

Vol. II. Funny Song.

No: 2

20th August, 1934



02
S: 521 m N34

N31-2-2
12.305

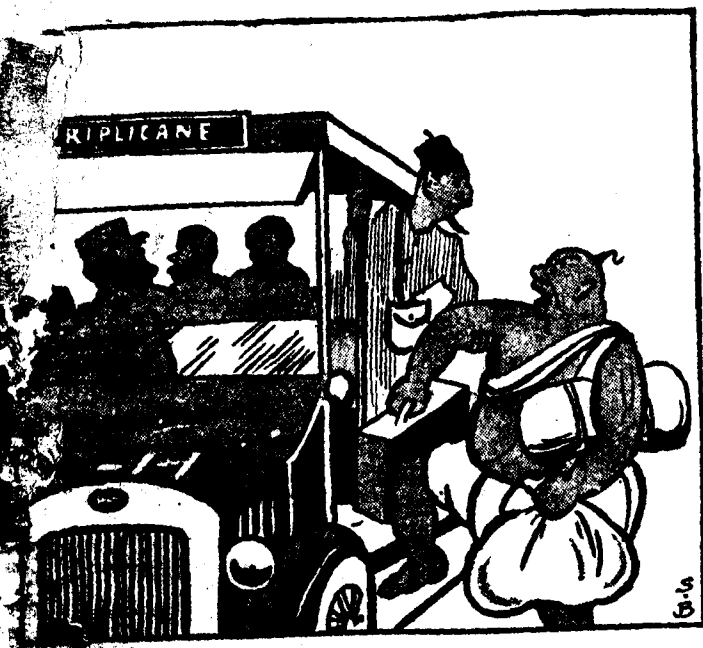
371

FUNNY MAG.

Lucky Number 66659
and
Contest Prizes

Rs. 250.

A Cheap Pick-Me-Up



10TH AUGUST, 1934

Copy : As. 1-6



THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	Inland.	Foreign.
Annual	Rs. 2-0-0	4-0-0
Half yearly	" 1-2-0	2-4-0
Single copy (Madras Presidency)	" 0-1-6	0-3-0
Single copy in other parts of India, Burma and Ceylon	Re. 0-1-9	

Subscriptions are payable in advance and they may commence any month. Subscriptions must be paid direct to us and not to any of our agents.

Our Ceylon Readers must send their subscriptions by M. O. or by P. O. Stamps will not be accepted.

Change of Address must be intimated to us before hand. Please mention Subscription Number intimating change of address to ensure correct despatch.

Contributions must be sent to the Editor while all business communications must be addressed only to the Manager.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

One Full page Rs. 25.	Quarter Page Rs. 8.	Per
Half Page " 15.	1/8th page " 5.	Issue.

Advertisement charges are payable in advance. For long standing advertisements apply to Manager.

THE MANAGER,

Telephone No. 3605

Telegrams: "ANANDA BODHINI" MADRAS.

The FUNNY MAGZIN,
16, Temple Street, Chinnai Mudali St., Madras

To Our Contributors.

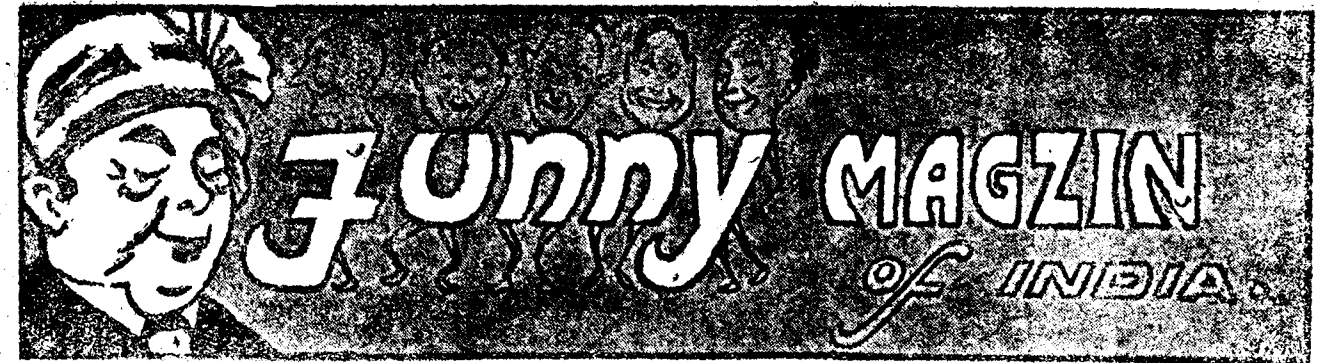
(1) Only Articles of a humorous nature, written *originally and verified as such* by the Contributor, may be sent. Copied Articles, slightly garbled ones or Articles on Serious Topics, are not required. Articles etc., accepted will be paid for at our usual rates.

(2) The manuscripts must be either typed or highly written on one side of paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial correction and some margin on the left.

(3) All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place to enable us to return them in case they are not found suitable.

(4) Rejected manuscripts and cartoons etc., will be usually returned only after the Editor has finished considering them, if sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any.

(5) Articles appearing in The FUNNY Magzin become the sole and permanent copyright of the Publisher.



PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II.

MADRAS, 20th AUGUST, 1934.

No. 2



"Money turns a man's head," writes an author.

And its absence turns his friends.

When a friend of yours talks concernedly about you and the future of your family, you can always suspect him to be an insurance Agent!

"Why do the poor have a large number of children?" asks a Reader.

Perhaps it's a case of "Poverty breeds Companionship."

"A rich man gone bankrupt loses all his followers," writes Thackeray.

Yes. Excepting of course his creditors!

"My wife often loses her temper, but eventually she always come around," writes a husband.

Yes, when she has got the Saree.

