

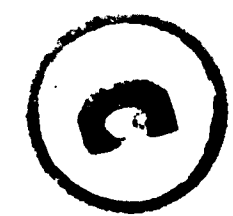
2002

Funny Mag.

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No: 23

5th July, 1934



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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol I.

MADRAS, 5th JULY, 1934.

No. 23

ENGAGED IN DEEP STUDY!



Bhai Funzin's

FUNNY MEN

OF THE FORTNIGHT

MR. Hamid Khan Sahib, Madras Corporation Councillor, is bringing forward a motion to appoint a "Noise Committee" to enquire into the origin, cause, nature and effects of the noises produced in the City.

There is no doubt that he took the step after suffering from the effects of the sturdy exercise of the lungs of his own fellow Corporators.

Mahatma Gandhi had a bomb aimed at him: American Presidents, Crowned Heads of Europe and other Potentates might well envy the honour; though the hero that aimed against Mahatmajis quite safe because the victim is to plead for the assailant.

Dr. Varadarajulu, the papers say, played the host of Sir Shanmugam Chetty, President of the Assembly, and his wife during their entire stay in Madras for 36 hours. Yes, such splendid hospitality deserves the loudest broadcasting that can be given to the triple-jail hero of South India that has just done such mighty deeds for Labour by presiding over it and getting photographed. Let us hope that this will be noted in his favour in his Assembly Election Campaign.

Hon'ble Sir Kurma, the Madras Law Member, is announced a dinner in Madras by a Madras Corporator who has called for donations, subscriptions, and also gifts in cash or kind, openly or anonymously.

Following this desperately generous example, it is reported that we shall soon be asked to subscribe for many such public Subscription-Dinners in honour of almost all our great men—official and non-official.

Or is it the boom of the Hotel Trade?

Mr. Ratnavelu Thevar, Chairman, Trichy Municipality, and the Municipality,

both go out, being suppressed by the Govt.: Mr. Thevar is an enthusiast, no fault can be found with him: his Municipality backs him: and both Chairman and his Council—exit: Certainly the best Fun of the Fortnight.

Mr. Satyamurti or Mr. Winston Churchill—who is greater—or, who claims better love for India? Both condemn the White Paper and both are against the official outlook of things Indian.

Grimmet, the Grim, was, but less grim in the second Test match at the Lords and so the Australians lost it: but then, the heavy Sunday downpour must alone somewhat pacify the Aussies for their defeat.

Mahatma Gandhi cannot but fail if he is to please both Dr. Ansari and Pt. Malaviya: and the wonder would be if only one party is displeased with him and not both.

W. W. Woodfull, the Australian Captain, teaches the true spirit of sport better than even playing cricket. He says about the defeat of his side, "I shall not mention the rain and the state of the weather. That is all in the day's work. It might just as easily come to us as to England. My sincerest congratulations to England on a fine victory."

So, the Education Minister of Madras is active: for, we read that the Hon'ble Education Minister will reconsider the matter of withdrawing the fee concessions to the Depressed Classes, as Govt. seem to be convinced that the threatened withdrawal is likely to work harm: all felicitations to Hon. Dewan Bahadur Reddiar, the Education Minister.

Sjt. Satyamurti has not disappointed India. He has published his statement on the attempted Poona Bomb outrage on Gandhiji: Surely when a bomb explodes, Mr. Satyamurti must needs explode too!

FUNNY MAGAZINE

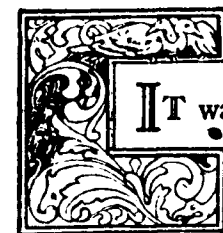
JULY 5, 1984

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Memoirs of Murari The Mystery-Man—No. 1.

THE SANCTUARY OF SARALA THE SAINTESS

— BY "TRISOOOL ROOF" —



It was not unusual with him.

Murari sat cross-legged on the floor; alone in the large room amidst the mango trees: his eyes were half-closed and his hands rested on a small sloping wooden desk and as I entered, he turned towards me and greeted me: "Hullo, Trisool, where did you take yourself away all these days?"

"Didn't leave our town."

"Then how did I miss you?"

"Every time I was here I was told you were shut up in your room and wouldn't touch a morsel of food for about three days, Murari."

"Ah, Nirmal is a rule-of-thumb fellow, poor boy, I asked him to let me have peace and quiet till I called him; that was about four days back. I was in need of thorough rest."

"And you are fasting all the time, Murar?" I asked.

"No, no, Trisool; don't excite yourself, I am quite comfy. You know that bulky bottle—there," said Murari

pointing to a stout bottle of almonds and dried apples cut to pieces. "A handful or two from that bottle is all I need when I suspect any serious rebellion or down-tools movement within myself."

Yet Murari looked as fit and alert as if he had just come in after a bracing walk or a freshening couple of sets in the Tennis court.

"But Murari—" I began.

"Yes, there is the paper of yesterday evening. You can satisfy your curiosity. I am glad your uncle has come round and is reasonable at last."

"Yes, Murari, he has," I replied with a sense of relief, "because I had just amicably settled an old family dispute."

"And that the terms of partition are settled amicably too," he continued.

"True, quite amicably."

"So he has had the goodness to hand over your late father's personal jewellery too."

"He has. My uncle is no bad sort; only he is easily misled sometimes," I explained.

"Such a happy thing, Trisool, when you have finished the delicate matter and

ended it all by registering the deeds and the rest of it legally. That means no more trouble; but harmony in both the homes, Trisool. You are happy so far. Did you read last week's papers?"

"I did, Murar."

"And did you notice anything striking—anything you would call to your mind after you had thrown the evening paper of news?"

"Well, I read that H. E. Sir. Wembly Lion gave away prizes at the Bakery and Confectionery Show: I saw a photo of the event too: H. E. is smiling so sweetly."

"Trisool, I have yet to see a H. E. that does not smile. What have I to do with the miles of smiles of big men? Any other thing that strikes you?"

"I read that the Corporation has set apart Rs. 500 for presenting an Address of Welcome to a Cousin of the Maharaja of Cashmere and Dr. Ambedkar, the doughty champion of the Depressed Classes."

"I am not lured by the ways of the waste to which poor citizens' money is put to. Anything else?" asked Murari.

"Ah, Murari, before I stand your viva voce exam. of my

study and appreciation of the proportion that public events occupy or should occupy, I quite forgot about your congratulating me about the happy settlement of my affairs. I don't recollect having told you anything about the matter. In fact, it is only just—"

Murari smiled at my question and started his explanation.

"I know you are coming from the Registrar's office or some such official dignitary," followed up Murari.

"True, I do," I said.

"And you put your thumb impression too: You did wipe off the ink from your left thumb: but there is the tinge of dark ink over the bulb of your left thumb enough to witness that you have been a party to some legal deed."

"Exactly, Murar."

"You got back in consequence your father's personal things;"

"I did. My uncle handed them."

"Why, in your coat pocket there is the convex circular bulging-out which is too small for a money purse and too big for a rupee: leaving a watch as the only possible occupant of that fob, and if it is a watch, it can only be your father's gold watch, which it was his desire that you should use, for no young man buys a pocket watch in these days of wrist watches—"

"Right, Murari."

"And if you are not keen on letting people know about your movements, Trisool, you should not let that document

there from your inner coat pocket betray a stamp on the white triangle peeping out," explained Murari. "But does any thing else strike you in the papers?"

"If you are thinking of the mystery of Crimes—"

"I am, Trisool, I am."

"Then are you thinking of the Sudden Disappearance of Raghottam, the son of that crore-pathi, Sowcar Mahendra Lal?" I asked.

"I am. How can any one miss that?"

"Why, Murar, are not crimes of daily happening? Where is the awe or astomishment about it?"

"Crimes do occur: but not such crimes. There is Raghottam gone or spirited away: the young man gets a share of his father's vast wealth—some lakhs—and he disappears—all in a fortnight."

"Suicide, perhaps," I suggested.

"Quite possible. But no young colt gets hold of its share of a vast wealth just to let itself down into a well or tank or to gulp down a killing dose of cyanide. That is unthinkable. What does the paper itself say."

"That Raghottam almost turned a Sadhu or saint before his death," I said trying to infer from the news that he was seen frequenting the Sanctuary of Sarala Amba—the saintess who is visited by hundreds though she rarely grants visits to all the votaries.

"What, turned a saint? How do you mean, Trisool?"

"I can easily infer that from the fact that Raghottam

was frequenting Sarala Amba's sanctuary," I answered with a degree of satisfaction because I was throwing a ray of light which I myself struck out from the hard flint of bare facts.

"Ah, Sarala's sanctuary—that is what led you to the inference. But have you ever been to see Sarala Amba yourself, Trisool?"

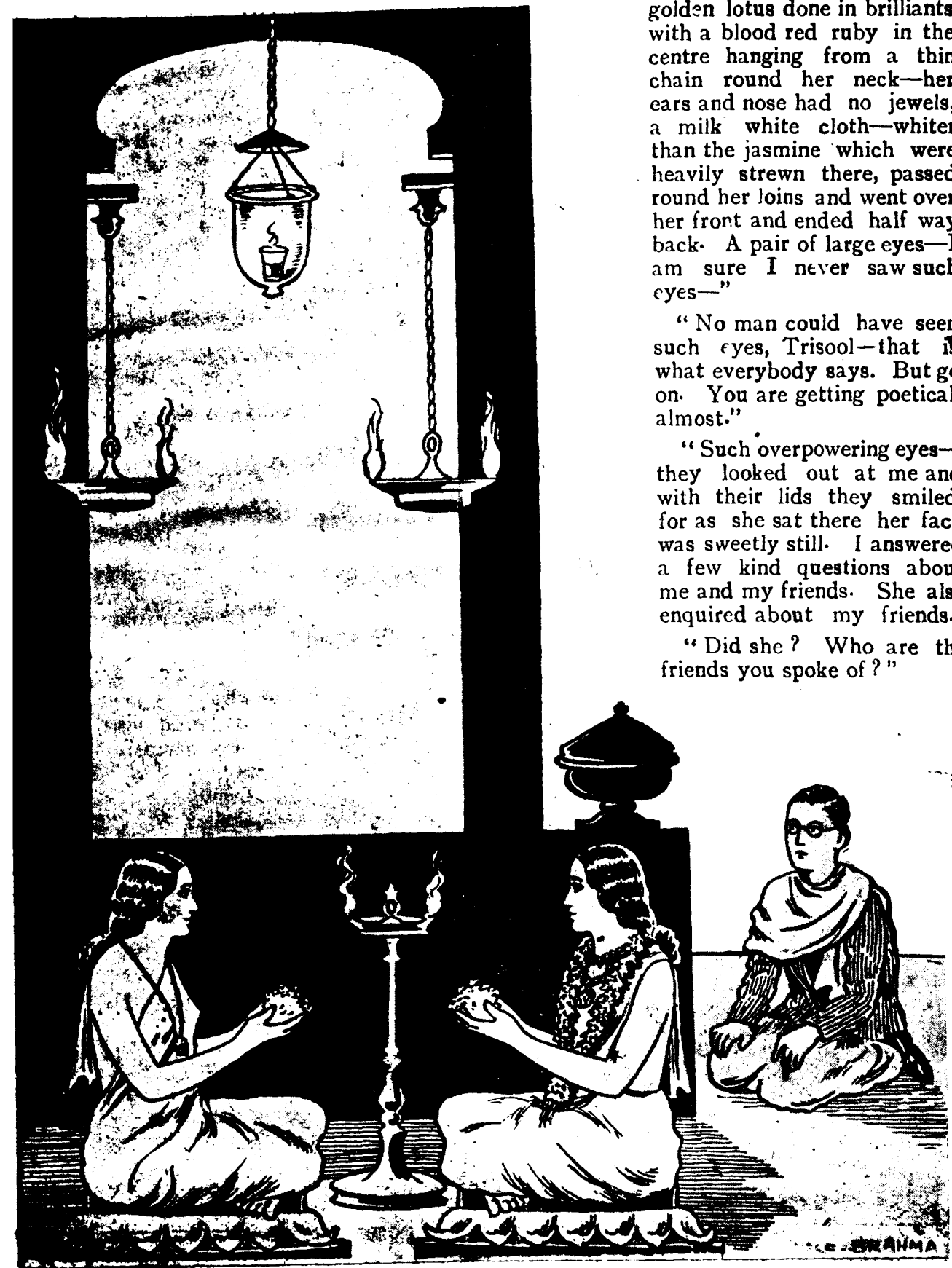
"I have, Murar, but with the greatest difficulty, I must confess."

"Surely you must have had the greatest difficulty. But it would have been otherwise had you been one like the son of Sowcar Mahendra Lal," said Murar with a slight sneer.

"Whatever it is I not only had a view or *darshan* of Amba but had a short chat with the revered lady," with some pride I said.

"And what is your impression about your visit, Trisool?" asked Murari.

"Murar, the whole visit stands before me like a ramble in Gulistan or a life lived in a dream. I was shown in into a pretty large room—prayer room—bright brass lamps hung by silver chains and Amba sat on a rose-wood round seat done into petals of lotus as if Laxmi—the goddess—seated on a lotus as you find in pictures. Before her an image snowed up in jasmine and parijatham; the image might have been a statue of Sarala Amba herself—or Amba was made just after the pattern of the idol—and there she was as simply dressed as she could be—her hair done up in loose curls and rings—almost without any ornament save a small,



golden lotus done in brilliants with a blood red ruby in the centre hanging from a thin chain round her neck—her ears and nose had no jewels, a milk white cloth—whiter than the jasmine which were heavily strewn there, passed round her loins and went over her front and ended half way back. A pair of large eyes—I am sure I never saw such eyes—"

"No man could have seen such eyes, Trisool—that is what everybody says. But go on. You are getting poetical, almost."

"Such overpowering eyes—they looked out at me and with their lids they smiled, for as she sat there her face was sweetly still. I answered a few kind questions about me and my friends. She also enquired about my friends."

"Did she? Who are the friends you spoke of?"

"Such overpowering eyes—"

"Why, Murar, you were one of them."

"I should wonder if she had not asked you about me. Any one else?"

"A few words about Dhan Prashad, that play-mate of mine."

"You mean the banker?"

"Yes, Murar."

"That is very interesting. But for Parshad, I don't know whether you could have had access to her. But go on, Trisool."

"She was glad to see me and would be pleased to see my friends as well. Why not I bring them, I thought she asked. But I told her that I did not very much seek company. It was only with you, Murar, that I went out. And then she gave me polite leave to go in such a lady-like manner. After all, Murar, she is not an elderly person. She cannot be over thirty. But there is a peculiar air of charm or mystery or *maya* about the whole ensemble. I don't know what."

"That is what some very wealthy people too did not know, and in their attempt to find out, Trisool, they covered themselves with the glory that our daily papers can give under the caption of 'Mysterious Disappearance.' But there is no danger of your being able to frequent Sarala's sanctuary or your being immortalized in the columns of those that 'Mysteriously Disappeared.' You did escape Fame, poor fellow," smiled Murari.

"Murar, Murar, what is it you are spinning away? Do you really know the serious things you are reeling off

against a lady who is held in highest veneration?" I asked.

"I am. And if folk there are like you, Sarala Amba can ply her trade safe and happy. As my boy told you, I was away so much and so busy looking into this Sarala Amba's Sanctnary Show. To tell you the truth, it was not this case of Raghottam, poor innocent boy, that brought the matter for my active interference. You might remember that some months back one Mohan Row was declared as missing after he had taken his share of his family property; and then came the disappearance of Veersingh, the young fellow who inherited untold riches. Yet, not a trace of them could the official police find out though plenty of inducements were offered."

