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FUNNY MAG.

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&
Free Contest Prizes
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S. BRAHMA



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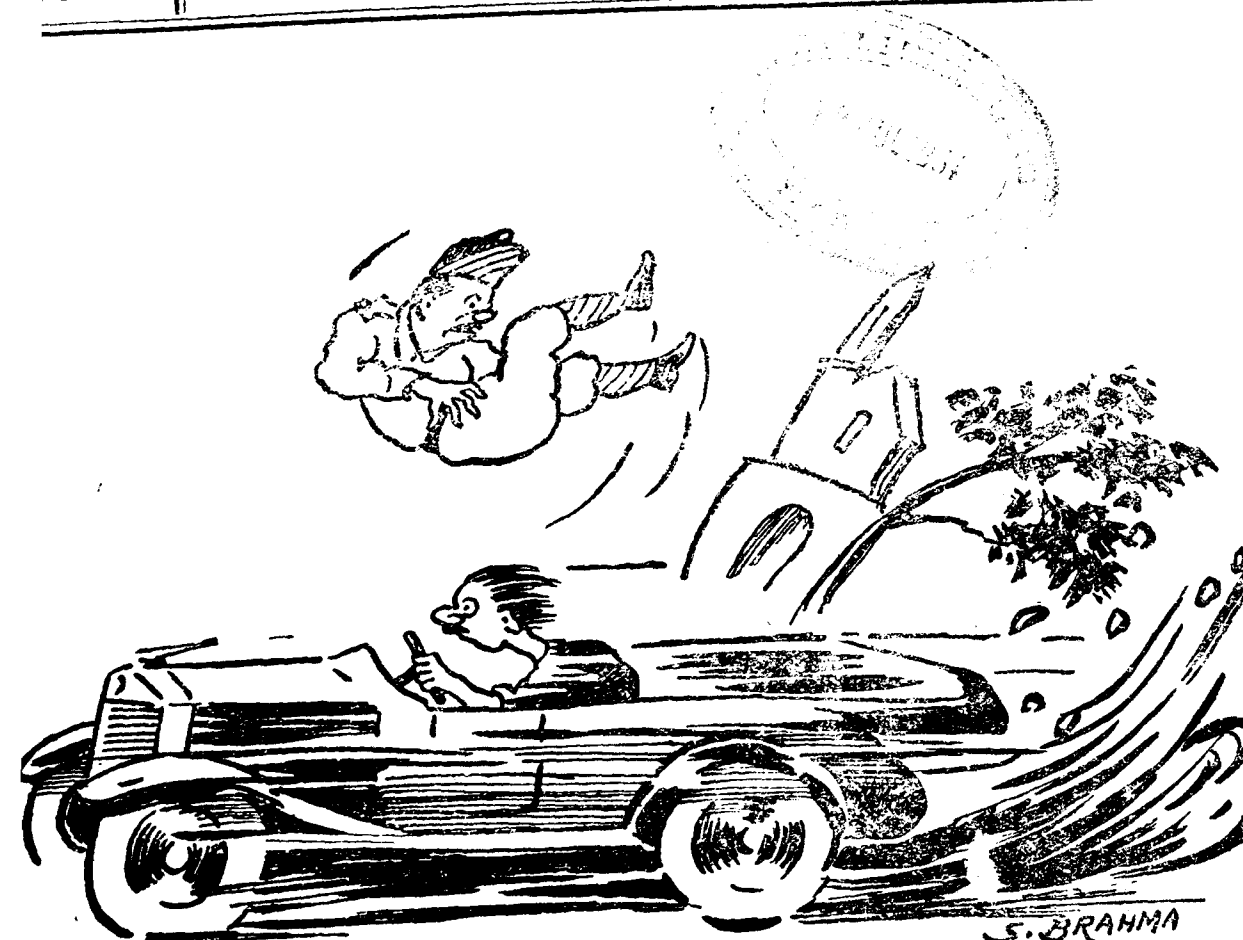


PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol I.

MADRAS, 5th JUNE, 1934.

No. 21



DASHING SPIRIT

BHAI FUNZIN CHATS:

CHUMS,



"BHAI FUNZIN"

your Dear Bhai Funzin; and pat Him, eh?

Sure, it is not in the spirit of exacting my "Adsum" that you want me.

May be that you want to hear how I am going to amuse you and help you kick hard in the world and kick off the dust of worries from off your feet.

But, Chums,

I am afraid such heart-to-heart talks very often take the tune that comes from blowing one's own trumpet; but that is a music I would not like to treat you to. But if forced, you have only yourself to blame.

The pleasant month of May—I beg pardon if you think I must have lost something about my head to talk of "pleasant" with the temperature asserting its heartless 110 and 116 and even more,—generally sees things in their expansive mood; no wonder the mercury too in the column is tempted to exceed its fair bounds of reasonable heat.

Yes, it is hot, so hot, beastly hot!

I do not
because I do
not mistake
your kind
a ger. You
want me to
give you my
fortnightly
Chats: and, if
I don't, some
of you get a
bit petulant.
I put it down
to your desire
to run round
your own,

Still, Friends from all over the Empire flash me messages of Felicitations and Cheery and Heartening tidings of Congratulations at the "Changes", as my Friends call them, introduced recently in our Funny.

Nor are these "Felicitations" and "Congratulations" let off from the lip or pen to fly about, but they are backed up by substantial orders from News Agents and "Stall Keepers" calling for increased supplies, in a few cases, even by Telegraphic Orders.

So that, with the "Charges" referred to, and with the Cine and Art Sections, with lavish Art Illustrations and Comic Sketches, with all these "Changes" meeting with such encouraging response, "FUNNY" is entering its second year of Service of Joy, Mirth, Fun Folly and Frolic, with confidence and satisfaction.

The other day a Competitor of our Puzzles wrote to us that he liked our Cash Prizes because they were "modest", as he called them. He liked them because it made him and his wife and children feel that they were solving puzzles for the "fun" of it and not for the "Cooly" of it. The learned Doctor, for that Competitor seems to be a physician, that sent us that opinion, I am sure, will make a good many "think."

A few more issues of "Funny" and the Second year begins; and with the splendid hand of fellowship that has been extended, I do trust the New Year Issue of "FUNNY" will be something worth having and worth enjoying and worth presenting to those whom you love to regale, refresh and refine.

Ever Cheerfully,

BHAI FUNZIN.

JUNE 5, 1934

HEY HO, OOTY!



"HAT Safe?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Dress shoes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Studs, you know somehow you always mess with my collar studs."

"Yes, sir."

"My umbrella?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the one I use in rains, I mean the Silk one. You are such an idiot you will bring one for the other."

"Yes, the Silk one."

"But, why plague that poor boy like that, dear?" asked Indira, Mr. Laxman Chetty's wife.

"Indira, if you don't know what is what, you just shut up," half commanded and half begged Mr. Laxman Chetty.

"What is it that I don't know?"

"Why, the way you did things last year."

By

"ARBELA"

"The heavens did not come down last year, did they?" asked Indira, who always believed in obeying her husband without the least prejudice to her self-respect or independence.

"Have you forgotten how they all cut jokes as you went about dragging your slippers, two sizes too big for you, raising the slush on both sides?" asked Chetty.

"I was not worse than the wife of our Dewan Bahadur Padagala Pillai; you know even Her Excellency looked at her plight with a smile."

"May be; but that doesn't save us."

"Never mind, sir, why worry that poor boy? Every thing is ready for you in the boxes."

"No, no, you should not let that fool have his own way. Unless you have a keen eye on him, he will just repeat the last year's joke once again."

"Surely, nothing done intentionally," pleaded Indira.

"Intentionally or no, you see I am made the fool, Indira."

"No, you are always too quick at imagining. If you lend money, you think he will die or run away; if you buy jewels, you think they are false things and all that," expostulated the wife.

"Indira, you to talk like that? Have you forgotten what that donkey did last time? You know when we went to the Flower Show and when their Excellencies were going round everybody was looking at my leg and shoes and laughing, till Rao Saheb Ambaprasada Chetty comes round and whispers in my ears; and you know I had brown lace for my black shoes and button of the collar on the back. You know, Indira, we had to come away home though the very object of our visit was to be there at the Flower Show along with their Excellencies."

"But if you are so very keen about these petty things..."

"I do not trust anybody, but how can I look at how this fool does the lacing? It is impossible with my belly. That is why I want to see that that goose cannot muddle again."

"So you are going to the Flower Show this time too?" asked Indira.

"Why, Indira, all going well, I shall have an interview with His Excellency. Don't you think that will be simply splendid?"

"But this time, it is our Oosman Saheb. How can he grant interviews?" asked

Indira, the wife of Chetty who was just entering into public life.

"Why not?"

"What I mean is, how can he spend so much money and give rewards to so many to whom he grants interviews?"

"Indira, Indira, you are just like mother and aunt. You always think that presents and sovereigns are scattered whenever we see the Governor or his wife."

"If there is nothing to gain, why all this bother, dear?"

"You just keep quiet and do as I ask you to. Good woman, it is true last time our Ooty trip cost us about 500 and this time I have set apart even more. But how are we to get into the company of great men unless we approach them?"

You see, Indira, the other day when we garlanded His Excellency, what a high honour it is for our family. The whole world saw you and me dressed like lady and gentleman garlanding H. E. Is that not glorious?"

"Don't lose your temper, dear. What I mean is we have children; we can better save these expenses; we have already spent a thousand: that means about Rs. 20 every month even at low and charitable rate of interest for our close friends and dear relations. What will interviews give us?"

"Then you don't know what an interview means?"

"If you won't call me rude, I think your Dewan Bahadur Ranganathan Chetty or Kumararaja Muthiah had interviews or are having it daily twice as you told me."

"Yes, they had."

"And what use is that?"

"Ah, Indira, Indira, why the whole world will read about it in the newspapers. Is that not enough, dear Indira?"

"Will that help our son-in-law get a good job?"

"Why, that is not unlikely."

"That is what you are saying these seven years. Our son-in-law is a learned young man, he always puts on neat dress, goes about in a hat, even paid his examination fees for the Rs. 15 examination. But you cannot get him a job even on Rs. 100. But you garland everybody at the Railway station, no matter whether he starts or arrives. What is the use of our spending so much money on these people?"

"No, no, Indira, you are not to be so impatient as all that; we have to wait and wait," soothingly remarked Chetty.

"But that Padma's husband got a Dewan Bahadur at one stroke; Guna Devi got a decent job for her son; Nalini's son was sent to England to study by some rich man because Nalini's husband, they say, promised to get a Kinghood for that rich fellow. Yet, you want me to be patient all the time while you are spending money like water," said Indira.

Whatever the differences between Indira Devi and her husband, they reached Ooty, attended the functions; paid their respects to H. E. the Governor and the Hon'ble Members and the Hon'ble Presidents and the Hon'ble other Great Men to whom

JUNE 5, 1984

LOVE-ON GUARD

• OR

Watching for Five Years and After

BY "MAYOOR-HAMSA"

[Love endures Here and Hereafter, if the narrative of "Mayoor Hamsa" is perused with "faith and faith alone;" it does look as if the Creations of Love, true Love, are more real than what ordinary mortal ways can inspire; however, it is for those that peruse "Mayoor-Hamsa's" tale to decide—Ed.]

IT was five years.

To be exact, it was the last day of the fifth year. We had parted: Bhuvana and I had not seen each other for that period.

I call it parting; I cannot say that she left me: that would mean she had done so of her free will; I cannot say she was lost or passed away because I cannot teach me to think that anything like a lasting break-off could ever come between us.

But, after the birth of her third baby, she could not get over the troubles that overtook her; the best medical help was not able to restore her to

timely respects and best regards have to be paid, as befits their own station in life and the high hill station to which they resort to receive their homage from plain people, who crawl on the plains below, whom a thoughtful Providence brought into existence to enable the Great Ones to receive the meed of homage that is their due.

me or me to her; and it came about, that, in a few days, we parted.

Not a Friday passed—the day when we parted—without my placing a richly decorated garland of Jasmine over the place where she is resting; we—my little ones and I—believe she is there resting to come back again.

Of all flowers—she loved flowers as ardently as the very Goddess of flowers could do—she loved Jasmine most passionately; and lest she should suspect that our love for her beloved flower had waned during her absence, we always carried to her resting place sweet garlands of Jasmine, and at home too, all her paintings and photos had fresh Jasmine every day.

Yes, it was that last day of the fifth year. On the morrow I was to think of that friend of mine that was not with me; and in her name and her recalled sounds and sayings, I was going to give what small aids I could to those that needed them.

"To-day," thought I, "full five years would end. And

Bhuvana has certainly kept me waiting all these days."

I sat musing not far away from where Bhuvana was resting.

It was getting dark; but I could not get me up and go; it was rather unfriendly—so I felt—to leave that heart-friend of mine there, and seek my shelter as if I did not much mind. It might even be offensive, I feared.

So I tarried.

I was half awake and half turned me within myself from outside world which was fast losing its meaning and its motive and its method from me, because that friend of mine, Bhuvana, was not with me; and she was absent; and I had learnt to look at the outside world and relish its joy in terms of Bhuvana's interpretation.

"What for me do these birds with their fine plumage or those flowers with their aromatic hues avail?" I almost said aloud:

When: before my half opened eyes there was gently

approaching from the gathering darkness a female form—it was coming with the pose and pleasure of an acquaintance, not as a stranger.

I roused me.

"What or who could this be?" I asked myself.

"You are Bhuvana's husband?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, Madam," I answered.

Before I asked her who she was—

"Surely, you have been a loving husband all these years," she began.

"Why, madam I am the same, self-same true friend of hers, that I ever was and as a sign that I have never—"

"I know, good sir, you have never passed a day without thinking of her, is it not?" she asked.

"Exactly. But—"

I was again interrupted.

"But what made you so kind to that young and brilliant Parvathi Bai? Why did you go so much out of the way to help her brother to a job?" I was asked.

"Anybody with any respect for a lady, for a learned lady, and a lady in need of help, when it is in one's power to help, cannot but help Parvathi Bai's brother." I answered though I was wondering what the strange lady meant by her questioning into such a personal matter.

"And I am sure you must have heard what your own friends and Parvathi Bai's friends are saying about your attitude towards her?"

"That is no concern of mine; my own duty is as plain

as my own conscience is clear—more I do not care for. But madam, you will excuse me if I ask you who you are and how you come to take so much interest in my affairs," I asked.

The lady in white smiled.

She looked at me; she smiled, she gently shook her head; she looked with a majestic pity; and finally she asked me to give my left hand. She stretched out her hand for my left one.

She was respectable and dignified, no doubt.