"It's a hard job to keep your balance of mind in the company of a pretty girl," says a lover.

And it's harder still to keep your balance at the bank.

"Women," says a psychologist, "become taciturn and submissive in old age."

A cold comfort to hen-pecked husbands.

"A happy mother," announces a news-paper "has given birth to five baby girls in a day."

Well that's what we call 'doing a life's work' in a day!

"I am afraid the true married bliss doesn't apply to we two," complains a reader.

Perhaps he hasn't got a wee one!

"In the present depression," writes a politician, "taxpayers need faith and hope."

Followed of course by charity.

"I have seen a girl so worked that her health was broken, her nerves shattered and her ideals smashed."

Sounds like a domestic servant.

A Naughty Wish.

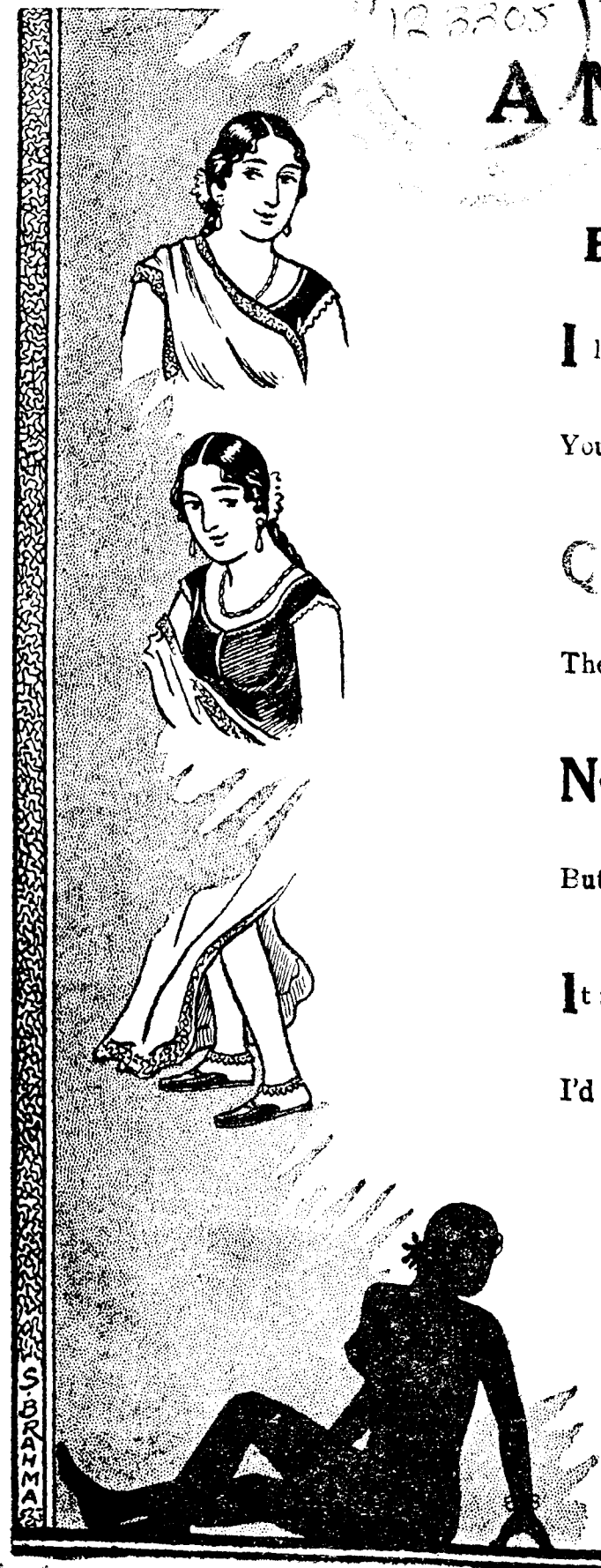
By 'AESTHETE.'

I like your daring sari, Jai,
And daring jacket, too;
Your golden flesh is golden still
In contrast with their hue.

Quite low-cut at the neck, my dear,
I wish 't were lower yet,
The sari front's askant a bit,
To set right, please forget!

No doubt the flowing sari, sweet,
comes right down to the ground;
But I would rather catch a glimpse
of calves, smooth, fine and round.

It is a lovely dress, but still,
To be quite frank about it,
I'd so, so very much prefer
To see you-er-without it!



ANTHYA PUSHKARAM AT

BEZWADA

18TH AUGUST TO 6TH SEPTEMBER '34

IMPORTANT PERIOD

26th AUGUST to 6th SEPTEMBER

Anthya Pushkaram is the closing part of the
Adi Krishna Pushkaram of last year

If you miss this opportunity, you will have to
wait till the year 1945

BATHE IN THE SACRED WATERS
of KRISHNA

AND

ATTAIN MOKSHA

OUR GRANARY

[A fortnightly collection of interesting paras from various sources.—Ed.]

The Ideal Girl:

Are you already in love? Then you will not probably agree with the learned Abbe' Brantome, a well-known French writer, about what he considered constituted the ideal girl. She

Three things red—Lips, cheeks and nails.

Three things long—Body, hair and hands.

Three things short—Teeth, ears and feet.



should, the Abbe said, (recalls a French newspaper), have:—

Three things white—Skin, teeth, and hands.

Three things black—Eyes, eye-lashes, and eyebrows.

Three things broad—chest, forehead and space between eyebrows

Three things slight—Mouth, waist and instep.

Three things fat—Arms, thighs, and calves.

FUNNY MAGAZIN

STORED
BY K. R. N.

She should have, too, supple fingers and a well-poised body.

Test Yourself

Are you sure you are intelligent? or are you in doubts about it? Well then, judge yourself. Here are ten of what Professor Walter. B. Pitkins in his "Psychology of Achievement," lists as "the strongest general characteristics of a highly intelligent person."