"You can't blame our police. What about the kidnapping of the kids of Dollar Lords of America? And yet the police of U. S. A haven't been immolated in a holocaust?"

"But if your son is spirited away when you become a lakh-pathi, you wouldn't defend our able police as vigorously as even our Home Member would not dream of doing. That turned me looking askance at the sacred sanctuary of the divinely shaped lady—Sarala Amba."

"Really, Murar?"

"Yes, Trisool. About five miles away, there is yet another Sanctuary which this divine lady, as you take her for, maintains. She visits the place when practically no one can see her going. I had the good fortune to follow her,—no doubt at considerable peril to my person—find out the

place, visit it in the day, and it was really such good luck.

"Good luck to you, Murar?"

"No, no, good luck to the poor fellows. Trisool, all the fellows who had mysteriously disappeared were there—"

"There! Where?" I wondered.

"In that asylum. Yes, Murar, in that asylum. You spoke of those overpowering eyes just a few minutes back. Ah, you did not know how wisely you spoke! It was those eyes, those literally bewitching eyes."

"They are divine orbs I should think."

"No, Trisool. A pair of such feminine eyes—they would have hurled Empires and smashed States to their doom. What are these little frail rabbit-like boys before Sarala's eyes? Those eyes were simply turned full upon each of those fellows: then they fell under the spell: they were asked to leave their home with their all: So they did: She took their belongings and cast them into the asylum where they lived every moment waiting to meet her and be soothed into silence or service or slavery—or what only Heaven knows—by those all-powerful pair of eyes."

"Really, Murar, horrid it is to hear," I exclaimed.

"Not only that, Trisool. Poor fellows, they had come under the spell so thoroughly that they would not come out when freedom was given them. They would only speak of her eyes. How could they come away? What could they do if those eyes should look at them? Well, when next you have the good luck, as you say, to meet the divine lady, see that you escape those overpowering eyes."

THE WIFE OR MY STARS

— BY H. P. ABELS. —



I sat in my den, pen in hand, in brown study; my thoughts were all moody and gloomy and you may even say I had the blues. Anyway, it being Sunday and the wife staying at home, I wanted to impress upon her my worth and importance and so was trying to be busy—It was a couple of years since I married Kamue... (Kamue is not the short form for Kamatty, but Kamatohy) a year after I had passed my B. L. and now I no more dream of life and its roses. My total practice last month amounted to the magnificent sum of rupees five. I am very much down in luck, though I always tried to keep my head up (and am still suffering with a stiff neck on account of it). The blessed old car, that my blessed old father-in-law presented me along with Kamue, was every morning regular with me at the High Court buildings; and I had even changed my name from plain Subbiah, to Subabander Rao and had also added S. S. to it as initials to make it sound grand and imposing. (S. S. don't mean steam-ship) as my friend Ganesh always told me that everything these days depended on swank and show. Only the other day had I ably buttonholed a young man who had been summoned by a rascally shop-keeper, and was willing to plead for him for a rupee and even pleaded to do it for four annas and his love, as he was very ably evading me and getting into the registrar's presence and my stomach pinching me for tiffin; but the fool wouldn't have it.

All the expenses at home were stood out of the wife's pay, who was a head-mistress in some school and I should congratulate myself on at least being successful in getting an able working partner—while musing gloomily on all this and sundry, some sort of droning noise began to grate on me—Dash these aeroplanes thought I, when it became a bit clearer to my, numbed brains, as weird chantings of some witch close by: this woke me from a sort of lethargy, I had fallen into, to realize that it was the sweet grumblings of my darling—'useless fellow' she was going on 'fit for nothing but dressing and eating—not worth a pie,' so on and so forth adding testimony after testimony to my honoured and worthy self. This being my sore point, I was sorely nettled, but the Sunday mood prevailed over me and so thinking of Christ and Mahatmaji, I cooed out 'Kamue, what is it you are worrying about dear'—'Dear be hanged' she exploded. "I have to look after every d—n thing and answer every blooming

fellow—the fool of a rice man, the fool from the stores, etc, etc—you are only fit for etc, etc, etc.—Now once or twice when I had gone to show my learning and clear my rusty brains on one of these blokes, when they came shouting to collect their dues, the wife had told me strictly to mind my business and not to interfere and now she says all these unjust things. No wonder, I became righteously angry and so to enforce law and order, commanded her to shut up—'Shut your old self up' she shouted and began praising my worth to best of her ability raising her voice to the highest pitch she was capable of—I knew now that I was in the danger zone and that the wife's flaring point has been reached—Moreover what is the use of arguing or defending myself when there is no one to judge—Let her have her say—That is her favourite pastime—So observing the golden rule I walked out, clapping my shirt on—Peace at any cost—Discretion is the better part of valour.

I was fortunate enough to meet Ganesh in the street end. to him I poured out everything from my burdened and bursting chest—He is the only refuge in my sea of adversity—He consoled me and offered me a fag—Now we have both come to the conclusion that it is neither the wife's, nor my fault—this state of affairs—Everything is my stars I was born under—My blinking stars are to be blamed for all this. Ganesh shall soon be getting me a mighty talisman, to avert the civil influences of my dear old stars—O joy, then there will be no more battles royal, with Kamue and success will be spelt all over me in Capital letters—My friend Ganesh is a sharper.

CAN YOU GUESS?

BY K. S. JOGA RAO.

My first is in **F**irst but not in second,
My second is in **y**ou but not in me,
My third is in **fu**N but not in frolic,
My fourth is in **heav**N but not in hell,
My fifth is in **Bomba****Y** but not in Calcutta,
My sixth is in **Ro****M**e as well as in home,
My seventh is in **m****A**ny but not in few,
My eighth is in **Na****G** as well as in hag,
My whole is the name of a popular Mag.,
You've just got me from the post bag.

AUNI NEW MOON and FLOATING FESTIVAL at TRIVELLORE

11TH TO 13TH JULY 1934

Great sanctity is attached to
this Festival. Pilgrims attend in
THOUSANDS

DON'T MISS THE WORSHIP OF
SREE VEERARAGHAVA PERUMAL
ON THIS GRAND OCCASION



JULY 5, 1934



WHO will not be moved by her mellifluous and pathetic singing and what of that so-called Nightingales of the screen to her?

She was neither a glittering star of the modern screen nor a well trained songstress. She was very poor. She couldn't even cover her nakedness fully. Beauty—of course she had something—but nothing enchanting that could inspire the modern poets or writers. Nature had gifted her with simple beauty—healthy and muscular body, shining with youthful vigour. Nothing extraordinary there was about her personality.

But the gift,—most invaluable and natural, was her sweet melodious tone. With this, she attracted the crowd and yet she was most unfortunate. Every day she would go out, singing mechanically, some pathetic songs and get her bread. In short, that was all about that street-nightingale.

One day, as usual, she was marching along the street, singing a captivating song. The purport of that song was "Ye, Brother, why do you weep over the dead? Nobody is there, in this

universe, who can live to weep. All should go to the dust, one day."

Her tone, that day, was so melodious, that a huge crowd gathered around her. The traffic could hardly make its way through.

Half-an-hour later, she stopped singing, and then proceeded with her bowl in hand: "Gentlemen, contribute something for me—a poor, helpless creature"—thus she went round begging and got something from some of the sympathetic admirers.

Then, the crowd melted away gradually. She was about to leave that place for another. Just on the other side of the road, she saw a young handsome youth, looking at herself with true admiration. He was in plain and simple white dress. First she looked at him inquisitively. His eyes glittered. Then she slowly stepped towards him with her bowl in hand.

"Dear young prince, put in something if you please, for this poor soul" she asked him *entreatingly*. Her soft and pleasant voice sent a thrill in him, and his face was brightened. He smiled at her and said gently

"Well, lady, would you mind following me to my house and to give me the pleasure of your sweet music?" While asking her he fixed his looks on her as if it were a command. She stared at him, doubtfully at first, and then smiled "Yes—but, may I know how far you live from here?" she asked. "Look, there at that turning of the street. Just a few yards walk will do—do you mind that?"

"No—no—but, it is already getting dark. Can I not come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow! Why—it will be just an half-an-hour entertainment and then, off you go."

She pondered over it for a while—hesitated—and then followed him with slow paces.

The first silver rays of the just risen moon fell upon that building and the garden around. The cool gentle breeze stole the fragrance of the flowers. The big building, old by long years—with dim lights here and there presented a gloomy appearance



The young man sat in an old-fashioned armchair and the lady sat on a carpet in front of him looking thoughtfully.

"Now, dear lady, how do you like this?" he interrupted. "Oh—fine" she faltered looking with an air of suspicion all around.

"Why, you feel nervous—eh" he queried her.

"Oh, nothing of it" she said, trying to cheer herself up.

"Now, you may go on with your singing" he said.

Then she began to sing her favourite tune. While she was singing, he was glancing at her with admiration. She completed the tune and awaited his impression. But the young man kept on gazing at her in silence, which she detested very much. She felt uneasiness at that long silence.

"Do you like the tune, sir" she broke in.

"Marvellous!"

"Thank you"

"But, I like something better."

This startled her. She rose up—cast a quick glance at him and said "Now, sir, give me leave to go."

He too rose up, advanced to her and pleaded "Why hurry! Please, sit for a while and entertain me with some more of your tunes. I satisfy you with a fitting reward—don't worry." His eyes gleamed with lust and she noticed it.

"Thank you very much for your kindness, sir, but I should go now."

Without a reply, he took out two ten-rupee notes—approached her and offered. She looked at them. A

beam of joy crept in her looks. With a quick flash she almost snatched them from his hands, and in a second she flew off like a bird in the air crying aloud "To-morrow—To-morrow."

With bewilderment he stood there motionless for hours to get a glimpse of her. At last a thick dark cloud came over the moon and with that the darkness rolled. In that darkness something told him that "To-morrow never comes." Accordingly "To-morrow" never dawned upon him.



Govt. Official: "What is it you want?"

Music Lover: "Can you give me Gohar Jan's plate 'Are Sayya'?"

She was a young bride, out shopping for the first time, and when a hen in a crate in front of a shop cackled she turned in puzzlement to the poulterer.

"Why is the hen making that funny noise?" she demanded.

"She's just laid an egg and is bragging about it," was the reply.

Her retort floored the shopkeeper: "How silly—when eggs are so cheap!"

"Is your young man popular with your people?"

"I should say so. Dad comes downstairs every night at twelve o'clock to see him off."

"May I help you to some boiled rice, Mr. Smith?" asked the landlady of the new lodger.

"No, thank you," he replied. "Rice is associated with the worst mistake of my life."

Hearing someone prowling about downstairs the timid husband seized a candle and proceeded to investigate whilst his even more timid wife buried her head under the bedclothes.

Suddenly her husband came upon a burglar, who covered him with a revolver.

"Oh, don't take any notice of me," protested the timid husband. "I'm only walking in my sleep."

"My wife has been working on the car, Simpkins," the householder said to the chauffeur.

"Very good" sir," he replied. "I'll go and put everything right again."

"FUNNY"

Sole Agents for
MADRAS CITY.

The City
News Agency,

13/14, Pycrofts Road,
First Street,
BOYARATTAN, MADRAS.

A Morning with The Barber!

— BY "JAI JOWHUR" —

THE Barber!

Mentally you prepare yourself for the interview with your barber: true, it is only the Barber—the fellow has been at your service, may be his father at your father's service, and, possibly, his grand father was at your grandfather's service.

But, you do need to get ready to spend a morning of "tidying up" with the aid of the Barber—an institution that the early Aryans handed over to our Epic Period Heroes and their compeers; they to our latter day Vikramadityas; who, in their turn, with the inevitable changes, have passed them on to our own fathers and our own children—no matter whether Akbar tried to weld Hindus and Muslims into a creed of his own creation or Dupleix taught the English the art of conquering and holding India with the help of the Indians themselves.

Mighty changes notwithstanding, the Barber goes on.

To meet His Excellency or to shepherd a Deputation before Her Excellency a party of Women Enthusiasts who wish to enlist the sympathy of Her Excellency for the encouragement of Swadeshi Silk and Swadeshi Attar scents, all you need is to be

dressed according to the discipline of Clothes and appear before there great ones.

You need to be harassed by no more irksome anxieties.

You can meet the Home Member or the Chief Minister or even the puisne Ministers, provided you observe the usual rules of such interviews and apply the usual formulae of flattery and go through the prescribed ceremonies of adoration, and you find the least difficulty in the matter.

The "Interview" or the "Deputation" ends as so many before them ended: that is, you and your friends are all highly satisfied; the high Officials and Rulers are all so pleased to meet you and to promise their "heart-felt sympathy" or their "most careful consideration" or to do "all that can be done under the circumstances."

Faithful narratives of your "Interviews" appear in the papers and group photos of your friends, if lucky, along with the potentates, accompany the narratives to further illumine your endeavours and publish them among your countrymen to bring home to them how you are striving for their weal and welfare.

But a morning with the Barber is quite a different matter. He comes to you in

the guise of a harmless help-mate, while he sees every movement and watches every body in your household and draws inferences quite independent of what you think or want others to think of you and your home, your wife and children.

Not that he tells you in so many words the secrets of what his active mind and quick eye have seen. It is only a case of his "Done unto others as you would be done into."

He comes by appointment one fine morning. His apparatus and appliances for your make up are all packed into a handy box, though, days were in the West (in the East even now) when the Barber was needed to ply the knife over the body for purposes more serious than merely ornamental. He makes his polite *Salaams* or *namas-karams*, opens out the implements reserved for your toilette and begins his duties.

True, Science and Invention have conspired and brought about many contraptions against his time-honoured trade. Safety razors, shavex, fool-proof blades shriek themselves hoarse in the market that you can look smart without the terrors of the (barbarous or) barber's blade—

JULY 5, 1984

But he has survived them all.

He is safe, and, instead of bidding fair to be scrapped like our steam engines by Electricity or floating men-of-war by bombs from Airplanes, he grows in strength and importance.

Without his weekly or fortnightly or monthly news-service with comments of his own on men and matters, you would never understand the true proportion of events. And, if rumour be true, it is said that some of our great rulers often get their views on public affairs checked or corroborated or criticised or supplemented by what their barber has to whisper into their ears.

"Well, Narayan, go on," you say to your barber and you let him give you a crop or a shave for some special function.

"With pleasure, Sir," and Narayan proceeds; and by way of introduction—as a test balloon, lets out a small remark. "It was so funny, sir."

"What was funny?"

That is the very question Narayan panted for: it is now a command of yours, and he proceeds.

"No doubt, the girl was impudent, but the Tahsildar's wife branded the girl over the thighs and legs. Of course, we servants have to be careful, whatever it is. But that is the way with young masters in the household of high officials."

"What young master is that?"

"Only yesterday morning the son of our Superintendent of Police actually whipped the coachman because the riding pony was not ready, Sir, but that son is like our Zemindar's adopted boy; sir."

"Is he also like that?"

"Why, Sir, Zemindar's son would go about with a whip; and if anybody is whipped, Zemindar says that nobody has any business to be in his way, so much so that that young woman in the Zemindar's bungalow had to be brought out of the well, luckily not dead."

"Girl in the well! Narayan?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"It is a matter about mighty people, Sir. Some say that the son of the Zemindar molested her; you know, sir, she is a good-looking and very well-behaved girl. Some say that she did so because the Zemindarini beat her so severely that she rushed to the well because she could not bear the beating; and some say that some quarrel between the Zemindar and his wife threw the young woman into the well, sir. But nothing like our magistrate's house, sir, they are always happy: it is the dwelling place of Laxmi, Sir. Really, Sir, it is a home where they have plenty, fruit, food and fodder, as much as everybody needs and more: always happy, Sir."