But what does this mean? What could this stranger mean by such a familiarity? But courtesy was a tyrant; I had to place my left hand in hers;

She took it with a gentleness of affection: "Ah, I see that mark of the cut you had is almost disappearing. Yet, that will not entirely disappear; that will be there with you lest you forget your Bhuvana."

"That can never be, good lady. Neither can I, not the tender ones whom she has left me as a mark of our friendship, can ever cease to think of her. But you have not been kind enough to tell me who you are yourself," I again pressed.

"Is it possible that you cannot yet find out one who knew you so—"

She had not finished.

I looked at her with all the light I could throw from my eyes—in fact, at that moment, my eyes threw out light as if they were a pair of electric torch lights, and by their power I saw.

"Bhuvana, dearest one"

"Dearest, don't, don't for my sake, get excited. Yes, I am Bhuvana, your own parted friend, all these five years."

I reached out my arms for Bhuvana.

"Bhuvana, Bhuvana," I again cried, overwhelmed with what I did not know what or how to believe my senses.

She only smiled.

"Where were you these five long long years?"

"What does it matter to you, dearest, when you are fast making a new temple in your heart for a lovely idol?" she asked in the gentlest of tones.

"How can you too join the vulgar vapourings of—a low earthy world, Bhuvana? Is it possible for you to talk thus? Do you suspect me, dearest friend; you whom I thought nothing but holy air could surround?" I asked.

"Need not a mother take care of her off-spring? should she not watch, wherever she may be, lest harm or neglect overtake the young ones of her loins?" she replied.

"Have I given room of such fears, Bhuvana?"

"No, you haven't. But a mother's heart is too tender for reason. She fears more than reasons. That is why I had to disturb your sweet reverie."

"Ah, for me, do you not care? Have I not thought of you every day of these five years?"

"You have: I know it."

"And is this my reward?"

FUNZIN'S Fortnightly B a g :

"TUSKER runs amok; Mahout and a Fruit Vendor killed," we find on the "Sporting" page of a Local Daily. We admit it may be Sporting to the Tusker; but not quite so to the Mahout and Fruit Vendor.

SIR Kurma, our Law Member, is not idle; in addition to his Charge of Harbour, Electricity and Order, he has taken up also Sport-folio: he has issued orders that the Combined Cricket Club of Ooty should change its name to the Sports Club of Ootacamund.

SIR Kurva has also ordered that henceforth the phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle" should be changed to "carrying diamonds to Kimberley." We learn that H. E. Sir Usman has sent the matter to the Government

"No, no, good man, I enjoy your true love even where I am; the holier your love, the more delightful and fragrant is it where I live and move. Nor are you less happy yourself. True love makes absence the more happy—the more happy for the longing of it, the more out of reach the stronger the love."

The last words seemed to fade into faintness. And as I was about to reply, I looked before me only to find that Bhuvana faded into the darkness as imperceptibly as she emerged from it.

Chemical Examiner to report on the ordered change from coals to diamonds.

LEADERS of Disarmament movement at Geneva are, it is said, almost all of them deaf, stone deaf. We can well believe it as they go on talking of Peace and Disarmament though we hear the clash and din of sword and shell in Arabia, S America and rumblings in Pacific Seas.

PRESIDENT De Valera has laid the axe at the root of the Second Chamber in Ireland. At this rate, one day he might remove himself from Irish political firm-land.

AT the Ministers' Party given to H. E. Sir Md. Usman at Ooty, it is reported that the Chief Minister garlanded and the third Minister gave a bouquet to H. E. We now learn from our own reliable Correspondent that the Second Minister shook hands with H. E. most heartily.

MR. E. Stokes, an American Missionary was converted to Hinduism at Kotaghar; Pandit Saranath who converted him filed a complaint against some Hindus for alleged Boycotting: Evidently it is thrusting a Hindu down the throats of Hindus.

MOULANA Shaukat Ali very probably stands as a candidate for the Assembly. But is he sure he can find a seat to accommodate him in the Assembly Hall?

BY the way, Madras has three Governors. A permanent one, away at Delhi; one acting, filling the place fittingly during the absence; and one getting ready at Home for the coming five year display.

THE Buddha Jayanti was just celebrated in Madras: but we miss Comrade Singaravelu, an old friend of Lord Buddha in these parts.

A nine year old grandson of the Raja of Gauripur has killed a leopard; but the cry seems to be that we are fast making the forests safer than the roads with our motor Buses.

LANG is the name of 113 people one small village, reads a news-item. But, surely, our Empire of Jones, Johns and Georges and Ramasamis and Kishens and Leilas and Laxmis can certainly afford to treat the matter with indifference.

TWO Muslim Ladies are reported to be seeking election to the Assembly: Begam Alam and Begum Shah Nawaz. Many think that it would only be fair to send them both in, uncontested, unopposed, unquestioned and unelected.

Moscow has, we understand, just passed a decree that all horses in the city must be fitted with rubber shoes to assist in reducing the noise that is one of the bugbears of all modern towns. With this example in front of us, we suggest some further developments, which are likely to take place in the very near future.

An American lawyer made his will on a sheet of asbestos. Surely a lawyer should know that a will is left behind.

"The average married man is just like a convict," declares a confirmed bachelor. But a convict doesn't have to get up in the middle of the night to see if there are burglars in the place.

"Jazz composers don't get what they should," declares a musician. Of course not; there's a law against it.

"Married men should shut their eyes when an attractive girl looks at them," declares a novelist. This is far less dangerous than the habit of closing only one eye.

"Trapped Unawares"⁹⁹

— BY "VIAS" —

BY the way, Dear Reader, isn't it awkward to be trapped unawares? I bet, you'll ere long agree with me, the hero of the coming incident, if you but know what I have done to save my name.

Saturday afternoon—has a peculiar fascination for me—half-a-day's work in the forenoon, only, with afternoon left to be spent as leisure. One such day I betook myself home earlier, than usual. When the bus, I got in stopped at Broadway, a swarm of hissing flies—I mean the newspaper boys besieged us "Funny Magzin, Sir, cheap sir, one and a half anna sir," cried the half starved newspaper vendor, at the pitch of his voice. The rocking of the bus coupled with the enervating heat of the tropical sun lulled frail humanity like myself into enforced slumber. "Tickets, sir, Tickets" hooted the bus conductor and I was rudely expelled from the land of nod. I parted with the bus fare and exchanged the six remaining coppers for a copy of Funny Magzin. The bus started and I relapsed into a reverie. At my destination, I got down and legged my way home, with all eagerness to spend a quite afternoon in the company of Bhai Funzin.

Lunch over, I reclined on my easy chair and browsed over the contents of Funny Mag. while half way through a gripping article my peon announced the advent of a caller at my doors. "Damn those jobless youths. Can't they leave me alone with my sweet rest snatched up at the end of half-a-day's hard toil. Gopu, tell them I am not at home" I bawled out.

Gopu, my peon, handed me a visiting card reading "Lavanga Rao, Pudur. Now at Madras. With much reluctance I put down the Magzin and beckoned to my peon to lead in the visitor.

A tall well dressed gentleman in his forties, was ushered into my room. He wished me good day and after my response, he broke the ice.

"You know Mr. Ramasamy Mudaliar" he began.

"Mirasdar of Cholakuram" I added. Yes Sir," he rejoined "he is at home.

in his Gowri Villa this evening, to Mr. Gopal Nair, the sessions judge, who is to retire shortly. The party was arranged at a short notice and so no invitation cards could be sent. He solicits your presence at the party and I shall be glad to take you there in my car now, if it suits your convenience."

Mr. Mudaliar was one of my new bigwig acquaintances and I was a wee bit elated at the opportunity of strengthening our bonds of friendship. Expressing assent to his kind suggestion I retired to my study; triking myself in decent attire. I boarded the car with Mr. Lavanga Rao.

We talked on all and sundry and incidentally our colloquy turned on the car we were riding.

"Sir, what do you think of this car" he queried.

I answered it was pretty good. "Thank you, sir," my new friend put in "but you must know it is second hand, costs a trifle, but works O. K."

"How much does it cost, Mister." I asked, just to keep up conversation.

"Just a few hundreds" Mr. Rao, rejoined.

"That's capital. One of these days I may purchase a car of this sort." I exclaimed, little realising the tragedy that awaited me at the party to come.

At Gowri Villa, Mr. Mudaliar received me and other guests. After refreshments, the party broke up into groups and retired into the spacious lawns of the villa. I took repose under an orchard, with some other guests. Mr. Lavanga Rao hurried to our orchard, ere long with a book in

hand. Turning page after page, he got signatures from people around me and produced finally the book before me. The printed book contained order forms for second hand motor cars priced at Rs. 900. The truth dawned upon me that my new friend Mr. Rao was a motor car dealer.

I dared not refuse or postpone to book an order, in the presence of others who had put me for a high officer. My bank balance was nil, yet my reluctant hand traced my signature, on the surface of the unused paper. I who had given the kick to many an agent, realised instantly that I was trapped unawares. I realised, Dear Reader, my folly in preferring a tea party abroad to Bhai Funzin's Company at home.

Next day, I borrowed money from a local Shylock at 24% p. a. and remitted the same to the car agent, to save my reputation.

The car has been procured and is quick O. K. but for two 'trifling' defects—for one thing it taxes my patience to start it, and it stops, only when it runs short of petrol.

I haven't met the agent thereafter. The next time he meets me, I assure you, he shall dearly pay for the hoax, he has played on me. I hope, Dear Reader, you will not allow yourself to be trapped unawares, like the writer.

Antique Dealer (to American): "Now, sir, if you'll step this way, I've a very fine specimen of a Queen Anne sideboard I would like to show you."

American: "Say, that queen of yours must have had a big dining-room. This'll be the eighth sideboard of hers I've been shown this week"

We read that a six-months-old baby has travelled from Montreal to France without crying once. So far, so good.



A Naturalist writes that wasps and bees are drilled like soldiers by their Queen.

May be; but we do wish they would not use us for their bayonet practice.

"How can I prevent milk from getting sour?" asks a reader. We advice him to give it no time to get sour!

"A champion Alsatian kept a London Postman a prisoner for two whole hours" says a foreign Daily.

We wish we had one of this breed to keep away the landlord when he comes for his rent.

A musician says he can think of nothing more ghastly than a good pianist playing on a tiny piano.

We can—our neighbour's child Rajan playing the Bul-Bul-Tharang!

A correspondent complains that he is suffering from indigestion for more than three

months, and wants to know how to cure it.

We advice him to sack the cook. But if the cooking is done by the wife all that we can do for him is to pray.

"Bala Saraswathi's *Bharatha Natyam* at the Gana Mandir on the 23rd May was superb I wish I could see more of her," says a critic.

There are many who wish the same if that were possible.

There is a rumour that the Corporation intends to install a hot-water supply to the homes in the City.

We beg to protest, as we get enough of it already.

A doctor states that the average man is composed of materials worth about 3 Rs.

If the world depression continues much longer, some of our graduates will not be worth even this!

We read of an American gangster who was struck by lightning.

What a nerve!

A correspondent wants to know why we have the same dishes and if there is not anything new in Cookery.

Some newly-married men complain that there is.

Do you think a married woman ought to work for a living? asks a correspondent.

Well, we don't see why she should go hungry just because she happens to have a husband.

A North Indian Terrorist, arrested near the post office, Midnapore, had a revolver and two bombs in his possession. The police have come to the conclusion that he was up to no good.

We read of a North Indian Fakir, who lay on his back in the open roadway, for two whole days. We advice him to go in for a car of another make.

His car must be even worse than ours.

We read daily about dozens of breach of promise suits in America.

He who courts and runs away, goes to court another day.

We read that cheerful people can throw off disease better than gloomy folks.

In other words, is the sourly bird that catches the germ.

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

THE ART OF PICK-POCKETING

≡ BY "BHRUNG." ≡

ANY art, whether honourable or otherwise gets appreciation from us, as far as the Art is concerned. What with the smartness and the shrewdness in the execution of the act and the ingenuity used, one cannot help but admire them. The following few examples will, I am sure, help our friends to understand what I am driving at.



It was a Tuesday and having been delayed at the office to attend to some urgent official affair that could not be put off till tomorrow, I started homewards dragging my weary bones with as much gusto as possible. As I did not possess the coppers required for the payment of the tram-fare, there was no other go but to hike the distance.

I got out of the office and had hardly gone a hundred paces when suddenly a boy who was marching along in front of me, fell on his knees and hands and thus caused me to measure my height on the foot path. Another instant, something heavy fell on me, and after some clutching and hugging sprang to his feet and walked off, muttering and swearing his guts out. My hat had dropped off a dozen paces away and all my clothes were full of dust. Someone, very kind of him, no doubt, with a jeer pretended to dust my hat, and offered it to me

with a bow, that spoke volumes. I had got to my feet by then and held the little scamp that had done the mischief by the left hand, and thought of chastising the fellow, but before doing so, the fellow started howling and yelling. All the people around us started blaming me, and when I told the cause of it, lo! the boy produced a two anna bit out of his pocket and showed it to all saying

that it was the bit of coin that he had stooped to pick up, and I, like a blind beggar, had fallen on him, thus practically crushing the poor fellow to death.

Well, the tables seemed to turn and I had no other go but to cut a hasty retreat. After having walked a few yards I started dusting my coat, when I discovered that my purse, which I had kept in the inner pocket of the coat, containing of course, no money, but some papers that were of no worth to anyone but myself, was gone. At once, it dawned on me that I had fallen a victim to a clever ruse.

EVERYONE, I am sure, at least once in his life-time must have experienced the curiosity of just spending a minute at the wayside juggler and gazing at his tricks with wonder in his eyes and

a gaping mouth inviting anything and everything that would care to drop in at the moment. One day, while passing a juggler on my way home, I thought of spending a few moments of my life and watch his tricks. The crowd was so large that I could hardly get a glimpse of the Artist (?). I craned and craned and stood on my toes till the feet ached, but to no avail. How I wished I was ten feet, five instead of five feet ten that I was. But of what use can wishes be? The modern female sex is really very clever, for, just look at the heels of their shoes!! They (I mean the shoes) clearly speak for their (I mean the women and not the shoes this time) common sense. Anyway, I could not get a glimpse and I, without much ado, pushed myself inside the throng, unheeded of the many eyes that were glaring at me. But after the show, when I put my hand to take out a piece from the purse, lo! what should I find but an empty pocket. The new purse that I had purchased to replace the one lost at the first incident, with the little money that it contained had disappeared altogether. The juggler marked me very well, and had expected something to come out from me, but when he saw that I did not give anything, he pointed a finger at me that meant volumes, and all those gathered around, had a hearty little laugh at my "Sab Ka Topla". With a sore face I marched off, listening to the gibes and taunts of many of the people who were to traverse the same path as I.