1. "Lively curiosity toward many matters. A desire to investigate some of these matters for one's self.

2. "Strong trend to analyse whatever one thinks about, and, as a result, to perceive the factors of the matter in their inter-relations.

3. "Fairly active imagination, at least in some subjects.

4. "Unusually even performance over long periods; little tendency to deviate much from one's usual level of skill.

5. "Clear understanding of one's chief desires and aspirations;

6. "Hence, concentration on dominant interest.

7. "Memory somewhat better than average and decidedly selective.

8. "Patience with details, based on a grasp of their importance.

9. "Interest in reflection and observation much stronger than interest in holding things or managing people.

10. "Distinctly modest, self-appraised, often even to the point of belittling oneself."

Much Used Words:

Have you ever read the 'Golden Bug' by Edgar Allan Poe? Therein is a list of the most used letter of the English alphabet, their rank determined by the number of times each is employed. But the 'Weekly Mirror' publishes a report of a recent investigation into the number of times each word is used. It seems out of every 100,000 words of prose there are 50

AUGUST 20, 1934

words which occur more than 1,00 times each. The following list gives the totals:—

The, 8131; of, 5,074; and, 3,560; to, 3,401; in, 2,271; a, 2,140; that, 1,727; was, 1,541; it, 1,169; his, 1,082; as, 1,033; with, 916; which, 915; by, 866; he, 795; is, 730; off, 722; have, 631; all, 605; we, 561; had, 557; were, 531; or, 519; on, 511; are, 493; they, 478; you, 429; who, 404; one, 379; so, 361; an, 350; will, 346; no, 318; if, 262; when, 241; what, 24; time, 192; me, 190; where, 170; she, 169; very, 158; do, 153; then, 151; as, 144; your, 127; up, 124; while, 122; well, 112; some, 107.

Their Life's shocks!

Are you a practical joker? If yes, see if you have ever performed anything near this.

Two elderly American spinsters, somewhat sternly virtuous, went about their holiday, taking 'movie' pictures of an instructive nature. Later, they returned home and sent out invitations to their nieces, cousins, nephews and intimate friends to come and see their films 'flushed' that night. Meanwhile, their brother, (a very mischievous person, I take it) hastily repaired with a camera to a man's 'the nature way bathing club,' took 'movie' pictures of different poses of nude masculine bathers, returned home and mixed them up with his sisters' films. I leave the rest to you as the American paper did the same to me.

Hair to-day, Gone to-morrow!

It was a very dissatisfied tenant who approached the landlord of the new house.

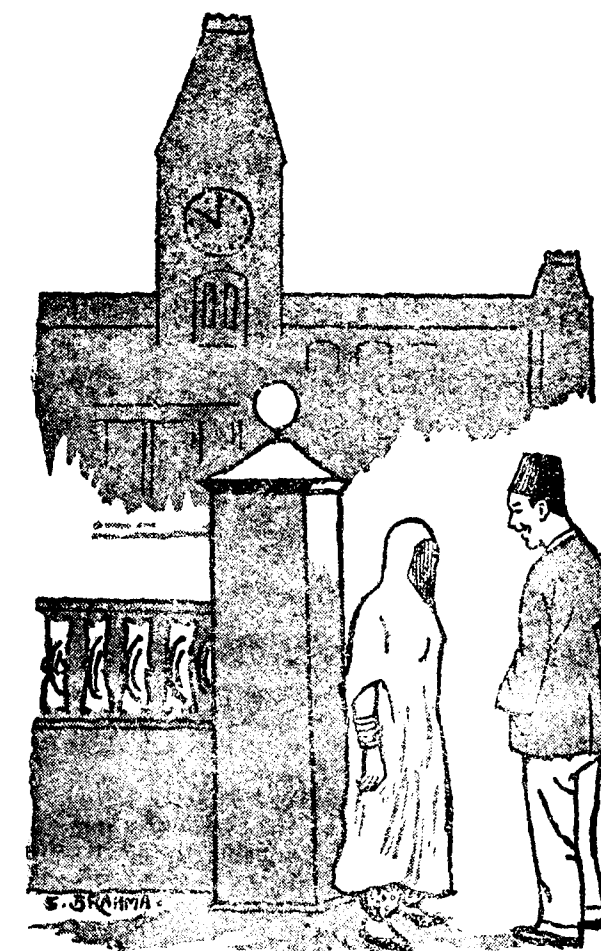
"Look here," he said with some warmth, "that house I've just taken from you is horribly draughty. I've spent pounds and pounds on heating arrangements, but wherever I sit my hair is blown all over my head. Can't you do something about it?"

The landlord gravely shook his head, but there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"I'm afraid not, sir," he replied. "I think it would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut."

The Woman in Purdah

— BY 'KOH-I-NOOR.' —



MR Nooruddeen was in the mood for a spot of romance, a little harmless adventure. The night was gay and the house was lonely. His wife was away at her father's in Ponneri, and, as the letter he had received indicated, would return only three days later.

He flung away the volume of short stories by Maupassant that he had been reading, got into his coat and slippers, locked the door and sallied out into the cool, refreshing night.

"In what shape should I court adventure?" ran his thoughts. "I shall certainly not go to a cinema—there all the adventure is in getting a ticket, in sitting wedged between two beer casks made of flesh and perspiring like a criminal put thro' the third

degree. Neither will I go to one of these 'Carnival' shows. The prospect of getting a twill watching my money being raked in on some gambling table doesn't very much exhilarate me, no, thank you! Or shall I punch this fellow on the back and see what he does—er, the, by goodness the bloke is a soldier Johnny. Or—by heavens, what is this?"

