some mumbled courtesies.

"Thank you!" she smiled, with some amusement at his confusion, "but I am going to Karur."

"Why, so am I!" exclaimed Raj.

In this way a delightful acquaintance was begun and he felt as if he had known this fascinating creature for years. Face to face with a transcendent beauty, especially her sole companion in a soft, love-flaming compartment, Raj would not let go the opportunity. The hawk was upon its wings. Amorous glances were shot. At the yawning distance, he heaved a sigh. He was panting for a caress, at least for a kiss.

Thank heavens! The train pulled up at Tanjore. He bought four apples. The tedious moments fled away. He was touched with secret joy when the train started.

Smiling he offered her the fruit. Her polite refusal pushed him to explore new avenues of enticement. He placed them forcibly by her. She smiled her thanks and after few bewitching blushes she consumed them.

Providentially the compartment jerked a little. In a flash she was in his hungry arms.



"My angel!" he murmured with passionate fondness and embraced her.

The long-desired caress after a campaign of luscious glances and effeminate touches of the ripe beauty was his paradise: her kiss, his bliss. He crushed her charming features together as to give an impartial caress.

"My joy! My honeyed sweet!" he chanted, clasping her lotus arms.

With a flush of glee, she drew back and flashed a smile of recognition.

The extreme delicacy of features, the cherubic lips and brilliant complexion, dark curly hair waving and the large lustrous eyes summed up the perfection of human loveliness.

When they alighted at Karur station there was none to meet the girl while

Raj's car stood waiting in the sleety darkness.

She gratefully accepted the car and Raj found himself gliding through the winter's night with that sweet apparition of a dream. Dropping her at her house he ordered the chauffeur to drive home.

Under the star-lit sky Raj that night went to her house to hear her silver voice at least.

In the pretty arm adorned with exotic flowers and lit with softest lights she looked even more entrancing than the siren he met.

"How good of you to come here!" she cooed.

He sank into one of the soft, billowy chairs, enjoying the luxurious room, the delicious smell of flowers and the inebriating company of that celestial damsel.

"How is your mother?" she piped, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

Raj was all astonishment.

"What do you know of her?" he asked, dropping his voice into a mysterious whisper.

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"How is Lily?" she snapped again.

"Lily?"

"Yes, I mean Leela!" she smiled.

"You know her!" he cried, his eyes growing large with ineffable surprise.

"I really pity her," she said, with a melancholy fatality in her voice.

Raj's thoughts went back to that tragic night when the bird flew away, leaving him in twilight langour. But what surprised him most, was how did she know her. Was she a prophet? His soul writhed. The vision of his wife flickered across his vision eyes, riotously clamouring for justice.

"I drove her! I darkened her pleasures!" he sobbed.

"Is it?"

"Not that alone. I pushed her on the wintry door and remained callous of her anguish."

"Is that all?"

"Let hell pour its fires on my accursed head for all my sins!"

"Heaven forbid! Shake off thine gloom, my dear," she said gently passing her icy arms over his forehead.

A strange light shone in her eyes.

"I can't see you pine," she said.

"Can't?"

"No."

"I wounded her."

"Strange!"

"Infernal sinner I am!"

"Then?"

"Wounds of past can't be healed."

"Penitence?"

"Really, dear girl!"

"I see."

She strode up to the window and saw the silver moon slipping out of her milky zenana, attended by the stars of heaven.

Suddenly she turned her face to him and said, "To-morrow is my birth-day. You must not fail to come here. And I think you will also accept my birth-day gift."

Raj nodded assent and left her with a heavy heart.

That night he dreamed of angels in human forms.

Next morning he drifted mechanically through his toilette. The whole world seemed at that moment beautifully jewelled. The tree tops sent up a pale, silvery brilliance.

A slim girl waited at the door of her house.

"Is your mistress at home?" he asked.

"Please wait."

"Announce me to her."

"What a nuisance you men are!" she laughed.

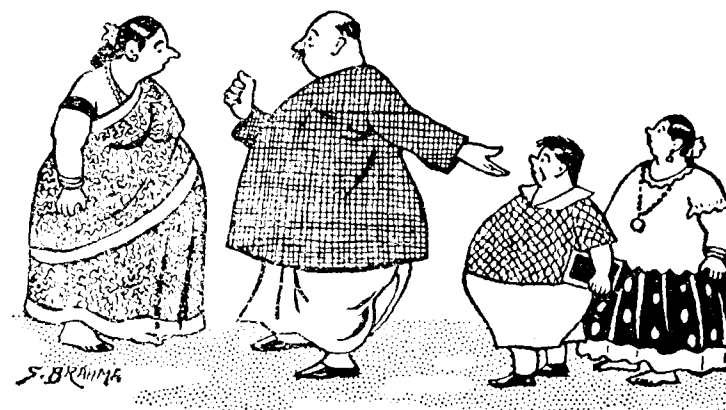
She had a charming laugh a little mocking and ironical, more aged than her lovely little body and childish face. It was a worldly laugh and provocative too.

She was gone ten minutes.

In the nipping air of the bleak morning he fell into a pleasant reverie. His thoughts rambled among the green groves in the congenial company of his sweet girl. His brown study started in him a train of delightful thoughts of connubial felicity with that loveliest damsel.

All of a sudden his brown study broke up and in exultant passion he hugged close to his heart the girl, twinkling like a lily in the pond of deeper heavens. The girl breezily blew out of the room, struck with shame.

The mystic silence that followed was unbroken save for the monotonous chirping of the birds in the garden.



Loving Father:—Dearest Komala, who will take care of our tender little ones when we are carried off?"

With tragic fixity he eyed the watch.

A rustling!

He listened!

In two shakes of duck's tails, an apparition of loveliness flashed in to her presence.

He shrieked.

Frantic he ran up to her. It was no other than Leela, the entrancing siren of the railway carriage and his wife too.

He was aghast!

Waiter: "Steak, medium or well done, sir?"

Absent-minded Parson: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Major Daugh: "There we stood, the tiger and myself in the thick of the jungle, face to face!"

Miss Vic Timme: "Oh, Major, how perfectly frightful it must have been for both of you!"

"FUNNY"

Magzin of India.

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Do Doctors Heal or Kill?

"Prizes to Winning Patients"

— By Ajit Krishna Basu —

WHENEVER I am out in the streets my eyes turn this side and that, that side and this and so on, and I cannot help it. I know there are many who walk straight and look forward as they walk on, perhaps or apparently not caring at all what is going on, on both sides of them. I vastly admire their straight-forwardness and am vastly glad to admit my inferiority to such superhuman fellows. I take my hat off to them, though I do not wear one.

And as I walk on and on, looking, as I have said, on both sides of myself alternately, my eyes hardly ever fail to catch sight of innumerable name-plates of doctors and doctors and doctors till I begin to wonder whether doctors or non-doctors form the majority of human beings.

Some of these blessed fellows (the doctors, to be more explicit) add long successions of letters after them, or rather after their names: some are satisfied with a title or two, God knows whether because they think that too many cooks will spoil the broth; some merely tell you whether they are homeopaths, or allopaths, or osteopaths, or naturopaths or what; and last, but not least in remarkable-ness, some only have their names on their nameplates, leaving it for you to find out what paths they are.

It was just a few months ago that such flood of doctors pleased me enormously, and I sympathised with poor diseases and pitied them too, because I thought they had so many professional enemies on both sides of almost every street. I thought that as there were so many healers, and as their number was increasing by leaps and bounds, it would be no wonder if catching diseases become a favourite hobby of only well-to-do people.

While having my morning walk, which I always have in the morning if you believe me, I often pass by many a doctor's place. A few of them I find almost besieged by patients and friends of patients, tirelessly listening to the descriptions of various maladies and symptoms and prescribing

remedies with wonderfully rapid succession. Perhaps there is some sort of monotony in this sort of work, but the monotony in demonotonised by the jingle of coins that pass from these besiegers' hands into the pockets of these besieged doctors. But most of the doctors on both sides of the street I find sitting morosely in wait for patients who never come with a pathetic look on their faces, almost like lovers hopelessly waiting for the turning up of their beloveds who never turn up. Perhaps they curse the suffering fellows who do not come to them to be healed or perhaps they wonder whether diseases are daily decreasing on earth.....

Formerly I held doctors in great esteem as I thought them to have been born to alleviate the physical sufferings of suffering humanity and as I considered, as I always do, nothing nobler than alleviating the sufferings of fellow-beings. But now after seeing enough of doctors, I not only do not hold doctors in high esteem but also am afraid of the very name. Well, this is going to the extreme, because I have not studied all doctors and from the study of a few I cannot legitimately form a general conception of doctors. I admit of course that I cannot do so legitimately and logically, but I have got biased against the whole brood of doctors and cannot help it. Try my best I may, still I cannot make myself trust in a doctor, however great his reputation and experience may be, unless he is a near relation of mine or a non-professional. So much is now my dislike (this is my gentle way of asserting my hatred) for doctors that I am now writing an article entitled "DO DOCTORS HEAL OR KILL?".

Really it is an important question, 'Do doctors heal or kill?' Most of them kill, I answer. Some of them kill literally, some almost kill, and some kill in a somewhat metaphorical sense, that is they make their victims die monetary deaths.

A diseased wretch goes to a doctor and asks his advice, having paid in advance the fee. The doctor listens to the symptoms, tries his best to

diagnose the case and find out the sure remedy, but his best efforts fail. But does he admit that to the poor victim? Certainly not. He prescribes some medicine just to try his and the poor victim's luck, assures him that he would be cured in due time, and the patient goes home in a happy mood. He takes the prescribed medicine for some time but no improvement results. He becomes anxious and comes back to the doctor. The doctor prescribes another medicine as the old one will not work. But after some time the poor victim comes back and says that his malady has only become aggravated. Thus goes on a long succession till, after considerable expense on the part of the victim, the latter out of sheer despair and disgust leaves the doctor alone, cursing his lack of sense that led him to go and consult this misfit of a doctor.

"I know a doctor" a friend once said to me, "who never effects an early cure. His philosophy is that the doctor who is clever will see that his patients suffer for a long time and continue to fill the doctor's pocket. The longer the malady lingers, the greater is the gain of the doctor. And there is another doctor, an allopath, whose aim is not so much to cure the malady as to squeeze money out of the patient. He owns a pharmacy himself and prescribes as costly medicines as he can so that his pharmacy may thrive."

"Is that so?" I asked in astonishment.