I was sitting in the front row of the tram to Gandhi Garden and four other men had occupied the seats beside me on the same row. The rest of the tram was full and when the tram reached the busy corner of the Juna Market, there was a rush for seats, but all of them were disappointed. Specially there seemed to be one, dressed in a neat, clean suit, who appeared in a great hurry to get away from there. Being of a sympathetic nature, said to be a good quality, but which has often proved to bring the possessor of the quality in trouble, I pushed my neighbour to occupy less space than that he occupied and asked the gentleman (?) to come and occupy the place thus made. The person thanked me and such endearing words that I sat with my arms around his neck as a lover would with his dear beloved. He was very genial and

JUNE 5, 1984

11



prattled along as a child, simplicity itself and innocence incarnate. In the heart of my hearts how I prided on the superfine quality I possessed of making friends in no time. When I arrived at my destination I wished my new friend and got down and the tram whizzed past taking away my friend and all that my pockets contained along with him. The friend (?) had relieved me of all that I had in my pockets just when I had so very confidently coo-cooed with him. No doubt, I found that later.

idea what so ever of being a pick-pocket, quietly did away with the purse from the coat's inner pocket, without my having any touch of it. When I tried to pay off for a toy that I had purchased for my child, I came to know of the fact, but without a dream as to when and how the purse had disappeared.

It was Moharrum day, and so the busiest day no doubt. It is needless to say that the streets were crowded and noisy, for it is but a well-known fact. I was standing on the cemented square that is in front of the Boulton Market, gazing at the toys and the passers-by when I felt a gentle push from a young man neatly dressed. But I was very cautious, and at once felt suspicious about the person. Do you think I was one of those to be trifled with, after such experiences? Now, I turned all my attention towards the man and marked him wherever he turned or looked. By the time I was marking him, his accomplice who was standing just beside me, and about whom I had no



It was beastly hot and in order to make myself more comfortable, I had pulled off my coat and hung it on the rack that was fixed in the office room and worked in the cabin that formed a portion of the room. After some time, a fat gentlemanly fellow popped in, inquiring after the proprietor of the Firm I worked for. It dawned afterwards on me that the fellow had made sure that the proprietor was not within and what his name was etc. etc. When I told the fellow that Mr. X———was not there he took a seat in front of me and started a conversation, sometimes asking questions regarding my service in the Firm and as to how he never saw me before and how the business progressed etc. He looked to be quite a decent chap and I never dreamt that he would be a pick-pocket, though I must frankly admit that he never turned out to be one in the actual literary meaning of the word. At last he rose and said that he would just go and see the proprietor at his house. The proprietor lived upstairs, and so naturally, I did not doubt the man's respectability when he really popped in the compound and again returned after a short time. Ah! What a shock I received when I found, to my utter disgust that my coat was missing!!! I called the Bhaiya and asked him but he flatly refused any knowledge thereof and even hinted that I could not have put on my coat that day. Anyway, I, had to hike the distance to my house



without a coat on. But that is nothing, for there be many that go about without coats and caps now-a-days. The next day when I came on work, the Bhaiya produced my coat, all spotted in different hues, which he said, was found in the bathroom that was in the compound. The purse was gone and along with it some old cash memos, bills to be paid, and a

few Nestle's Pictures exhibiting wonders of the World with two annas in copper. Poor chap! I but pity the fellow for his troubles. He did not get what he deserved; I shall try to give him what he wants (or requires) when I happen to meet him again. or he happens to cross my path, which I am sure, he will one day.

AFTER all said and done, just tell me, my dear Friends frankly and without prejudice, isn't the Art really commendable from the artistic point of view? Every man has his opinion and views and whatever yours be, cannot help but admire the skill and the tact that these Artists (?) possess!

There have been many talented deeds performed in my every day life, but just after the day is out, they hardly remain in my poor memory. So I take care to treasure them up in my pocket Diary. Besides giving me pleasure whenever I peruse this booklet, I am sure that it will form, after my death, useful material for any author to sketch up my autobiography. Anyhow, if you care, do not fail to go through this interesting anecdote taken from the pages of my daily diary.

Last Sunday evening I was quite bare of cash and I did not know how to carry out the wanted programme. A leaflet in my youngest sister's hand informed that a good reputed film was screened in one of the neighbouring Gaieties. My anxiety increased. The sun's rays began to decrease in intensity but my mental efforts to devise means of getting into the cinema were not yet brought to a success. Not knowing how the evening would pass out on that day I dressed up fully and sat contemplating before my table.

Ever long my friend Ram entered my room muttering "Bad days, Worst days! Aren't they?"

"Surely, the days were bad till now and are worse in the future" I replied and questioned him further as to what had induced him to think like that.

"The money-market is very tight but that does not matter much for wealthy people like you and I hope you will be kind enough to take me to the picture to-night", he questioned me with a smile on his face.

"I am penniless, Ram, to show any kindness to-day. If you are generous enough to procure the required sum from your parents, I do follow you," responded I.

MY POCKET DAIRY.

By B. S. T.

After a hard thought he retorted "Come on! Follow me to my uncle's house. Let us try our luck there."

Accordingly, I accompanied him to his uncle's house. Half an hour's walk brought us to our destination. My friend showed me an aged type-writer and hinted that it should be made once again a serviceable machine. I undertook this little business thinking at the same time, that it would be the best opportunity to exhibit my worthiness so that I may procure from his uncle some evening job, if possible.

The machine was not, any way, miserably damaged, it took me only 20 minutes to get the whole thing

repaired. Immediately I heard some one coming in. As I expected, it was not Ram's uncle, but instead Ram put in his appearance with the modest sum of Rs. 1-8 he said, at the same time that the machine would be inspected the next day as his uncle was unwell that evening.

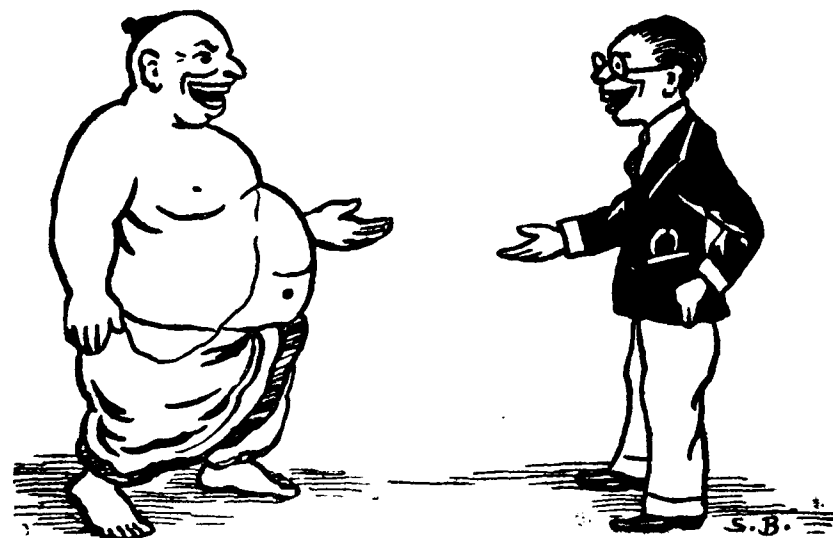
Our immediate necessities were then looked after. We first went to a hotel and then to the film. On the whole we spent the money in a most pleasing manner. The evening proved a simple and a picturesque one and when the occasion of bidding "GOOD BYE" approached, my chum told me that I should meet his uncle in his office the next day.

On the following day I went to his uncle's office and was generously welcomed. He said with great pleasure "As I was laid up with head ache I could not thank you yesterday. I hope that the sum of Rs. 1-8 is not a promising sum. I paid it not as charges but to cover up your evening programme. From to-day you put in four hours attendance in my office on a salary of Rs. 45-a month."

Now take it from me it is not luck but remember the proverb 'Make hay while the Sun shine' and there you are.

A MIRACULOUS CURE

— By R. P. ROW. —



SOMETIME ago, I was troubled by a most annoying sneezing. By day and night, I had no rest from it. In vain, I swallowed the bitter medicines of many doctors. Still, the sneezing stuck to me like a leech. I advertised in the Magazines and papers for an effective remedy for it, saying that I would pay the healer well. From the advertisement in the 'Funny Magzin', the most funny and popular of all Indian Magazines, came the reply from a doctor calling himself, "Thadabudul Naidu, M.D.:-

Eat well. Sleep well. Talk well. Read well &c., &c. It was a mixture of not any medical ingredients, but many 'wells.'

Well, I threw the letter from the doctor into the 'Waste Paper Basket', which stood ready to receive it.

The advertisement in 'Sun Magazine' brought a reply from Doctor Iddili Iyengar, as follows:-

Take 2 dozens of hot—most hot—quite hottest Iddilis every morning and evening. You will surely be cured of your disease and feel yourself to be in Heaven.

"Surely", I said to myself, "If I eat 2 dozens of Iddilis every morning and evening, I will die of indigestion, and be in Heaven, as the Doctor says, and thus be rid of the troublesome

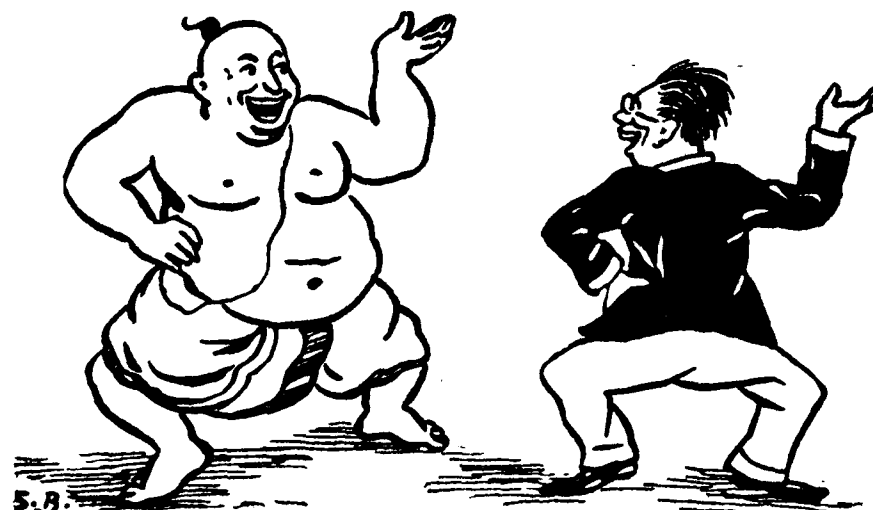
"Ho! Ho!", I said to myself, "sure, two negatives destroy each other, but I fear that they destroy me into the bargain, and thus lay the axe at the very root of my disease."

Still, hoping against all hope, I tried all these remedies. My big stomach became a huge store-house for Iddilis, thairvadas &c. But all in vain. My sneezing did not abate.

At last, I ran to a very able doctor. The doctor was a very funny man. Before treating me, he exacted an inviolable condition from me that I would submit to whatever treatment he would propose to me. Then, of a sudden, he became a laughing gas, and asked me to laugh with him. I laughed violently, to keep pace with him, till all the Iddilis, vadas &c., in the store-house of my belly melted away with the violent exertion, and verily escaped from me as laughing gas. After some time, he suddenly rose from his seat, and danced gracefully like a Neo Miss Sulochana or Gohur, asking me to keep company with him. As I was new to the art, I made many awkward poses, and made myself the target of many a violent sarcasm, levelled against me by the doctor. It cost me a world of trouble, to show an approach of crude dancing. Then, after a while, he became a living gramophone and poured from his throat a flood of ragas, kirithans &c., and asked me to imitate him. But I had no good voice. So, I only brayed like an ass, sometimes varying my vocal music with the squeaking of a rat or the squeaking of a pig. Singing over, he made me sit near him, and said to me, "Sir, how goes your sneezing?"

N. B. Your disease is due to extreme heat in the body. The thairvadas will cool the temperature in your body, and you will be cured, for two opposites destroy each other."

It was then that I was conscious, that I had been, of late, tormented by



Culled Jokes

A youngman found a foreign coin in his change so he went out to do some shopping, taking his little brother aged five, with him.

He went to the grocer's, but the assistant was not to be taken in. He went to the chemist, but the chemist said it was a foreign coin and of no use to him.

"Good heavens, so it is!" exclaimed the young man. "I wonder where I got that?"

"Don't you remember?" said the young brother. "That's the one you tried on the grocer."

Excited wife:—"Oh, dear, the cook has fallen and broken her collar bones."

Absent minded professor:—"Give her notice at once. You told her what to expect if she broke anything in our house."

Mother:—"Why, Daisy, whatever are you doing with papa's big dictionary?"

Daisy (five years old):—"I am only looking for my dolly's lost slipper, mamma; papa said yesterday that you could find everything in the Dictionary."

A physician, after a thorough examination of a new patient, advised him that all he needed was regular exercise, a walk of two or three miles each day. The patient exclaimed: "I have been a letter carrier, sir, for ten years."

A coloured servant sweeping a room, found a six pence belonging to a lodger. "You may keep it for your honesty." Afterwards he mislaid a gold pencil case, and asked the servant if he had seen it. "Yes, Sir. I have kept it for my honesty."

Said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind and given him a kiss: "Madam, I consider such an act indecorous." "Excuse me," said the wife, "I didn't know it was you."

"My dear," said a father, "you must marry a man of mature age; what think you of a husband of fifty?" "I think two of twenty five would be better, papa."

Student:—"Doctor, being on the point of leaving college, I come to express my warmest thanks for the pains you have taken with me. All I know I owe you."

Doctor:—"Pray, sir, do not mention such trifles."

An absent minded man entered the cabin of a ferry-boat smoking a cigar. "You can't smoke here, sir," said an irascible passenger; "this is the ladies' cabin." The gentleman replied: "I beg your pardon; I ought to have known that this was not the gentleman's cabin when I saw you here."

In a public school, sometime ago, the teacher was instructing the younger class in history, and after reading the lesson, she closed the book and turned to little Jeya.

"Jeya," she said encouragingly, "it was Mary who followed Edward VI, was not it?"

"Yes, ma'am," rather hesitatingly admitted the youngster.

"To be sure it was," smilingly returned the teacher. "Now, then, can you tell me who followed Mary?"

"Yes, Ma'am," quickly replied Jeya, with a brightening countenance; "It was her little lamb."

A sarcastic lawyer, during the trial of a case made use of the expression, "Cast not your pearls before swine." Subsequently as he rose to make the argument, the judge facetiously remarked: "Be careful, Mr. S., not to cast

your pearls before swine." "Don't be alarmed, your honour, I am about to address the jury, not the court."