Nooruddeen abruptly stopped in his tracks. He had good reason to. Near the Stanley Viaduct, he saw Ramnath a friend of his, seated beaming in a rickshaw that was being pulled at a fast rate. That in itself was nothing to be surprised about, for Ramnath did often indulge in a rickshaw as all the rickshawwallahs he owes money to will enlighten you. But that he, a bachelor, should have,

seated by his side, a twentieth century reproduction of Cleopatra in all her allure, was, to say the least of it, decidedly astonishing. Positively digging the wind out of yours truly, as Nooruddeen graphically put it.

The rickshaw passed away. Nooruddeen proceeded, considerably shaken in his faith of human morality, to My Lady's Garden. There he sat, drinking in the beauty of the lovely scene, bathed in a cascade of the moon's silvery sheen, silent and gripping.

The Corporation tower-clock chimed the hour of ten. Nooruddeen got up, resolved on his course of adventure. He would pick up some woman and take her to his house. He would do nothing questionable, nothing that might later assail his conscience as a married man. He would just take her home, play a few set of gramophone records, listen to them holding her hand, give her a friendly kiss and some money and then send her away. Certainly nothing wrong in that surely, the very idea and act of taking an unknown woman to his house for no bad purpose whatsoever, would he thought in itself be an adventure, quite exciting and even thrilling.

By the time he reached the General Hospital, he dismissed the notion. He thought his romantic mood would vanish if he walked into the blazing Central Station with its noisy bustle.

But that was not to be. At one of the entrances stood a lonely woman, a woman in purdah. At sight of the shapely form the purdah draped, his imagination took fire, and his original urge for a little harmless flirtation returned. He approached her jauntily self-assured she was one of that sort. Else what business had she to be there alone, looking about forlornly? Of course, the purdah was an ingenious lure. She was young too, he inferred from the plump round, cream-coloured forearm that was exposed to sight.

When he accosted her, she suddenly stiffened and seemed to peer into his face. She choked back something like a gasp of astonishment. But she kept silent.

"Will you mind spending an hour or two at my house, quite harmlessly?" repeated Nooruddeen.

"Will I?" thundered the woman.

Nooruddeen reeled back, as if struck. The voice of the woman sounded like the crack of doom in his ears.

"Are-er-are you—," he began to falter—

"I am!" said the woman, removing her purdah.

For full two minutes, Nooruddeen stood too stunned to speak.

"But.....my dear.....I received a card from your father and.....and....it said you were returning only on the 14th!" he achieved, his desire to solve this puzzle growing stronger than his inward fear.

"What is the date to-day?" demanded his wife, in cold, chilling accents.

"It is only 10th!" he answered.

"But 14th according to the Urdu month!" she enlightened him.

Nooruddeen understood his mistake. He also understands why it is his wife hasn't yet spoken to him since that night.

Of course, he has explained and prayed and begged for her pardon. He hopes she will forgive him one day.

I know she will. She will bestow on him the sweet kiss of forgiveness the day he buys her that diamond necklace she has long been asking for. And if he doesn't buy it soon—well, she will ask him to, one day.

One of the boys.

The new superintendent of a private lunatic asylum was strolling round the grounds a few weeks after his appointment when suddenly one of the inmates accosted him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, raising his hat, "but I have great pleasure in informing you that I and all my unfortunate friends, like you better than the last superintendent."

"Thank you," replied the new man pleasantly. "And may I ask why?"

"Well, sir," answered the lunatic, "you seem more like one of ourselves."

"To train a military moustache," says a sergeant-major, "is no easy task." On the contrary, it is a task bristling with difficulties.

Free (Fight) Speech.

Hitler's bath of blood in Germany, on which all the world comment, must inevitably react upon Sir Oswald Mosley and his Black-shirts, who have been strutting about this country with Hitleresque grotesqueness, as we were the first to point out, long before a word was said about them in any of the other newspapers.

All now know a most damning indictment of the methods of Mosley at the recent public meeting he addressed at Olympia. Miss Vera Brittain, one of the foremost writers of our time, and a contributor to Everybody's was seated quite close to the platform. She says:

"When Sir Oswald Mosley mentioned that the right to free speech justified Blackshirt tactics, a man opposite me cried out: 'Does Hitler stand for free speech?' He was at once surrounded by Blackshirts, knocked down and pummelled. A struggling mass of humanity then appeared to roll down three or four rows of chairs, after which an interrupter was frog-marched from the ball. Similar treatment was given to another interrupter on my right, who merely shouted 'No.'"

"My landlady has got a figure like the Albert Hall—rotund," said a plaintiff. The figure most women long for is like the Tower of Pisa—lean.

An advertiser claims to teach any person to play the saxophone in six lessons. We understand that there is a free life insurance policy included with the tuition.

Samples of fog can be put into glass jars. Many a man would be glad to carry a large jar of a particularly dense specimen to uncork when sighting his tailor.

A Glasgow man was summoned for throwing a lump of coal from a window at a street musician. That he hauled it up by the string attached is no excuse.

An African missionary says that cannibals never eat anyone over 20 years old. Youth, apparently, must be served there, too.

THE REFEREE

... By "VELU" ...



THERE have been so many secret doings about our lovely suburb of Adayar lately, that I began to think the Ku Klux Klan, the Bolsheviks, or the Red Shirts were going to open a retail branch in our midst.

My worst fears were confirmed one evening when I was extinguishing the glow worms in the garden before retiring to rest, I beheld a pale youth with chicken-pox marks all over his face—doubtless the secret sign of his society—lurking outside my house with a round object in his hands. "Good evening," I said affably. Nice weather for dirty deeds ain't it? If you have come to drop that bomb upon the Veena next door, old son, I shan't be looking—

"We've selected you—" began the youth.

late. And are you taking the bus or a taxi home?