And what broadcasting service can displace this critic, seer, friend and observer, all rolled into one?

"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."

Teacher: "What is bread chiefly used for, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Please, sir, bread is chiefly used to spread butter and jam on."

Motorist (*proudly*): "I left London two hours ago. Can you beat that?"

Villager: "Ay, zur. Oi left seventy years ago."

Williams: "I wish I was dead."

Friend: "Can't you marry her—or did you?"

Marathon Runner (coming in an easy last): "Did you take my time?"

Timekeeper: "I didn't have to. You took it yourself."

Patient: "What is your charge for drawing this tooth?"

Dentist: "Seven and sixpence, sir."

Patient: "What! Seven and sixpence for about three seconds' work?"

Dentist: "Well, I'll draw it out slowly if you like."

Old Lady: "The watch I told you about wasn't stolen. I found it at home."

Police Sergeant: "Too late; we've arrested the thief."

"See that man? He looks honest, but he defrauded me of half a million."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, he refused me the hand of his daughter."

Irascible Father: "So you have the impertinence to want to become my son-in-law."

Suitor: "Well, it's not quite that, sir. As a matter of fact, I wanted to marry your daughter."

MY COOK AND THE COOKER

— BY "ZUNDT AAROM" —

GENERALLY speaking I am not of the complaining sort, no. But I think I should raise my voice of protest, feeble though it be, against the system of education, such as at present obtains in our schools and colleges for girls. You need not look askance at me, Mr. Editor, and point out that yours is not an "Educational Review," for I can assure at the very outset that mine is much less a thesis on "Some suggestions for the improvement of the curriculum of studies for girls." All that I wish to point out—and, of course, I do it with all the force that this pen can command—that those at the helm of education forget the fundamental fact that the girls who pass out from the schools and colleges have, at some time or other, another role to play, another phase of life to enter. It is almost a truism to say that the modern 'educated' girl, if ever she gets 'yoked', proves a miserable failure as a house-wife.

I am not an incorrigible conservative or a veritable Rip van Winkle to suggest that all that my wife need know is to cook, wash clothes and darn socks; no, certainly not. On the other hand, I even concede that a thorough grounding in Pure and Applied Mathematics, a knowledge of Advanced Physics, Chemistry or any other of the natural sciences or even a full complement of Philosophy will not adversely affect the intellectual faculties of my wife. But what in fact, I plead for, is that side by side with the acquisition of knowledge in the above subjects, she should be taught the elements of cooking, house-keeping and such other subjects as will stand her in good stead in her later life.

Look at my wife, Janaki, for instance. She is a full-fledged 'Bachelor' of Arts hailing from one of our premier Universities. She has been described (the description, by the way, has to be largely discounted, since it came from an editor to whom she sends her literary efforts for publication) 'as a fine product of the University' and all that. She can play tennis, solve crossword puzzles by

the square yard, send literary contributions by the dozen and so on. Her tastes are, as any critic would certainly admit, refined; and her hobby is the healthy pastime of horticulture.

You envy me, don't you? Oh yes, you do, for I almost hear you exclaim "A lucky dog, that one." But unfortunately human nature is such that no single body is satisfied with his or her lot; and, of course, I claim no exception. My only complaint against Janaki, is that she does not know what I rightly believe quite essential for one's better half to know, the elements of cooking. Never was this fact more forcibly borne in upon me than when my cook, Velu—short for Velayudham—took casual leave for a week to minister to his sick mother. There was none available for 'relieving duty' for this short period. To crown all, Krishnan, my man, unfortunately to every one concerned took to his bed with a shivering fit of ague and had to be sent to the hospital. In short, Janaki and I were left to shift for ourselves.

"Dear, I think, after all, we shall have to arrange with Neo-Ranjitha vilas—" I began in a sepulchral voice.

"Why!", Janaki suddenly stopped turning over the pages of the Concise Oxford Dictionary—she was solving some 'puzzle' or other, I reckoned—and looked up, "as if we, I mean, I can't cook. Cooking is mere child's play. Any fool can cook well. And don't you know, dear, from a hygienic point of view the hotels are—well", she sniffed.

"Yes, yes, you are right, dear, I admit; but, can you?—er—will you?—er—"

"I can manage it all right," Janaki was quite confident, "you can set your mind at ease on that score."

"You are a dear," I said, patting her affectionately on the back, "But somehow I was under the impression that you were never initiated into the mysteries of the art of cooking."

"Perhaps that is so; but, didn't I say that I can manage it?,"

"How?"

"Get me a 'Kukeesie' cooker. 'It simplifies cooking.' You have only to follow the instructions they send along with it and the meals will be ready in a jiffy. It is almost fool-proof. No house should be without a 'Kukeesie' cooker."

"Right," I agreed.

"In course of time, we can even dispense with our cook altogether and think what a real saving it will be. Not at all a messy affair, the cooker is. So many eminent gentlemen have certified about its usefulness."

In my heart of hearts I had my own doubts, whether it was worth the money spent on it; but I had no other alternative. The same evening I purchased a 'Kukeesie' cooker. It was quite a compact thing so easy to carry. We read and re-read the instructions enclosed and followed them implicitly. They were very simple indeed and the cooker did simplify cooking to a remarkable degree.

We were both as hungry as wolves and as soon as everything was ready, we had a hearty go at our self-cooked meals. Now I come to think of it, I remember that the rice was not well cooked, so also were the vegetables. But we were so hungry that we paid little attention to these minor details.

At about midnight, I felt some discomfort and woke up. Susila was already awake and was massaging her belly.

"What is it, dear," I sang out.

"There is something the matter with my stomach" was her reply.

"I too feel some discomfort in my abdomen; a sort of colicky pain," I said.

"Yes, it is colicky pain that I am also having," Janaki had begun to groan audibly.

My discomfort increased by leaps and bounds, until at last it was unbearable. Janaki's groans were becoming louder every minute. I

JULY 5, 1984

Measure For Measure

"YEJIYAR"

It was almost a deserted thoroughfare but for a solitary traveller who was slowly wending his way. Samban slowly rose, and chuckled. He congratulated himself on his good luck. After satisfying himself that there was no other soul about, he came out of his hiding place.

There was a bump and both of them rolled over. Muttering profuse apologies, Samban lifted him up, whilst with a dexterity born of long and arduous practice, swiftly transferred the contents of his victim's pockets to his own.

His victim piling silent curses descending to his seventh generation, marched on, and in a few minutes was out of sight. "God!" Samban exclaimed, 'bet my life—there'll be hundreds in

decided that it was time to 'phone for my doctor.

Dr. Chinnappa was a particular friend of mine and he came round instantly. He diagnosed our complaint as acute indigestion.

"Did you both eat anything unusual—anything not easily digested?" was his query.

Between groans I managed to tell him all about the Kukeesie cooker.

"I see, I see," he had an irritating habit of repeating the same word a number of times, "no wonder, no wonder. Dear souls, you have stuffed into your stomach what practically amounts to raw rice and vegetables. Shove the cooker into the lumber room, did you hear, lumber room, the first thing in the morning. I have got an extra cook with me just at present: you can have him temporarily till your permanent man comes. The mixture? Yes, I shall give it round presently. But don't forget to chuck the cooker into the lumber to-morrow. The kitchen is hardly the place to keep it in," was his parting shot.

"Thanks awfully, doctor. Don't forget to send me the cook. We may require him for a week."

"Righto, good night".

this wallet," and walked on rapidly to a quiet place to examine his spoils.

Bang! Suddenly a heavy hand descended on his shoulder, and Samban stopped dead in his strides. His heart missed a beat, and a cold chill ran through his spine to behold a well-built man in uniform (probably belonging to C.I.D.) regarding him fiercely. Samban trembled and felt uneasy in his iron grip. He tried to speak but his dry tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and could only stare at him.

"What's the dirty game you are after, you bloke?" snarled the burly man in uniform.

"Nothing!" quibbled Samban.

"Trying to kid me? Me-Ranjit Singh of the C.I.D. Eh?" rapped the Inspector, "as if I didn't know?"

"You are making a mistake, inspector," ventured Samban.

"Eh? well, you'll understand who's making mistakes, you blooming fool. Come, march on to the lock-up. I arrest you on a charge of er—" pick-pocket," said the Inspector.

"Nothing of the sort, Sir," said Samban.

"You can't pull my legs, you dirty sneak," said he, "come on, out with your spoils. I'll get you six months' hard labour at least."

Without a word of murmur, Samban pulled out the wallet from his inner pockets and handed over to the C.I.D. quite reluctantly.

"Well, march on to the station; It's the best place for you," said the inspector.

"Please.....Sir...." quibbled Samban, "for heaven's sake let me go, Sir."

"H'm! let you go? No, my laddie, don't expect it in your life. You deserve more than six months."

"Don't.....Don't.....Sir, for God's sake" he whimpered, "I promise not to do it again."

C.I.D. was gogitative. "Well—" he said at last, "I let you go this time as a special case," and continued, "and mind—I warn you—if you are to be seen hereabout next time, I would bring

the noose round your neck as sure as er-my name is "Ranjit Singh" be gone, you imp."

Samban sneaked away, cursing him from the bottom of his heart and bestowing unmentionable testimonials.

Next day the following notification appeared in the local dailies:—

NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL

A WANTED MAN.

REWARD OF Rs. 1,000/-

Notorious criminal Jambu Nadan who is baffling the entire C.I.D. is still continuing his activities posing as one closely connected with this branch. Information is to hand that he was last seen somewhere near the metropolis posing as a Detective Inspector Ranjit Singh.

A reward of Rs. 1,000/- will be given to anyone giving information leading to his arrest.

MADRAS. } HARDSTAFF.
Commissioner of
C. I. D. Police

.....When Samban happened to read the above notification he very nearly collapsed and could only exclaim, "Ah, that comes of respecting Law, Order and Police!"

Don't come down the ladder, Mike, I've taken it away."

Mike: "Well, put it back, I'm half-way down."

Butler: "Your car is at the door, sir."

Guest: "I know. I heard it knocking."

Customer: "Well the spaghetti I ordered be long?"

Waitress: "We never measure it, sir."

RAMBLES OF A RUDE TUTOR

— BY "AHA" —

THE more humorous incidents passing before us, unconscious of their own humour, hardly be conceived in any other of our life except when we were young and when we were creeping like mail, unwilling to school. If only has the memory to recollect those long shows of the early walks of life, he can as well reduce to a great extent the coffers of the papers.

ne such funny incident now rushes to my mind when I behold, day in day-out, boys, students and girls mauling in the streets of Broad-shopping in Book depots to have new books for their promoted es.

was in the month of May in Ooty I felt lazy either to work or to and write. When boys were eager and enthusiastic for studies I'd I be lazy! Yes, it is because I had not the promotion about the school going population of a have serious sensational discussions, wherever they meet, not even for their play, hunger and sit at this time of the year.

merciless Education! maintained same rudeness even on the chill of the Earth as it has upon many of the younger generation. I forced to study in my own house, my own room, though I successfully away from school even in spite of the repeated threatenings of my nts.

often murmured within me 'I'd rather meet the angry father than the ragings (or ravings?) of the schoolmaster who puzzled my brains with grammar, nonsense learning.' Yet I had to become victim of my private tutor who a man of stern command and sed determination. Never in my I could imagine such a rude tutor.

looking at his personality, the stor might be thought to be hard-ated. When he has created the r of mine with a pain of fearful

eyes, too hard for a boy of my age to endure. I would have even preferred to see hours together the most thrilling pictures such as 'Frankenstein', 'Mummy', Educational Robot 'The Invisible Man', 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde', etc., than to look into his eyes.

I cursed my life and my boyhood when I had the misfortune to meet him day after day without even a holiday, casual leave or French leave. But God never missed my prayers.

Such was the sincerity of my prayer to the Almighty to take away this monster of a tutor from this world to the world of Death or to cause him some accident that I spent most of my pocket money in offering to the Demigod, visages of camphor and dozens of cocoanuts, while many of our friends spent their pocket money in puffing off the cold weather in Gold flakes and silvery curls. I do not know if God really loves the young. But somehow my prayers were in vain.

I was forced to have his tuition with his threatenings of the Demons of the Fairy Tales. It was on the most happy and festive day in my house that I remain all the more heedless to my home-work and impositions which the ogre of a tutor had imposed upon me as a punishment.

In the evening when I was playing after my hearty meal I beheld this man coming at the distance of a furlong even without the help of his spectacles which many a youth of to-day has the fortune to wear, (whether to have a clear vision or for the up-to-date fashion's sake, I do not know) filling the purses of many starving opticians.

So I had to find some possible excuses to absent myself from the infliction. I rushed into my room and managed somehow to sit in a cupboard which was large enough to hold me. Of course, I could breathe the fresh air though I could hear the measured steps of my tutor through the

key-hole through which we generally have a secret view of things.

My tutor sat himself comfortably in a cushion chair, with the air of a judge in the 'Star Chamber' Court of Henry V II waiting for some one to be accused.

After a short time, without even having the patience to wait, he called me by my pet name. Ah! Even a pet name, if unfortunately it comes out of his mouth loses all its charms and tenderness. But there was no reply. He then began searching my room and adjacent compartments and even under chairs and tables like the police of to-day, searching the houses for revolutionary pamphlets and pistols.

Thanks to the Almighty!

He was not thoughtful enough to search the cupboard in which I was sitting like a babe in the mother's womb. Then he made all the members of my family understand that I had run away with some bad boys which my people could not believe for a moment. He did not stop with that but went on 'broadcasting' the news of my missing to the whole street!

While the male members of the family went about searching for me, the females raised a hue and cry as though I had departed from this world depriving them of my sunny smiles. The sentiments, emotions and feelings expressed in their cries were even more appealing to the human soul than the stanza of our philanthropic poet which runs as follows:—

"Ah! what would be the world to us.

If the 'children' were no more
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

But nothing would be appealing to the rude sense of my tutor who was bent upon taking vengeance if I were to be found. That was why I determined not to come out of the cupboard.

It was cries, cries everywhere in the house.

But my conscience pricked me not to attempt to the extreme and so I had to put an end to this pursuit, partly owing to the suffocation inside and partly owing to my hunger. I burst out of the cupboard like a chicken from an egg.

The cries were changed into laughter. Oh! How beautiful it looks to imagine and recollect such a past event of my life even from the childhood!

THE CHANGE FOR THE SEASON

By PRABHAKAR



PART I

"S-s-s-sh! What's all the noise there? Down with it. S-s-s-sh. Neela? Nee-laa?"

"I am here, mother. Just coming."

"Can't you stop that noise? What-ever is that?"

"A car. Hullo! Father is coming. It's our own car, Dear. I shall ask the chauffeur to silence the engine."

And Neela met her father. He seemed to be in a very good humour. From the crown of his head to the tip of the toe, he exhibited a surface of that cheerfulness of spirit and goodness of disposition that was most habitual to him.

"S-s-s-sh! Curse the weather. I am dying. Neela! Neela! Nobody to care for me, no, not even my own people. The earlier I die, the better. I am a burden; Yes, surely a burden. I shall lose you from that. S-s-s-sh."

Good Gracious! What a world is this?" And Satya went on cursing mankind in general.

A doctor however efficient would examine her to diagnose the disease, of course, in vain. For in fact there is no complaint in her system except that she daily overloads her stomach to which appetite is sternal. And those persons who eat much do not feel at ease at all. Bilioussness, acidity, and drowsiness are some of the general symptoms of that disease. She is no

exception to them, in as much as she never gives rest to her digestive system.