Little Bobby came out of a room where his father was tacking down a carpet. He was crying lustily.

"Why, Bobby, what is the matter?" asked his sister.

"P-p-papa hit his finger with the hammer!" sobbed Bobby.

"Well, you need not cry so about a thing like that!" said his sister.

"Why did not you laugh?"

"I did!" said Bobby.

A dispute arose between a judge and a bishop as to precedence. The Judge quoted from the bible:

"On these two hang all the law and the prophets. Do you not see," said the judge, "we are mentioned first," "I grant you," said the bishop, "you hang first."

Magistrate:—"What brought you here?"

Prisoner:—"Two officers, if you please, your honour."

Magistrate:—"I suppose liquor had something to do with it?"

Prisoner:—"Yes, Sir; they had both had a little too much!"

G. Singamuthu,
Pudukotah.

Jill:—"How many sons have you Mr. John?"

John:—"Oh! I see.....But I don't exactly remember. My wife resides in the village with my only boy since two years. But the other day I've received a letter from her that she had given birth to another boy. Glad.....Eh!"

A short-sighted old lady:—"To a robust, stout Bania:—Excuse me Sir; But.....E. R.....Please...Pray tell me; who died yesterday?.....You...or.....your Brother. Pardon me Sir, I cannot recognise Sir."

R. S. Anjaneya Sastry,
MASULIPATAM.

ART SUPPLEMENT TO "FUNNY" MAGAZINE OF INDIA, 5TH JUNE, 1934



DURGABAI KHOTE AS SEETA.

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

"SEETA"

(An East India Production)



"Seeta" the Queen Consort of Sri Ramachandra, King of Ayodhya, the hero of the sacred Hindu Epic "Ramayana" composed by Sage Valmiki—represents the highest ideals of Hindu womanhood—of chastity which emerged triumphant from the fiery ordeal of Sri Ramachandra, of steadfast devotion to her Lord which no power on earth, not even that of mighty Ravana could thwart, of Supreme self sacrifice which knows no limitations—in fact, "Seeta" represents for all time the symbol of every womanly virtue.

It is but natural that every Hindu heart should be stirred to its depths with sympathy and emotion at the recounting of the terrible ordeals of Seeta, her trials and tribulations. The story of the photoplay relates to the tragic tale of Seeta in her banishment by Sri Ramachandra in submission to the demand of his subjects who most cruelly doubted the chastity of the queen during her captivity and our story begins fourteen years after this period of Seeta's exile.

And one evening, in the Royal Picture Gallery the blind Court musician Baitalik was singing the

glorious episodes in Rama's life. The songs described the painting on the walls, which depicted the various incidents in Rama's life in the company of Seeta, which had been presented to him by an artist.

In the shadows Rama stood listening in mute agony to the melting strains of music, his brain recalling all past memories, bitter and sweet. Where was Seeta now? Was she dead or alive? A few steps away stood Lakshmana, the eternal sentinel of his brother, with his wife Urmila, Seeta's sister. The entrance of Asoka, the old nurse of Seeta, broke the sanctity of the atmosphere. This poor woman had lost her senses since Seeta's exile and spent her days in carving Seeta's image on stone. She used to constantly curse the two brothers for having banished her beloved Seeta.

In the tapovan of Valmiki, the exiled Seeta spent her days in Ashram duties and in looking after her twin sons, Lava and Kusha. As she stood one moonlit night gazing towards far-off Ayodhya, she heard the call of her mother Dharitri, the Mother Earth. (The mythology ran that it was Mother Earth herself that gave birth to Seeta).

Seeta followed the call and met Dharitri. In vain did the Mother Earth plead with her daughter to give up this world, with all its sufferings, and come back to her bosom. Not even the deep bleeding cut of Dharitri's breast could shake off Seeta's resolve to see Rama once before she left this world. Dharitri left in despair with the words "Seeta, until you come back your mother's breast will bleed and bleed."

Blissfully ignorant of the self-sacrifice and the suffering of their King, the people of Ayodhya joyfully received the news that Raja Ramachandra had at last decided to perform the Horse Sacrifice Ceremony, as the duty of a King which would make him the all-ruling monarch.

The news reached the tapovan and Seeta learned it from the inmates of the Ashram.

The sage Valmiki, as he wandered about the tapovan to find Seeta, found her in a grove hiding herself, as it were from all human eyes.

Yes! she heard the news. Choking back her sorrow and agony, she asked whom Ayodhya-pati was going to marry to perform the ceremony.

The old man shook his head, and smilingly said "Seeta's golden image."

Seeta's eyes suddenly opened. She had doubted her husband's love. She thought he would marry again. And he had married Seeta's golden image. "Father" she said, "I have committed a sin in doubting my husband; I will go to the Ganges and wash away my sin."

Alone, and on she went refusing all companionship. Her mother Dharitri met her on the way, but Seeta begged of her not to accompany her as she had determined to end her life after washing away her sin in the holy waters of the Ganges. "Only bring for me one hundred lotus flowers Mother, to worship my God before I die."

In Ayodhya, amidst great rejoicing, the white horse had been sent out followed by soldiers. He was gorgeously decorated with the inscription carved in gold on his forehead "Whoever catches this horse must fight Raja Ramachandra."

In the seclusion the Image Room of the palace, Rama worshipped the golden image of Seeta; Lakshmana kept guard outside the room to see

that his brother was not disturbed. But this was not to be.

With great reluctance he knocked at the door. "Brother, the sacrificial horse has been caught!" said Lakshmana and Rama's reply was "Go to fight at once and bring back the horse—but do not disturb me now." "No, Brother, that is not possible, the horse is caught in the tapovan of Valmiki; I will go and beg of him. If he does not listen, I will fight and bring him back.

But Lakshmana was wounded by, Lava, and as the news reached Rama, Rama left for the tapovan to fight him who had wounded his brother and arrested his sacred horse.

In the tapovan, Lava, having wounded Lakshmana, stood before Acharya Valmiki. "Acharya, give me your blessings. I have seen his chariot, Raja Ramachandra is coming to fight and I will fight him." With a smile of mystery and resignation, the old sage blessed the young warrior to fight his own father. Unknowingly—Rama came to fight the man who had wounded his brother! He met his opponent—a boy, a young warrior. Their eyes met, Rama could not fight but Lava would not leave.

"I know," said the boy, "you are a hypnotist, you have hypnotised my mother, my guru, the whole of tapovan but I will fight your magic. You will have to fight and pay for banishing the chaste and virtuous Seeta. So saying, he hurled his arrow straight into the arm of Rama.

Blood came out, and in this blood Rama saw the image of Lava and Kusa, Lakshmana doubted it but the sage Valmiki came forward and dispelled all the mist.

Yes, they are his sons—Seeta's sons! Yes! Seeta was still alive offering her last worship with one hundred lotus flowers on the banks of the Ganges, approaching death step by step with every flower.

Who had the courage to approach her and bring her back? Not Rama—he had driven her out, not Lakshmana either. The old sage once again took up the burden.

On the banks of the Ganges Seeta was busy with her worship and Dharitri was glad that when the hundredth flower was to be offered her daughter was to come back to her.

Screen T i t - b i t s

Marie Dressler began her Stage career as Cupid in a church play.

Joan Crawford was so camera shy when called for her first important screen role, that she tried to get out of playing the part.

Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli superstitiously delayed their wedding until three minutes after midnight to avoid being married on Friday the thirteenth.

Buster Keaton and Lupe Velez disguised as Extras tried to enter the set where Garbo was working but were recognised and unceremoniously ejected.

But the sage Valmiki reached in Rama's chariot and told Seeta that Rama was to see her—a struggle between love and duty—"I will go," she said to the anxious mother, "and, I will come back as soon as I have seen my Lord keeping well." The worried mother cursed the Sage "You will vanish from my bosom." He vanished from the surface of the Earth, but reappeared, singing the names of Seeta and Rama.

So Seeta followed Valmiki and reached the tapovan. She met Rama. Rama met her—from a distance. "Are you all right, my Lord?" "Yes, Seeta, I am all right" and he rushed out to meet her, but there came a thundering noise, a bolt from the blue, and the whole nature shook in a terrible storm. Seeta promised that she would come back if she found Rama all right and Mother Earth invoked the God of Destruction to help her in getting back her daughter. The God listened. In darkness and in storm, Seeta was snatched away into the bosom of Mother Earth. When Rama reached Seeta, it was too late.

All was quiet and calm again, but there was no Seeta. All nature blossomed out again in glory and joy and Valmiki sang again the names of "Seeta-Ram."

FUNNY MAGAZINE

Lily Damita when a young girl danced before the king of Spain who called her "Damita" or "Little woman" which name she assumed for the stage.

Kay Francis was born on Friday the thirteenth of the thirteenth month of her parent's marriage was the thirteenth girl to take the test that started her film career.

Clark Gable the sensational new star was turned down by one of the studios on the excuse that his ears were too large.

Gloria Swanson who began her career as a Secret bathing beauty has never learned to swim.

Dorothy Lee owes her movie fame to a broken garter. Her embarrassed attempts to pull up her stocking while singing with a stage orchestra made a big hit and won a movie contract.

Buster Keaton made his first stage appearance the day he was born.

"Mickey mouse" won the most popular star contest in Australia leading Emil Jannings by 40,000 votes.

Lupe Velez keeps a scrap book of every photograph and story about Greta Garbo whom she has never met.

Ina Claire insists upon having a full length mirror on hand when being photographed to determine her own poses.

Douglas Fairbank's prized possession is an autographed photograph of signor Mussolini which hangs in his dressing room.

John Gilbert was once a three dollar per day extra in western pictures featuring William S. Hart.

Bald-headed men in the movies are forced to wear make-up on their scalps because the reflected light from their heads makes them difficult to photograph.

Ginger Rogers once avoided being late to a stage performance by hiring

JUNE 5, 1934

Slaked Corn is used to give the appearance of falling snow.

Polo Negri accustomed more to mansions lived in a cellar during the bombardment of wars and in the world war.

Babe Daniels had never studied music, but with only three weeks preparation she sang the difficult leading role of Rio Rita.

Olive Brook suffering from shell shock was found one night on his regimental parade ground drilling an imaginary troop.

Will Rogers has always refused to kiss his leading ladies.

Numa a trained lion has earned more than £16,000 in eight years on the screen.

Helen Chandler had porcelain caps made to cover and lengthen her own teeth which are too small to photograph well.

Helen Twelvetrees is so affected by the colour red that she will not have it anywhere in her home.

Richard Arlen in his first western picture had to be tied in the saddle since he could not ride a horse.

Josef Von Sternberg's pet superstition demands that a coal black cat be featured in every picture that he directs.

She had driven past a red light, then stalled her car in the midst of heavy traffic, made a right turn against the light, and finally started to park between the kerb and the white line.

A policeman rushed over to her. "Lady!" he shouted. "Are you familiar with any of the rules governing drivers?"

She looked up at him with a lovely smile. "Why, yes, officer," she said, "What would you like to know?"

Our Kine Corner:



WELLINGTON

"Smoky."

(Fox Production)

Victor Jory—Clint.

Irene Bentley—Betty Jarvis.

Frank Campeau—Jeff Nicks.

Director—Eugene Forde.

Though the film is based upon a very thin foundation, yet the super mode of presentation makes it worth seeing. The story deals about a wild colt named Smoky who is being broken to harness by a kind hearted and sympathetic Broncho Buster Clint. The film contains some very good scenes of breaking in wild horses and the range settings are picturesque. Where the dialogue is absent and is unnecessary a running commentary is supplied by Will James the author of the book on which the picture is based.

Too much harmony

(Paramount Production)

Biny Crosby—Eddie Bronson.

Jack Oakie—Benny Day.

Skeets Gallagher—Johnny Dixon.

Lilyan Tashman—Lucille Watkins.
Ned Sparks—Len Spawn.
Director—Edward Latherland.

This picture is also one of the backstage stuff we had of late in abundance, but the one redeeming feature of this film is original treatment, and natural acting. The story deals about the love affair between a successful Broadway crooner and a girl he brings to town from a small town variety act. The crooner's mercenary secretary introduces some complications. Biny Crosby proves in this film beyond doubt that he can act also. Above all this main attraction of the picture is Jack Oakie's irresistible fooling which makes one laugh till his ribs ache. Lilyan Tashman as Lucille Watkins successfully vamps. The song numbers are melodious and tuneful.

ROXY

Mystery of the Wax Museum

(Warner Production)

Lionel Atwill—Ivan Igor.

Pay Wray—Charlotte.

Glenda Farrell—Florence.

Frank Mc Hugh—Editor.

Director—Michael Curtiz.

If the producers aimed at producing a horror picture of the type of Fran-

enstein and "Mask of Fu Manchu" they have achieved a proven success adding glamour therein through technical colour. The story deals about Igor and Worth who own a Wax Museum and since it does not pay Worth burns it down for insurance money. Some years later the museum is once more opened in New York and Florence discovers that Joan of Arc is really the treated corpse of a girl. She follows this clue and comes upon a sequence of horrors. Glenda Farrell as Florence the newspaper woman outshines even Pay Wray by her brilliant performance and Lionel Atwill who is an adept at portraying such sinister roles acts par excellence. Frank Mc Hugh is in his form as a newspaper Editor.



When Ladies meet
(M. G. M. Production)

Ann Harding—Clara.
Robert Montgomery—Junnice.
Myrna Loy—Mary.
Alice Brady—Bridget.
Frank Morgan—Rogers Woodruf.
Director—Harry Beaumont.

This picture can boast of a very good plot, and deals about the discussion of a girl novelist's work which is more her autobiography. Very many complicated situations arise, one among them being the girl love and the wife of the man meeting each other, without either knowing the other's identity, through the machinations of a young man who is in love with the girl and wants to open her eyes to her married lovers' real character. Though the picture is artistically

set, and interesting, the dialogue is abundant to a fault. Though Myrna Loy is not as good as in "Penthouse" yet she is all right. Frank Morgan and Robert Montgomery give convincing portrayals as the husband and the lover respectively.

PARAGON

Chandidas.

(New Theatres Production)

Featuring—Saigal, Miss Uma, Nawab.

Ansari—Siddique, Pahari Sanyal, etc.

The Bengali version of this picture has got the unique distinction of having run for more than a year continuously in one theatre and this itself is enough guarantee for the success of the box office. Miss Uma plays the role of Rami the much harassed sister of Bajja a simple village washerman. S. M. Nawab, who has given an unforgettable portrayal of the Jew in Yahoodi-Ki-Larki, acts as the villain Gopinath, the rich zemindar of the village, who tries to outrage the modesty of Rami. The role of Chandidas is portrayed by Saigal who gives some very good songs, and those that are fired with quick tempo are really very beautiful. In fine this picture which deals about the current problem of untouchability does offer a solution for the same, and those who are real lovers of the cinematic art,

PUNNY MAGN

and melodious music will loathe to miss this picture, one of the kind of which Inoja could really be proud of.