"Exactly so, my friend" my friend said. "And I will say more about him. He prescribes costly medicines that he knows to be redundant, you can well understand why.".....

One of my fellow-students, the son of a very rich man, contracted a very slight malady and went to consult a doctor. This doctor listened to his complaints and prescribed medicines worth Rs. 15, which were of course supplied by the doctor's own pharmacy. He then came to me and told me everything.

"You are simply a simpleton" I frankly said to him. "Your malady is no malady at all, and for such as one I would never even dream of going to a doctor. Don't take the medicine and see if the malady does not cure itself by to-morrow."

I persuaded him not to take the medicine, and as I expected, he

was all right on the morrow and the medicines worth fifteen rupees were simply useless.

"A few of those who are in the healing profession have learnt little of the science and art of healing. They are out in the market to catch unwary victims and make profit out of their pockets by taking advantage of their ignorance and credulousness. They are much more eager to make profit somehow or other than to effect real cures. Oh, the world is to be pitied for such unscrupulous doctors that are no-doctors! In fine, every walk of life has its own black sheep.

I do not say that all doctors are unscrupulous and dishonest. I merely want to say that there are some grabs in the disguise of doctors that it is not as easy as eating a chocolate to find the good out of the bad.

To put it briefly, some doctors aim at profit and not at cure. Whenever such get some patients they inwardly smile and say "Now here are some victims!" They explain how serious their maladies are and that they must continue treatment for some time in order to be cured radically. They try all their ingenuity in order to make money disappear from the victims pockets and appear in their own pockets.....

Tho' surprising I am glad to inform you that I am going to become a doctor; a real honest doctor, not one like those I have described. This news will certainly pour honey into your mouth, will it not? Because at last you will have at least one cheap doctor whom you can safely rely on.

To encourage you to contract maladies I shall make my fee low and popular, so as to suit all pockets, big or small. To fall or not to fall ill will no longer remain a question to you, a tough question that is, for the answer will be "Fall ill, why should not you?" Fall ill, and I am always at your service for a small fee. What an encouragement to would-be ill fellows:

I have also some tempting offers to my patients. The lady or gent who will fall ill the largest number of times within a year will receive a handsome prize; and besides this there will also be several consolation prizes.

I have also a Lucky Number prize scheme. All my prescriptions will bear an unduplicated number. Every month I shall have several selected numbers kept in a sealed envelope. After a particular month these lucky

Film Star Who Wallops And Kicks Women.

Picture with punch a-plenty

In these modern days it has become woman's prerogative to wear the trousers. And man has surrendered almost without a struggle.

Indeed there's one young man who is willing to give them even more—socks and boots: He is James Cagney in "Lady Killer" at the Regal. He gives them socks on the jaw and boots on the you-know-what.

At the beginning of the film he is Dan, a cinema attendant. Then he gets mixed up with a gang of cheap crooks and soon rises to be head of a powerful gang of racketeers.

But he draws the line at murder and when some of the gangs possessed of less scruples than their leader, bump somebody off, he leaves them cold and departs for Hollywood with his lady friend. Here he goes into hiding until the killing business blows over.

But he is spotted by the police and arrested. Myra, the girl entrusted to bail him out, bolts with the cash; so Dan has to go to prison.

numbers will be announced to my patients, and those possessing prescriptions bearing those lucky numbers will receive the lucky prizes.

These offers are entirely new and original, are they not? And I think they are awfully tempting you to become my patients. Well, well, dear readers, these are not all. I have some further pleasant surprises for you, which I do not want to let you know just now.

Finally, I shall also need those amongst my readers who are good at canvassing in order to canvass patients for me. I shall be glad to pay them (the canvassers of course, not the patients) 25% commission. Would-be canvassers may communicate with me from now.

Now, well you may ask again "Do doctors heal or kill?" Well, there are a few doctors who kill more than they heal, but there are some, not a few in number, who heal more than they kill, or rather who almost always heal and hardly ever kill.

And I am going to be one of the latter.

When he is eventually released he is spotted in the street as a "type" for a film and is given a part in the picture.

In this way he becomes Romeo to the leading lady, who actually has fallen in love with him.

Thanks to her interest and influence, Dan is soon well on the way to stardom. And then—his old gang turn up and try a spot of blackmail. Dan give in to a certain extent but it's pay, pay, pay—and the money isn't enough to keep them quiet. They engage in a series of robberies.

Dan is suspected. He is arrested and again put into prison.

Dan knows that the gang are out for his blood. He tells the police that if released on bail he will be followed by them until they bump him off.

And—sure enough they do: but the police are ready for this emergency—and the gangsters come to an untimely end in a car smash, leaving the way clear for Dan to find stardom and love with his film lady.

"Lady Killer" is a slick picture with plenty of punch—apart from those which Cagney bestows on his lady friends. Although the star, with his manhandling methods, gives the impression that he is not exactly nice to know, he definitely makes this picture entertaining and amusing. Mae Clark and Margaret Lindsay furnish fine support as Myra and the film star.

The four Marx Brothers careered madly down Hollywood Boulevard in a high-powered car.

As guardian of public safety a traffic cop stepped in front of the flying vehicle and stopped them.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"Please don't stop us," answered Harpo, "we've just heard that you can get haircuts down the road for half-price and we want to get there before they're all gone!"

When you see "Counsellor at Law" notice Bebe Daniels's finger-nails. She had 'em cut short specially for her part as a typist.

"Thousands of stenographers," she said, "will see this picture and my hands will be the first things they will look at."

Mae West has announced her intention of coming to England next month. She says she'd give some of her curves to see the Derby.

In order to represent the correct season during the making of "Stingaree" twenty men spent two days plucking the leaves off the trees.

— "TREVOR HENLEY"

Two's COMPANY

— BY "NADARSHAH" —

CHANDRAN was walking along aimlessly down the Marina wondering what on earth he should do with himself, for he felt null and void, and completely bored. So having decided that a little bit of ozone might do him a world of good, and revive his dampened spirits, he dressed himself immaculately and sauntered along the beach. He just paused to light a cigarette, when he saw his pal Sundar, likewise engaged in killing time. So both of them arm in arm talked about the prospects of Kolhapur races and the general trade depression. Suddenly they saw seated a few yards away a beautiful young girl neatly dressed in light green Karachi saree.

So they both camped a few yards away from her, and began admiring her beauty, and wondering how to get introduced to her.

Now, if our local Magazine, were to be believed, the art of getting introduced to a pretty young girl is almost as easy as eating plantains. But in actual life, especially in India, it is next to impossible. It is no use relying on the tactics of the white folk, like waiting for the girl to drop her hanky or wait for her to go a-swimming, so that we could save her, for our Indian girls do neither. Getting friendly with the young brother or sister of the girl in question is also futile, for the youngsters of the modern generation are pretty smart, and cannot be easily deceived by chocolates and cream-caramels.

But according to Sundar, getting friendly with a young girl, was as easy as being run over in Flower-Bazaar by a passing taxi, provided one had the dough and time.

Chandran of course agreed for he had a profound respect for Sundar's knowledge of feminine psychology.

"And" continued Sundar with the vehemence of a political speaker, "there are cart-loads of girls, waiting to be picked up.

While Sundar was thus talking, Chandran's eyes were fixed on the beautiful girl seated a few yards away.

"I'll tell you what we shall do now, you just watch me getting friendly with her," said Sundar.

"How can that be done?" enquired Chandran.

"Wait and see. There ain't a girl in the whole world, and that includes Negresses and Chinese girls, whom I couldn't twist round my little finger. I'll just go up to her and ask her if she wasn't Lakshmi's sister. She will naturally say no, and well there you are."

"But who the deuce is Lakshmi?" enquired the simple Chandran.

"I haven't the faintest idea but it is only a ruse to break the ice, and once the ice is broken, you can talk as if you had known each other for ages."

So saying Sundar leaving Chandran proceeded straight to the girl, who was busy making some designs in the sand.

"Well, well, of all the luck. How are you Lakshmi?" he addressed her.

The girl in green looked up with wondering eyes.

"Oh, excuse me, I mistook you for Lakshmi. But how extraordinary and what an amazing likeness! Are you by any chance Lakshmi's sister?"

"Why, yes, she is my sister. We are twins. Everybody mistakes me for her and vice versa," said the girl calmly.

Sundar almost lost his nerve.

"Well—er—how do you do?" he stammered lamely.

"Oh quite well, thank you. Won't you please sit down" she cooed.

Meanwhile Chandran a few yards away heard every word and was wondering at this unexpected turn of events.

"Only last week," said the girl "my Sis was speaking about you. She is, you know, madly in love with you. Of course you mean dealing fairly with her don't you?"

"Er. of course, yes" stammered Sundar.

"You both met in Madura perhaps?" she enquired.

Sundar nodded yes. His wits were now slowly coming back to him.

"Well, well this is indeed a wonderful coincidence. My sister will be here any minute and won't she be awfully pleased to see you. My, I can picture the wedding even now. You wait a little" she begged.

Sundar was completely stumped. Muttering a lame excuse and saying he'd be back in a wink he took his exit hastily forgetting even to take Chandran along. The girl when she saw this, laughed. Meanwhile Chandran thought there was something very fishy about the whole affair, and so decided to approach her himself and get enlightenment.

"Excuse me but are you really as you told my friend, Lakshmi's sister?" he enquired.

"Of course not, I know perfectly well that it was only your friend's brainwave, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation and decided to teach your friend a well needed lesson. You men must know that we are not so brazen as the white folk."

"Well, but I am quite different and know that you are not of that sort and now that we are introduced we'll have a stroll to the Aquarium restaurant and have some ice cream" said Chandran boldly, for once in his life.

"Well," said the girl in green with a mischievous smile, "I think that could be done if you wait for the person I'm expecting."

Visions of walking along with two girls was very pleasant and Chandran nodded acceptance.

A little latter a stout pugilistic fellow turned up and the girl introduced him to the astonished Chandran as her husband and introduced himself as her boyhood friend to her husband. She told her husband that they had stayed in the same street and that he now wanted to stand them a treat at the Aquarium restaurant.

The stout gentleman seized the proffered opportunity and did the disappearing trick to four successive plates of Ice cream and seven plates of Fruit Salad.

Poor Chandran had to pay, and decided that Two's company and three's none.