Her husband (Mr. Raju) aged mid-way between thirty and forty was a man of quiet features, of good height lovable manners and lenient temperament. The exclamations emanating from the next room did catch his notice and he overheard them with ominous expression of face. Neela rushed to her. At the same time a shrill cry—"I'm dying"—uttered at the highest pitch a human voice could ever produce, startled him to jump a little in the air. He ran to her with a swiftness that is incredible. He would have at once 'phoned for medical assistance had not Neela whispered to him that there was nothing very alarming.

"Whatever is the matter?" he demanded of Neela.

But his wife herself took pains to answer his query.

"So late home? Why not come a little later? You would have found me dead, perhaps. Then you would have been happy! I believe. Yes, who cares for me? I wish I were dead and gone. 'Whatever is the matter' he is coming now and asking!"

This short speech rendered in her characteristic manner, suiting the action to the word to give more conviction and strength to her expressions, had such a desired effect on him that he appeared much put out, diminished in size, and ready to obey her commands.

"Dear," he said in a low tone. "Shall I call for a doctor?"

"Call for a doctor? Why don't you do so instead of asking me. Well, well, for Heaven's sake, don't. There is no need for him, yet. I would like to have a drink. Soda-water will do—no, no—better a crush. Wait, wait, get me both. Do you hear me?"

The drinks being produced before her, shortly after, were transferred to a drinking glass. The contents were quickly emptied without any remark on their quality but with a remark on the smallness of their quantity. She, appearing to feel better, rested herself on a sofa asking Neela to fan her and fell fast asleep.

Her husband much surprised at the strangeness of her behaviour asked

Neela if she could account for it. But Neela expressed that she was as much surprised as he.

She slept soundly for a considerable time snoring the walls out. Waking up she announced she felt very much better. Her humour seemed to have undergone a gradual change during the long slumber, in as much as she was disposed to talk in no unkind terms to her husband.

"What a bad weather?" Satya remarked to him. "How dreadful is the sun?"

"Indeed, very bad. Can't help," he returned, feeling at ease at her goodness of disposition.

"The truth is, the weather is playing havoc on me. I cannot endure this. I would be dried to the bone in a short time. Look, how fleshless I look: and look at Neela. She is so much cut down. And, moreover, it is awfully perspiring."

"Quite true" he nodded. "But what are we to do?"

"The answer is so clear and the problem is so easily solved. Let us leave this place for a cooler one, say, Ootacamund or Bangalore and stay there for the summer."

"Ooty?" he exclaimed.

"Why not? Our neighbours have gone there last night. Can't we afford to go? In what way are they better off than we, I wonder!" She threatened by her manner to relapse into the former state of illness immediately, if he did not approve her proposal. And this threat had the desired effect.

"Well," he declared after a moment's thinking. "We shall go."

"To Bangalore, isn't it?" And he nodding approval she continued, "A good creature, you are, dear!" She poured forth a string of affectionate terms on him.

"In that case, dear," he said, "let us travel by Bangalore Mail to-morrow night. Then pack all the things in earnest."

"Is it for this end that you have affected all this, Woman?" he said to himself. We presume he is not in the wrong in thinking like that.

End of Part the First

Next Issue:
THEY TRAVEL TO BANGALORE

More Like It.

On the fields of sport to-day,
The modern girls are tireless—
Or, would it be more apt to make
That final word—"attireless?"

In a family of five children, ten to 2 years old from elder to younger, the mother and father were giving cakes. The father asked one by one, "Children, what do you want? Mother or father?" One replied, "mother" and another "father", but the last child replied, "I want neither mother nor father but cakes."

K. V. David,
Vellimalaipatti.

Teacher:—Where have you been for the last six days?

Boy:—I went for my wife's marriage.

(Near a station a thief was carrying away a box.)

Police:—What is in that box?

Thief:—To tell you the truth, I have not opened it yet.

B. S. Sundara Rao,
Tenali.

Old man:—Are you kind to your brother?

Young boy:—Yes sir, I give him my medicine that he may be healthy, and I eat his sweetmeats so that he may not get ill.

Theatrical manager:—I shall have to ask you to leave if you continue to hiss the performance.

The offending one:—H-hiss the perform. I—w-w-w-as s-s-simply s-s-saying to s-s-Sundaram that the s-s-singing was s-s-simply s-s-superb—

"The Doctor said that he would have me walking again in three weeks."

"Well, did he do it?"

"He did. I had to sell my motor car to pay his bills."

P. R. Subramanian,
Sivaganga.



MRS. Ramaswamy burst into her husband's office room in a fury and flopped into a chair.

"Sundaresan," she said stormily, "will never marry a daughter of mine. I ordered him out of the house. Yes, I did!"

"But dear!" Mr. Ramaswamy stared blankly at his better half. Sent Sundaresan packing?" he scratched his bald head, too puzzled for words. "You were so keen and anxious on getting him into the family. I thought you were going to make him propose to Sarla?"

Yes I did arrange everything and that was my intention. I thought that my brother's son was a paragon of perfection. Yesterday I hid behind the screen to watch events after I had left him alone with our daughter Sarla, pretending to go to the kitchen."

"Well?"

"It wasn't well," snapped Mrs. Ramaswamy. "Sundaresan is simply unbearable. As soon as I left, he kicked poor pussy, but I didn't mind that. He took a jilebi which I had prepared, from the tray, and believe it or not, threw it to the dog. But I didn't mind that. Then would you believe it? He actually turned my photograph upside down on the table, so he did!"

"So you sent him away to your brother?" suggested Mr. Ramaswamy patiently. "No I didn't. I did not mind even that. He took Sarla in his arms crushed her like a bear, and did she protest? Not by a long shot, she didn't. Then he kissed her. One of those long-drawn-out screen kisses. He put her on his knee, and the two were soon merrily chatting away like monkeys."

"Then they quarrelled, eh?" hazarded Mr. Ramaswamy with resignation.

"No, they didn't. I shouldn't have minded if they had. Sundaresan said,

he was going to get a rise as he was about to be transferred to N. Arcot in the capacity of Bank Manager. He then asked our darling Sarla to marry him. Sarla, like the fool she is, at once accepted him and almost kissed him herself, the brazen hussy! I told you that this modern education was never going to do any good to our Indian girls; didn't I———?"

"Well, cut the sermon short, and tell me the subject, on which we are now engaged," broke in Mr. Ramaswamy.

"Now let me see. Where was I? Ah, yes. He asked Sarla to marry him and she fell in flat. Then what do you think that big slinking bouncer, that d—d rotter, that—"

"Aw, cut it. Swearing ain't any good," interrupted Mr. Ramaswamy.

"Well, that bouncer said, that I was like a bad dream, a pain in his

neck and interfering, poking, meddling, gossiping old busybody and that if they married, would have to live where I couldn't get at them!"

"Did he really say that?" asked Mr. Ramaswamy, with an ill suppressed chuckle.

"Yes, he did!" answered his better half.

And would you believe it, that girl of ours smokes like a chimney. She even blows rings through her mouth. Perfectly shaped ones too. But when he——"

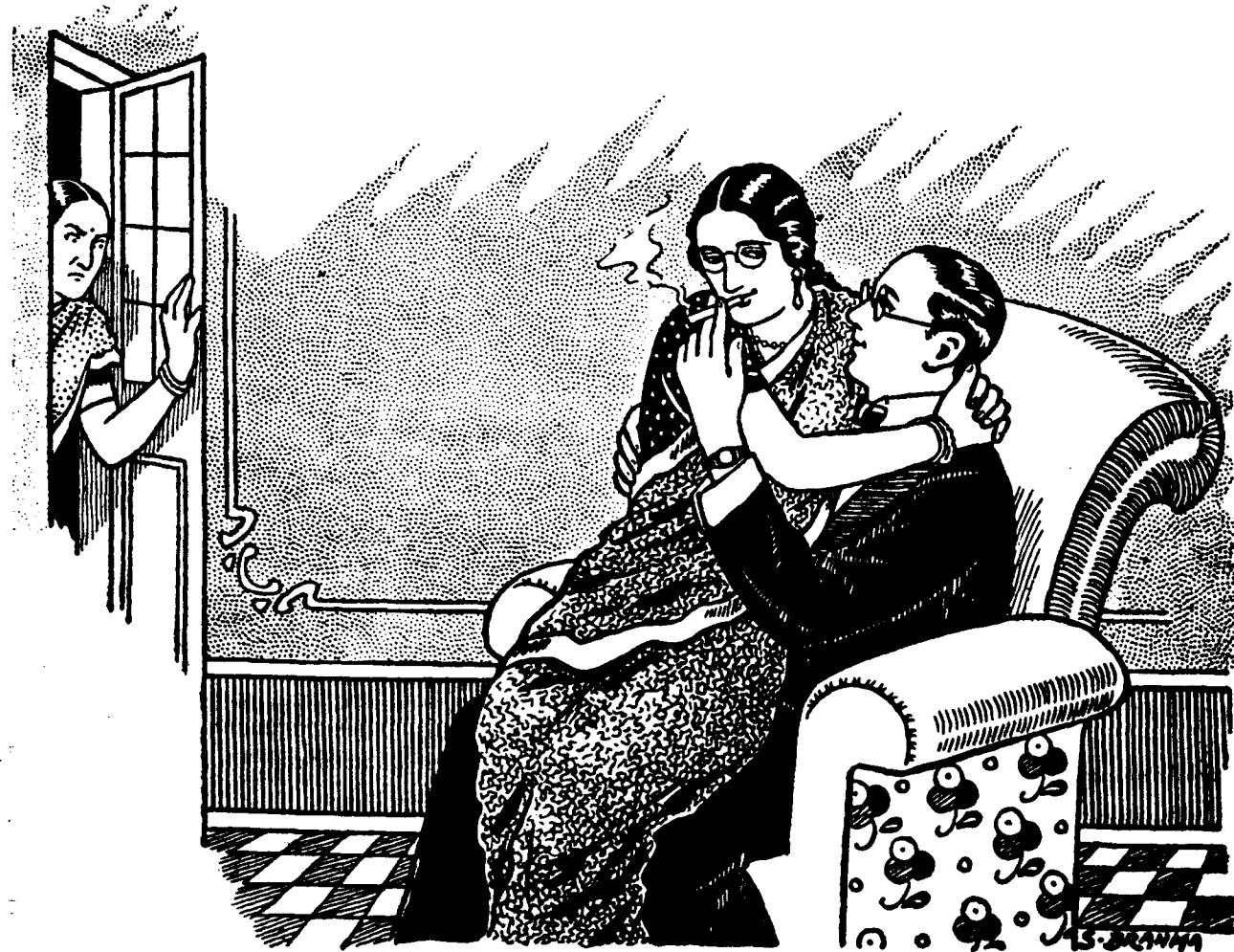
"Withdrew his offer of marriage eh?" suggested Mr. Ramaswamy with a little yawn.

"He didn't, I shouldn't have minded that. But he did worse!" Here

"And then?" echoed Mr. Ramaswamy braced for the worst.

"Then would you believe it, he wiped his bally shoes with the new Bangalore saree you gave me for my Deepavali Present last year. So he did."

"Did he do that?"



"Oh, he did, did he? You showed proper spirit in resenting such an insult," said hubby approvingly. "So you came from behind the screen and ordered him to pack and get out?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't even mind that. I did not care two pins for his insults. I didn't even say a word when he offered a cigarette to Sarla."

the Mrs. burst into tears at the recollection and the sobs and heaves continued for five minutes. Then she continued, "When Sundaresan got up from the chair, he upset the paint-pot that you had carelessly left under the table after doing the garden fence. He spoilt the lovely rug. And did I mind even that? No. His boots were all wet with the paint. And then——"

Yes, he did. He——"

But Mr. Ramaswamy had fled from the room.

"My dear give a man enough rope, and he'll hang himself."

"Well, I gave my husband plenty, and he skipped!"

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

THE ACTRESS

OR

BOMBAY-KI-MOHINI

How she became an actress? But nay—she was already an actress playing nearly a role on the stage—this world. "All the world's a stage." All human beings are actors playing their parts on the stage of this Universe. Here was a more colourful life than that of many others. She had to become Actress in the real sense of the word—she had to take to acting for her daily bread, love of the name of the family compelled her to take to this. No sacrifice was great for her to keep the family name untarnished.

The Frontier mail was rushing to Bombay. Shyama an Actress of Ideal Movietone of Bombay was sitting in a second-class compartment. She was returning from outdoors.

Two young men were sitting in an adjoining compartment. One was Mr. Amarnath the C. I. D. Officer of Bombay, returning from holiday tour to Lahore and the other Mr. Dhru who called himself Yusuf. He was returning from Lahore with a big theft of currency notes to the tune of 50,000.

Amarnath was shocked to read the news of the robbery in one of the dailies. The headlines were glaring. He took the newspaper from Yusuf. The shrewd detective smelt a rat. He watched Yusuf minutely and stealthily.

At midnight Yusuf thinking the detective fast asleep went into the adjoining room. The detective however was hiding his time. He got up and managed to look over Yusuf's photo album lying on the berth. He saw photos of Yusuf in different dresses. His doubt was confirmed. From the album he took one photo of Yusuf in Hindu dress.

Shyama and her maid were fast asleep. Yusuf threw the maid off the window and taking valuables from Shyama's trunk returned to his compartment taking care to leave everything look as if undisturbed.

The detective's doubt was confirmed by the muffled cry of the maid. The detective was watching all the movements of Yusuf. He concluded that Yusuf must have committed the crime as well as other thefts.

As soon as he resumed duties, Amarnath was entrusted with the investigation of the murder of the Police Superintendent of Ramnagar. There was no clue except from one Mr. Mubarak who was deputed by the State for hunting out the murderer who was supposed to have fled down to Bombay.

While Sarala the innocently simple daughter of the justices of Ramnagar was trapped into love by Yusuf and brought down to Bombay. She came to know about Yusuf's character too late! She had taken the hasty step of marrying Yusuf impelled as she was by true love. She had a daughter one year old.

While opening the bedding, Sarala found to her astonishment notes to the extent of Rs. 50,000 sewn into the mattress. She had read about the robbery in the Lahore newspaper that Yusuf brought with him. That confirmed her doubt. She hid the money.

Amarnath donned the dress of a Pathan and watched every movement of Yusuf and Shyama. He overheard Yusuf telling Shyama how he would have gone in for a studio but for a theft of his Rs. 50,000.

Amarnath was sure of his suspicions. He made Mubarak his personal assistant and deputed him to watch Yusuf's movements. Mubarak managed to get currency notes that Yusuf had stolen. The numbers of these notes tallied with those published in the papers.

Sarala was immensely harassed by Yusuf. But she was an ideal Hindu Woman. She stuck fast to her duty and love. But Yusuf cared not for her as he was enamoured of

Shyama. Ultimately she was driven out of the home as she could not pay the rent.

Sarala, the pet child of a judge, now wandered in the streets. She struggled hard seeking for an honest living. She nearly lost the balance of her mind and was one day dashed by Shyama's car. Her child died. Shyama and Nannumiya took her with them.

Yusuf was employed as an actor through Shyama. Both of them stayed together. Amarnath joined the same studio as Rashid.

At Shyama's place Sarala was subjected to all temptations but to no avail. Shyama wanted to exploit the beauty of Sarala. Yusuf unknowingly tried to persuade her. But he got the surprise of his life when Sarala scolded him and told him who she was. He got wild with her. But Mubarak as a veiled man rescued her.

Sarala was given shelter at Amarnath's house. He assured her every help. But Sarala—drifted as she was by stormy winds of fate—yet yearned for an honest living. Amarnath as Rashid had been a good chum of the director. Director came one day to his house. He saw Sarala and was much impressed by her voice and beauty. As Sarala, owing to her culture and education had regard for the art of acting, she accepted his offer to play the heroine in his best picture.