CROWN

"Seeta".

(An East India production).

If India could any day hope occupy a rank equal to that of Hollywood and Britain in the field of film production, it will be only through the production of such pictures of merit as "Seeta", the marvellous and the gorgeous production of East India films. For the matter of settings Prabhat were said to be leading in the field, now "Seeta", eclipses them all, in most cases than not all. Star cast productions generally failed to appeal because every star could not be supplied with scope to exhibit his or her talents to the full. But Seeta is different in that. The credit goes to that genius of a director Debaki Kumar Bose who has got the unique talent of making the best use of the capacities of the stars. The background music is one which will pin a man to his seat, all through.

The story deals about the very latest portion of Ramayan the exile of Seeta. Prithivi Raj, as Rama, gives a portrayal, which at the same time pathetic, and energetic. His actions are much more eloquent than his rhetoric would be. Durga Bai Khote the heroine's performance, is marvellous, and it is no exaggeration if I say that language really fails me to adequately describe the excellence of her acting.

The South Indian producers are really to take a lesson from this production in the matter of songs. Every Tamil picture that comes to Madras is burdened with fifty and sixty songhites such that the actors have but time only to sing and not to act. In Seeta though there are stars whose proficiency at music is above question, yet they are but given one or two chances to sing which makes the picture more elegant, and histrionically perfect. X. C. Dey the blind singer as Baitatik has got some very good songhites to his credit, which he executes very melodiously. In fine this is a picture, that will run down to posterity as the monumental work of Debaki Kumar Bose.

JUNE 5, 1934

THE MISSING Mr. GOPINATH

BY P. S. RAMAN.

I

"Do you suspect any foul play Mrs. Gopinath?"

"I don't know what exactly to tell you Mr. Desai. On the face of it I can never suspect harm to my husband. He had no enemies, he was a pleasant friend, a kind master, a loveable companion, and such a great dear."

"And what do you think of the police theory that he burgled the safe and bolted with the money?"

"I am in a fix detective. It is up to you to clear this mystery. My husband had no need for such a vast sum. Is he capable of such horrible crime—to steal, no, I can't think of it. But he would be alive then, roaming somewhere though a criminal, assure me that much Mr. Desai."

"Do you have any visitors, Mrs. Gopinath?"

"Not many, we are somewhat reserved in that respect. Mr. Karanchand, the head-clerk in the Bank is the only visitor, if he can be called one."

"Did you have any new visitors of late, I mean any strangers?"

Mrs. Gopinath looked hesitant for a while.

"Yes, Mr. Desai. How the deuce did I forget all about it in mentioning to the police. But you know even the mind fails in these situations. It was a sudden shock and I omitted these strange visitors entirely in my report. Yes, I recollect it all now. It was last Monday a sturdy terrible looking man in a costly tweed suit with a fierce moustache turned on its edges asked for Mr. Gopinath. My husband turned pale, at this intruder and accompanied him to the gate.

My curiosity drove me out too and strange to say, Mr. Desai, my husband was talking not to the man alone but

in his presence to a pretty young girl of about twenty, decently decked.

The young girl was furious and scowling and my husband was standing weak and doleful trying to pacify her. He returned home after an hour but now I remember his disturbed looks and the sudden pallor that betook him since that time.

"Did you not ask him Mrs. Gopinath as to who those strangers were?"

"Some old friend with his daughter, he answered indifferently and whisked off. I did not proceed further, you know a wife would not remind her husband of a pretty girl too much. It all seems clear now Mr. Desai, but please say my husband was not after this girl or had something past with her and had to pay heavily for this with the two lakhs stolen from the Bank. Or has he crossed the seas already and settled somewhere in the plains of Switzerland the bracing breeze wafting youth and health and the pretty girl lending charm."

"Curious, can you recollect anything more?"

"No, that is all Mr. Desai, I have finished. Please try to do your best to clear this mystery."

"Thanks Mrs. Gopinath. I'll try to do my little though I cannot assure you your husband's return. I should like to see your place also and examine one or two things. Will two o'clock suit you. Have all your servants. Good-bye for the present."

Desai tucked into his desk his loose file that contained in Pitman method every word that escaped Mrs. Gopinath. His hands had recorded as his eyes observed and his ears heard. Every word, to the ultimate close of the interview he had reduced to writing. He sat in a pensive mood seeking some light on this mysterious happening.

Mr. Desai had not been lucky in a biographer like Watson. He had not

established a reputation so far, may be he lacked a henchman to pull him up or perhaps he lacked the patronage of Princes to unearth hidden treasures or solve unmeaning testaments. The disappearance of Gopinath was the first case referred to him and in this the police had nothing else to investigate except to trace the thief at large. A certain inference, and Desai's interference would be resented by the already over-crowded police and crime branches in which each servant fought with unscrupulous pertinacity to establish the crime against the man he had caught.

At midday under a scorching sun a taxi pulled up at the portico of the Cooks Bank. Desai was shown into the secretary's room, before a short stout man with a bald head.

"I am glad you are working in this case. I don't have much belief in the police who often track the wrong man and don't get at the culprit unless he crosses them himself. Have you got any theory Mr. Desai. Is there any possibility for the recovery of the Bank amount?"

"I am put in the case just now Mr. Kapur. I am perplexed. I can't promise much. For aught I see the chances are that Gopinath absconded with the stolen amount."

"That is what the police think too."

Desai neatly placed a cigarette between his lips seeking inspiration from tobacco in the fashion of Sherlock-Holmes."

"A few questions Mr. Kapur. What is the kind of work Gopinath was doing here?"

"He was chief accountant of the Bank. He was in charge of the accounts and discharged the treasurer's duties as well."

"Had you at any time occasion to get displeased with him?"

"Not at all Mr. Desai. Gopinath rose as a petty clerk from sheer ability and straightforwardness. If man was ever honest it was he. I could confidently trust him with all the wealth in the world. But now circumstances are against him. He alone had the key besides the one with me. Why again should he disappear if he had not taken the money."

"That is enough Mr. Kapur. Will you please call in Karanchand

I loved Mr. Karamchand, he was so handsome and polished, I couldn't resist him. He was my life,.... I could not have happiness with my husband on the way. My husband moreover scented our illicit love and closed all clandestine meetings between us. Then we planned this horrible crime to you all but not for this heart that hungers for pure love. I sent a note to my husband pleading abdominal pain and when he came gave him the powder that Karamchand gave me, mixed in the tea. That ended my husband. We wanted money, a large amount to leave this country and settle abroad, this theft also would help us, in accounting the disappearance of Mr. Gopinath and put the police on the wrong path. We would be safe thereafter for there can be but one conclusion. I called on you to investigate the matter to snatch the chance before Mr. Kapur and absolve all guilt and suspicion from us. Mr. Desai, you are mysterious, but you have a heart, for—give this indiscretion.....the weakness of my heart' she implored.

The bell rang at the moment and Karamchand stood at the door.

"I have come Mr. Desai, but I could not understand the head or tail of it."

"Inspector Ram Dev, will make you understand that. Arrest him with Mrs. Gopinath, Inspector, for the wilful murder of Gopinath and for the theft of the two lakhs from the safe. So you thought of safely fleeing to Switzerland, Karamchand—"

Karamchand stood speechless and stunned.

Desai then took Ram Dev to the gardens and asked Mali to dig out a bed of some flower plants. When the earth was dug out, a body, decayed and noxious was unearthed.

"I am extremely thankful to you Mr. Desai, but it is beyond my comprehension. I thought these startling disclosures had vanished with Sherlock Holmes but here you are a mysterious man in the east."

"It is all so simple, Inspector, thought it all appeared complicated in the beginning. You see the soft, opened mud under the plants still loose, extending only 7 feet long and 2½ feet wide. So the plants have been dug up and replanted. Why? And why that length? Are not the plants too fading, that is where I got the body."

"But how the hell did you get at the track?"

"That was perplexing and tough at first. The tale of the strange disappearance failed to appeal to me even at the beginning. Gopinath had handled larger amounts, and again two lakhs should have fetched a good price on his head, a rather bad risk. And this loving husband would not desert his wife, the only person for whom he cared. You may not consider these strong reasons, but there was my instinct again, Mrs. Gopinath's version differed from her accomplices about the stranger's visit which nobody else corroborated. She certainly got the suggestion from my question. Gopinath always lived between his house and office for the last 15 years and more. Where does the stranger girl come in? I mused. I assured myself there were no strangers here and that story was a fib. The woman again tried to force the police view. When I saw the body within the compound under the sun-flower bed, I had only half-solved this mystery. But what was her motive, I wondered. Karamchand came in there overanxious to force the police theory on me. So the eternal triangle again. Love, Romance, Murder, Tragedy. I then accounted for the two lakhs. Mrs. Gopinath herself gave the answer, to settle happily on the banks of some brook in the plains of Switzerland. A bit of psychology, eh, but quite common. That is the way to get at it, write, read, and ponder."

"You are a wizard, Mr. Desai. Startles in investigation really await us, whispered Ram Dev as he drove to the station with his two prisoners."

The new district visitor was making her first call in a dockside neighbourhood.

"This is a very noisy district, Mrs. Smith," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, it is," agreed Mrs. Smith, and the only time we get any peace is when the ships' sirens drown the noise."

Mrs. Smith: "And so your daughter is about to marry. Do you really feel that she is ready for the battle of life?"

Mr. Jones: "She should be ready. She's been in four engagements already."

FUNNY MASKIN

In Hartford, Connecticut, there is a motor-hearse with the licence number U-2.

First Girl: "Wonder what's wrong with that tall, fair man over there. Just a minute ago he was getting awful friendly, and then all of a sudden he turned pale, walked away, and won't even look at me any more."

Second Girl: "Maybe he saw me come in. He's my husband."

Week-End Guest (on Wednesday): "Really, old chap, I haven't the nerve to impose upon your hospitality longer. Could I ask you for a bottle of nerve tonic?"

"If it wasn't for our greenhouse, he wouldn't come here."

"If he's what you get when you keep greenhouses, I'm glad I don't keep one!"

"Was that the year we didn't go away to the seaside?"

"Yes, we were on enough rocks without going away for them!"

"He doesn't know his own mind."

"He hasn't got one to know."

"When you're kissing you can't talk seriously."

Girl: "Every time I look at you I think of a great man."

Boy Friend: "You flatter me. Who is it?"

Girl: "Darwin."

"People who have always lived in the heart of the country rarely get stung," says an authority on bees. It's the visitors who have to foot the bill.

"It seems incredible that in a few hundred years time people will try to collect our current coinage," muses a writer. We hope they have better luck than we've had so far.

A man who bought a cottage by the sea two years ago now has a hotel on the site. We suppose he had to do something drastic to accommodate all the relations who invited themselves for long week-ends.

JUNE 5, 1934

KEEPING HER YOUTH 123301



COURAGE

BY CUDD—CHEW.

Courage isn't lack of fear; it is standing your ground in spite of fear.

—Henry Churchill King.

Courage, which means the good-will in the right direction, and when the Heavens behold that, they do their best to help it. —George Meredith.

To see what is right, and not to do it, is want of courage. —Confucius.

Courage is even more catching than despair. —Anon.

Life is mostly froth and bubble, Two things stand like stone— Kindness in another's trouble, Courage in your own.

—Lindsay Gordon.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue. —Sir Walter Scott.

Courage, from whatever angle we approach it, whatever origin or purpose we assign to it, no matter what form it assumes nor even what motives underlie it, will always be a quality beloved of man. The courage of attack, the courage of defence, the courage of art, the courage of debates, the courage of motherhood, the courage of grief, the courage of adventure, the courage of ill-health, the courage of the martyr, the gambler and the spy, each for itself we respect and admire. And after all, it is not life that matters, but the courage that we bring to it. —Dr. J. L. Birley.

How much is lost to the world for want of a little courage: We have the willingness to do, but we fail to do it. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action that every-

thing seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something; do it, do it." The poor country parson, fighting against evil in his parish against wrong doing, injustice and iniquity, has nobler ideas of duty than Alexander the Great ever had. Some men are mere apologies for workers, even when they pretend to be up and at it. They stand shivering on the brink, and have not the courage to plunge in. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who, if they had had the courage to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of well doing.

—Samuel Smiles.

Minx: "You see that girl? She's just got £200 for a short love story."

Dinx: "Good heavens, that's a lot of money for a short story. Did she sell the cinema rights?"

Minx: "No, she told it to a jury."

He: "I heard Janet say that she intends to keep her youth at all costs."

She: "I should just think so. Why, she never introduces him to anybody."

Jeff: "Got a match?"

Joe: "Sure."

Jeff: "Give me a cigarette."

Joe: "Want me to light it for you?"

Jeff: "If you don't mind."

Joe: "How are you fixed for blowing your nose?"

Father: "Daughter, isn't that young man rather fast?"

Daughter: "Yes, but I don't think he'll get away."

Interviewer: "What do you consider is the great secret of your success in business, sir?"

Sugar King: "Grit, my boy—just grit!"

Chairman (after economy lecture): "And now, gentlemen, I am going to ask you to give the speaker two hearty cheers."

THE CONFERENCE AT SESSION

— BY "PRABAKAR" —

FOR the success of a conference the man presiding over it should travel at least some distance either by car or by rail, preferably the latter. All those who take an active part in holding the Conference go to the railway station to receive the President. Generally a group of ten or fifteen persons, notably delegates, crowd at the door of the compartment and garland him profusely before he gets down. After welcoming him by the noise afforded by clapping of hands, they lead him to the pleasure car waiting outside, decorated gaily in all sorts of flowers and coloured papers made in the form of flags. Having seated him three persons squeeze themselves beside him in a very limited space which in ordinary times would have accommodated one stout person. And the car moves on slowly as if its tyres would burst if driven fast.

And a rich and prominent man of the place who has most probably lent the car, lodges him in his house. A number of visitors, all public men of the place, haunt him giving him no time even to touch some refreshments, whereas his private secretary (generally his relative who works honorarily) and his servant have overeaten their usual quantity.

Generally a Conference should have two sittings in the least. The same evening the first sitting takes place. For this purpose, the town-hall if one is in existence, is chosen. Chairs, benches, tables and sunbry furniture like waste-paper baskets and fire extinguishers, are all borrowed from the local school and from private houses (in which live public-spirited men).

And then the sitting! Now all the delegates look busy. The delegates are men each representing one section of people and who can spend both time and money for the purpose of attending the Conference.