THE MEMOIRS OF JAI SINGH

The Indian Sherlock Holmes

THE TRAGIC MURDERS

— BY P. R. R. —

A series of murders took place in street-Triplicane, Madras in May 1909. The murders took place on dark nights between 12 p.m. and 2 a.m. The famous detective, Jay Singh, employed by the Madras Police to investigate the mystery of these murders, too, to his duties in right earnest. On close enquiry into these murders, he found that the persons murdered had all flat noses.

This was the first piece of information he gained concerning these ghastly murders, which, however, threw a flicker and transitory light on the slippery bridge he had to cross before his landing safely to harbour. With this glow-worm light, not sufficiently bright to dispel the shades of darkness around it, he had to thread his way through the dark labyrinth of chaos and disorder and emerge into the light

of day. The flat nose was the glow-worm light, and he must make the best use of it in the progress of his investigation. The first important fact, that he evolved out of this, was, that the flat nose somehow had offended the murderer. In what way? He must cut the Gordian knot before he made a satisfactory progress in his investigation.

From the 'flat nose' to the discovery of the series of horrid murders he was asked to investigate, is a long way off, the steps leading to them being slippery and tottering. But he would scale the long, wearisome ascent, cost what it might.

After mature reflection, he published a book called the 'Villainy of a Flat Nose,' and had copies of them placed in the book-stall of Higginbothams, and instructed the clerk in charge of the sales of the books, to note carefully

the names and addresses of the persons, who bought copies of the 'Villainy of the Flat Nose.' The clerk soon informed him that only four persons bought the books, three of them being short men, and the fourth, a very tall, gaunt man, and also gave him their addresses. Of these four, as the tall man had the straightest and most pointed nose, he wrote to him a letter, asking him for a prescription, to straighten his pretended flat nose and addressed it to Dr. Gopu alias Dr. Straight Nose, Vepery. He soon received a reply, written in the following Hieroglyphics:—

R+L+L+R+L+R+R

The detective after a profound contemplation of the contents understood the R's and L's as Right and Left; So starting from Egmore, where he then resided, and following the turnings

nose, as if he would make it flat in a moment.

"Now you cannot escape from me. Why are you committing these horrible murders?"

"Guess," said the other in a steady whisper.

"Many of the members of your family have been, of late, murdered by a flat-nosed man."

"Yes."

"But you don't know the identity of the flat-nosed man, though you know somehow or other that he possesses a flat nose."

"No."

"So you are murdering all flat-nosed men, thinking thus to take vengeance upon the murderer."

**KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
FUNNY Magzin.
IT MAY BRING YOU A PRIZE.**

to the right and left, he came, Oh! Horror of Horrors! to the very place, the gruesome locality of the horrible murders, in street—Triplienne. Just then, the large bell in a neighbouring church sounded the hour of mid-night, which sent a thrill of terror through his body. Awaiting the mysterious murderer's arrival, he stood in a corner of the street having a loaded revolver in his pockets.

Soon, a man, wrapped in a black gown from head to foot, approached the place, where the detective was, with his face covered with a black veil.

"Now smell the gas from this green bottle. Your flat nose will become straight immediately," said the doctor to the detective.

As he said these words, he began to uncork a green bottle, in which a most poisonous gas of a blue colour had been imprisoned, but before he uncorked it, the hand of Jey Singh gripped his hand, as in a vice, and held it firmly, while at the same time, he presented his revolver at his long

"Most exactly."

"Who suggested to you this strange, wicked plan of taking vengeance upon your enemy?"

"My steward."

"He is the murderer of your family."

"The devil take you! He has a straight nose."

"That is a bogus nose. Underneath it is a flat nose. Fearing that you would murder him soon, he has disguised himself thus, and as the extinction of all flat noses in the city is the only safe-guard for his existence, he suggested to you this strange, heinous plan of taking vengeance upon your murderer. No other man would have dared to suggest such a plan."

"Assuredly."

"Now march to the Police Station. Right about turn. Quick march."

The bogus Doctor was soon tried by the High Court, and being found

guilty by them of horrid, dastardly murders, was sentenced by them to the extreme penalty of the law.

Now the detective was on the trail of another wicked murderer, the bogus doctor's bogus steward, who had vanished from the former's house immediately on hearing of his arrest, like a blood-hound, hunting after the runaway criminal with its unerring scent. But this will appear in another number of the "Thrilling Serial."

Writer: "How are my novels going?"

Bookseller: "I can't imagine, sir, unless it's shoplifters."

Boss: "You ask high wages for a man with no experience."

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

Dad: "What made young Brown stay so late last night, Tillie?"

Tillie: "I was showing him some of my picture postcards."

Dad: "Well, the next time he comes, show him some of my electric light bills."

"Good night, Mrs. Brown, and thank you for the most enjoyable evening I have ever spent in my life"

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Smith!"

"Oh, but I do say that! I always say that!"

Newcomer to doss-house. Where are the showers? I want to take a bath."

Old Hand: Sorry, I don't know, I've only been here six months."

Rural Dean: "Is this a respectable place?"

Head Waiter, "Yes, but come on in, anyhow."

Visitor (to baby boy): "And how old are you, my little man?"

Baby Boy (indignant): "I'm not old at all, I'm nearly new!"



According to Reuter, there are more than forty parties fighting for the Elections in Spain. We have nothing to fear. We still hold the record.

"Trade Talks at Delhi."

—'The Statesman.'

Yes, and we can guess what it said.

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

We advise her to blow him out.

Our greatest wealth is not in work, jewels, or banks, but it lies on the shelves of our libraries," says an eminent financier.

Great Scott! We had no idea that dust was so valuable.

'A woman,' we are told, 'who recently attempted to drown herself in the river Cooum, was brought to the shore by her dog, which she had tied to her waist, and

which she intended should perish with her.' As a result of this, it is not improbable, that many nervous sea-bathers will adopt, the safe-guard of taking a dog with them.

"World's Heavy weight title."

Carnera retains championship * 1,50,000 see Fight.

—'Hindu.'

Another Naval victory for Italy.

"A Bus-driver named Ponnuswamy, we hear, was fined at the Egmore Court for attempting to throw a police constable into a near-by dust-bin."

Serve him right too! It would be an abominable thing, if our Police-men were to be treated like that, by just anybody into whose head such fancies entered.

We read that a motorist knocked down a class-mate whom he had not seen for fourteen years. Well, he has run across him after all!

From Italy comes the news that the Leaning Tower of Pisa is getting tired. So it might lie down any minute.

'Fortunes in eggs' is the title of an article in a farming paper.

We frequently find only chickens.

"I don't like it," said Rama thoughtfully. "I think I'd better drop it."

'Short story.'

We sincerely hope our servant maid does not get such ideas. The price of crockery is abominably high nowadays.

As we are going to Press, news has reached us, that the Sub-Editor has sprained his ankle, by stepping on a banana skin.

What choice phrases Sub-Editors use on such occasions is still a matter of mystery. The office boy happened to be near. But when questioned, he only blushes.

"Anglo-Indian nurse seeks situation; would like to take charge of small boy" says an advertisement in a local daily.

So would we, these hard days, but most young blighters know how to defend their pocket money.

'I did not know where to look when to-day Shanker appeared' says a reader. With commendable enterprise we have sent him a copy of 'Where to look.'

"Coach wanted for B. Sc. c/o G. G." says an Ad:

The coach and Gee Gee ought to pull him through.

SUDDENLY RICH BUT - INSTANTLY A FOOL A Spin of Wild Fancy

— BY K. S. G. —

TO become rich is a very nice thing indeed! But to become rich suddenly is far more agreeable. To sleep in a piece of rugged and torn mattress, with neither a pillow nor a cushion to ease the tired head—to go to bed a mere penniless beggar, and during the sleep to turn suddenly to one side to find oneself rich enormously when awake in the morning, like the ever-so many might-not-have-happened incidents narrated in the 'Arabian nights,' is indeed a surprise if not a miracle!

But Ramu was not a penniless beggar; nor did he go to sleep in a rugged and torn mattress. He was surely something more than a beggar, was for some time richer than many of us, but in the end he turned to be the poorest man in our village and would have died the miserable death of a lavisher had he not been a little bit wise and industrious.

Ramu lost his father very early and was wholly brought up by his mother's hand. But her training was bad and never deserved the least degree of appreciation. As years grew Ramu also grew. Instead of the weak and childish Ramu, now we see the youthful Ramu. He had acquired for himself an S. S. L. C. Certificate—was till lately hunting after a job in order to settle peacefully and God be thanked! a clerk's post was vacant in the local Munsiff's Court, (which by the grace of God or by the grace of the Munsiff or by the grace of the money given by way of bribery, I leave it to you to find out,) and Ramu was appointed in that capacity and began to draw a monthly salary of Rs. 35.

Fathers who had daughters to dispose of by giving them in marriage, came crowding after our simple Ramu and mind you Ramu's mother began

to feel very big these days. Why, was she not the mother of a son earning a monthly income of Rs. 35? Why, was she not to become soon a mother-in-law to torture and to torment the daughter-in-law? Soon Rs. 1150 fell into the pockets of either Ramu or his mother or in the pockets of both of them due to a marriage alliance of Ramu with a poor, country-looking lass of his neighbourhood, quite illiterate, uneducated and unschooled, didn't know how much two and two together make, didn't know how to prepare or how to drink coffee and was never prettily dressed.

From his very childhood, if not from his very birth, Ramu had shown a wonderful desire—perhaps a natural longing—to be rich, perhaps to be very rich! But alas! he was born in an utterly poor and wretched family! So poor as not to have cosy food and easy dress! During his school days his class-mates spoke of his dress as nothing but a bundle of rags ever bidding good-bye to one another! And such a boy, such a poor boy as Ramu with so 'Little Expectations' quite the opposite of Philip Pirrip of Charles Dickens in his 'Great Expectations'—how could poor Ramu hope to become rich but by some luck or other?

And so Ramu tried his very best with faith, by holding a ticket of every lottery, every horse-race and every what-not that would, if he was lucky and if he was intended to be very rich, bring him a prize so that his childish dream might be realised! But he little thought that too much wealth would make most men foolish!!

And now imagine his extreme flutter and surprise, joy and delight, to hear one morning that he was the owner of TEN HUNDRED THOUSANDS of rupees! He had come out as the first-prize-winner in a lottery!

God had materialised his dream—Ramu was now a very rich man—he had become rich suddenly. But how was he going to act with so large a sum at his disposal, we shall presently see.