Amarnath was keen about his mission. He looked everyday to the studio letter board just to see if any letter addressed to Yusuf had come. One day he came across such a letter. It was from one Ram Singh from Ramnagar, a chum of Yusuf. A new chapter was opened.

Yusuf was shocked to see Sarala (Mohini was her real name) as a chief star of the Studio. He was all the more enraged to see her and Rashid in a love scene in a Mohammedan picture. Backed as she was by chastity and purity she paid Yusuf back in his own coin in the wordy battle that ensued.

Amarnath and Mubarak were contriving for meeting Ram Singh at Ramnagar. They wanted to take Yusuf with them. Whereas Yusuf tried to do away with them. But Mubarak frustrated all his attempts.

Sarala saved Yusuf from the clutches of his creditor by paying them off from her earnings.

Amarnath and Mubarak persuaded the Director to go to Ramnagar—state

for outdoors where Mubarak assured them of all help. Yusuf hesitated to go there but Shyama forced him to accompany her.

At Ramnagar Amarnath called Ram Singh at Mubarak's place. Ram Singh threatened by Amarnath, confessed everything. He told that his name was Dhuru—as also how he trapped Sarala in his web, how the superintendent was murdered because he loved Sarala—how Yusuf ran to Bombay with the helpless Sarala. Having squeezed all the facts, Amarnath ran to Police.

Here on location Director was wild as Rashid was not to be seen. Everything was ready for shooting—all were in make up and camera and the mike were set up. Horses were kept ready. To their wonder Rashid came there with the police, and pointed out Dhuru. Dhuru ran on horseback. Police and Mubarak followed. Dhuru picked up an aeroplane. Mubarak chased him in another. Dhuru tried to alight with the parachute and tried to escape, but was caught by Mubarak. The Director and the whole staff were baffled to see a detective an actor.

At the court, Sarala's father sat in judgement over his son-in-law. Sarala and Amarnath were examined. The father was upset; there was a struggle in his heart between justice and affection. But Sarala did not budge an inch from the truth. She told everything to her father to stick to Justice. Yusuf was punished.

But the Maharajah was greatly pleased by Sarala's sufferings and highly appreciated her character and her father's impartial sense of justice. Dhuru was granted a pardon.

Shyama was dismissed from the company and Sarala was happy at last.

Asbestos-lined Cells for Convicts." So that even fire cannot break out?"

Nothing is achieved by sitting still, we are told. Except by hens.

A woman writer says a husband doesn't realise when he is well off. Maybe, but he realises when he was well off.

"Can you tell the time, Tommy?"
"1934, Daddy!"
"I said the time!"
"And I'm telling you, Daddy. It's 1935 now!"

My ⁶⁶Novelistic Career ⁹⁹

— By Mee-har-bi —

SINCE time immemorial, my one ambition has been to become a great novelist. From my pre-high school days, the art of writing, especially novels, had a magnetic attraction for me. My zeal, though great, was counterpoised by a salient lack of that commodity, known as imagination, which is the chief stock in trade of the community whom I vainly sought to join. Could I but procure a sufficient quantity of this quality I would be on enviable terms with your Galsworthy, G.K.C., Wells, Wallace or the rest of the legion.

Nevertheless, I will briefly delineate here the history of my ephemeral "novelistic career." (I hope, this auto-ana will pass muster.)

Not to be daunted by such trifles as want of imagination, or a meagre vocabulary, I tried to make good this drawback with perseverance and sheets of paper. My endeavours invaded into the small hours of the morning. Gallons of mid-night oil were consumed and reams of paper were blackened and consigned to the W.P.B. At long last, I managed to hit upon "Love's Revenge" as the title to my would-be masterpiece. And after a proportionately long and expensive period, I succeeded in writing the first paragraph laying the opening scene, in Reynold's fashion, in a flower garden, flooded with mellow moon-light; innumerable different fragrances beautifully blended into one aromatic ecstacy gently floating upon every soft breath of wind and with a peaceful calm pervading the whole atmosphere.

Here, my brain became a dark void, the mental machinery flatly refused to function. No amount of lubrication, in the shape of stimulating tea and coffee, and a handful of cigarettes would goad the mechanism on. I thought and thought and thought, till the machinery creaked so, that the old bean ached fit to split. I left it at that for the nonce.

Then, one night, after a long doze, induced by somnolent deep thinking, the grey matter, just escaping by the skin of its teeth to catch a brain-fever,

fortunately got a brain wave instead. To the disturbance of the sleeping household and the disgust of the neighbourhood, I toppled over the chair with a shriek meant to intonate 'eureka,' but treacherously oscillating between the grunt of a pig and the bray of a donkey. For, at last, inspiration came to me in an overwhelming flood.

I had it upon a rare and ingenious idea or rather the idea, from some remote corner of a long since extinct memory hit my brain. I wove the idea into a feasible plot, clothing it with suitable words to give it a realistic colour. I narrated at a tortuous length of ponderous words, how the dauntless hero dying to meet and declare his love to his beloved sweet-heart, stole clandestine marches upon her privacy in her own garden, where she was wont to go every evening to play upon her harp; how after several failures, he could call up sufficient courage to climb over the garden wall and face her; how, at sight of him, she was transported with ecstatic joy and flung herself into his outstretched arms to weep her heart out upon his broad shoulders; how they decided to fly away to some distant land and lead a peaceful married life out of reach of the generations-old acrimonious animosity, nurtured mutually with tender care, between both the families; how this secret, somehow or other leaked out; how the prejudiced rage of the parents of both the parties, in its blindness, imposed too severe restrictions upon the youthful lovers, who, in the despair of their first love quelled, played upon their own lives, thus revenging themselves upon their foolish parents, who, the scales falling from their stupid eyes, wept each over the grave of his only child falling prey to his selfishness; how forgetting all their ancient grievances and wrongs, in their mutual loss, they were reconciled to one another over the graves of their health, happiness, lives and hopes.

Till I reached home, I didn't know what happened to me. But on my bed, I got a glimpse of the truth. I shed bitter tears over my treacherous memory, which did not give me a hint of the similarity, however remote, between my plot and that of the beggar Shakespeare, who could not be contented with stealing stage (or is it dear?), but should go about exhausting every conceivable theme thus spoiling the rosy chances of the budding authors of future generations.

This adventure, or rather misadventure, of my maiden attempt hurled a tub full of cold water upon my rising genius. And I determined never more to write for the present ungenerous age.

This account of the conception, birth, life and sudden death of my transient 'novelistic career' do I send

JULY 5, 1984

Mag. I was preparing myself to receive the rapturous outbursts of congratulatory rhapsodies from the editorial chair, which I felt sure was my due. I was even rehearsing, as I walked, a short speech acknowledging in befitting terms the editor's praises and commending in return his exceptional talent in appreciating such rare stuff and also throwing in some hints regarding the remunerative cheque.

But, when he had read over the manuscript, to my utter bewilderment, he became red and hot all over with rage and stared at me with blood-shot eyes, as though to devour me at a gulp. When, with a wan smile flickering upon my pale lips, I meekly asked, what he would give me, he simply rolled up his sleeves, exposing the massive arms of a pugilist and muttering some remarks about Shakespeare and his "Romeo and Juliet" which I could not realize fully at the moment; and bodily took me up, and before I could say my prayers, I found myself flying through space out of the open window into the garden and landed safely upon a flower-bed with a dislocated wrist and a sprained ankle. As I picked myself up and took to my heels as best I could, under the circumstances, the recollection of his hideous face and the contact with him lending speed to my erring feet, I was followed by "This is what I can give you for it, now or ever. You sneaking d....." Here his remarks became unprintable. This accelerated my progress towards home, if that were possible.

Till I reached home, I didn't know what happened to me. But on my bed, I got a glimpse of the truth. I shed bitter tears over my treacherous memory, which did not give me a hint of the similarity, however remote, between my plot and that of the beggar Shakespeare, who could not be contented with stealing stage (or is it dear?), but should go about exhausting every conceivable theme thus spoiling the rosy chances of the budding authors of future generations.

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to you, dear editor, at whose hands, I fervently hope it would meet with quite a different fate. Nevertheless, not having the cat's proverbial nine lives and to be on the safe side, I am sending it by post, and that too without fully revealing my identity.

The Head-master caused the school hall to be hung with large medallion portraits of the great teachers of the world. They were arranged in the order of merit.

A new boy was being shown round and was much struck with the portraits. He stopped before one of them, lost in surprise.

"Euclid-Euclid!" he said.

"Was Euclid a man? I always thought he was a book!"

He went on looking round, seeming to miss something. At last he turned to his guide and asked: "Where is Algebra?"

Mrs. M. B. Janaki Devi,
Bangalore.

An Englishman applied for rise, stating that he was thinking of getting married. At the end of the week he found a fairly substantial rise in his pay.

Sometime later he met the manager on the stairs. "I suppose you have settled down to married life now!" asked the manager.

"I am not married," replied the Englishman.

"Not married" echoed the manager in surprise, "but did not you apply for a rise because you were thinking of getting married?"

"Oh, aye," came the reply, "but I stopped thinking."

Mrs. M. A. Vengadammal,
Mysore.

"What is the charge for pressing a pair of trousers?"

"One anna, sir."

"Well, you can just press the one leg for half-anna. I will have my photo taken side-view."

M. Abdul Hiy Baig,
Tenali.

"What is a library, pa?"

"A library, Ramu, is what a man has when he gets together an awful lot of books that he never has time to read."

R. S. David,
Karachi.

Teacher teaching Arithmetic to his pupil said, "Ram, suppose I give you Rs. 500 at the rate of 5% What you will give me at the end of 2-years?"

Young boy:—"Sir he won't give you a single pie: because he told me in the morning that he will commit suicide at evening."

Peerwani Sadrudin Visram,
Karachi.

Doctor:—"It is most essential that you should refrain from doing head-work during the next few months!"

Patient:—"Yes, doctor, but it is my living!"

Doctor:—"Oh! Are you a scholar?"

Patient:—"No, I am a barber!"

"Now" said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in one hour and your mother can do it in an hour and a half, how long would it take for both of them to do it?"

"Three hours," answered the boy, "counting the time they would waste in arguing."

K. Ramaswami,
Madras.

"Is he trustworthy?"

"Trustworthy! Why I'd trust him with my life."

"Yes, but how about money?"

"I don't believe in associating with my inferiors. Do you?"

"That's all right, old man, I don't mind making an exception in your case."

Mr. Newrich: "So you've engaged a pianist for the concert we're givin'?"
Agent: "Yes, a great virtuoso."

"Never mind about his morals. Can he play?"

Our Kine Corner:

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

— BY M. V. V. R. —

"Riptide" heads a list of eight box office champions compiled by the motion picture herald (American trade magazine) for April. "Men In White" another Metro Goldwyn Mayer production won seventh place. Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Herbert Marshall appear in "Riptide" while Clark-Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harsholt head the cast of "Men In White."

Herbert Marshall assigned to the male lead in "Painted Veil"

Herbert Marshall has been given the leading role opposite Greta Garbo in the PAINTED VEIL a W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S romantic story which Metro Goldwyn Mayer will soon place in production. Miss Garbo's last vehicle was QUEEN CHRISTINA while Marshall recently appeared opposite Norma Shearer in REPTIDE. This will be the first time the two have appeared together. Richard Boleslavsky will direct the new film and Hunt Stromberg has been named as production supervisor.

"The Good Earth Unit Returns to Hollywood"

After four months work in China George Hill and "the Good Earth" company have returned to the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios with what is said to be the most complete photographic record of Chinese life ever attempted. Hill and his troupe travelled throughout the interior of China and also visited the large cities concentrating on backgrounds and exterior sequences.

Most of the interior scenes will be filmed at the studios. The director brought back with him from China two hundred and fifty cases of costumes and technical accessories to be used for these scenes. The Chinese Government has assigned its approval of the venture and is cooperating actively with the studios in the production of Pearl Buck's Pulitzer prize novel. A small camera unit was left behind

in China to obtain a few additional scenes.

Ramon Novarro signs new contract with M. G. M.

While Ramon Novarro was in South America dodging the enthusiastic crowds that were mobbing him wherever he appeared the star paused long enough to sign a new contract with M. G. M.

Novarro recently arrived in South America for a concert tour and has met with tremendous popularity at every town.

His first starring film under his new contract will be an adaption of the Hungarian play HER EXCELLENCY'S TOBACCO SHOP This play by Bus Fekete attracted considerable attention in Europe. It has not been produced in America.

Novarro is not scheduled to return to Hollywood until the first week of October.

Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper co-star again.

Jackie Cooper is happy he has been teamed again with Wallace Beery his screen pal and personal friend since their success together in THE CHAMP.

They are now working in the TREASURE ISLAND famous pirate classic with Beery as Long John Silver and Jackie as Jim Hawkins with each day bringing a new adventure.

"Can you imagine me being scared of Wally the first time we met?" questions the child star. "Geewhiz he is a big fellow that my knees were sort of trembling when I did my first scene with him."

"But next day he brought a big bunch of papers with him and asked 'Like to see these youngsters?' And I said I sure would and by jolly there was plans for his big new aeroplane and we sure became friends quick. He's my best pal now."

FUNNY MAGN

Between pictures their friendship has continued.

Jackie's yell of "Here I come Wallee!" always denotes a football scuffle or wrestling match between them on the studio lawn.

In the lunch room Wally's steaks have a habit of mysteriously disappearing and after a search he often finds it hidden on a neighbouring table with a big grin from Jackie across the room.

At Wally's suggestion Jackie took up a course in physical training from Mike Cantwell, famous trainer of Max Baer and for months Beery wasn't safe from "body blows" and "upper cuts" while the boys tried out his lessons.

New flying suits in Beery's wardrobe are tried out with pants and sleeves rolled up until Master Cooper looks like a penguin in distress.

During the pirate picture Jackie has been in a "Seventh Heaven" of delight and his friendship with Wally all the more enjoyed. For nearly a month they worked together on the sailing ship "Hispaniola," and on beach locations near the Isthmus of Catalina island.

The crack of a .22 target pistol usually started their day together with Jackie getting some tips on Ocean shooting while the boat rocked and dipped.

"I thought I was doing him a favour by taking him out for a lesson in deep sea trolling," said Wally. "I finished for hours and could only land a small mackerel. Suddenly Jackie's pole bent up double and he reeled in a fifteen pound bonito! How he lorded it over me for the rest of the day!"

Beery hoisted himself on sail lines to show his young pal how to climb a rope for a scene the picture. Jackie learned how to row in boats going from ship to shore. He piloted speed boats on short runs around Catalina Island.

One day with Wally's help Jackie fired a huge old muzzle-loading flintlock. The explosion was terrific and members of the company came running from all directions.

"What happened?" they asked anxiously.

"We are just having fun," explained the two grinning sheepishly with powder-smudged faces.

Then hand in hand they started off on a canyon hike in search of wild goats.

JULY 25, 1934



WE hear of a woman arrested in Lippa, Hungary, who has confessed to the murder of four of her husbands.

As a husband oneself, we may be permitted to express the hope that this horrible hobby will not spread to India.

FROM Shanghai it is reported that a new method of executing prisoners now prevails in the province of Chekiang. Instead of being beheaded prisoners are now first chloroformed and then shot.

As a result of this improvement in local conditions, criminals are said to be flocking to Chekiang.

"THE turf is excellent and being composed of sand the rain doesn't lie."—Original Vel Sporting News.

It may not actually tell a falsehood but if it calls itself rain and is really composed of sand, we feel that it is not being straightforward.