"We put the names in a box" explained the youth, "and your name—"

"If you throw that bomb at me," I said sternly, "I'll scream. I've learned to scream under the best masters."

"We've found out," proceeded the visitor steadily, "that—"

"That I killed Cook Robin? Well my lad, if I did it, it was only in self defence. I hit him first. Don't throw that bomb at me," I begged piteously. "I am an orphan, sir, with only two parents left in the world. I'll never kill Cook Robin again," And as the emissary hesitated, I went on urgently:

"I must live another week, your worship, to pay my income tax. If I must perish, let me die a natural death, or cover the box with chocolates and send it to me in a

pretty box, or better still let me drown in beer."

"Aw, cheese it mate," growled the youth angrily. "This ain't a bomb. It's a bloomin' foot-ball. You see, on Saturday, our team.. 'The Appalam Wallahs,' are playing 'The Bonda Boys' of Alandoor, and all we are short of is a referee."

"I don't think I've such a thing in the house," I said anxiously. "But I've a cork-screw in the tool-shed." "So," went on the "Appalam Wallah," unheeding, "my pals put the names of the big blokes in this road into a hat, and yours was fished out first. We kick off at 5-10 sharp." I shrank from him appalled.

"And I thought," I said bitterly "I thought you were only a Terrorist!" "You'd better come," warned the youth on departing. "We're a rough lot and if we have to fetch you—"

When he was out of sight I snapped my fingers at his threat. Of course

I'd go, if only to show I wasn't afraid of them. "I'd show 'The Appalam Wallahs'. I'll show the fellers that I'm no dud at refereeing."

On the following Saturday therefore I proceeded to the stipulated ground.

The Appalam Wallahs and the Bonda Boys were already assembled and they greeted me with a cheer. Two men who said they were captaining—through I couldn't see their ships—shook hands with me.

The teams had made hospitable arrangements for their referee, an ambulance waited close by, and piled near the spectators was a mound of broken bottles and stones.

I must now confess I had never in my life played or refereed football and all the arrangements seemed mysterious to me. I saw with surprise two fishing nets tied up at the two extreme ends of the field.

Before I could whistle, the Appalam Wallahs kicked the ball, and the game was in full swing. I blew the whistle to explain this and the game stopped. But when the players heard what I had to say, there was an angry roar and a shower of bottles and bricks sent me offside.

In a flash I realised, what was the true fascination of football—the Referee! A good one like myself can make a game human with excitement. And how much livelier would football be if there were more referees!

To explain this, one may point out, what thrills they might have if there were thirty more refs put on my side to receive the kicks of twenty-two players and the missiles of 1000 spectators—I blew my whistle again.

I talked sense. But amid brickbats and execrations I was bundled aside, and the game went on again. I was thoroughly disgusted and wanted to have nothing to do with the game any more, and to inform this I gave another shrill blast and the game again stopped.

When I gave them a piece of my mind, the Appalam Wallahs and Bonda Boys and the spectators surrounded me. I don't mind taking on twenty-two men single handed, but when it comes to hundred—if I was defeated, it was only because the others were victorious. I mean to sue them for a new whistle!

As I pointed out to the doctor when my spare parts had been collected and put in the ambulance.

"What do teams want a football for, anyway, when they have a referee?"

"The pedestrian is never safe these days."

No, if the Motor Car doesn't get him, the motor-car salesman does!

"The modern girl is not so black as she's painted."

Nor so pink either!

"A screen marriage is only a delusion," writes Mr. Gill in the 'Cinema Weekly.'

A real marriage is worse!

"Nobody loves to associate with thieves, cheats, murderers,——"

Of course Insurance agents, income-tax collectors etc., are included.

"I keep no secrets from my wife," confesses a reader.

And of course she keeps none from the neighbours.

"All great writers started with humble beginnings," writes a dissatisfied contributor.

And worthless writers begin with foolish hopes.

"I got a car for my mother-in-law the other day," writes a contributor.

What a wonderful exchange!

Overlooked Them.

The hotel was on fire, and the guests gathered out in front.

"Nothing to get excited about," one man was boasting. "I took my time about dressing. Lighted a cigarette. Didn't like the knot in my tie, so retied it. That's how cool I was."

"True," remarked a bystander, "but why didn't you put on your trousers?"

She's only a boxer's daughter, but she certainly gets a bout.

When a barn caught fire in Somerset recently, onlookers say it flared up for no apparent reason. A correspondent declares his wife is just like that.

One example of rigid economy is an unconscious Scotsman.

"\$15 000 legacy for an actor." An acceptable "roll."

According to a report, a steeple-jack was once a miner. He has worked his way up.

Capital is still hopeful that the day will come when it can sit up and take interest.

Living is cheaper in some ways. People used to pay half a dollar to see the gals dressed as they are now.

All the new cars, as usual, are designed to sweep pedestrians off their feet.

A 24-stone man has succeeded in winning 18 prizes for being the heaviest man. His winning "weigh."

"Tall men are subject to rheumatism," declares a medical man. The big "stiffs"!

"Good morning" says one crook to another these days. "Did you have a nice crime last night?"

TEA ! TEA !! TEA !!!

— BY R. S. KURUP. —

DO not be frightened dear readers! I am not going to advertise tea, nor am I going to visit your houses as an agent of the

The d-d, I mean ('dreaded' not 'damned') cursed, (and what not?) Medical examination was drawing near. Species of students like myself have begun to receive kicks



A big flame shot up turning to ashes all the objects that stood in its way.

same. But I mean to give and 'buffs' (refer to R. S. you (?) one of my funniest Kurup's dictionary for meanings!) for going to bed as late as 7-P. M. and getting up as early as 8-A. M. (only one kind!)

hour's sleep please!) I became disgusted with it! (not sleep please!) Sit up I must! But how?