The possession of so much wealth made the up-to-then humblest Ramu, the proudest! He began to walk splendidly arrayed. He began to eat sumptuously and splendidly. To say the least he lived a showy life. But none would have found fault with our Ramu if he had only lived splendidly and happily. But richness comes but never singly, it would always be accompanied with its green-eyed sisters: pride and jealousy!

Vanity and pride held Ramu in their firm grips. He was blind with wealth. He had the Rockfellarian wealth, but not the Rockfellarian spirit. Instead of spending the God-given money beneficially he used it for other ends. Soon there arose a rivalry in richness between him and a rich vakil of that village. The Vakil purchased a car for Rs. 5,000 and Ramu purchased one for Rs. 8,000. The Vakil purchased an extensive plot of ground and Ramu also bought a still more extensive land. Whatever the rich Vakil had, Ramu was also bound to have and wherever the Vakil drove, Ramu was also sure to drive. But in all those drivings it was more a competition in speed than a pilgrimage or jolly drive, for, both of them would have their cars running at break-neck-speed.

It was on one of these rival ridings that Ramu's car collided with that of the Vakil. Both the cars were thrown clear out of the way. Blood was streaming from the head of Ramu and the Vakil had also received serious injuries. But he showed his lawyer's spirit by lodging a complaint against Ramu and the cars were dragged from the local Police-Court to the High-Court and from there to the Privy Council; and this brought about an expense of two and a half lakhs of rupees for Ramu to get out of the complaint.

Slowly Ramu's wealth began to slip through his fingers. He did not earn anything (for, he had cast away the clerk's job as soon as he came to know of his luck,) but was only spending very vigorously. Recently, by way of helping a local bank, he had deposited some two hundred thousands or so, but no sooner had he deposited, than the manager disappeared and the next day

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the bank was seen closed: Ramu lost his money.

But the Rich Ramu was not the man to care more than a brass button for this petty loss. Nor did he notice that his wealth had been getting thinner and thinner, and his income smaller and smaller, whereas his debt was growing thicker and thicker day by day and his expenditure bigger and bigger. For, he had become crazy-headed and foolish after he had been suddenly made rich. But the creditors hesitated not for a moment to supply him anything and everything, as long as they were sure of getting from Ramu the money they charged for their articles.

Ramu and his equally crazy headed friends determined to spend a vast sum of money on a mad project. But the friends were only the advisers and would only encourage Ramu, but would not have a share of a single pie even, for fear of losing it, and the foolish Ramu readily submitted to their proposal. The mad project had been to establish a Cinema Theatre in that village of little people, less civilization and the least spare cash! Those visionary men thought that they could by these means earn a lot of money. The machinery, the films and other things cost about a price of ten lakhs of rupees and Ramu paid

half of it by way of advance, the remaining to be paid in instalments. But this venture ended in hopeless disaster. Few people visited the daily performances, and to say the truth, at the end of six months they found the income from the performance exceeded but little the interest at 3% on half of the sum he had invested on this mad speculation.

He had not a single pie with him then as ready cash. But he had amassed a huge debt of six lakhs. The creditors began to press him for money, but what could the rich Ramu do? Nothing was left in his possession, when they found that their rich customer Ramu had again become poor. His properties—his bungalow, his car, his land—all were seized by his creditors and they were all auctioned and sold and the three hundred thousands of rupees they got out of this were proportionately divided among them. The cinematone machines and other things concerned and connected with it were re-taken by the firm which had sold it to Ramu two years ago, for the remaining payment he had to make.

All the gay and weather-sticky friends left Ramu as soon as they saw wealth departing from him. He had already thrown away the Govt. job when luck was with him and now he

would gladly take up that situation but who was to give him that? He had to feed his old mother, he had to feed his young wife and half-a-dozen children and he had to feed himself, with no home to lay their heads under its roof, with no food to appease their hunger, and with no dress to hide their nakedness. Great was his poverty but he did not go mad over this; he despaired not, for, as poverty returned and wealth departed, foolishness in his head was replaced by wisdom. He began to work as a labourer, as a spinner and weaver to be more accurate, making his wife and children to assist him and was thus able to get a hard-earned livelihood! And what more, by his industriousness and economy when he died some seven years or so ago, he was able to bequeath a pretty large sum for his wife and children!

"Little Girl: "Please, Miss Smith, Betty Brown can't come to school to-day as she's expecting to become a sister."

He (after being kept waiting by unpunctual fiancée): "Well, I suppose I shouldn't complain: so far, you've always got the day and the month right."

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.

Amara's Nocturnal Adventure.

— By M. V. V. —

THE night show of King Kong was just over, and Amara to get the utmost enjoyment of the moonlit night, preferred to walk his way home from the theatre. But for the stray barking of a pariah dog here and there and the belated footstep of a lonely pedestrian nothing else reached his ears. Quite inquisitive as to who that pedestrian could be, Amara followed him till he entered a house in the Post Office Street. The house happened to be the house of a friend of his whom he knew to be out of town. Amara grew a bit suspicious about the person who entered the house with a bag in hand. Therefore Amara, anxious to note the further developments, seated himself stealthily on the pial of the house.

A couple of long and lingering minutes. A shrill cry followed by perfect silence—Amara could no longer contain himself. With his heavy club like walking stick in his hand he entered the house. The sight that greeted him inside the house sent a thrill throughout his frame. A woman was lying prostrate on a cot, and the man who entered the house was standing beside her. Amara automatically raising his instrument of flagellation, brought it down a bit heavily on the devoted head of the man beside the woman. One

blow and the man was felled unconscious.

Amara triumphantly ran to the nearest police station and reported in detail all that took place which necessitated a sub-inspector's arrival to the scene of action with a posse of constables.

Medical aid was sent for and both the unconscious man and the woman were immediately attended to.

In the morning, Govind, the husband of the woman arrived on receiving a wire from Amara. Govind went into his house and found his wife still in bed and her brother Sundaram also laid up with a deep cut in his head. Govind told Amara that the man who entered the house was none other than his brother-in-law, a practising doctor in another part of the city and that he himself left instructions with him to attend on Govind's wife during her illness. Then Amara was perplexed when the police Sub-Inspector was about to charge-sheet him for having beat the doctor. But any how since the act was the result of good faith he was pardoned.

"Yes, I once got a man to insure his life for £10,000, and the next week he fell out of a window and broke his neck."

"By Jove! You must have been sorry you persuaded him to insure."

"Not a bit. I married his widow."

HERE AND THERE

BY C. N. RAO.

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women mere players.

A fool throws a stone into the sea;
A hundred wise men cannot pull it out.

Books do not teach the use of books.

Do not step down until you know the depth.

Death speaks the truth.

Every dog is a lion at home.

Go to law to win a cat and lose a cow.

Genius and wealth hardly ever pull together.

Have but few friends though much acquaintance.

Happiness is not perfect until it is shared.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Life lieth, not in living, but in loving.

Money is a good servant but a bad master.

Pains of love are sweeter far than many pleasures.

Prosperous men seldom mend their faults.

Remorse is the worm that dieth not and the flame that cannot be quenched.

Secrets are mortgages on friendship.

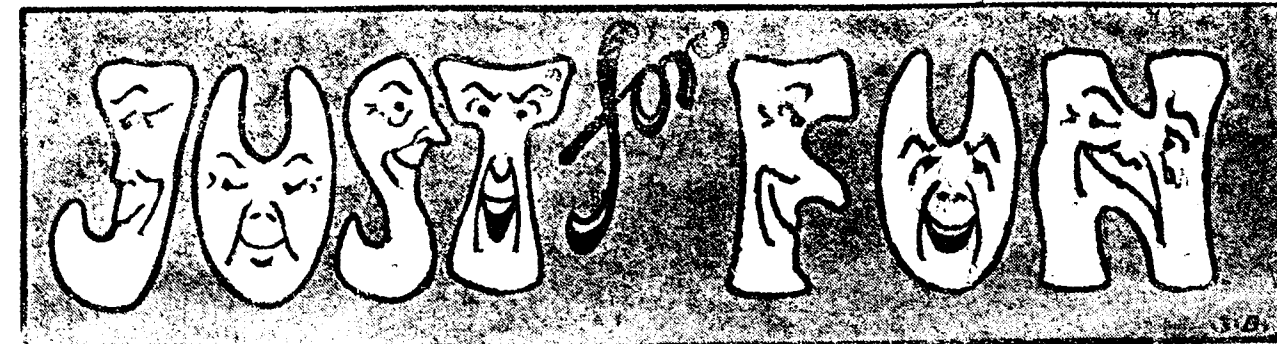
Train a boy strictly, a girl kindly.

Truth, even trifles, always seems unpleasant.

Unto whom much is given, even from him should much be required.

Unquiet minds make ill digestions.

Variety is the mother of enjoyment.



"What's the difference between valour and discretion?"

"Well, to travel on an ocean liner without tipping would be valour."

"I see."

"And to come back on a different boat would be discretion."

"You know you'll never have your name inscribed in the Hall of Fame."

"Perhaps not. But I'd rather have people asking why it isn't there than why it is."

"Mrs. Jones is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilizes or filters everything in the house."

"How does she get along with her husband?"

"Oh, even their relations are strained."

"I've found out my vocation: I don't want to be a lawyer any longer: I want to study music."

"Very well, but don't you ever start playing in front of my house."

"George! It's not our baby—you've taken the wrong pram!"

"Well—it's a much better pram."

In the Eskimo language, I love you "is" "Univfgsaerntuinalfinajuajuarisigujak." This explains why the Arctic nights have to be so long.

"Is your wife very economical?"

"Yes, I'm her first husband so far."

"I bought that dress for a ridiculous price."

"You mean you bought it for an absurd figure, darling."

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 June.

Nervous Suitor: "If I give you a shilling, will you tell me what your sister says about me?"

Little Brother: "Make it two bob, and I'll tell you what dad's going to do to you."

Clarice (motoring): "I said you could kiss me, but I didn't say you could hug me."

Henry: "Oh, that's all right; I just threw in the clutch."

"I want to see that man at the box-office before we go," said one, "and tip him."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Well, he did his best to keep us out."

Departing Guest: "You've got a pretty place here, but it looks a bit bare yet."

Host: "Oh, it's because the trees are rather young. I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again."

The Bore: "Out there every man carries a shooter. I was out alone one night and came face to face with a tiger. Up came my shooter, and what do you think?"

"I know, You'd forgotten your peas."

A Cockney couple visited a picture gallery, and stood for some time gazing at a picture entitled "Hawking in the Olden Days."