IT is rumoured that prisons will contain recreation grounds and many indoor games.

At this rate we are afraid that the public will be appealing against acquittals.

"WANTED a comfortable home for nurse, can look after babies," reads an 'Ad.' in the Mail.

OUR Editor's son since reading this wants to insert the following 'Ad.' 'Wanted a comfortable home a long way off for my sister aged 10 years. Can look after dolls like anything, but can't play foot-ball and marbles whatever. Reason for leaving, she's a nuisance.—Apply c/o, Editor.'

"I am a contortionist," brags a reader.

WE bet he cannot make both ends meet these hard days.

"WHAT is there to prevent people sun-bathing in India?" asks a reader.

SUNSTROKE and Mosquitoes of course.

"A business man," says a paper, "ought to have at least two hours for lunch."

Now it is evident why our coffee-club waiters are so slow. They are only trying to do good to us.

"A woman should be able to say just what she likes."

SHE usually does when her birthday is drawing near.

"WOMEN of the ultra-modern pleasure-mad type do not seem to want a husband nowadays," says a women's journal.

NOT till the husband is wanted to sign his cheque-book.

A lock of Napolian's hair sold for 30% in London recently.

JUDGING by this, Barbers of Mussolini, Hitler etc., should start shaving soon.

"JUST before I had to sing at the school drama, I opened my lungs, threw out my chest—," says a reader.

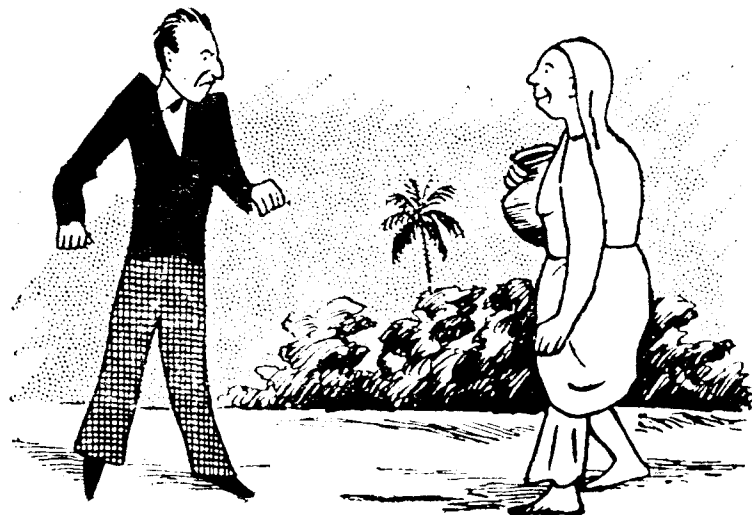
AND just after the audience opened the door and threw out the singer, we suppose.

"I fell into the river the other day and a lad of sixteen pulled me out. I gave him a packet of Scissors cigarettes."

You generous fellow! Didn't you even take out the coupon first?

"If you would grow old happily, keep in with your grandchildren."

BUT don't attempt to keep up with them.



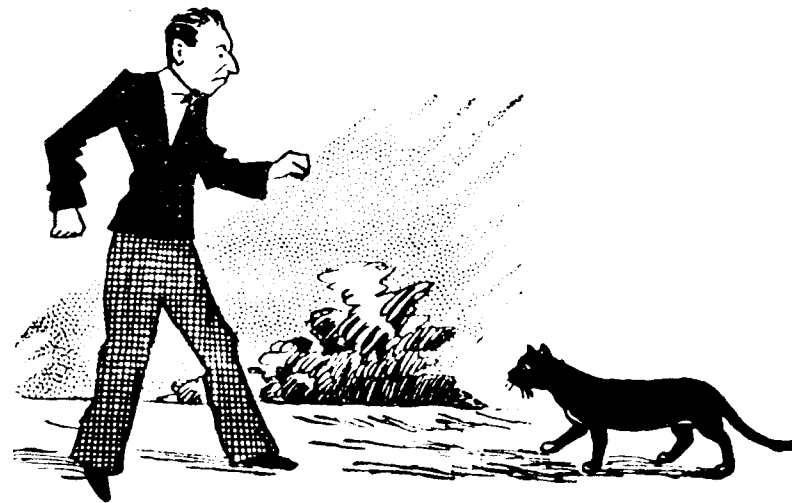
THE JOB HUNTER

BY H. S. N.

THE world is full of liars. Yes, the world certainly lies, when it says that 'Patience and perseverance can overcome mountains!' Forty years patience and twenty-five years perseverance have not earned for me even the job of a railway porter. Let alone the mountains.

Patience has turned me into a patient—in the free-ward of the general hospital. Perseverance has made me—but why persevere on such painful subjects?

At the early age of twenty-one I passed my S. S. L. C. with distinction, as the old paper was not exactly



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Read wherever:

Tamil is Spoken
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The most Widely-Read Tamil Fortnightly
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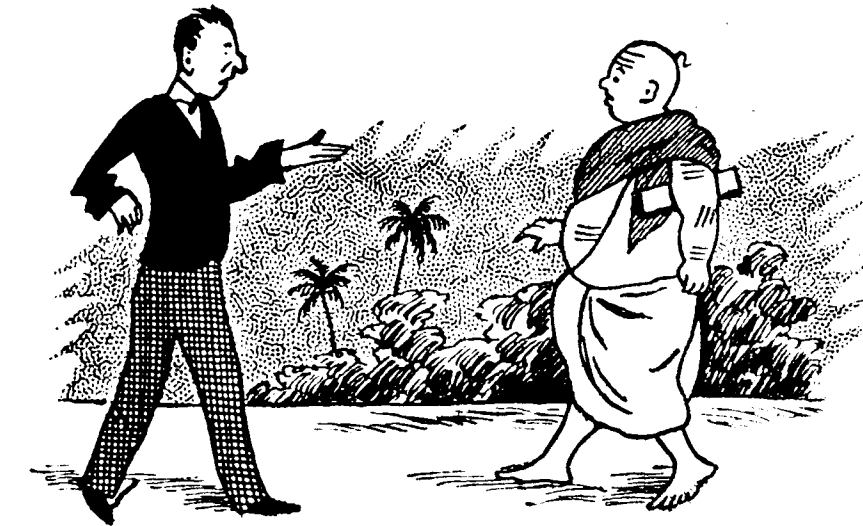
POPULAR PUZZLES AND PRIZES EVERY ISSUE

Single Copy One Anna.

rolling in the stuff—of course, I mean King's pictures—I could not very well be the cross he had to bear—not that he is unwilling to support me. I once heard him saying to the other party (in the matrimonial mart of course) that he had the where withal to enlist me as a privateer in the B. K. D. (*Rice Killing Department. I hope the readers will overlook this Indian Vulgarism) but then, there is the loss of dignity, pricking conscience, and that sort of stuff, you know. Therefore, I decided to embark on my own.

On a fine Wednesday morning, when the sun was shining, the wind was blowing, and all nature was happy and serene, I finished my ablutions, bed-coffee, morning (?) shave, toilet and so on and so forth.....and.....

By the way, I don't know if you know the sort of sensation you feel in the region of the tummy on such frightfully important occasions. Kind of knowing sensation in the lower part of the abdomen. Sort of thing you feel, when the horse on which you have staked your worldly all,



tries to sit down in the middle of the race. On.....bristling, if you know what I mean. The something you feel, when you haven't tasted food for, say 12 hours. 'G-r-r-r-B-R-r-r' says your stomach. And you would be capable of insulting the old tum by bolting down unpeeled oranges, unripe bananas, unbroken eggs and such like.

Now, I am not what you might call a believer in omens, but on this particular morning, it seemed to me

that I had to prosper with a good one. And then, there were the parent birds, too. 'Obey the elders' 'Respect grey hairs' and all that.

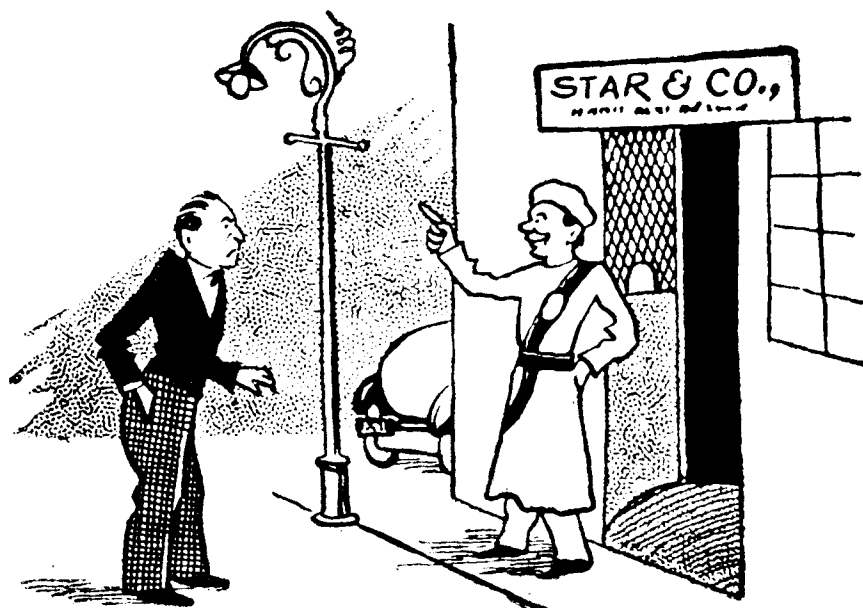
And so I started, and my father started, and my mother started, and my two little brothers started, and then the servant bringing the port-manteau started, and the little doggies started, and.....thus the triumphal procession reached the wicket-gate.

'Now for the omens' said I. But no omen came—except of course the usual old widow, the tom cat, and our pot-bellied Vadhyar. And there was the long wait.

"If there is a will, there is a way" said father. "If there is a cow, there



is an omen" said mother. And my brothers went and brought the red cow from the byre, took her a little up the road, made her describe a semi-circle on her hind legs, gave her a hefty blow or two, and let her come.



And come, she did. That infernal beast on four legs! If she hated anyone with all the terrible hatred that only a cow is capable of, she hated me. She made for me, and.....I had a kind of uplifted feeling.....may

Star & Co., They were the chief agents for 'Rajam soaps' and other sundry articles.

A liveried servant stood at the door. "I hear there is a vacancy here" I bluffed.

be due to the juicy weather. And the much and the little of it is, that I started without waiting for any other good omen. In due course of time (as the saying goes), I found myself near the precincts of the famous

The porter nodded.

"I will go and enquire, sir" he said. Three minutes later, he returned beaming.

"You are very fortunate. Sir. There is a post vacant for you. I hope you have passed the school-final at least."

"Yes" said I, and slipped an eight-anna piece into his open palm.

"Is it the post of secretary or chief clerk?"

He considered.

"I don't know exactly, young gentleman. But for all that, it is a permanent post, and fit for the likes of you."

Then he raised his hand, looked at the coin as if disgusted, pocketed it, and slowly pointed with his fourth finger—the finger of scorn.

"There stands the post for the S. S. L. C's. It has not been cleaned for the last three months."

I looked, and saw, and gaped.

It was a concrete Lamp Post!

Rs. 100 Given Away

IN JULY LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME

FOR

20 Lucky Numbered FUNNY MAGZIN COPIES

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during July, dated 5-7-1934 and 20-7-1934 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 July '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th August, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

"DONKEY MISSING"

BY
A. R. AIYAR

MR. Lewis Don, an Eurasian, aged 30, was a Studio-Photographer at Dhoangpur. He had very recently married Miss. Julet, the only daughter of Mr. Vaz, Permanent Way Inspector, Amblay—Kollegal Railway, with Head-Quarters at Nagarajapuram. Leaving a wife and a 14 years old boy, named Peter, Mr. Vaz died, and after this sad occurrence Julet brought Peter with her for a few months, so that he may be her companion at home and also of some service to Mr. Don while in the Studio.

According to the programme already fixed, one fine morning, Mr. Don was making arrangements in his Studio for the sitting of one Miss. Bertha C. Key, a noted actress of the Empire Theatres.

Mrs. Vaz had just arrived at Dhoangpur to see her people and spend a few days with them.

Mrs. Vaz:—"Peter, I am anxious to see Don; where is he?"

Peter (showing the studio by his right hand finger):—"I'm just returning therefrom, ma; he is there busily engaged in exposing the bust of a lady and am afraid he can't possibly come out for some time to come."

After a while, she sent Peter to see whether Don had finished the job and was available. He ran up to the Studio which was a few hundred yards away, and in the twinkling of an eye came back saying, "Mother, he is developing and re-touching the bust of a lady in the dark room. I saw that beautiful damsel with my own eyes; such an attractive figure I have never come across in my life; our Julet is nothing when compared to her; to say the least, the lean and sheen of that belle would simply pierce the eyes of those who are fortunate to have a glance at her."

Meanwhile, the lady had left the Studio with instructions to send her a copy of her likeness before the evening performance.

Mother (Seriously thinking for a minute):—

"Well, Peter, did you actually see him exposing the lady, developing and re-touching her bust and doing all that?"

Son:—"Yes, Ma, certainly; I won't utter a lie."

Mother:—"Where is all this going on, Peter?"

Son:—"In the dark room."

Mother:—"Dark room?—Where is it?"

Son:—"Behind the back-ground, ma."

Mother:—"Are there facilities to undertake such works?"

Son:—"Yes, ma, excellent! there is a small room with only one window—not even a single ray of light can get in if the doors are closed; also a small red-light to just satisfy if the exposure is alright; besides, there is a water-tap, washing basin, soap, chemicals and acids, all of which would enable one to tackle the job at any time."

Mother (angrily):—"Is she still there?"

Son:—"Yes, ma, sure."

The way in which he described the situation created some sort of suspicion in the minds of his old-world mother and with her son hurried to the spot. Peter guiding her in front. But, to their utter disappointment, nobody could be seen in the main hall of the Studio, but one of the rooms was bolted from within and the window thereof completely closed.

Thereupon, the mother and the boy conferred together and finally came to the conclusion that Don must be taught a lesson by means of public disgrace.

With this end in view, they quietly bolted the door, secured it by a Chubb's

ten-lever lock (the one which was being used for the main door of the Studio) and eagerly waited to see as to when the inmates would try to come out.

The developing and re-touching work being over, Mr. Don tried to open the door in the usual way; but, alas! it was locked outside. He pushed it backward and forward over and over, but in vain. At last, he bawled out from within, "Peter, Peter, door, door"; but the loud and rapidly-repeated response from outside was, "**DON, KEY MISSING—DON-KEY MISSING—DONKEY MISSING.**"

This fun being over, Mrs. Don and her mother called for a few neighbours and opened the door in their presence, when the whole gathering was totally disappointed to see that there was nobody inside except Mr. Don, who quietly came out of the Dark Room with the negative of Miss Key, whose bust was taken a couple of hours before.

STUDY AFTER DINNER

(A poor Student's plight after a decent dinner.)

With book in hand, with back to wall,
I sit to study in the hall,
An hour doth pass, and I'm still there,
With book in hand, with thoughts elsewhere

The lines and words to nets do turn.
And fish in water brightly burn:
Now here, now there, I see a change—
The nets and fish in words do range.

Another hour doth soon pass by,
And I'm still there with thoughts too high—
A feast is spread and all do eat,
And I midst them, myself, do seat.

But lo! a giant stout and tall!—
A great commotion in the hall
He comes to me, and me doth shake!—
'Tis but my 'stunt'—"Do keep awake!"

S. V. K.

PASEELA

(Of
Paseela Indian)

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Recommended by Leading Doctors and Citizens.