Smoking! — economic depression has invaded the sphere of my smoking too!

Snuff! — good for sniffing only!

Chewing! — Grand father the sole agent!

I racked my brains for an hour. At last light did dawn upon me! What? Tea! a cup of strong tea very good for keeping awake a whole night. But how to get a cup? (of tea, please!) I was not brave enough to request mother to prepare a cup because many a day have I not gone to the college under the pretext that I was suffering from diarrhoea (a most convenient disease!)

At 4 p.m. I went for my usual walk and on that day I made a surprise visit to the shop of Krishina and Brothers. After smoking half a dozen of the cigarettes which the manager offered me and seeing all the varieties of Tea that he had in his shop, I bought a sample tin of Rama Tea dust costing one full anna! Hard times you know! I heard the shopman heaving a sigh of relief and sending a curse after me as I left the shop. (Ungrateful goat!)

Next I directed my steps to my pal Rajagopal's house.

"Good evening, Raju!"

"Good evening, Kurup!"

"Well! did you read the latest Funny Magzin," (Editor, pay me liberally please for such sentences! I am told this is the way they do it in these magazines.)

"I did. It was superb."

"It is said in that that friends should help each other."

"O. K."

"Are you not my friend and I yours?"

"Undoubtedly!"

Turk Meets Super-Turk

— BY "KOWMAR" —

"YOUR rich man, I don't care for him," remarked my man Pichi.

"Surely, you can spend as you please if only you have plenty of money?" I asked.

"Far from it, Babu. That is a mere delusion," answered Pichi.

"You are becoming a saint, Pichi?"

"Far, far from it. I only objected to your idea of the rich blokes. If I had my choice, I would be a rich man's son," explained Pichi.

"But you will have to depend upon the old one. Sometimes they won't part with their money, or the world either. Then if the old man persists to live on, where is your 'minor' son, as they call the son eagerly waiting for the old man's keys of the safe?"

"Why, Babu, when a man makes money he wants some body to spend it for him—for he can't himself find it in his heart to fritter away what he had stored by means which only he and his God knows."

"So, Pichi, you would like somebody to pile up for you?" I asked.

"Why, Babu, you know that young mastiff of a boy, Nyana. You know he is on his bed for the last week. I am told he would take a month more before he comes out to the road and meddle with people passing by."

"Bed-ridden; Nyana bed-ridden—why?"

My man, Pichi can tell a tale—if he is in the mood; and this is what he said:

Our Nyana is a young fellow born to enjoy himself. His father started life in quite a humble way. He would say, "Why Sir, till I was forty-five I had never tasted what

they call 'dhil—bhar—dhosht.' When there is now plenty of money for mountains of 'halwa' or 'ras-ghulla', there is no inclination for it." For the old man would say 'Why, Sir, what right have I to be eating away sweets and cakes and 'gulab jamoon' with others' money? There is Nyana, my son. If the little that I have saved in not his money, why did Lord Krishna send me the

boy, and Maha Laxmi send me that money and lands and houses? It is clear as day-light that each is for the other."

Nyana too knew his mission in life. He was sent by Lord Krishna to work at what his Divine Consort had sent for his expenses or "T. A." as the officials call that which they pocket in addition to their legitimised loot called salary.

Nyana grew up to be a stylish young fellow—decent looking, a riding whip, a wrist watch, hair cropped just as the latest fashion demanded—with a nice smoke between his lips—he would generally plant himself at the gate of the house.

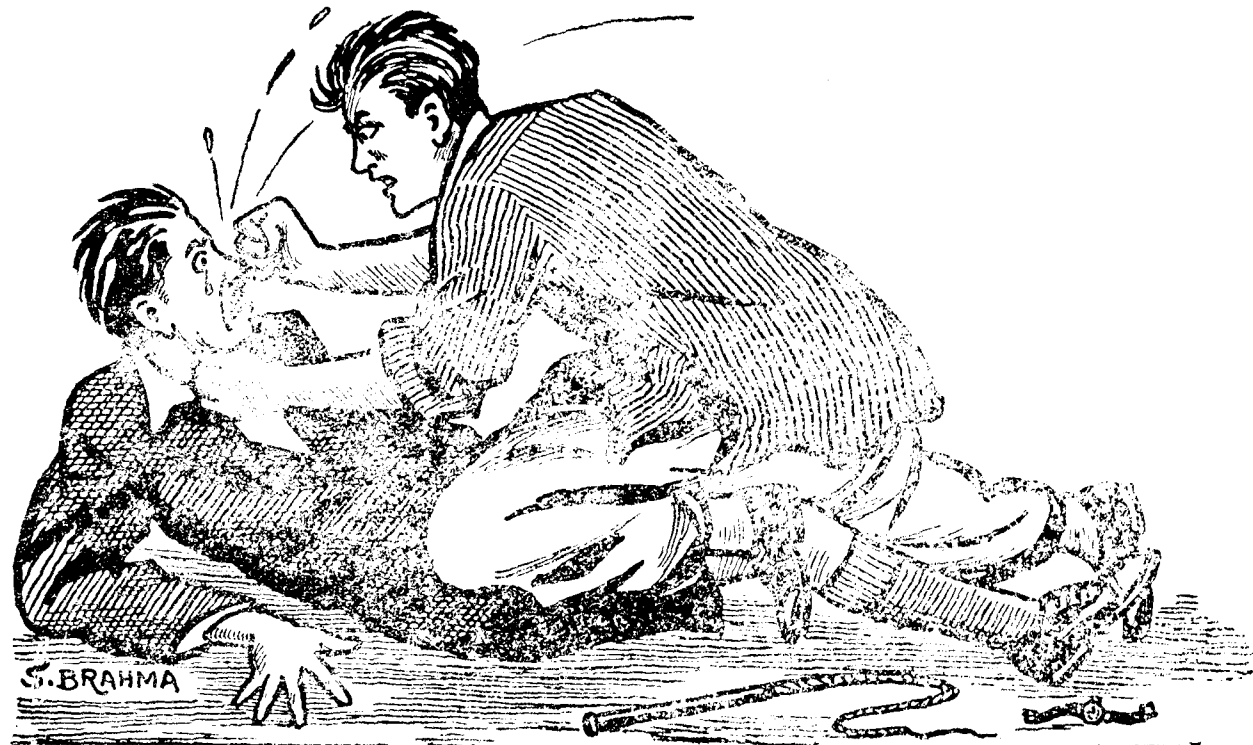
To extract a kind of homage from the young bloods all round was his pleasure: Nyana had come to believe that people as they passed by did so because he permitted them to do so.