The prominent citizen of the place welcomes the President in set terms and asks him to assume the chair. The change of places is followed by great clappings and striking against the tables from the assembled people there. This is the first ovation. Again, no sooner the President assumes the chair than two or three garlands are put on him; and second ovation much louder than the first follows. The noise subsiding, the President stands and expresses in cordial terms the exuberance of hospitality he has received from them. His short speech prepared before-hand is frequently punctuated by cheers and applause from the delegates.

As soon as he resumes the seat, a paper on the report of the Conference is read by the general secretary. Therein all the resolutions passed last year and all that were taken notice of by the government and the public; all the persons that worked actively and all the office-bearers, expenses and such unnecessary details which every body knows, are formally mentioned.

Next, the President rises up from his seat and moves: "that the conference records with deep regret the death of so-and-so who worked actively for them; and that the same conference expresses their sympathy for his widow and children (if any)." This is the only resolution that is unanimously passed.

After this two or three delegates get up and try to speak all at the same time. But they are put down by voices calling "sit down, sir; wait a while, sir; one at a time, sir" in shouts. As a result of which all the three are made to sit down. And another delegate stands up much to the indignation of the delegates who are asked to sit, and moves a resolution. A fight ensues wherein all try to speak at the same time. In the midst of this, the President announces

FUNNY MAGAZIN

the adjournment of the Conference for the next day.

In the interval three or four delegates assemble and argue much. The next sitting commences and the fight is resumed. At last, two or three resolutions out of which only one is sane, are passed.

A body to represent before the Government the resolutions passed by the Conference is appointed. The deputation, as the body is called, is to wait on the Governor or The District Collector as the case may be.

The business of electing the office-bearers done, the President winding up in his final address declares the conference closed. A vote of thanks is formally proposed, which is a reminder for all the assembled people to vacate and disperse. Generally at the end of the conference a general tea party and a sitting for a photograph takes place in as much as in the absence of these two, the conference is not considered to be successful.

Usually the Chairman does not overstay himself in that place; but rather endeavours to leave it as early as possible, even if it is a midnight train it won't matter. The delegates return to their respective places with the great satisfaction of having done so much beneficence to the cause of humanity.

And the press publishes some mutilated reports such as we never read or look into.

It is stated that there is a certain kind of snail that goes without food for months at a time. Our garden is entirely free from snails of that sort.

"Animals are very rarely stolen from the Zoo," says a writer. Further adequate precautions are always taken to protect the kangaroos from pickpockets.

A woman novelist is decorating her new home in pink and white. So much for the rumour that it was to have purple passages.

A coal merchant claims to have invented a new type of fire extinguisher. Ours has been selling us a very efficient one for a long time.

JUNE 5, 1984

27

The Tale of St. Gaul

— By Ajit Krishna Basu —

wonder why the great Writers who wrote The Bible (The Bible is, believe me, the most interesting Book I have ever read) did not write anything about that great personage St. Gaul, cousin of the famous St. Paul. Perhaps he (the Writer) did not know him well, or perhaps he could not appreciate his greatness, or perhaps he could not find time to write about him. Anyway, it is true that in his Book The Bible he did not mention St. Gaul.

THIS our St. Gaul was one fine morning taking tea at his favourite restaurant when he heard some gossip about the wonderful greatness of his cousin St. Paul. Somebody in the other end of the hall was telling how St. Paul had offered to accept eternal perdition and hell for his own soul if in return for that the rest of humanity might have eternal salvation. "O God!" St. Paul had said to God, "In return for salvation of humanity let my soul be cursed by thee. Let eternal perdition be its fate, and let it rot in hot hell for all time to come." God, as the gossip was saying, was amazed at the great offer of self-sacrifice for the whole humanity and said "O St. Paul! I can't speak too highly of your sincere offer. You are too noble, Paul. Your soul is too good to taste even the minutest atom of perdition and it is not meet that it should feel the heat of hot hell even for half a second. O my Paul, my dear, I have seen souls enough but never have I seen a soul nobler than the one you are lucky to possess. Souls I have created by the million, but yours is one of my great masterpieces. Good Paul, great Paul, I would like you to call at my Hall of Heaven whenever you like and taste heavenly dinner and drink with me and my friends and I assure you that my chum, who loves you much more than your own mother ever loved you or any mother ever loved her son, will be very glad if you consent to live with us for all time to come and there eat, drink and be merry with us all. Don't think of hell or of perdition, eternal or temporary. As for the salvation of humanity, well, I shall see to that." And to this St. Paul said, "O thou Lord of lords, King of kings, the supreme master of the mysterious endless universe which geographers can never geographise! Let thy will be done. I shall gladly

go and live with thee for all time to come. But if thou forgettest to see to the salvation of humanity, for which I was ready to accept eternal perdition and hell, I mean hell and perdition, I tell thee I shall sing all night and keep thee awake and never let thee taste the sweetness of sleep. And know this for certain. O God, that however meek and humble and all that Paul may be when in a pleasant mood, he is.....

The gossip did not complete the speech that Paul had delivered as he was too impatient to taste his tea. "Well, well" thought St. Gaul, "Now I have found out how I can get eternal heaven without much effort and a fame of great selflessness into the bargain."

On the morrow he paid a visit to All Highest office during His office-time. He welcomed him and offered him a chair. "Lord" St. Gaul said aloud emotionally, making all eyes turn towards him, "My heart terribly aches to see the sad state of humanity. Oh, how I wish humanity may have eternal salvation! Accursed be my soul, O Lord, and let me go to hell for ever and suffer eternal agony so that humanity may, in return for my suffering, find eternal happiness. Give me perdition for ever, and do send my soul to hell for ever."

All Highest appeared very highly moved. "O Gaul!" He said with love in His eyes and a tremor in His voice, "I am charmed by your greatness; Oh, it is so overpowering! How earnest your prayer is, coming as it is from the very geometrical centre of your great heart! Humanity will remain eternally thankful to you for the great service you render, or offer to render." He burst into tears of admiration.

"What a success!" thought Gaul as he saw all eyes fixedly gazing at him with great admiration writ large on them. And he resumed his prayer in order to produce an added impression. "Yes, send my soul to eternal perdition and eternal hell and in

exchange for that give humanity salvation."

Lord wiped His eyes with His divine silken handkerchief and said, looking at St. Gaul "O Gaul, my dear boy! Since your prayer is so earnest I cannot help granting it entire. I will give your soul eternal perdition and hell as you have so earnestly prayed for. Come, my boy, and just hand over your soul to me, I shall at once send it to eternal hell and perdition." And he rang the calling bell for the servant who would take and deliver the soul of Gaul to hell.

St. Gaul scratched his head for sometime, bewildered. "Dear me!" he exclaimed at last. "I forget that it is time for my dinner and my wife is waiting for me at home!" And he rushed out of Lord's office at once, quick as the lightning itself.

"My wife has never called to see me at my office," says a business man. He should engage a prettier typist.

"For perfection in shape," says a French beauty specialist, "British girls' ears are far above the average." We are glad he didn't describe them as outstanding.

"A man wins a sum of money in a sweep-stake," says a reformer, "and what comes after that?" A whole host of relations, probably.

We read that a London bank is in danger of falling down. No doubt an obliging bandit would be only too glad to hold it up.

He leaped gaily up the front steps flowers under one arm, a box of chocolates under the other. At the door he was confronted by her little brother.

"Hullo, Johnny!"

"Hullo!"

"Sister expecting me?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"She's gone out."

All about a Wallet

— By W. H. Cole. —

A NIGHT OUT

RAMA RAO was as drunk as a fiddler's bitch, but there's a great difference in how the twain reached that stage.

The animal aforesaid became, of course, intoxicated with her master's exquisite music. Rama Rao had whisky, gin, port and beer all mixed and accompanied by a medley of sweets, including Mysore 'pak,' 'Iddalies,' and 'Jellabis,' followed by roasted 'moong-falis.' Can anyone wonder if Rama Rao felt unsteady on his pins?

A college student, he had that day received his allowance for the month, gone to a Club and—

The cold air after Rama Rao left the Institute added to his wobbling, both of brain and limbs.

A lurch, a clutch at the iron railings on a wall, a slither down to the ground—incidentally trying to damage the dwarf wall with his head—and then Rama Rao lay on his back, first trying to decide how many moons were gazing upon him and puzzled at the increasing galaxy of stars in the firmament: then gently purring like a cat as first sleep came; later with mouth open,—an invite to all the flying 'atchas' to drop in and explore,—snoring stertorously, but withal with rhythm.

A sturdy young fellow hopped along, eyed the sleeper,

sniffed his breath, gave him a shake (no result), extracted a wallet from his pocket and walked away whistling gaily. No names—no aftermath.

An hour passed, a policeman arrived on the scene, knelt down to get a closer view and shot back like a catapult elastic goes forward,—nearly gassed by the 'sweet aromas' of the mixed drinks (by now better mixed than any cocktail could be with a 'sizzle' stick) which issued from the open mouth unimpeded.

'Sewage farm—first class, war-time stink-bombs—superceded. Ugh! No eau-de-cologne, no Mysore Agarbathi available. What's to be done?' So mused the constable.

A man came briskly along the road, he joined the constable, he summed up the situation at a glance, braved the 'gas' attack and shook Rama Rao to life.

'Hey, you, man! What's to do? How all you come like this?' So he spake, the author refrains from correcting his picturesque English.

'Was' sha mas 'her?' murmured Rama Rao.

'Get up. Where do you live?'

'Can'sh ishtand. Down 'zh road, 'zh scollij.' came faintly from Rama Rao in reply.

'Mister,' began the Constable.

'Nathan, that's me,' the other cut in, 'come on lend a

hand, 'hunk' him up and away. Don't know what all he's been guzzling, mixed gases,—horribly smelly,—can't help it, must see him home.'

Nathan and the Constable tugged Rama Rao to his feet.

'Th'sanks!' he murmured. Then 'Wa-ooop.—Wa-ooop.—Wa-ooop.' accompanying these sounds with spasmodic throat contortions like a fish out of water gasping for air.

'Wants to vomit,' commented Nathan. 'Do him good. H-y-you,' he gripped Rama Rao's arm, 'get it going, come now—fingers down the throat, give it a tickle, cough it up off your chest, that's it, just once more, there she goes. Better, eh?'

Rama Rao was relieved. 'Mus'h bes'her. m a n y th'sanks.'

'Come on, Constable,' remarked Nathan, an arm each, grip tightly, keep him moving, eyes front, quick-march and 'hey-presto' straight for the bally old college.'

They lugged Rama Rao along altho' he hung like a sack of loose cement and still breathed out odours akin to those of a garbage heap.

Safe and sound they handed him over to the College night watchman, had a good 'sniff' at a jasmine shrub near the gate and departed.

'Good deed for the day done' remarked Nathan, evidently an old Boy Scout. 'Good-night, Constable.'

NEW RESOLUTIONS

RAMA Rao awakened next morning with a head throbbing and aching with umpteenth horse-power intensity. There was a

JUNE 5, 1934

lump on his forehead the size of a duck's egg.

He sat thinking, thankful that the day was a holiday. 'Fool! Dolt!! Idiot!!! Never again, that's the last. (That's what everyone says the next morning). Must have been mad. How did I get home? Haven't the foggiest notion. Some good Samaritan must have come along. Aspirin? Yes! that's the idea.'

The bottle hunted out and four tablets taken, some balm on the 'duck's egg' and he sat down again. He suddenly thought of his wallet.

Under the pillow? No! In his pocket? No! He became alarmed and searched in all the likely and unlikely places in his room, scattering articles about until the place looked as if it had been 'combed' by the C.I.D.

'Good Samaritan!' he murmured. 'Some damned thief, ead, pick-pocket, that's more likely. Serves me right, but what's to be done?'

In his rage he began grinding his teeth woke up the nerve of a decrepit one and cried 'Ouch! Ouch!!'

A tap on the door. 'Come in' he called. 'Twas Chunni Lal, Student, from the next cubicle.

'Good Lor', Rama, what was that noise I heard?'

'What noise?'

'Sounded like a disintegrator working in a bone-mill, then I heard an 'ouch'—'ouch' as if the brakes had been jammed on. What was it?'

'I'm feeling mad. I was grinding my teeth.'

Chunni Lal looked round the room 'Who're you going to bite?' he enquired, 'and where's the grindstone?'

'Don't joke,' replied Rama, 'I was grinding like this.' 'Gr—ceh—Gr—ceh—Gr—ceh—Ow!' He gave an illustration of grinding and incidentally got another stab from the groggy molar.

'Oh! like that,' observed Chunni Lal, 'really it's grand, it's a much sweeter sound than 'gear-changing.' Get it recorded, boy, you'll make a fortune—'

'You wouldn't treat things lightly if you were in my shoes.'

'Well, maybe you're right. But 'twould depend upon whether I was treading on a lady's toes or exterminating a centipede.' Chunni Lal paused eyeing Rama carefully. 'What's the jolly old bump of knowledge doing on your frontispiece.'

'I've been a fool,' replied Rama 'I—'

'That's quite usual—voice not the obvious.'

Rama ignored the remark. 'I got beastly drunk last night, must have fallen down, don't know how I got home, lost my wallet with all my cash—'

Chunni Lal sat down. 'One,' he remarked, 'drunk—that's serious, two—smitten by the ground, three—spirited home, four—exchequer gone 'up the spout.' Call in Sherlock Holmes, Sexton Blake and the Madras C. I. D.—result—failure. Consult the Astrologers—wash-out.