Every household should always have it. Because it heals rapidly and permanently Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Bruises, due to every day accident, and all skin diseases, and chronic ulcers even when given up as hopeless under other treatments.

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Stocked by:—

THANALAKSHMI & Co.,

Sowcarpet, Madras.

"2932?"

— BY "PIGEON" —

"SUNDER, what's your number?" asked Narasu and lifted his eyes questioningly

"Mine's 2931," Sunder replied readily.

"And Gopi's?" turning to his left.

"2933," came the quiet reply.

"Oh! that's queer: say, I'm between you two—2932."

"Yes," remarked Sunder. "You're now literally between us," and winked at Gopi with a sudden flash of something of a naughty smile. "I bet Narasu," he added after some time, "your number wouldn't be in the list. What do you say?"

"Never mind," Narasu said pathetically, and a pathetic smile flickered on his lips. Yet, in his heart of hearts he cherished the hope of giving Sunder the lie. For was he not the brightest student in his class and if he missed a first class, then, who else would not. Sunder and Gopi, of course stood next in rank, and Sunder certainly would come out with flying colours, for he was not a fool when he declared that he would work hard till he reached the topmost rung of the ladder.

Sunder and Gopi whispered something and Narasu heard the suppressed agony of stifled laughter. Then challenged Sunder, "We bet Narasu, your number will not appear in the list."

"What the devil do you mean?" There was a pause and then the meek, little creature grew bold: "I'll out this head off my shoulders if my number does not appear in the first class list."

"Oh! will you?" retorted Sunder.

"Why not? I'm so cocksure of it"

"Of course, you are. But your number will not appear in the list."

During the small hours of the morning of May 17th Narasu counted

minutes on the tenter hooks of impatience. The clock seemed to be particularly slow that day, and the postman particularly lazy. "The darn'd stuff at last!" and he breathed a sigh of relief as the postman thrust into his hands the latest issue of the Madras Mail. He tore away the brown paper band, and stared into the page with the glaring headlines "Intermediate Results." Narasu went pale, the accursed trash dropped from his hand. He quivered like a withered leaf.

"The bolt is always from the blue" so his thoughts ran. "Who'er thought this would come to such a pass! Cursed be my stars thus to leave me to the ridicule of the world around me! Why should I live! O! God! send all thy thunderbolts to shatter my head! No, no, it won't do. I must annihilate this cursed life of mine. What a brilliant success I had looked forward to, and now! Must I live but to be laughter and scorn and derision of my friends!....."

It was a derelict area of the city. A few dilapidated houses acquired a sombre appearance in the gloom of the night and testified the ravages of time and dire neglect. Here and there a tree cast its cadaverous shadow over the turf. Suddenly a ghost-like form stole about the place with a rope in hand. Was it Yama himself taking the toll of death? We shall see. Subsequently the weird form was seen hanging from the branch of a tree as if to add to the place the one and only terror it wanted. There was a squeak and a struggle. KRASH—down went the branch upon which the body was hanging..... Narasu sat up and looked around. He hastily released himself from the clutches of the rope muttering, "No this method wouldn't do—I must try some other."

Narasu got up and directed his steps to the cemetery. It was the hour when the netherworld revelled in the luxury of gloom. To trespass into the region which belonged to

ghosts and goblins would provoke their ire and compel them to lay the hand of destruction on the daredevil mortal who had ventured to do so.....

The lone seeker after death passed through the gates of the cemetery, which assumed a desolate and deadly sinister aspect in the uncertain moonlight. The wonted quiet of the place was enhanced by the oft-repeated booting of an owl. But the grave never yawned and let out its shadowy occupant. The hollow tones of the shadowy form never disturbed the still air. Yet, every moment Narasu was expecting to hear the watch-word of a weird soldier and the yell of triumph of some monstrous figure advancing towards him with a cavernous mouth and uplifted claws. But nothing of the sort happened. Night was gradually merging into daylight, and Narasu felt a quiver through his vitals at the thought of living to see the light of the approaching day.

So reluctantly he retraced his steps. As he advanced a few steps he heard the distant whistle of a train. Without waiting to realise whether it was coming to or going away from the city he took to his heels. Thank God, the railway lines were near enough and Narasu was fleet of limb. In a short time he arrived, all wet and weak, at his destination, and stretched himself right across the track. Within a few seconds the giant search light swept out the lingering darkness for a while and the rails glittered as the express took the curve and moved on like a harbinger of doom. Nearer and nearer it rolled on, Narasu shut his eyes and prayed. "Ah! could death be so sweet; so free from pain." When he opened his eyes again, as he believed, in his astral self, it was to see the back of the Guard's Van move along a track parallel to the one on which he had expected to receive the warrant of death, and in a few seconds the rushing fragment of humanity disappeared in a cloud of smoke. Surprised, Narasu cast a wistful glance on the parallel track, the existence of which he was wholly unaware, and hurried towards the river, the last resource.

As Narasu stood on the edge of a rock overhanging the deepest part of the river the east was already tinted with gold. The morning breeze washed his face and temples in waves of fragrance from some wild flowers which fringed the banks and imparted

soft radiance to the millions of tiny drops, ever striving towards eternity, by their own chrysalis reflections. For a moment his senses were overpowered by the surpassing beauty of nature's charms. His vision wandered wide and was lost in a thin veil of opalescent mist playing upon the as yet dark outline of the gentle undulations in the far distance. Standing on the edge of that precipice, surrounded by all that is sweetest in the bounties of Nature, he might indeed then have passed for some ethereal being just descended to earth. In the midst of this tranquil scenery which dulls the edge of the cruellest motive, he stood enthralled.....

The day was now fully up and Narasu was basking in the golden glory of the rising sun which hung like a brazen disc above the horizon. Narasu shook himself from a reverie. "Good-bye to thee, thou Eternal Life-giver!" One-two-three-Narasu described a parabolic curve in the air! BHLUM! Being very thirsty and having had no food overnight he drank his fill once. Unfortunately his mastery over the art of swimming offered itself as an insurmountable barrier to the otherwise easily accessible fortress of death. Every time he felt a choking sensation on he would bob up like a cork.....

Once as he struggled out to the surface he heard a voice calling out to him: "Hullo! Narasu! what're you doing there? Enjoying a morning dip? Come out, come out, you little devil. We've been searching after you ever since the results came and your parents are quite done with it. They're anxious about you."

Narasu recognised the familiar, voice of Sunder, and looking up he saw Sunder and Gopi standing on the rock. The former held a newspaper folded up in his hand. Reluctantly Narasu came out, quite disconcerted.

"Now look," Sunder said triumphantly opening the paper, "is your number there?"

Narasu dared not look, but yet he did. From the column under First Class he read: "2931 to 2933." God knows what his feelings were then.

"But where have you been? You look so awfully tired?" Sunder asked with parental affection.

"To you I shall tell the truth," assented Narasu.....

The trio laughed and laughed as the story proceeded.....

"So," concluded the philosophic Gopi, "you were too much excited to notice that 'to,' weren't you? And that brought about all this?"

Left it to Him.

A Good story is told of Lord Balfour's visit to the United States just after America entered the war in 1917.

Balfour was in Washington on urgent negotiations and was leading a very busy life.

One evening, fatigued after a difficult day, he handed the menu card back to the venerable negro waiter assigned to serve to him his dinner and said:

"Just bring me a good meal," and he put a generous tip on his plate. A good meal, a very good meal, was served. This happened several times.

The old-fashioned wife used to ask her husband to button up her back. The modern one asks him to powder it.

What a good thing it would be if all munitions manufacturers were put out of "arms way!"

Who Made 'Em?

Cannes the popular resort on the French Riviera, celebrates the centenary of its popularity this year. It owes its fame to an Englishman, for it was in 1834 that the famous and eccentric Lord Brougham—who gave his name to the elegant carriage in which our grandmothers rode—chose it as a health resort, and set a fashion.

We Britons have not only planted the Union Jack in the waste corners of the world and made them famous—we have a way of "making" its gayer haunts, too, with the seal of our approval. King Edward "made" Biarritz, for example.

And everywhere you travel on the Continent you find an "Hotel Bristol"—a tribute to an English traveller, the famous Earl of Bristol, who insisted on perfection everywhere he put up, and set a standard for foreign hotel-keepers to follow.

One—Two—Three.

A man has been fined at Haverfordwest for selling newspapers on a Sunday. It seems absurd these days to find such evidence of intolerance.

Thirty years ago it was not unusual, especially in Scotland, for newspaper sellers to be arrested and locked up for Sunday sales. Northcliffe had to stop the "Sunday Daily Mail," which was really a great success, because of the attitude towards Sunday papers.

But things have moved a long way down the road since then. To-day Sunday newspaper circulations total no less than 17,000,000 copies. To fine a man at this stage for selling a paper on a Sunday is to hope, like Canute, to push back the waves.

There are always three stages. The first is intolerance, the second tolerance, and the third "How the hell did we do without it?"

Much Safer Then

"Girls were harder to kiss in your day weren't they, grandpa?"

"Mebbe, mebbe," ventured the old gentleman, "but it wasn't so blame dangerous. The old parlour sofa wouldn't smash into a tree about that time."

TWO VIGOROUS CHAMPIONS OF CONTRACEPTION,

UNITED FOR PROPAGANDA, AFTER FIVE YEARS OF UNSELFISH LIFE, FIND THAT THIS IS—



"When he is moving or rolling his lawn, a man finds that the hours soon slip away," remarks an essayist. So does the man, if his wife isn't careful.

A dentist recently gave a recital of old English ballads. We understand that he began by making the usual promise that it wouldn't hurt a bit.

"You will never get a parachutist to give up his hazardous profession," says a writer. He carries on in the belief that another little drop won't do him any harm.

"There are many annoying practices among present-day musicians," declares a well-known conductor. The daily effort of the girl at the piano next door is one of them.

"A debt collector's job is frequently fraught with hazard," we read. The man who foots the bill often feels tempted to foot the man who presents it too.

The successful business man always calls a spade a spade, we are told. Although when talking to his wife he

may find it convenient to refer to a club as "working late at the office."

"Our Cabinet Ministers, practically without exception, possess superb diction," declares a Professor of Elocution; "they never mouth their words." But they often have to eat them.

"In an argument, a husband should always let his wife have the last word," says a magistrate. A Correspondent says that he would be quite willing to, but his wife never shows any signs of reaching it.

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

ADVISE ME, PLEASE!

By
K. S. J. Rao.

IN India, unemployment is increasing day by day. Sometime back some of our graduates joined together and established a department—there to discuss what profession each likes best. Mr. Kumar Prakash Sen, B.A., is elected as the President and Mr. Mahesh Gupta, B.A., the Vice-President and Mr. Marjala Sastriar, B.A., is appointed as the Secretary of the Committee.

The first meeting of this Association was held in the last week of May. The president and all the other members of the committee discussed the subjects well. One member liked one profession—another liked another profession. Thus they were different in their opinions. Mr. Kumar Prakash Sen, B.A., (President) said:—It is out of use for us to think that we could get some job in the near future. We wasted away all our riches for these nasty B.A. degrees and we are now in a state of poverty. It is difficult for us now to spend a single day. We should try to get an independent and paying job. And for that I would like the Editorship of some Magazine of position and prosperity—fun and frolic....So, however poor I may be, I will, in a few months publish a Magazine and it will be much more joyful for me if you all assist me and encourage my views—Next time I will say more of this—Goodbye.....

"No use of that, please," rose the Vice-president Mr. Mahesh Gupta, B.A., and argued that his intention was to take up some Assurance Agent's job from some Life Assurance Society like those of Oriental, National and some other Companies whose names at least I do not know. For that, he said, he needs no money.

Afterwards rose the Secretary, Mr. Marjala Sastriar, B.A., and said:—We are now poor. Let us spend our time in a luxurious way. And for that, I would prefer to take up the Cigarettes Agency from those Companies as:—Virginia, Gold Flake, Sovereign, Derby Sweep, so on and so forth (as I am not acquainted with them.)

Several of the Members of the Committee stated their opinions. And at last the meeting came to an end.

And now, Dear Bhaiji! what profession do you like best?—Common to all? You will say—solve the puzzles I give you and win nice prizes—Good enough but not definite. Hello! dear Old Bhaiji! give me your advice, please!

"I told my wife I would shoot any man who had flirted with her at the sea-side."

"What did she say?"

"She told me to bring a machine-gun."

Evelyn Roberts who plays Roland in Sorrel and son had no thought of becoming an actor at the outset of his career in the Royal Navy.

The Modern Method In Prisons.

In accordance with the latest theories on the reform of the criminal, sweets are to be allowed to the inmates of all prisons in Sweden. Apart from the slight risk (which home influence ought to be able to overcome) of leading the young to think that a life of crime is the only royal road to an adequate supply of brandy balls, we welcome this scheme, and hope that there is some truth in the following rumours.

The monotony and futility of the tasks allotted to those whose sentences include hard labour, will be largely done away with, if the suggested employment of future offenders be adopted. Instead of merely breaking stones as hitherto, they will be required to turn the same tools to the congenial task of dividing the daily ration of almond rock into suitable portions for the mouths of their fellow-inmates.

As this, of course, will not provide entertaining occupation for all, something will be done for the others. The better-educated captive, who is apt to complain that the simple tasks usually given to him do not provide him with anything he can really get his teeth into, will receive an additional portion of nougat, which, it is hoped, will do much to remove any cause for complaint.

These, however, are rather special cases, but every manner of prisoner will be able to profit from the result of much thought on the part of those who have this matter of reform in hand. Convinced that the crying need in all convict establishments is for some softening influence, they have decided to advocate the inclusion of jujubes in the bill of fare at an early date.

"Humorist."

An eighty-four-year-old coroner claims to smoke from fifteen to twenty cigars a day, and be quite all on them.

It's nice to know that he enjoys a measure of good health.

"Unexpected guests are often a nuisance," we read. It certainly is annoying when ants drop into tea at picnics.

Let'em Feel it Themselves!

— BY K. R. N. —

THE methods open to us to try to get our grievances redressed are as numerous as the stars in the sky, and about as weakly useful, practically speaking. You can try in every one of the ways and after that—you can still try and try till you don't succeed.

Even that most powerful discovery of this twentieth century—that most violent weapon, the non-violent *satyagraha*, is merely better than other methods in that it is a passively active method, a method in which all you have to do is to do nothing—in fact, all you have to do is sometimes very pleasing, such as lying down in front of a tram when you know it won't run over you and that your life is insured and that your article has been rejected just that day. Of course, there are martyrs even in *satyagraha*, people at whose name we ought to sit up and mouth benedictions. But I know several other martyrs in several other lines as well beginning from 'Thomas a Becket who kicked his bucket' to my friend Jivanlal of the permanent tooth-ache who was martyred at the hands of the dentists. Of course, speaking truthfully, no dentist really killed him, but when I tell you all, you will admit it all comes to the same thing whether a dentist actually killed him or he himself committed suicide rather than go to a dentist, and now I have told you all, so you had better call him a martyr and be done with it, if you please.

But what I really started to say so brilliantly was that there is one method of setting right all the evil in the world in no time, only no one has thought of it till now, leaving me to do it—which makes me a bit suspicious-like. But you can all hear he—rather, hear me—and then give the jolly young verdict, what?

Take the case of the poor motorist! If he so much as forgets to honk the horn while turning a corner and thus happens to lessen the unemployed population by one, the magistrate gives him a very hard talk about it for an hour and then probably ends up with giving him very hard labour for

six months. Now, don't you think it would be better for all magistrates to be compelled to drive their own cars before they try motoring offenders? Similarly, all traffic cops must be required to prove that they had earned their livelihood at least for two months as bus drivers or conductors before being posted in the traffic department. Then they would have better understanding of the difficulties that beset the offenders.