"Well," said the puzzled 'Enry. "they didn't 'arf do it—my word—'orseback and all!"

"Rather," agreed 'Arriet, "but what are they 'awkin'?"

"Blowed if I know," responded 'Enry, "unless they're trying to sell their blinking parrots."

Some people wonder what a Mormon wedding is like. It's something like this:

Pastor (to groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawful wedded wives?"

Groom: "I do."

Pastor (to brides): "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Pastor: "Some of you girls at the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."

Old Darkie (to wastrel son): "I hearn tell that you is married. Is you?"

Son (ingratiatingly): "Lain't sain' I ain't."

Old Darkie (severely): "I ain't askin' you is you ain't. I ask you ain't you is?"

"Oh Why?"

"COOING OF WOOING"

— BY "BHRUNG." —

Oh beloved, why dost thou hold a dagger in thy hand? Of what earthly use is it to thee, that need it not? For lo, wherever dost thou turn thy gaze, wherever dost thou care to throw a glance with those sky-blue eyes, there lie thousands of victims dead and dying. Wherever dost thou cast a glance with those bewitching eyes, thousands of arrows fly from thy narcissus with deadly precision striking down victims numerous as struck by some mighty foe! Look, oh see, how they grope and grovel in the dust before thy sacred feet and cry, beseech and crave thy mercy. Oh, dear Goddess divine, of what use is that dagger in thy hand? It is in thy power to end their sufferings, their agonies. It is in thy power to satisfy the craving of their heart. It is in thy power to heal them, for every kindly glance towards them from thy beautiful eyes has the power to heal their wounds—every word from those tulip-red lips is like nectar to their hungry hearts, like healing balm to their wounded hearts. Art thou so cruel as to plant that dagger in those hearts that are already so deeply wounded and bleeding?

No. No. Forgive me, O goddess of my heart. Bhrung is a fool and knows not thy generous intentions. That dagger hast thou brought with the intention of ending the suffering of all those that deserve the good luck of being chosen by you for the divine sacrifice at the altar of love.

O then, charmer of my crazy soul, forget me not, for I am one of those devotees that find not pleasure in anything else but sacrifice for the goddess that he adores.

Exams in the 30th Century.

— BY K. S. J. —

(This is a conversation between the Examiner and the students of the 30th century. It describes the over intelligence of the pupils of that period.)

Examiner:—Boy, who is a patriot?
Student:—He who loves his wife, sir!

E:—What is the meaning of 'Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears'?

S:—Caesar requested the citizens to give him their ears for hire, sir!

E:—What are the most busy firms in the Madras presidency?

S:—Coffee hotels, sir!

E:—What is meant by 'Milton's Paradise Lost'?

S:—Milton tried to ascend to paradise but by the gravity of the Earth, he fell down and lost it, sir!

E:—Who is Thomas Gray?

S:—A poet having white hair, sir!

E:—What is a triangle?

S:—A man having two wives, sir!

E:—What is meant by Q. E. D?

S:—Quite Easy to Demonstrate, sir!

E:—What is Algebra?

S:—It is a subject which makes students go gabhara, sir!

E:—What is the produce of India?

S:—Unemployed, sir!

E:—What happened in 1882?

S:—My grandfather's death, sir!

E:—Why did Robert Clive conquer Bengal?

S:—In order to please his love, sir!

E:—Where is the capital of India?

S:—It is in the Imperial Bank, sir!

E:—What is the result if I sprinkle nitric acid on my clothes?

S:—You are a fool, sir!

E:—What is meant by B.A.?

S:—Begging Alms, sir!

E:—What is meant by M. B.?

S:—Match-box, sir!

E:—Who is a lawyer?

S:—He who errs law, sir!

E:—Tell me a place where nothing grows?

S:—My grand-mamma's head, sir!

E:—What is the use of learning chemistry?

S:—One can die by himself, sir!

E:—Why is Africa called the dark continent?

S:—Because, they have not yet invented gas-lights, sir!

E:—In what battle was Prince John killed?

S:—In the last battle, of course!

E:—Who was Richard I?

S:—He was a British king, sir!

E:—Who was Pythagoras?

S:—Probably a tribe of people living in Australia!

E:—What is the advantage of Elementary Education?

S:—In order to protect you and your family, sir!

E:—How do you lessen unemployment in India?

S:—Sack all the old fellows, sir!

E:—What is the way to gain money?

S:—Buy *Funny Mag.* compete the puzzles and win nice prizes, sir!

A certain Hat-shop in Madras is advertising itself as 'Artists in gentleman's hat-wear.'

Now if 'Foot-wear' is what the foot wears and 'Neck wear' is what the neck wears, what is Hat-wear? It must be the ribbon round the hat!

Women's hearts are unconstant and weak, like the melting wax, but yet in love they are firm and constant.

Women are the mothers of the human race, and the faults of the race are chiefly due to them.

Competition Jokes

Judge.—"I notice that in addition to stealing money, you took a quantity of jewellery."

Prisoner.—"Yes, sir. I was always taught that money alone does not bring happiness."

Vasant had been studying his grandfather's face, which was very wrinkled.

"Well, Vasant", said the old gentleman, "do you like my face?"

"Yes, grandpa", said Vasant, "It is an awfully nice face, but why don't you have your face ironed?"

N. Chellappah,
Madras.

Master.—"What is the strongest day of the week?"

Student.—"Sunday Sir."

Master.—"Why?"

Student.—"Because, all the others are week (weak) days."

V. P. Rao,
South Arcot District.

"Have you seen King Kong?" asked the film fan.

"No! But have you seen Hong kong?" asked the other who doesn't know that there is such a picture.

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"In the Globe!"

K. Krishnamurty,
Tenali.

Kodandam—Hullo! Jayam, you see that my wife is much less beautiful than your's. How can I mend it.

Jayam.—Kodandam, beauty develops from the mode of our kissing them. Do you know this. If you like I shall make your wife a star of beauty.

C. V. Chidambaram,
Palghat.

Inspector.—Use the word "Afraid of" in a sentence.

Boy.—My father is afraid of my mother.

Neelam,
Vizagapatam.

Ramu.—"Ma, Sister kissed Gopal."

Mother.—"Did you kiss him, Sarasu?"

Sarasu.—"No, Ma, it was Gopal who kissed me, not I."

R. Perumal,
Dindigul.

"What was Enid's reason for wanting to be married in an aeroplane?"

"Well, you see, she once made a vow to marry no man on earth."

Paddy was asked whether his twins did not make an awful noise at nights.

"Well," he said, "not so bad—not so bad, you see one makes such a din that you can't hear the other."

M. D. Sadhana,
Bangalore.

Teacher.—To which number does "Janaki Ram" belong?

Ramu.—It is singular number provided Janaki and Ram are married.

"Fight for peace! Fight for peace!!" says a patriot.

C. Nageswara Rao,
Alamoor.

"Well, how's married life?"

"It's like Eden, old man."

"Splendid!"

"Yes, we have nothing to wear and are in daily fear of being turned out."

M. D. Krishnan,
Bangalore.

Seeing a handsome girl about to be drowned, two Boy Scouts ran up to her aid and prepared to jump in and pull her out, when she bawled out:

"Oh, don't be anxious. I'm acting for the Pictures."

M. P. Laxman,
Badagara.

An officer said to his servant.—"I see, you have drunk from my wine."

Servant.—"How is it possible, sir? The cork is very tight in it."

Master.—John, what is that terrible screaming in the house for?

John.—I don't know, Sir, whether Miss Bertha is singing or the young dogs are quarrelling.

Mother (to her little son).—But, Earnest, why have you eaten off all the costly things which are intended for our visitor?

Earnest.—Oh, I have already eaten off the cheaper things.

S. Veluvalli,
Vizagapatam.

An old woman looked out of a railway carriage window and hailed a small boy.

"Little boy, are you good?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, ma'dam."

"I think I can trust you Ruu with this anna and buy me a coconut, and remember the angels can see you."

K. Tirumalachar,
Bangalore.

In mid-ocean a girl, who had been watching a miserable looking man, said to his wife beside her; "Your husband is a poor sailor, is he not?"

"Certainly not," replied the woman; he is a rich stock-broker."

M. D. Narayan,
Bangalore.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Not Altogether Authentic.)

Sakuntala, wife of an English professor, was reading Junior Intermediate class. She used to write to her husband not less than thrice a week. No doubt she had a beautiful hand, but, the only black spot was, she was in the habit of writing P. S. in every letter. One day she received a letter from her husband which ran as follows:—

BERHAMPORE,
Date 26—2—'34.

MY DEAREST,

".....Writing P. S. is a very bad habit. If you write to me a letter without P. S., I will certainly present you with a golden wrist watch. Do not lose this opportunity....."

For ever your own,
Narayana Rao

By the next mail Narayana Rao received the reply which ran as follows:—

VIZAGAPATAM,
Date 29—2—'34.

MY DEAR,

".....I do not like to displease you and thus lose my opportunity. I am taking proper care about P. S....."

Yours,
Sakuntala

P. S. Do not disappoint me. Expecting the wrist watch by next post.

Under the Advertisement columns of a daily Newspaper, it ran as follows:—

Wanted an energetic, youthful, handsome, acrobatic, adventurous, powerful and educated man of previous experience for a second class vaccinator's post. Apply with qualifications and testimonials.

After three days the advertiser got the following letter produced here true to original.

SATANPUR,
March 3rd, 1934

MOST RESPECTED S. I. R.,

Having been driven to understand that there is a vacancy in your

honoured S. I. R.'s road as a vaccinator, I want to stand. This does not mean that I always stand but I know how to sit. As to my qualifications it is neither exaggeration nor fabrication, to say that worried as a vax-in-a-tar in Nuzvid and Ramachandrapur roads for a period of two years, I need not profess that mine is an abnormal intellect. I have passed my Secondary School Leaving Examination in the seventh chance. Therefore, I beg to request your honoured S. I. R. that I may be given the above post or any other ghost to roast your honour.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours etc.

A. B. C. Murty.

A Professor who was in the charge of Senior Intermediate class, received a leave letter, from a lady student, by name Rajamani, which ran as follows:—

To

The Class Teacher,
Intermediate class,

DEAR SIR,

Leave wanted: Hope granted.

I beg to remain,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient student,

Rajamani.

Of course, the leave was granted by the professor without any further questions.

Mr. X. Y. Z. received the following telegram.

"Sister died. Start immediately." Reply given by Ma X. Y. Z. ran as follows.