Nyana was the rich man's son; and it was only proper that he should have such an opinion of himself and proper too that people around should respect that feeling of Nyana's.

That was a Friday morning, one day.

Kuntala and Seshu passed by Nyana's house with their brother Madhu. Nyana was there at the gate—his whip in hand.

He saw the two young comely figures passing by.



In spite of the appeals of the two sisters, Madhu rained blows after blows.



Madhu was going with them. But who is the stranger that ventured to pass by, with two fine looking damsels, when, as people must know, that he would be there?

Was it audacity?

Was it ignorance?

Nyana was not able to decide. But Nyana was not going to be bothered about doubts. He was eminently a man of action—that is what his friends used to call when he whacked young fellows in the street.

"You seem to be swanking it?" said Nyana to Madhu.

"Swanking? What do you mean? Who are you, sir?" asked Madhu politely.

"Aha! Who am I? What do I mean? Never heard such questions all my life. If your honour can kindly carry your dignity a bit nearer, I can explain things better, grand Sir. But you seem to have a nice time of it with two fine birds there. Where did you pick them up?"

Madhu was a bit put out. But he was far from being hasty. He said, "Well, Sir, never mind about the young ladies. Here have I come near. You said you would tell me who you are. I dare say we shall be good friends when we know each other better. My name is Madhav; I come from St. Thomas Mount."

"Ah, Madhav from Mount! Aha, excellent. That is why our friend does not seem to know where he is or who I am. Come here, friend, yes, yes, that is it," as he spoke he stretched out his hand to Madhav.

Madhav anxious to show his respect towards a stranger stretched out his hand, when Nyana caught hold of Madhav's hand, pulled him near him, and holding him by his shoulders began shaking him violently.

"So you understand who I am by coming nearer, Great Mr. Madhav?" asked Nyana.

"I really don't understand you, sir. I am sorry," Madhav answered.

"Boys, hold this Marquis Madhav of St. Mount. One or two good touches of our whip bring in lots of wisdom—red wisdom, aha, ha, ha." laughed Nyana, when boys came up to hold Madhav. Can't say what it was, Madhav cast a look round when the boys ran to a respectable distance.

"Well, if Mr. Mighty Madhav needs myself to hold him, I shall. But you know what that means, boys?"

"Terrible, Nyana, why, that young fellow yesterday. He now trembles at your sight after the dozen you gave him—and nicely too you gave him," flattered the young fellows.

Madhav now understood what Nyana was meaning. But he stood still and let Nyana come close.

Poor Nyana! he did not know that Madhav was the boxing champion with many medals to his credit, yet a fellow meek and mild as a lamb—and an ever-ready helper of the old, women and the feeble.

Nyana came near, "Now look here, Madhav, you may be a mighty man in the eyes

of those two young birds. But here nobody can pass by without a suitable answer to me. Just lie down like a good one; take three whacks and you will see what deal of good that will do you. Don't waste time, Madhav."

"I really do not know what you want of me. Show me what you expect of me I shall obey," answered Madhav.

"Just look here," down knelt Nyana on the ground, "this is....."

Nyana had hardly finished. Like a tiger, sprang Madhav on the prostrate figure of Nyana.

It was all so sudden. A kick or two with the knee, Nyana lay flat on his face on the ground. Madhav turned him up; mounted on his chest, and, without any ado or word, in spite of the appeals of his two sisters, Madhav rained blows after blows on the face all over—punctuating the blows with questions whether he would cease talking disrespectfully of passers-by—men and women.

At first Nyana shouted for his boys. But whether it was fear or pleasure that the bully had found one to give him his deserts, not a boy went to the rescue—in fact they disappeared.

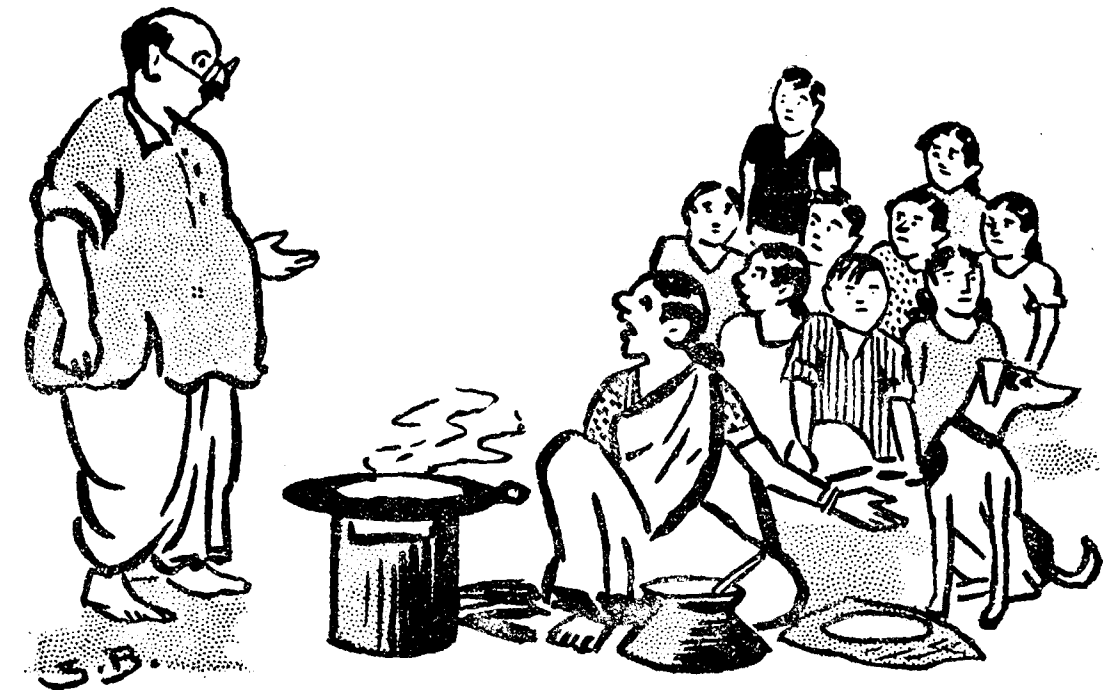
Madhav stopped only when he thought he had done his work thoroughly.