You can go on punishing a thief so that in time he may be afraid to steal; you may go on appealing to your neighbours not to keep up the gramophone so late in the night thinking your appeals might melt them, and you may perform *Satyagraha* in front of a coffee-hotel in order that they may really make coffee out of milk and coffee powder instead of out of whitened water and soapnut-powder cum-coffee-powder. But you will never have any of them cured. The thief will go on stealing more than ever, his original though slight fear of punishment now removed by tasting it (and probably relishing it!); your neighbours will not only firmly refuse to be melted by your appeals into stopping the gramophone, but, on the other hand, they will endeavour to drown your appeals by putting on extra loud records and pinching the baby and stepping on the cat's tail. The *satyagraha* to obtain real coffee will only end in your being forced to pay more for worse coffee than before, for the price of milk and coffee seeds would have gone up meanwhile. And the hotel keeper might enforce on you the silvered motto: 'Terms cash.' And, of course, that would be the limit, as the murderer remarked when he was sentenced to maximum punishment.

The remedy I suggest is not punishment, nor entreaties nor protestations, but realisation. I advocated that the authorities and police should learn motoring and conducting a 'bus respectively, so that they might have greater understanding of the offenders' handicap. Now I also suggest that the offenders themselves, offenders of every sort, be sentenced, not to pay up

a fine or get employment in the Imperial Service with head office in jail, but to go about as the victims so that they can realise what harm they have caused. In fact, let the offenders be made to feel like their victims and they will never offend again.

For instance, all motoring offenders must be forced to play the pedestrian in front of cars thundering at a mad speed, and in the middle of cars swerving, halting, turning and crossing unexpectedly and noiselessly. For this purpose it will do well if they were sentenced to indulge in leap-frog *chud gud*, and such other active pastimes on a fine evening either in the General Hospital Road near the Central Station, or where Broadway joins up with the Esplanade, or opposite the Elphinstone. Accordingly, drivers who honk their monstrous horns unnecessarily ought to be ordered to put their ears at the sound-end of the horn for two hours when some one is continuously and vigorously pressing it.

To proceed on these lines of reform, a thief must be asked first to permit himself to be the victim of another thief and then be forced to do work as a policeman. Two months of police work will either so fill him with charity for the force that he will remain a policeman, or fill him with such disgust that he will never like to come under their grip again by being a thief. The sanest mode of curing people who keep up gramophones and other such infernal inventions going throughout the night is to compel them to reside for a week next to the Lunatic Asylum and then equip the inmates of the Asylum with gramophones, radio, drums, saxophones, empty brass vessels and iron rods etc. You must take care the neighbours 'doing' the sentence have no wool or anything else to stop their ears with, for otherwise the whole fun would be spoiled for us, don't you think? Next, the best *modus operandi* to make Krishna Iyer of—Vilas to serve pure coffee to his customers is to decree that he must visit for a fortnight the hotel of Naga Iyer or some other rival and drink worse coffee at greater price than his own.

Extending the scope of this novel, startling, but withal effective, programme, we should pass judgment on all wives to earn money and maintain their husbands and buy for them all the shoes, hats, ties and suits they want just for a couple of months, and the

almost imperceptible proportion of men who still treat their better-halves to their worse nature by beating them like brutes, must be obliged to receive three energetic and resounding taps with a crow-bar once in two hours at the hands of the wife. Of course, this may later on entail the requisition of the same weapon to dig their graves with, but don't you agree with me it is a vastly better place for wife-beating beasts to sleep in alone, than with the poor defenceless women at home?

Instances of how effective this 'let 'em feel it themselves' means of world-reform will prove to be can be multiplied and added and extended till it fills pages and pages of this magazine, and goes on into several issues of this magazine, and becomes the only matter in this magazine. But I can feel how you will feel at such a calamity, so I'll sing some more important

verses and then do the 'final wave of farewell' act.

I wish only to add that the directors of all railway companies should be forced to travel by third class on any festival day on that particular line: that the fat owner of a 'bus' be condemned to sit fourth on any seat of his 'bus' and then try to get out of the bus; that the manager of Roxy must witness his films from the four annas class, especially when it is very sultry; and the many race-tip-seers ought to be enjoined to back heavily every day all of the winners they forecast; that blokes who object to smoking be ordered to smoke for a week and then try to give it up; and that all doctors and lawyers be ordained to engage other doctors and lawyers and pay them their bills.

A Hollywood screen star left America as a blonde and after a tour in Italy returned home as a brunette. Her idea, apparently, was to see Naples and dye.

She was obviously annoyed when she returned from her shopping expedition. "John," she said to her husband, "I've just found that the woman next door has a coat exactly the same as mine."

John looked up from his banking account, which he had been trying to balance. "Well, my dear," he said, "I suppose you'll want me to buy you a new coat?" "Yes," she replied, "it would be cheaper than moving, wouldn't it?"

JULY 5, 1934

VANITY IN WOMEN

— BY CHEERY LAD —

THE whole house was being cleared. The furniture were removed one by one. We were moving to a better house paying of course a better rent, with no betterment in the salary; this was as a matter of course, arranged by my better half. I was supervising everything when I found a diary among the furniture. It was Sarojam's; I was tickled, and in my leisure time I began to peruse it. The following are extracts from the same:—

May 18th: Ugh! these women are so vain. I am not in any way deprecating my own sex. I am rather proud of it. Of course, I love to linger before the mirror and adjust the folds of my saree or readjust the disobedient hair. But that Rajam! How vain is she! With her painted lips and powdered face, she imagines she is pretty. How Funny!

Ah! this reminds me. Did she not once boast that her marriage with the Zemindar of our village was 50% settled? i.e. she had decided to marry him. It only remained for him to choose her as his wife. Was not that 50% settlement? And after all this did she not marry an Insurance Agent?

May 20: Friday. Went to the temple with coconuts and fruits. Prayed that hubby may get an increase in salary so that I can have a car. He has promised me one if he gets an increase of Rs 25 in his pay.

May 27: This Friday too. Went to the temple. Amazed to find all the women gathered round ugly Rajam; she was wearing a new green saree with peach-blossom border and every one was admiring it turning it this side and that, asking its price etc. Turned green with envy. But I have my self-respect. I did not go near Rajam.

Same night! Lay sobbing on the couch. Hubby came from the club and proved a dear. He cooed to me, said so many nice things (not often to Cheery-Lad) and I told

him the story, sobbing on his breast. He promised me to enquire about it and buy me a saree. The Dear!

May 28: Hubby went to see Insurance agent Ramanathan (Rajam's husband). He promised to take a policy in the Lachar Insurance Co., and thus induced Mr. Ramanathan to give him the address of the firm where he had purchased the saree. He (meaning 'me'), immediately ordered for a saree. I would prepare "semia payasam" for him to day. (Thank you! I would rather have it at Neo Komala Vilas.)

May 31: The Post man brought the saree. Immediately wore it and consulted the mirror. I did look superb in it. The colour suited me well. It would have been better if I had a diamond necklace over it. Well, we can see about it later.

Hubby said it was magnificent and kissed me before the maid. I slapped him playfully on the cheek.

June 3: Another Friday. Went to the temple. To-day they would admire me and my saree, thought I. I pictured to myself how the Mrs. Insurance Agent would turn ultraviolet with envy. I entered the temple with palpitating heart. I stopped to adjust the folds and then my heart missed a beat! Every one of the

ladies present was attired in the same kind of saree.

June 4: My hubby received a notice from Lachar Insurance Co. for the first premium. That evening he told me, every husband in the village had also received similar notices.

June 5: Rajam has bought a 1936 Model—"Aurora—Borealis" she has named it. I would name my car "The Dancing Dynamite"—No—no; that won't do. Why not "Blue Jasmine"?

"What should I take for hay-fever?", asks a correspondent. The very first offer, we should say.

A novelist wonders what the modern mau would do without the present-day convenient razor-blades. Our problem has always been what to do with them.

According to a confectioner, cakes are often called after the names of places. Still, it was a brute of a husband who christened his wife's last effort "Gibraltar."

An American Press-correspondent boasts that, as a defendant in libel actions, he holds the record. We hear that his favourite invitation is "Come up and sue me some time."

A few months ago both my daughters decided to have their voices cultivated, and it has led to trouble.

Are the neighbours growing wild?

THE FUNNY MAGZIN

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Copies of the FUNNY MAGZIN bearing the June Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, FUNNY MAGZIN Office by Registered post. The copies must reach the office not later than 25th July 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 July 1934, will not bring a prize.

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

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Results of the 'Clue Words' Competition

Correct Solution of the "Clue Words" Competition are as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. EMIT. | 3. BOSS. | 5. VIEW. | 7. REPAY. | 9. CLEAR. |
| 2. SHAPE. | 4. TIGHT. | 6. PLOT. | 8. ALERT. | 10. SKIN. |

The additional Prize of Rs. 5 has been awarded to Mr. M. Janarthanam, Sivan Sannathy Street, Nagore, who has sent 90 entries.

The first Prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following 6 competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. M. S. LOGANATHA MUDALIAR,
Dy. Treasurer, Currency, Madras,
'Swadale,' Vepery Madras. | 4 & 5. K. VENKATA HAYAGRIVA RAO,
Powerpet, Ellora,
West Godavari Dt. |
| 2 & 3. M. JANARTHANAM,
Sivan Sannathy St. Nagore. | 6. G. V. PANCHAPAGESAN,
Nee Munohi. |

N. B.—As Mr. G. V. Panchapagesam of Nee Munohi has not given his address clearly he is asked to give his address clearly, to enable us to send the prize amount to him.

The Second Prize of Rs. 20 has been won by the following competitors.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. MISS. MADUMURIE, JEMIMAH,
A. B. M. Girls High School, Nellore. | 22. A. K. PARAMESWARA IYER,
Clerk D. T. S. Office, Podanur. |
| 2. MRS. G. SUGUNA,
Sugar Cane Station, Lawley Road P. O.
Coimbatore. | 23. N. S. V. IYER,
Temple Villa, Nellochery, Palghat. |
| 3. MRS. M. JANAKAMMA,
'Sringana Bhavan' 142, Ramavilasaghar, Mysore. | 24. A. KUTTY KRISHNA MENON,
"Palakote—House" Chunaragad, P. O.
(via) Ottapalam, (S. Malabar.) |
| 4 & 5. MRS. SAVITHRI,
17, Pilliar, Coil. St., Kumbakonam. | 25. K. PANDURANGA RAO,
Temple, Square, Vittal, S. Kanara. |
| 6, 7, 8 & 9. M. S. LOGANATHA MUDALIAR,
"Swadale" Vepery, Madras. | 26. G. HARITHÉERTHAM,
C/o V. Venkatarama Sastry,
490, Aiyerkulam St. Puduklota State. |
| 10. A. SAMBAMURTHY IYER,
Retired Judge, Kaladi, P. O. North Travancore. | 27. S. D. M. MOHIDEEN,
C/o Messenger St. Colombo Ceylon. |
| 11. K. V. HABIDAS RAO,
Pensioner, H. R. Covil St., Karur. | 28. B. S. VENKATARAMAN,
7, Jadamuni Koil Street, Madura. |
| 12 & 13. ATTILI APPALASAMY,
Arrack Shop, 112, Valampata, Vizagapatam. | 29. K. RAMANUJACHAR,
B. K. S. Compound, Malleswaram, Bangalore. |
| 14. A. UTTANDA RAMAN,
Revenue Inspector, Panukonde, Anantapur Dt. | 30. A. D. PURUSHOTHAM,
7, Kothandarama Coil St, Old Mambalam, P. O.
Saidapet, |
| 15. N. K. IYER,
Oulampuri Amraoti, Berar. | 31. T. S. SIVAPRAKASAM,
83, Andar St. Teppakulam, Trichinopoly. |
| 16. B. VISWANATHAN,
C/o D Appannapantulu Garu, Soka Street, Anapalli. | 32. Oh. R. DIKSHATULU,
C/o C. Suryanarayana Garu Advocate, Rajahmundry. |
| 17. V. SUNDARAM,
6, B, Kothavalehavadi St, Cuddalore, N. T. S. A. Dt. | 33. N. KRISHNA MOORTHY,
104, Vakil New St. Madura. |
| 18. S. VELAYUTHAM,
Gipronpuram, Tuticorin, | 34, 35 & 36. T. SELAM PILLAI,
Private Vakil, Market, Tinnevely Town. |
| 19. C. K. BAJAGOPALAN,
C/o, C. H. Krishnan, Station Master.
Tirur—Malabar. | 37 to 45. M. JANARTHANAM,
Sivan Sannathy St Nagore. |
| 20. RAMANATHAN, B. A.
4, Dhanbati Road, Sitabaldi, Nagpur. | 46 & 47. JAGANNATHA RAO JAYANTI,
13, Chellamuthu Lane, Mannady, Madras. |
| 21. C. V. DORAISAMY AIYAR,
Komarasamy Coil St. Tirupatur. N. A. | |

All Prizes will be sent in due course.

JULY 5, 1934

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SET!NO ENTRANCE FEE! ONLY ONE
SET!

Rs. 60 CASH PRIZES.

In "Apt Titles" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 30. SECOND PRIZE Rs. 20.
Rs. 5, 3 & 2 TO THE SENDERS OF LARGER NUMBERS OF
ENTRIES.

Closing date: 5th August, 1934.

HOW TO WIN:—

In this easy puzzle you are given 10 pictures and a list of titles. All you have to do is only to study each picture and select the most appropriate title from the list for that picture and write that title on the space provided for that picture in the Free entry Coupon. As an example look at picture No. 1. No 1. picture is that of a boat sailing in sea. In the list the most apt title for that is "Sailing Boat". So the answer for No 1. is "Sailing Boat". Similarly the other titles also must be found out for the rest of the pictures.

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 August, 1934.

All the titles are to be chosen only
from this list.

1. Steam bath.
2. Stormy weather.
3. Out of bottle.
4. Nice animal.
5. Playing children.
6. Nothing in sight.
7. Milky way.
8. Heavy Rains.
9. Warming up.
10. Sailing boat.
11. Spilt milk.
12. House on fire.
13. Blind beggar.
14. Sleeping child.
15. Burning to Ashes.
16. Kind gentleman.



(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. Solutions and Name and Address must be legibly written.
2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th August '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 Competiton Editor " Apt Titles " COMPETITION, FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.
4. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided. Additional prizes of Rs. 5, 3 & 2 will be awarded to the senders of larger number of entries in order of merit.
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 " Apt Titles " competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 20th August 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN FREE COUPON.

IN "APT TITLES" COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th August 1934.

- | | |
|-----------------|----|
| 1. SAILING BOAT | 6 |
| 2. | 7 |
| 3. | 8 |
| 4. | 9 |
| 5. | 10 |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature.....

Name Mr.
Miss or Mrs.

Address

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

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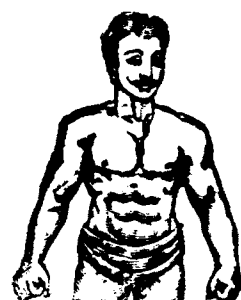


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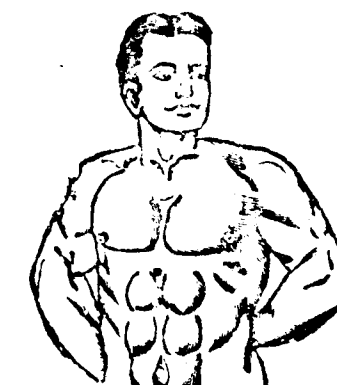
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VOL. I. No. 23.

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