"Dear sister! which sister is dead? Wire soon."

The postal clerk surprised and asked him to correct but the gentleman showing the letter he received said, that he must be sure, before he sends for a clever priest.

In the advertisement pages of a newspaper, it was found, thus:—

"One Wrist watch for Rs. 2-8-0, two for Rs. 4-0-0, three for Rs. 5-8-0 and so on. Apply sharp and avoid disappointment. Once lost, lost for ever. "Make hay while the sun shines."

Rajudu saw that advertisement and wished to have one. He got one by V. P. P. and after a month he wrote a letter to the company which ran as follows:—

BELLORE.

5—3—'34.

DEAR SIRS,

One of the wrist watches which you have sold me in the last month is getting on famously. Thank me very much for the golden opportunity I have given you to wrist me.

Yours truly

Rajudu.

Here below, I am giving you the bill of the expenses I have done by possessing your famous and remarkable wrist watch.

The amount I paid when I first received the watch from your Company	...	3	7	6
Ordinary repairs	...	3	0	0
Postage for sending the watch to some other Company	...	0	5	0
The amount they charged...	...	5	8	0
Correspondence regarding the watch	...	0	12	6
Postage for returning from the Company	...	0	6	0
Total	...			

Result:—It cannot be used even as a snuff box.

After fifteen days in the advertisements of the Company, under the column entitled "Our Satisfied Customers," there was a publication which ran as follows.

BELLORE.

5—3—'34.

DEAR SIRS,

One of the wrist watches which you have sold me in the last month, is getting on famously. Thank you very much for the golden opportunity you have given me.

Yours truly,

"R."



BENEATH THE BANYAN TREE

— BY A. K. BASU. —

Beneath a Banyan tree
On a riverside
Sat Master Twinkle Tee
And loudly he cried:
"Three times four
Is twelve, no more;
And so is four times three."
He cried aloud as his voice allowed
Beneath the banyan tree.

His age was twenty
And six feet his height.
A mixture of cocoa and tea
He drank every night.
His heart, to be sure,
Was absolutely pure;
His mind was quite care-free.
So he could cry without being shy
Beneath the banyan tree.

The sun was just going
To dive down the west;
Its last rays were glowing
On the river's liquid breast
And Twinkle thought
"For long I've sought
Such grand scene to see.
By Mary's boy, I find great joy
Beneath the banyan tree."

A man on the river's water
Was rowing to the east;
It was five and a quarter
By the watch on his wrist,
After a little while

He said with a smile
"A madcap must he be.
He's shouting, I find, with a carefree mind
Beneath the banyan tree."

"I closed the door with a bang
Once in my house"
Master Twinkle Tee sang,
"Being afraid of a mouse.
And once a cat
Had to run at a rat
Being commanded by me.
I am happy as a king as thus I sing
Beneath the banyan tree."

In a yonder park
One Mister Morse
Was out for morning walk
On the back of a horse.
Master Tee he heard
Singing as a bird
Sings in its nest in glee.
His head he shook and cast a look
Beneath the banyan tree.

"Of a mouse you were afraid?"
He said as he laughed.
"Of what stuff you are made!"
And three times he coughed.
Twinkle felt shy
(I will not tell you why)
And shyly cooed out he:
"Though you cry Encore, I'll sing no more
Beneath the banyan tree."

H I G H

FINANCE

By

W. H. COLE.

Yacoub Khan toyed about with a plate of delicious chicken 'pillau' as if he feared it might contain the poisonous alkaloid of Datura Stramonium. He hadn't even the appetite of a decrepit cockroach.

Contrarily, his son Ahmed, was gnawing at the last bone of his portion and could readily have accepted another helping.

The eyes of father and son met across the table. 'Lost, stolen or strayed?' enquired Ahmed.

'What?'

'Mr. Appetite, a healthy fellow formerly the good companion of Yacoub Khan Sahib.'

'Oh! now I understand. I'm worried, Ahmed, that's why I can't eat.'

'After concluding the eats, Dad,' observed Ahmed, 'You'd better unfold the troubles to your offspring. Oft-times you've told me I've no brains—many times I've replied that as you had them all you couldn't expect me to be other than short of 'grey matter.' Such little pleasantries we'll forget knowing they were never meant seriously. As the advert: of a well-known college says:—'Let me be your father,' so Ahmed to the rescue it shall be. The imagination of youth shall be brought to bear upon the problems of the house of Khan.' The.....

Yacoub had to smile at the flow of eloquence, as he interrupted. 'Words, my son,' he said, 'are cheap, we want something more practical.'

'Practical it shall be. By the way, Pop, if you've really finished with that 'pillau' hand it over here and I'll polish it off. Good food shouldn't be left for the rats to fatten on.'

'By all means take it. I am unable to eat with enjoyment. I do not believe in encouraging you to become a gormandizer, but in this case.....'

'O. K. Chief. Trot along to your den and Ahmed will be there in two shakes of a donkey's tail. Then we'll solve the weighty problems of state.'

Yacoub Khan departed, forcing a smile at his son's good humour and phrases. Ahmed was the product of an English College and had only been home a few weeks. He was of a care-free happy-go-lucky nature.

Having polished off the extra food, he joined his father.

'Shoot, Dad' was his invitation for opening the debate.

Yacoub Khan was also not devoid of a sense of humour. 'The fact is,' he replied, 'I can't find the root.'

Ahmed began to think the old boy was going 'potty.' 'Top storey, few tiles missing from the roof' he mused. Aloud: 'The root of what, Dad?'

'Evil!'

Ahmed tumbled, but pretended he hadn't. 'Ah!' he replied, 'the root of evil. That's where the college education scores. Sax: 'efel' and 'yfel,' Dutch: 'euvel.' That's soon solved your bally problem, Dad.'

'You're dense, Ahmed, my estimate of your brain power is proving to be correct.....'

'Oh! Yes!' interposed Ahmed, 'now I've tumbled to the thing. We've fallen off the gold standard, eh?'

'That's about the size of it.'

'Then, straight down to the 'silver chips' we'll get. Assets, liabilities, prospects—good and bad,—hopes blighted and deferred etc., etc. Cards on the table, no aces up the sleeve, no short bowling, eyes to the front and face the 'bagpipes.' That's me, Pop.'

'Tis not as easy as that. Here's the position. Ready cash—nil, our estate—proper value—a lac and a half, debt seventy thousand due to Sham Lal, Banker. No other creditors except petty ones. Sham Lal has a decree and threatens execution. If a forced sale takes place it'll probably scarcely cover him. Then the house of Khan, as you term it, can roam the streets.'

'No hope of Sham Lal waiting or buying us out with a decent bit of cash and his debt?'

'Not the slightest, he's absolutely obdurate and expecting to buy at about what we owe him.'

'Oh! Gee Whiz! Dad, it's a peach of an idea I've got. Leave it to Ahmed. Let me whisper in your ear, then 'mum's' the word.'

Ahmed confidentially expounded his brain sparkle.

'He's a tough card,' commented Yacoub, 'anyway by all means try, but I'm afraid.....'

'Cold water's not wanted,' Ahmed interjected, 'I'll not fail, Dad you'll see me bring home the 'doings' this time.'

At evening time on the same day Ahmed, dressed up tip-top strolled along towards Sham Lal's shop looking forlorn and in despair.

The Banker saw him approaching and noticed his dejected attitude.

'Good evening, Mr. Ahmed' he greeted,

'Hullo, Sham Lal,' replied Ahmed, forcing a smile, 'how's 'biz?'

'Business, Mr. Ahmed, is in a terribly bad state, world depression is killing all trade, before long.....'

Ahmed out short any predictions Sham Lal may have intended to make.

'Good God!' he said, 'you don't mean to say things are so bad as that, I suppose you're not thinking of going bankrupt or anything as desperate as that, such as suicide or absconding?'

'Merciful heavens, no! It's not quite reached that stage, but profits are dwindling, people don't pay up their debts or interest. There's your father.....'

'Oh! the old dad is all right. Don't you worry. Money is tight, but I'm handling matters now. I left the old boy just filling up his insolvency papers, wash the bally old score clean off the slate—that's my motto. No half measures, after that we'll make a fresh start with a 'pan' and 'heedi' shop or some such flourishing business.'

Ahmed paused to enjoy the effects of his information, altho' still appearing glum.

'But, Mr. Ahmed,' Sham Lal commenced. Then he had an after-thought. 'Come in and sit down,' he

invited, 'this news is a great shock to me.'

'Damned old hypocrite,' thought Ahmed as he took a seat, cupped his chin in his hands and prepared to listen to Sham Lal's further comments.

'There's surely no need,' the Banker observed 'for such a step as Bankruptcy. Your father is only indebted to me for any large amount, I could pay up petty creditors and take over your place, it would save the disgrace of bankruptcy. What do you think?'

'Disgrace of bankruptcy! Piffle, it's law, it's the most beneficial act for poor harassed debtors that was ever made. It defeats the Shylocks every time. The man who invented that law should have a V. C. or the highest honour every country in the world could give him. I'd decorate him until he'd want a fifty inch chest and still require a peon to carry the other medals along.'

'Revolutionary ideas, Mr. Ahmed, and, after all, your father's not really insolvent.'

'Isn't he,' replied Ahmed, 'that's just where you're all adrift. There's your debt, on top of that a Delhi banker has to get about the same amount.....'

'That's serious,' interrupted Sham Lal, 'and I've no security,' he moaned.

'Neither has the other Johnny, so you're both in the same ship, there's a few others with you who have to get small amounts, we're going to leave you all to share the 'cargo.' That's the idea of the insolvency.'

After a pause, Ahmed went on again. 'After all, it's fair, we give the 'joint of meat'—that's our estate—to the Court and they divide it up—after having first out for expenses etc,—amongst (as Dad calls them) the famishing 'jackals' of creditors. Gosh! you should have seen Pop to-day, couldn't even go his corner with the eats, looking as down in the mouth as a badly part-worn old bandicoot. It's awful, I tell you, to see him like that, d'you wonder I'm also off my 'page' of whisky at the Club—no money for them.'

'But to-morrow, after that little paper goes to Court, Dad will come home turning Catherine-wheels down the streets, jumping the garden gate and giving Mums a kiss. I tell you

it'll be grand to see him. Talk about that 'Kruschen' feeling, it'll be one of the 'also ran.' Pop will eat like a fellow just released from His Majesty's Guest House, I'll wager on that.