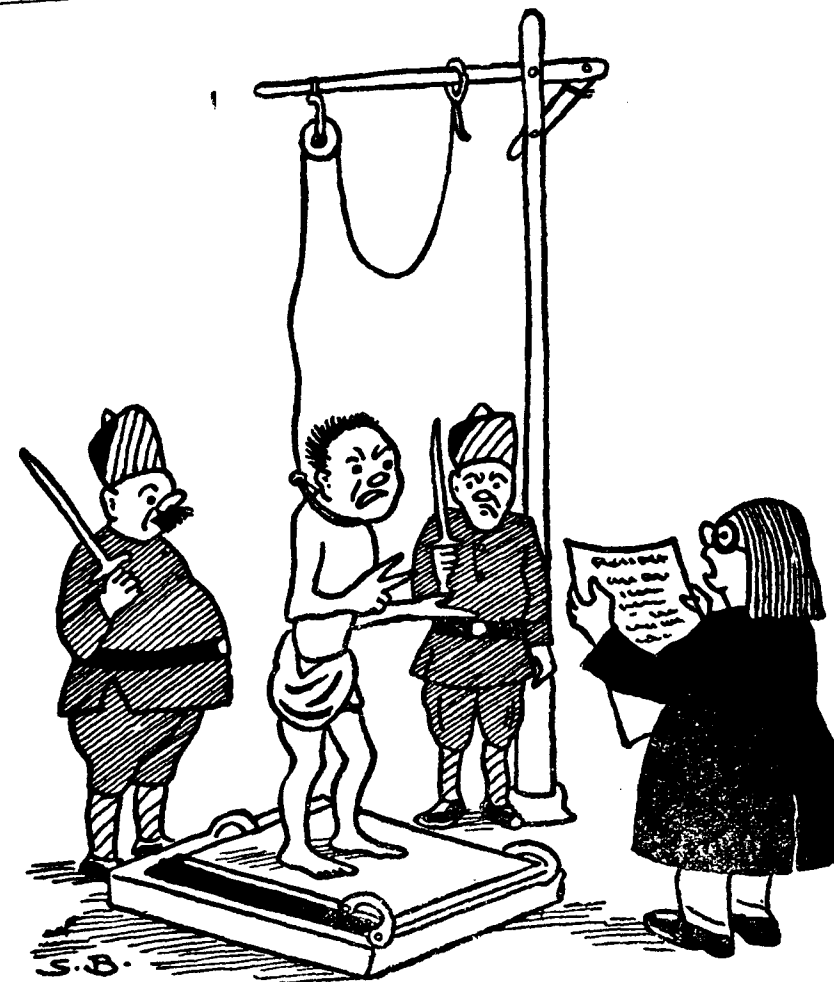
'Remaining hope, Chunni Lal—the prince of sleuths. Thinking cap—brown study—pink reverie—fit of the blues—tune up the fiddle—don dressing gown and bedroom slippers—play mournful tunes—smoke 'ganja,' and—there it is, dear Rama, by the art of divination the—'

'Shut up, don't rot!'

'Gosh! You've broken the train of thought so we'll start again. 'Drink! Do you understand where that leads to, Rama?'

'Perfectly well—arson, rape, murder, the asylum, ecstasies, Morris dances etc., etc.'

'You've forgotten delirium tremens. My uncle had it. It's great fun for



Man about to be hanged: "What, not even a cameraman or two on such a funny occasion like this!"

the spectators, I was one. The things he saw were marvellous. The frying pan made love to the Dutch oven, Bradman was playing marbles, Amar Singh was champion at 'shove-half-penny', the cat-o'-nine-tails gave birth to triplets, and to cap the lot he said he'd won first prize at the baby (I think he mean't booby) show. It took nine hefty people to truss him up and put him in the van and—

'Yes?'

'Oh! he recovered, then he became a Sanyasi. There's no accounting for tastes as the caterpillar in the cabbage reflected when he was overlooked and got into the vegetable curry.'

Chunni Lal struck a serious note. 'How much did you lose?'

'Sixty five dibe.'

'That's bad, anyway you can always borrow a 'chip' here and there till you sting the pater.'

'Sting him! He'll create merry Hades when I write.'

'Then put the news through gently, write to mother.'

'It'll take thinking out, concocting a suitable inexactitude. Let it wait till to-morrow, I've got a couple of annas for 'beedis,' and my name's good—'

'You bet! Especially with the cove who got the cash. Talk about 'manna' from heaven, he's probably praying for your sins now—but—that'll you'll continue them. Take a lesson, Rama, from this experience. It's a hard world—ask the lump on your dial—and next time you might try to make love to a flying fox and get electrocuted climbing 'up the pole' to catch it.'

'There'll be no next time,' stated Rama with great emphasis.

'You've said a mouthful, chum, but you're not the first and won't be the last.'

'Perhaps not, but I'll never touch—'

'Don't say it, Rama, it's better to touch wood before making such promises. Oh, here's another thing which happened to a drunken man—take it as a warning. He'd been fishing, had a dashed good day and was going home with a bag full of fish—didn't trouble to count them. Called at a 'pub' and had a 'skin-full' of drink, shouldered the bag and staggered towards home.

'Some young lads happened along—well, you know what boys are—they cut a slit in the bottom of the bag (not too big) and shouted, 'Hey! Mister, you'r bag's overflowing, the fish are dropping out.' The angler placed his bag on the floor, picked up the strays and came back. 'How many, Mr. Smith?' asked one boy. That decided Mr. Smith to have a count. 'Don't know,' he said, 'but we'll see.' He took hold of the bottom of the bag, tipped the fish on the pavement and with the bag in one hand began picking up the fish and refilling the bag. Almost as fast as he put them in out they came at the bottom. Sort of endless chain business.

'He'd just reached nine hundred and four when a policeman came along, the lads, of course, vanished. The constable altho' amused locked him up as 'drunk and incapable.' Unfortunately, Smith's brain had turned, so he's still counting—you can guess where—and must be in the billions by now.

'It's a terrible thing, Rama, take care!'

'You're a consoling sort of guy, Chunni,' commented Rama, 'anyone would think I was a confirmed, hard-boiled, unredeemable 'rot', whereas I'm a respectable youth, now in possession of concrete resolutions for the future. Any other but you would have come along and sympathised and fished out a 'chip' or two, but the only thing you do is to lecture and fish out a fishy story. Wait until you make a slip—'

'Ta—ta, darling,' murmured Chunni Lal, 'next time I come I'll bring my 'Zambuk', give you a kiss, present you with a few peppermints (that drink still whiffs you know) and even place my Bank book at your disposal,—I don't think! Wouldn't I just be a 'sap'. See you later at the curry and rice department.'

It was evening time when Rama Rao looked into Chunni's room. In the meantime he had encountered the night watchman and heard the details of his homecoming; he passed the news on to his friend.

"Um," commented Chunni, 'can't suspect the jolly old watchman or the copper. As for the other fellow we don't know if he was first or second on the scene. More likely second. If first and he wanted the cash, he'd have merely 'snaffled' the wallet, blown you

a kiss and left you in the hands of the fairies. Result, a blind alley. Conclusion, the wallet dropped from your pocket or was 'nicked' before the arm of the law arrived at your sleeping berth. In short, farewell to the wallet and its 'linings'. Here faileth the prince of sleuths and so he does a 'fade-out' from the case. But,' he continued, 'by gosh, Rama think what you could have done with that sixty-five 'dibs'. Still regrets, like smoke, are not much good.'

'I badly wanted a new Cricket bat,' replied Rama, 'and lots of other things, but I guess Dad will send me about ten 'dibs' just to punish me.'

'Why should he punish you? Tell him a nice yarn,—as I said before send it through the mater,—something plausible, burglary in the College, bags of students robbed—well—surely you can pitch a tale O. K.'

'He's hard to convince and he knows me—'

'That's the worst of these badly bent reputations—now look at me. Talk about George Washington—he was supposed to be the absolute 'zero' in the lie telling sphere—but I'm gone back right below that badly old freezing point. Anyway, must 'sit' now, Rama, I'm off for a drink.'

'A drink?' asked Rama, sitting aghast.

'Stout, Guinness', Doctor's orders you know. Two bottles a day—you understand the rest. Brings sixty a month extra from the old boy. Bye-the Bye, see you later.'

Chunni Lal smiled as he proceeded to the 'pop' shop and sipped Iced Lemonade through a straw.

'Wonder if he'll try it?' he was thinking.

Rama took the bait and prepared the letter. Before he had, however, despatched it, his wallet was returned by post—cash intact—no name of sender. He tore up the letter.

Who had the wallet? We'll release the cat from the hessian sack, 'twas Chunni Lal.

Why didn't he help Rama home? 'Can't stand lugging half-dead people about—might have tried it but for the odours.' That was his opinion. After

all, every one has differing ideas on such subjects.

Rama burst into Chunni's room with the glad tidings.

'Good,' commented Chunni, 'did you write home for the Guinness allowance?'

'Tore the letter up, altho' it was ready for post.'

'Boob!' snorted Chunni, 'write and get the 'dibs'. But keep the idea to yourself.'

'Do you really get it?'

'Not yet and I don't drink, I'm writing—'

'But you said you never told a lie!'

'Oh! boy, you're a poor 'sap', I'm bricking up the application with a Medical recommendation. It's a grand

idea. Only came to me when I was talking to you.'

Well not pursue Chunni's scheme further or wait to record the results. Cheerio!

Auntie: "You shouldn't keep your eyes open during prayers."

Bobby: "How do you know I do?"

Husband (as burglars are heard downstairs): "Sh-h, dear! This is going to be a battle of brains."

Wife: "How brave of you, dear, to go unarmed."

Dog Racing has become so popular that the revenue of England is increased by £10,000 a week from the entertainment tax paid by those who visit the tracks.

A private, walking down a street with his sweetheart, met a sergeant.

"My sister, sergeant," said the bashful young man.

"That's all right," said the sergeant; "she used to be mine."

The rich uncle wrote to his nephew: "I am sending you the £10 you requested, but must draw your attention to an error in your last letter: 10 is written with one nought, not two."

"I had an argument with a chap yesterday—perhaps you can settle it. What is the plural of gladioli—is it gladiolas or gladiolus?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you—you see, I've never had more than one come up!"

THE FUNNY MAGZIN MAY LUCKY NUMBERS ARE YOU A PRIZE WINNER? RS. 5 WILL BE PAID

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

30000	30500	31111	31869	32005
32777	33333	33750	34566	34999
35000	35555	36789	36989	37215
37777	38555	38654	39222	39459

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

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

ROMANCE : : : : ON RAIL

FUNNY MAGAZINE

By
'AHA'

THERE is a period in the life-time of every individual after he has given a finishing touch to his college studies by exposing himself to the camera with his 'bired gown and honoured diploma' which poets have missed to make an important significance. That is a very interesting period when one hunts over the 'wanted' columns and the other 'matrimonials' and so on. That period, interesting as it is, never missed to occupy a fair part of my life. The wealth of my father and the independent spirit that was predominant in him were the very reasons that kept me away from the sights of these tantalizing advertisements. During that period as it is usual for the development of something so did I develop a taste for travels which almost became my hobby.

My travelling allowance was met mostly by my father and occasionally by my father-in-law. For I often thought that I had a born right to be a burden to my father than anybody else. 300 days in a year I spent in travelling in trains. Railway companies ought to be very grateful to me till their existence, if at all they believe that gratitude is the highest command of God. I was so crazy about the trains. I often thought that I should seek the station Master's Post which was once the ambition of many matriculates. But the very next moment I overlooked this delusion, finding how wrong of me it was to seek such a small place in Railway Company which I thought, not only degraded the honour of the University but also would be a sad disappointment to my father in his old age when he finds that his only son of such promising youth should merely be the controller of destinies of the trains (Perhaps he thought that I should control the destinies of the vast world and the human offers). I would rather be unemployed for years together than to send his grey hair with sadness to the grave. He never grudged anything not even paying my cost for travelling bills. Not content with travelling on land and sea, far and wide I proposed him to buy an aeroplane for me. But a clever old man he was! Reading the impending disaster in daily papers he thought that it was much safer to see that I confine my travels to land only that too in trains. Such was his admiration for the safety of trains that he hung in his apartment portraits of great talents like Stevenson and others who were responsible for the invention of this once wonderful (but no longer now) locomotives.

Surprisingly on a summer evening I booked my berth in a train to Ooty which was to start at 8-30 P.M. Surely I would not be a late-lathif for the train after such experience. While I was moving on the platform a stranger asked me at what time did 9-45 train start and I replied him at 10-30. At the right time, off it moved, slowly from the platform. As usual with our young blood, I jumped upon the foot-board when the train moving without the slightest injury to my body. Ah? Urika! I found something just opposite to my lower berth. It is a woman, woman of extraordinary beauty. The curled hair, the blue eyes, charming cheeks, rosy lips all at a moment

attracted my keen attention. Oh! What a Romance To think of a strange girl and a man in a moving train.

Perhaps lonely too! Oh? Yes! It is a very pleasant moment in my lifetime to meet such a lady alone and opposite to me. We sat in our respective seats, dumb-struck for few minutes. The shoutings of murruk, masal-vadi, beedi and cigarette and soda water and tea did not disturb our mutual concentration. This cosy carriage moving on rail in woods and valleys seemed to me as a moving palace. Even the whistle of the wind through the gap of the window seemed to advise me (like an angel) "Start, in the name of God."

Again to start or not to start a conversation was the question which remained unsolved even after many miles of our journey. I never dare to do such a thing as to talk to a woman of impelling beauty. Not that I do not possess any courage but here 'man disposes which God proposes'.

I was standing near my berth to take a pack of cigarette when the train suddenly stopped with a jerk. I fell over her. She held me in her arms from further falls. Oh! What a fall it was! My countrymen! Pardons! and sorrows were afterwards exchanged. But I felt a quick sensation to kiss her hand and to sit beside her. But something was stirring in my blood which perplexed me. I had never felt a sensation like that before. The dignity of a gentleman (especially of my type) need a decisive conduct and situation like this. It was a real shock to me as I am a true lover of my wife. (I mean my wedded wife) alone. It shocked me as a good boy. Then I took out a cigarette and smoked. Thus my shock fortunately or unfortunately ended in smoke only. While smoking this cigarette I thought over the cause of the train being stopped in a non-stopping place. I re-collected the bold lines in papers some months back pulling alarm chain. Was it that? or was it that anybody attempted to suicide, an affair so common now-a-days being the only easy way of putting an end to his 'once precious' life.

Oh! What a dream! Our life itself is a dream, nothing but an empty dream. God be cursed and my bed be consumed to fire. I was only rolling restlessly in my bed pressing a sleepless pillow.

"In the night I lie with sorrow,
Sleepless and awake,
Dreaming how by day my journey,
Half in sleep I take.

Would that God know my agony of mind and bitter disappointment and justify his creatorship by affording me an immediate opportunity for a real romance?

JUNE 5, 1934



"UGH! what a hideous thing to snore!" remarks our village priest, who is the champion snorer of our village. His snoring has a pitch of 2560, and can be heard one mile away! It is said that this "Chundakai Vadhyar" (we cannot conceal the name of our hero) saved the village from being bombed in times of the Great War. A German aeroplane hovered above the village to destroy it by throwing bombs. Just then they heard the sound of our Vadhyar's snoring. They believed it was the roaring of a machine-gun directed at them and winged it, terribly afraid.

Snoring has cost many a man his life and many a man his wife. The news come

SNORING By Cheeryland

from Spain that a certain miner was stabbed to death by a man who shared his room, the reason being that he was snoring. The man who wielded the dagger has disappeared and does not intend to give himself up until the jury is exclusively composed of men who have to put up with snoring!

Again, the news come from America that a woman divorced her husband because he snored! Poor man! Had he not snored, he would have been divorced all the same for not snoring!