'As it is look at the position now. Any moment a creditor pops along with the Court Bailiff, snaffles up our pet Canary, the Mongoose and the Parrot, pinches my cricket bat when I'm not looking, peeps into the 'harem' to see if the Imperial Bank are using it as a lost home for spare gold which they didn't want. It's terrible, but to-morrow, freedom and happiness comes to dispel the gathering clouds!'

Sham Lal was thinking rapidly. 'No security and the other big creditor in the same position.'

'You say, Mr. Ahmed, there's another big creditor?'

'Yes, that's just the 'grub in the apple,' if it was only you we know you would wait. (Tongue in your cheek, please, Mr. Ahmed.) You're a gentleman, but the other—any minute he may land on us 'plop' and then the 'cat goes up the chimney' so to speak. He's demanding.....'

'What?'

'A cash down payment, in consideration of which he may postpone proceedings. Mind you, he's not a bad fellow, but he's had no interest for ages.'

'Since how long is his interest due?' the Banker enquired.

'I don't know exactly, but from somewhere about the time Queen Anne died or the Dodo bird became extinct.'

'When did Queen Anne die?'

'I'm not good at dates, but it must be a long time ago. When I entered College I remember a fellow told an old joke, others remarked 'Queen Anne's dead' so you can guess.'

Sham Lal didn't pursue the question of dates further.

'This is serious, Mr. Ahmed,' he commented.

'Quite, it's going to be a hefty shock I guess for you, a 'dosey' or a 'charey' in the 'chip' dividend probably after the Court have had first dig, still there's always the jolly old

whitewash brush in the Bankruptcy Court if the blow's too much for you. Take heart and find consolation in that.'

'How much is the other creditor demanding?'

'About forty thousand from what Dad told me.'

'You've a good brain, Mr. Ahmed and very fertile, what would you suggest?'

'Haven't I told you already? The Insolvency papers go to Court in the mornings, there's nothing else. And as for your compliment to my brain,—ugh! you should hear Pop give his estimate of my abilities. He calls me a waster, a brainless nincompoop, a street-corner loafer, a ne'er do well, a profligate, heaps of other equally uncomplimentary things in English and then he trails off into Hindustani with 'marke.....' (unprintables) numbering five or six—and he does it all in one breath and only that, being exhausted, stops the tirade. As for a fertile brain, I've never tested it, but I'll try sometime with a little canary seed. Now, you can think what my ideas are good for!'

'But you don't take your father serious at such times surely?'

'Don't I, he's got a habit of emphasizing his remarks with a shoe, and he socks me pretty hard, and, of course, being Dad, I can't raise a finger to him or try to use him as a football. Oh! you don't know him as I do. Wouldn't even give me any pocket money to-day, that'll show you.'

'Mr. Ahmed, I am very sorry to hear all these troubles. You try and help me, I'll be grateful. Could the other creditor be put off with some lesser amount for a year or so if I paid it and then I could take a mortgage of the estate?'

'No hope, he's adamant on forty thousand, he's getting a new Rolls-Royce car with the amount. Besides, it's too late, you've got a decree and we're not giving you a chance to execute it. Fair's fair—let all the creditors be on equal footing and take their 'gnaw' at the bone after finishing the meat.'

'Oh! Mr. Ahmed, remember I'm a local man and I'm not rich, I cannot

afford to lose. I'll give the money if I have a mortgage.'

'Dad will never agree.'

'Try and persuade him, I'm confident you can, get your Mother to help, she'll surely do so.'

'Why not try yourself?'

'I'll come early morning and see him, but you please prepare the way and get him in the mood.'

'Me prepare the way! You don't understand my old man. He often looks me out at nights and if Mums didn't leave a window unfastened at the back of the house I'd have to squeeze thro' the keyhole or creep under the door. We're not on good speaking terms and once he decides a course he sticks like the rock of Gibraltar. But, anyway, if I do try what do I get?'

The Banker whispered. 'Nothing doing' said Ahmed emphatically. They came, however, to agreement and Ahmed got something on account.

He buzzed off to the Club and had a couple of drinks, then proceeded home to give them the good news. Yacoub Khan ate well and slept likewise that night.

'Ahmed,' he said, 'all my estimates of your brain power were wrong before, you're a chip of the old block' and a damned good one too. You'll rise to something big one of these days, as the yeast told the flour when they got mixed together.'

The old man stood out for forty five thousand and got it—pretending to be reluctant about the whole matter.

Ahmed now has a Baby Austin and 'the house of Khan' is temporarily at least, in clover.

He had never been outside England, and neither had she, but both were recounting their experiences abroad.

'And Asia. Ah, wonderful Asia. Never shall I forget Turkey, India, Japan—all of them. And most of all, China, the celestial kingdom. How I loved it.'

She held her ground.

'And the pagodas; did you see them?'

'Did I see them?' She powdered her nose. 'My dear, I had dinner with them.'

YOU CAN COMMIT BIGAMY IN RUSSIA!

Where divorce is as easy as marriage.

THE marriage laws in Russia are the strangest in the civilised world. For bigamy is legal, and divorce is easier than in Reno.

Is it true that the new marriage laws in Russia lead to immorality?

Some people say "Yes."

But probably the people who say "yes" are still thinking of the silly, undisciplined free love and free vice which came upon men and women just after the revolution in Russia, just as it did after the French revolution.

The present situation in Russia is extraordinary. No one is punished for committing bigamy, for instance. If a man is living with a woman he is considered her husband, whether a marriage has been registered or not. So if he leaves her for another woman, he is married to them both.

Quick Work!

Divorce is made as easy for him as marriage. Indeed, it is so easy that if his wife goes away for a week-end she may quite easily find herself a divorced woman by the time she returns. This also applies to the husband, of course. Men and women are equal in every respect.

In this article I want to give an impression of a new country, and a new system, not to moralise, or to speculate on what would happen in England if marriage were treated in the same way. Here are some facts.

Supposing I am a Russian woman, and I wish to divorce my husband; nobody inquires why, for my private life is my own affair, and a divorce will be granted at any time if such is my wish. Perhaps my husband is still fond of me. He cannot, however, prevent me from divorcing him.

Supposing my husband is for some reason incapable of earning a living, while I, on the other hand, am an independent worker—in such a case, I must continue to support him for a period of one year after the divorce.

Either man or woman can claim alimony.

A few weeks ago I found myself sitting in a marriage bureau in Moscow. It was a dreary little room, half dark, with a picture of Lenin on

one wall and Lenin's wife, Krupskaya, on the other. In one corner there stood a small desk, littered with papers and leaning over them was a tired-looking old woman, who was the marriage registrar.

The day before I discovered, she had married no less than 18 couples.

At the moment when I entered—nobody objects, by the way, to a stranger interrupting a marriage, and asking questions—a factory girl was being registered with a handsome young soldier.

The old woman, who scarcely looked at them, wanted to know if the girl would prefer to keep her maiden name. The girl said she would. The whole ceremony, if indeed one may call it a ceremony, was over in less than ten minutes.

They were asked to state their ages, for neither party must be under sixteen, and they were asked to declare in writing that each was informed as to the other's state of health.

There is no such thing as an illegitimate child.

In England, as in nearly all European countries, a child born "out of wedlock" is regarded as the mother's responsibility; it is not related to the father.

But in Russia both parents are responsible.

They're Not Frivolous.

Here in England one is tempted to look upon such topsy-turvy laws with a certain amount of levity. But it ought to be remembered, I think, that the Russians are by no means a frivolous people. In fact, what the Soviet Union is doing in regard to marriage and divorce they are doing as an experiment.

In giving a true impression of the situation in Russia as it is to-day I have tried to pick out the facts which surprise the foreigner most. Here is another curious law:

Anything which belongs to a man or woman before marriage remains his or her personal property. Anything acquired later by either of them, or both of them must be divided equally in the event of divorce.

"Nerina Shute."

Results of the 'Countries & Continents' Competition

Correct Solutions of the "Countries & Continents" Competition are as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|---------------|------------|---------------|
| 1. FRANCE. | 2. SCOTLAND. | 3. AUSTRALIA. | 4. INDIA. | 5. GREENLAND. |
| 6. GERMANY. | 7. IRELAND. | 8. AMERICA. | 9. POLAND. | 10. RUSSIA. |

The additional Prize of Rs. 5 has been won by the following competitor who has sent 64 entries.

T. R. KRISHNA MOORTHY,
Secretary, Public Reading Room, Nellikuppam.

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

1. K. V. VENKATANARAYANA,
Clerk District Forest Office, Bhadravathi,
Mysore State.
2. M. K. SAWMI, Head Typist,
Mercantile Bank of India Ltd., Rangoon.
3. N. T. SREENIVASAN,
694, Hanuman Temple St., Old Agrahar, Mysore.
4. M. A. RATHINASWAMY,
Veterinary Hospital, Erode.
5. M. NARASIMHA AIYANGAR,
Electric Dept. Bhadravathi Iron Works,
Bhadravathi.
6. L. V. ADHIHETTY,
The "Grove" Wattegama, Ceylon.
- 7 & 8. K. V. RATHNA PILLAI,
Vakil's Clerk, Mittoor, Chittoor Dt.
9. R. DORAISAMI CHETTY,
Big Mosque St., Bazaar Road, Chittoor.
10. Ch S. DEEKSHITULU,
Chiluvur P. O. Tummapudi, Tenali Taluk.
11. ABBAS C. DEGANI B.A.,
363, Inogal St., Rangoon.
12. N. VENKATASAMY,
Son of Narayanasawmy Naidu,
West Okkhar St., Erode.
13. B. K. ROY CHOWDHURY,
Zemindar, Gouripur, Mymensingh.
14. M. SOMA SUNDARAM,
Clerk, Madura Co. Ltd., Negapatam.
15. T. R. KRISHNA MOORTHY,
Secretary, Public Reading Room, Nellikuppam.
16. A. M. JOSEPH,
C/o T. A. Jesudhaus Pillai, K.G.F. Hospital,
Champion, Kolar Gold Fields.
17. S. R. SUBBA RAO,
C/o S. Raja Rao, T. Thiru Road Chamdrepet,
Bangalore City.

18. A. APPAN IYENGAR,
Teacher, A. V. H. School, Sattur,
Ramanad Dt.
19. K. SIVASUBRAMANYAM,
20 A, Napier Road Cuddalore.
20. M. DURAISWAMI AIYANGAR,
Vakil, Vellore.
21. T. B. SEETHARAM,
Dental Surgeon, Kumbakonam.
22. K. SATYASOJA RAO,
C/o K. Anantarama Moorti,
Amin B. Anakapalle (Vizag. Dt.)
- 23 & 24. C. V. DORAISWAMY AIYAR,
Kumarasamy Coil St., Terupatur N. A.
25. K. PAUL,
72, Avadanam Papier Road, Choolai, Madras.
26. B. KOTHANDAPANI,
227, Mint Street, 1st Lane G.P.O. Madras.
27. K. SIVARAM THURVADY,
18, Kesava Iyer Street, P.T. Madras.
28. M. L. SEETHARAMAN,
231, Thambu Chetty St., Madras.
29. B. B. MADHAVA RAO,
Old Town, Rajahmundry.
30. S. SESHAGIRI RAO, B.A.,
C/o V. Narasimha Rao Pantuluguru, Vakil,
Innespeta, Rajahmundry.
31. SONTY BALAKRISHNAMURTY,
Clerk, Office of the District Veterinary
Officer, Rajahmundry. (East Godavari Dt.)
32. NAGESHWARA RAO CHANDURI,
Alamoor Ramachandrapur Taluk,
(East Godavari Dt.)
- 33, 34 & 35. B. S. S. SARMA,
Pensioner, 17, Machu (Kalla) St.,
Kulittalai. S.I.Ry.

THE SECOND PRIZE

This has been won by the following successful Competitors:—

1. Miss. Lilly Salem, Jew Town, Cochin. 2. M. D. Susila Bai, Bangalore City. 3. Veda Ramaswamy, Triplicane, Madras. 4. Miss Maisie. E. Carroll, Madras. 5. S. Choodalakshmi, Sivaganga (Ramanad Dt.) 6. Miss. N. Ahalya Bai, Triplicane, Madras. 7. Mrs. L. E. M. Gaikwad, Nagpur. 8. J. Kamala Bai, Mysore. 9. N. Yogambal, Vellore. 10. Padmasani, Kumbakonam. 11 & 12. Miss. G. B. D. Silva, Washermanpet. 13. K. Durgachari, Tenali Taluq Guntur Dt. 14. M. Vinabhadran, Kilambakam. 15. K. Venkata Nersia, Mahabubabad. 16. Mahomed Jaffer Kassim, Karachi. 17. K. R. Krishna, Bezwada. 18. V. Narayana Iyer, Kollegal. 19. A. Daivanayagam, Kottar. 20. G. Krishna Moorthi, Chittoor. 21. R. Viswanathan, Nagore P.O. 22. M. Venkatanarasimhaiya, Tanjore. 23. C. N. Venkateswaran, Royapettah, Madras. 24. Abdul Kyum Sait, Pondicherry. 25. G. Suryanarayana Murty, Paravada. 26. S. T. Mangalanar Maraioor, Narikudi P. O. 27. I. Natesan, Chittoor. 28. P. V. S. Ramayya, G. T. Madras. 29. Laxman, M. Poovadan, Bangalore. 30. H. Ritnaker Rao, Kilpauk, Madras. 31. M. Sitaranamurthy, Guntur. 32. H. K. Aobuta Rao, Mysore. 33, 34, 35, 36 & 37. K. Sadagoran, Pondicherry. 38 & 39. V. Ramiiah Chettiar, Nagore. 40. P. T. Lourdasamy, Kuala Lumpur. 41. Tufail Mubhammad, P. O. Gohmuri. 42. R. S. Hariharan, G. T. Madras. 43. K. Surendranatha Pillai, Ballore. 44. M. Rangaswamy, Mysore. 45. B. V. Sethuramlingar, Mysore. 46, 47 & 48. CH. B. Madhava Rao, Masulipatam. 49. V. D. Kristnamurthy, Madanapally Road. 50. C. Vasudeva Rao, Bangalore. 51. Dr. Chakrala Seetha Ramiah Gooty. 52. K. C. Valiakunhuni Raja, Palace, Kottakal. 53 & 54. Dinayahi Venkata Kameswara Row, Masulipatam. 55. T. Vedavalli Teyaru, Amalapuram. 56. K. Upendra Shenoy, Mangalore. 57. K. Sreenivasa Rao, Devikapuram. 58. A. Mohammed Haniffa Sahib, Erode. 59. K. M. Radhakrishna Chetty, Calicut. 60. N. Janakiram, Tindivanam. 61. T. Samu, Triplicane Madras. 62. C. S. Raman, Coonoor P. O. 63 & 64. V. B. Krishnan, G. T. Madras. 65. C. M. Subramaniam, Chethapuram. 66. A. V. Sanmuganathan, Anuradhapura, Ceylon. 67. V. Sundaram, Cuddalore N.T. 68. D. R. Sundararajaiah, Manjakuppam, Cuddalore N. T. 69, 70. The Modern News Agency, Kumbakonam. 71, 72. T. S. Hari Hara Iyer, Shoranur, South Malabar. 73. T. S. Sivaprakasani, Teppakulam, Trichinopoly. 74. E. R. Palani-
raju Naidu, Erode. 75, 76. R. Rangarajan, Trichinopoly. 77. R. K. Swami, Salem Town. 78. Kolluru Lakshmana-
swamy, Vizianagaram. 79. Abbas-C. Dejadi, B. A.,
Rangoon. 80. V. K. Venkataramanam, Tiruvannamalai. 81, 82, 83, 84, 85. M. Somasundaram, Negapatam. 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92. T. R. Krishna Moorthy, Nelli-
kuppam. 93. O. J. P. Emmett, New Town, Madras. 94. V. Sambasivan, Musiri Post, Trichy District. 95. M. S. Loganatha Mudaliar, Vepery, Madras. 96. Satgur
Saran Lal, Nuh, (Dist. Gurgaon.) 97, 98, 99, 100. K. V. Venkatanarayana, Bhadravathi, Mysore State. 101. K. Sitharamayya, B.A., B.L., Bapatla. 102. M. R. Lakshmana
Rao, Mysore. 103. K. Chickkappan, Ashtabujam, Conjee-
veram. 104. V. K. Mohanvelu, Cottonpet, Bangalore City. 105. K. A. Azmathullah, Mysore-Fort. 106. H. Nagendra
Rao, Cottonpet, Bangalore City. 107. Asu Ram Kakar,
Karachi City. 108. Ch. Satyanarayana Murthy, Pitha-
puram, Godavary Dt. 109. V. Ramachandran, Coimba-
tor. 110. T. Vadivelu Mudaliar, Madras. 111. K. Balakrishnan, Tellicherry, N. Malabar. 112. K. Arokia-
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natham, Vizianagaram. 125. V. S. Krishnan, Vadakan-
thara, Palghat. 126, 127. C. V. Doraswamy Aiyar,
Tirupattur N. A. 128. N. Paramasiva Aiyar, Ganapathi-
nagar, Tanjore. 129. M. T. Subramanian, Tuticorin. 130. D. Balaiah, B. A., Villiyakkam, Madras. 131. M. A. Cannivelan, Madras. 132. R. Krishnamurthy, Gooty. 133. K. L. Yadva, Lucknow. 134. S. Krishniah, Chittoor. 135. C. V. Nagarajan, Malaiyalappatti. 136. Mr. D. Gowe, Madras. 137. T. S. Balasubramanian, Bangalore Cant. 138. S. R. Doraswamy Iyer, Nidadavol. 139. Govindaraju Venkata Rao, Pata Peat, Nuzvid. 140. T. S. Govindhasami, Kilpauk, Madras.

As it works out to a very small sum when the prize of Rs. 20 is divided among them it has been decided to send two issues of Funny Magzin of 20th May and 5th June 1934, Post Free instead.

All Prizes will be sent in due course.

MAY 20, 1934

39

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

Rs. 55 CASH PRIZES.

In "Clue Words" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 30.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 20.

Rs. 5 TO THE SENDER OF LARGEST NUMBER OF ENTRIES.

Closing date: 20th June, 1934.

HOW TO WIN:

In this simple competition you have only to find out the missing letters and complete the words. You will find below 10 rows incomplete words in which dashes have been placed wherever letters are missing. You can very easily find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row. As an example No. 1 has been solved for you. In the first row EM—& T are given. Between the letters EM and T one dash is given. So one letter is missing there. The clue for No. 1 is "To send out." The answer for that is EMIT. From this it can be found out that the letter I is missing and putting that letter in the place of the dash, the word EMIT is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also must be solved.

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 20th June, 1934.

WORDS.

1. EM—T
2. S—AP—
3. B— —S
4. T—GHT
5. VI— —
6. PL— —
7. RE—AY
8. — — —RT
9. CLE— —
10. — —IN

CLUES.

1. To send out
2. Form
3. Master
4. Compact
5. Sight
6. A scheme
7. Payback
8. Brisk
9. Pure
10. Part of the body

(For the coupon see next page.)

Rules & Conditions.

1. There is NO ENTRANCE FEE for this competition. But the solutions must be in the special FREE COUPON printed in this issue. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. Additional attempts can be given on a plain paper similarly filled up as the coupon, with name and address clearly written. Each additional attempt not given on the Free Coupon should be accompanied by 1½ annas stamps, the value of one Free Coupon. Foreign readers must send B.P.O.'s only to that value. If the solutions on ordinary paper is not accompanied by at least one special Free coupon they will not be considered.

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th 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 "Clue 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.

7. The results of the "Clue words" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 5th July 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN FREE COUPON.
IN "CLUE WORDS" COMPETITION.
Closing date 20th June 1934.

- | | |
|------------|----------|
| 1. E M I T | 6. |
| 2. | 7. |
| 3. | 8. |
| 4. | 9. |
| 5. | 10. |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name Mr.
 Miss or Mrs.

Address.....

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

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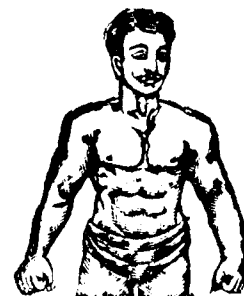


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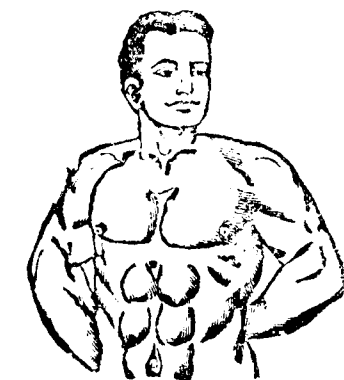
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