There is a fortune for him who finds a remedy for snoring. I myself think of 'inventing' a cure for snoring and name it "Snoremedy" (Patented, please) I will first

send a free sample to our "Chundakai Vadhyar," and get a testimonial from him. The next fortunate person will be the Editor of Funny Magzin. By the way, do you snore, my dear Editor? I am compiling a book "Experiences in Snoring," and I hope the readers will send along, their true experiences.

Speaking of experiences, I shall tell you my own experience. One night, I was sleeping peacefully, when Sarojam (my better half) pulled me roughly by the arms. I woke up with a start with a "what's it, my dear,"

when she flew into a rage asking me not to snore, as it disturbed her sleep. She fell into a sobbing vein.

"I work all day like a mean servant or a donkey and at night, I cannot have even a wink of sleep by your snoring. Oh, my accursed fate! Why was I sacrificed to such a snorer etc. etc."

I protested. For, I know I do not snore. I never hear myself snoring, you know. I think Sarojam heard her own snoring and thought it was mine. Anyhow, I have applied for a patent for my "Snoremedy, a boon to snorers." Any one desiring to buy a bottle, may write with the price in advance to..... (This is no advertisement, Editor. So, do not charge me for the same).

An old woman underwent an operation. When consciousness returned, she was asked how she had felt under chloroform.

"It was beautiful—just splendid. I thought I was in Heaven—till I saw the doctor."

"How did you happen to become a chiropodist?" he was asked.

"Oh," he replied, "I was always at the foot of my class at school, so just naturally drifted into this profession."

At one golf course there had been some talk of standardizing tips to caddies, and one day the secretary explained his ideas to a group of members.

"We feel," he said, "that a caddie should not receive a tip of more than one shilling and sixpence per round. You'll all agree that's reasonable."

They did agree, all except one Scotsman who, looking up with an expression of innocence, said, "Excuse me, Mr. Secretary, but what is a tip?"

"Do you allow your wife to have the last word?"

"She hasn't come to it yet."

Mrs. Gordon rushed into the house in a state of great alarm.

"Tammam, Tammam!" she exclaimed, "there's a cow in the garden."

"Dinna stand there wastin' valuable time," replied Tammam. "Get back and milk it before it gets out."

Mrs. White: I can't understand why you don't get on with your husband. He's all right in his way."

Mrs. Brown: "Yes; but he's always in mine."

"I suppose you have a pergola in your garden?" asked the guest.

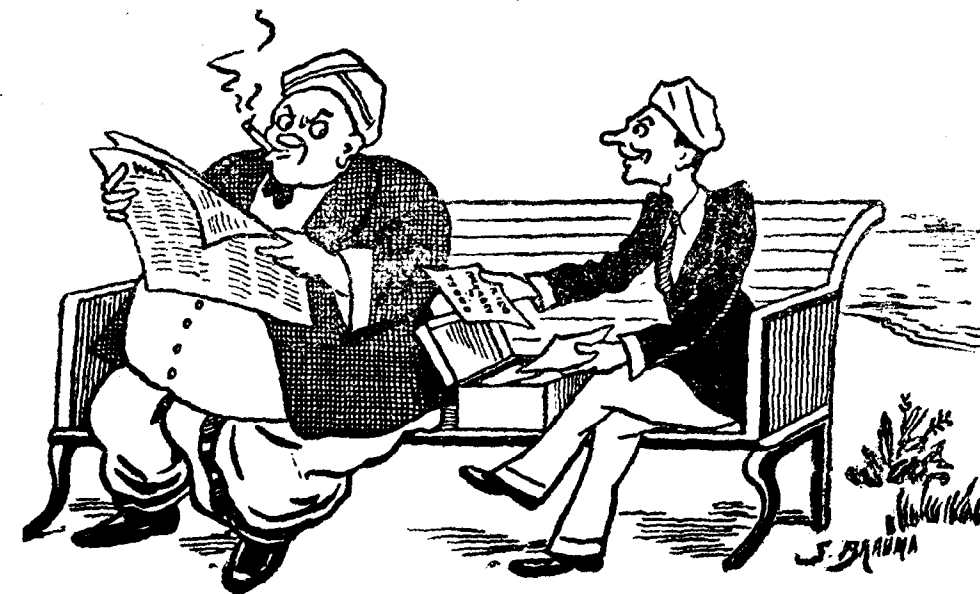
"Not now," replied Mrs. Newrish. "It barked at the tradesmen and I had to get rid of it."

One day the henpecked husband said to his wife: "I had a queer dream last night—that some man was running off with you."

"And what did you say to him?" asked his wife.

"Oh, I just told him to take his time."

JUNE 5, 1934



The Insurance Agent

BY "NADAR"

Things were looking a trifle bleak with me the other day. Sort of dull and void, as it were. Too much *Semia Payasam*, I fancy; to which dish, I am very much addicted as the proprietor of 'Vimal Vilas' restaurant will testify. I smoked in quick succession five 'Star of Indias,' but still the *Semia Payasam* lay heavy. Intending to take a walk, I brought a copy of the 'Indian' and strolled towards the marina, and selecting a secluded spot, sat down and opened the paper. Just then a man came towards me. One of those small men, whom wives order about. He had a drooping mouth, drooping eyebrows, elusive moustache and a drooping suit. He drooped all over.

I thought that he would walk past me. But no such luck. He just flopped down beside me. I pretended to be seriously engrossed in the

paper for I wanted to be alone.

"Bit cloudy, ain't it?" he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if we get a sudden shower before dark."

I did not answer, but browsed still closer into the paper. But the drooping stranger was not to be put off so easily. He was determined to be social, whether I liked it or not, and so we got to talking. We talked about the existing depression, the abundance of *Malayalee* military hotels, the prospects of the Mysore race meeting, and the recent earthquake havoc. These were my pet subjects, and I waxed eloquent. The drooping stranger listened with a bored expression, as if the subjects were quite outside his depth.

But from the way he shuffled his feet and poked furiously at the sand, I could

see that he was waiting for a theme, in which he could show his prowess.

Presently the *Semia Payasam*, grumbled within my stomach, and this led me on to the topic 'indigestion, and general bad-health.' Immediately, he pricked up his ears and fell into the conversation with a gusto!

He started off with an entertaining anecdote about his friend Chakravathi, who according to him had been as strong as Hercules, and had arms like those of the proverbial 'Village Blacksmith', and then one day, he stepped on a banana peel, and in less than a fortnight—Kailash!

"But it is always the same," he continued, it is the strong and hefty ones, like you who pop off first. Fellers who you'd think are as strong as elephants, and who could push down a Tram-car with one hand! The least little thing like a rusty nail or a fall—and phut—they go all in small pieces. But fellers like me go on living for years and years, and donkey's years.

Rs. 100 in Cash Prize IN FUNNY Magzin

JUNE LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME.

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during June, dated 5-6-1934 and 20-6-1934 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 June '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th July, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

Take the case of Ramachandran. What? You do not know him? Oh! well, never mind. He was just like yourself, hale and hearty and as merry as 'Old king Cole,' and one morning he got it.

"Got wot?" I interrupted.

"Why cholera! In less than three days he departed."

I interrupted him as something had to be done about this pestiferous person, who seemed to be an excellent specimen of the species known as pessimistic. He was certainly a dark and dismal person. And the stories he told me, of sudden deaths, plague, snake bite and murders, illustrated with statistical reports of all the cities of India!

"Really all mortals must die sooner or later, and accidents and deaths are but a natural phenomenon," I said.

"Yes, that's just what I'm coming to. Supposing you die on your way home, what about your poor wife and that little baby?"

"I ain't got no baby," I interrupted.

"Then what about your wife? Have you provided for her? Have you insured yourself?" So saying he slipped a hand into his breast pocket.

"In the midst of life we are in death. The man who is to day, disappears to-morrow. So it's up to every man to take steps and precautions to protect his family. I represent the 'Hotan Insurance Co,' and their propositions are marvellous. We cover you from life, to bug bites, profits,

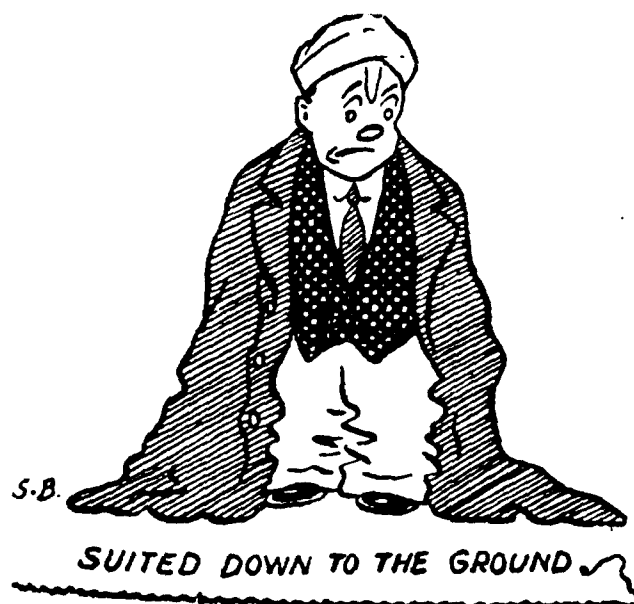
free of tax, low premiums and all that."

"Remember poor Mr. Ramaswami Iyer the eminent advocate of Mylapore? He was a strong, hearty young man, full of pep, vim, vitality, vigour, zip and spirits, as if he had been given a double dose of Dr. Vornoff's monkey-gland treatment. Well yesterday he fell down the stairs of the high court broke his crown, and in less than two minutes ———" he added.

"Don't you worry yourself about me," I interrupted.

"Don't you worry about me. Now if you do not trot off and fade, there will be another case of accident right here, and you won't be able to relate it to any other man, 'cause you'll be the victim."

The drooping stranger looked at me with a pained expression and hastily walked away towards a portly brahmin gentleman seated about twenty yards further away.



FUNNY MAGZIN

Lecturer (in village hall): "Now you all know what a molecule is——"

Chairman (interrupting): "Most of us do. But perhaps you'd explain, for the benefit of those who have never been up in one."

Week End Guest (on Wednesday): "Really, old chap, I haven't the nerve to impose upon your hospitality longer. Could I ask you for a bottle of nerve tonic?"

"What's the idea of calling your dog 'Swindler'?"

"Oh, just for fun. When I call to him in the street half the men nearly jump out of their skins!"

"You promised me a job, sir."

"But there are no jobs open."

"Well, you said you'd give me one."

"Tell you what I'll do; I'll appoint a commission to investigate why there are no jobs, and you can work on that."

"What's the noise?"

"John, the barber, is shaving himself."

"What's the conversation about?"

"He's trying to persuade himself to have a shampoo."

JUNE 5, 1934



'FUNNY-OOTY'

— BY 'SEEORES' —

Summer in the city—so off to Ooty
That wonderful place of Nature's beauty
Adieu, Madras—so sorry to be away
But only for a few days to wander astray.

The journey so long, with none to share
The fine views that one enjoys so rare
But views—how long can you them stare
From your train at the fields so bare.

Oh lo! what is there in the nook
Of my box—a coloured cover book
Forget all loneliness, never mind the night
'Funny Magzin' brings such a delight.

You don't feel the strain of such long travel
When absorbed in this Magzin without a marvel
In jokes, in humour and in stories so fine
Written by many with ambition to shine.

But listen—what is this pinching I get
From one whom I have never before met?
"Let me have a look at that book, if you please
Feel so hard to be much ill at ease"

A sweet maid of seventeen, modern and gay
Can I refuse to oblige, or can you? Oh, please say!
I give her the book, we both peep over it
No mind to leave the 'Joke,' not even a bit.

Bhai Funzin, Edwin, Cole and Kaboor,
How can I thank you, my purse is so poor
But for your writings which she read with interest
I could not have had the company so best.

I make bold to ask 'beauty' her destination
'Ooty, sir,' says she, "after the March examination."
"The same mine also," I tell her without question
'Funny Magzin' got me an easy introduction.

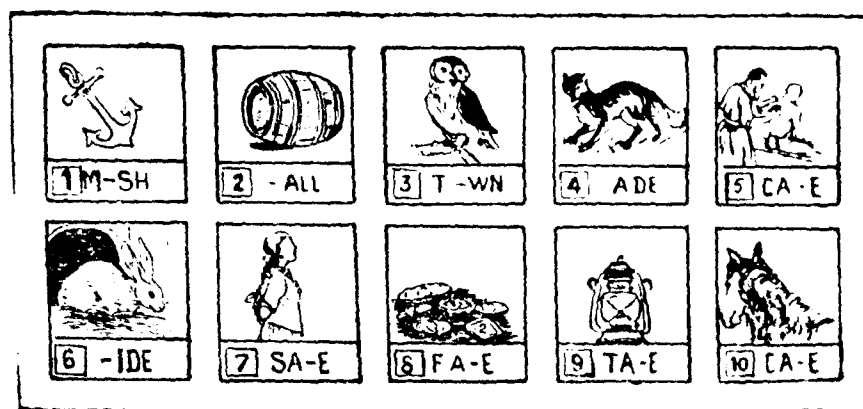
Closer to the hills, cooler the wind blows
And so do we shift, to each other close
This the dark tunnels; I try to impress
Upon her rosy cheeks, a fine warm kiss.

I got it, don't envy me, I like it so much
Both the kiss and the book that got me as such
The company of the girl, I'd never forget or miss
For the lassie has taken away the book with my kiss!

ONLY ONE
SET!NO ENTRANCE FEE! ONLY ONE
SET!**Rs. 55 CASH
PRIZES.****In "Singles" Competition.****FIRST PRIZE Rs. 30.****SECOND PRIZE Rs. 20.****Rs. 5 TO THE SENDER OF LARGEST NUMBER OF ENTRIES.****Closing date: 5th July, 1934.****HOW TO WIN:**

In singles competition you have only to find out a single letter to solve the word. That single letter is the first letter of the word illustrated by the picture given about that word which has to be solved. When that letter is inserted in the vacant place marked by a dash you will get the required solution. As an example, No. 1 has been solved. A picture of an anchor and below it M—SH are given. The initial letter of the picture (anchor) is A. Placing this letter A in the place of the dash before SH the word MASH is obtained. The others will have to be answered in the same way.

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

**Results of 'Vowels' Competition.**

The results of this Competition will be announced in our next issue dated 20-6-34.

(For the coupon see next page)

Rules & Conditions.

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

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th July '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 "Singles" 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 "Singles" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 20th July 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN FREE COUPON.**IN "SINGLES" COMPETITION.****Closing date 5th July 1934.**

1. M A S H

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.....

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