"Good Sir, I have not the honour of knowing your name," began Madhav.

By that time Nyana's parents and servants came screaming out; they knew Nyana's game. They begged

My boy passes his S. S. L. C.

... BY T. M. S. ...



Madhav's forgiveness—which was given before sought, as Madhav felt that Nyana had been taught the lesson of his life.

Madhav asked for a drink of cool water which he gave to Nyana, who felt a bit refreshed.

"Hope you feel better, Mr. Nyana," gently asked Madhav.

"Why, better, Sir. I am sorry that these young fellows deluded me. Be sure, Sir, I am changed for life. I beg pardon, Sir, for my folly and disrespect to you and the young ladies—your sisters—I am sure, now."

Madhav and Nyana did become good friends ever after.



I belong to the pre-B. C. days. Not that I am antediluvian, but that I am of the pre-birth control days, when enthusiasts of this propaganda did not get concerned about others' children. The protagonists of this movement are anxious to protect other men from the propagation of species. My wife and I followed the Biblical command "Go ye and multiply." Our family consisted of nine children and with the ninth my wife said, 'Thus far, no further' my man' and named the last one Savitri, as her mother told her that this name was more effective than contraceptives to stop unwelcome infant visitants into the family.

We were afraid of the neighbours' evil eye and when sending the children to school sent them through different doors taking care to see that no two of them went out at one time. Some of our friends had a joke at our

expense. They said we could easily form a football or hockey eleven, the children being skippered by Mrs. with me as Vice-captain.

Being a poor school master in a private school, I was very hard put to make both ends meet. Our salaries were often in arrears, the school being the gift of a local zemindar, who in one of his fits of generosity founded the institution. He gave the money, and the Managing Committee guided the expense. The Committee was purely a democratic and representative body. Three members were elected by the "old boys" and these three co-opted eight of their friends and well wishers. These eleven ran the show and whenever their houses needed repair or white washing, the school building was sure to be repaired also.

In that wonderful school I am the 5th assistant on the generous grade of Rs. 80-12-120. To my knowledge, no teacher ever reached the maximum. He was either superannuated or claimed by death. The only soul that defied all this was our head-master who by judicious lending of monies to the Committee Members received a

special treatment. He is of the Helen Keller school, and is a good teacher though stone blind. Like many an M. L. C. he is a firm believer in profound silence. Silence is as often a sign of vacuity as of profundity. That is my school history.

My domestic department calls for further remarks. My children, the Nine Gems, were fast growing. They outgrew their dresses. I was hard put to find them new clothes. But my Mrs. is an adept in domestic economy. If she were in America she would have easily got a Ph. D for house-keeping. But alas, she is in this benighted land! Her plan was to give new dresses to the eldest children. The other fellows got the dress second-hand. Owing to the evil eye of the neighbour only one child at a time was taken out and so the dress problem was solved. The nude cult was practised indoors. But with all my praise for my wife's domestic economy, I myself was one day made a victim of that principle. She gave an 'Appam' (cake out of rice) to my eldest and he found it none too loathsome, so generously passed it on to his next in number. Down it came to the youngest. She offered it to the dog. The dog refused it. The child was afraid that the mother would thrash her for wasting the Appam. So she reported the affair verbatim to mother. She in her wisdom said "If the dog doesn't want it, don't waste the Appam, give it your Appa."

My wife retailed all my old coats, and made them into nice fitting garments for the youngsters. When my girl No. 1, who attended the girl school was anxious to have a strap body and corsets just the same as her teacher had, my Mrs. requisitioned my old turban cloth and out came bits of it. My Mrs. somehow made both ends meet.

The rub came when my boy and child No. 1, passed his S.S.L.C. It was for my wife an event in our family. Had she not vowed a hundred coconuts if her first born passed the first exam at the first chance? To the male parent it is always a problem whether the boy fails or passes. If he passes how to get through the college course and what profession to choose is the question. If he fails, it means duplication of expense. But my wife was out to celebrate her boy's clearing the first hurdle. The usual 'Thyre Vada' and Chakkara Pongal for-

ed the main items of the menu that day.

After the heavy feed, the children had all gone asleep and I was in the outer room thinking hard as what to do. I suddenly heard the jingle of the toe rings and clink of the bangles. It was my wife "skipping her light fantastic toe." My ear was trained to that sound. Those days of early romance came to my mind, when I used to roll restlessly in bed for the arrival of my wife after finishing the house washing and vessel cleaning, just as the young calf tore at its tether when the distant clang of the cow's returning belt was heard. I jumped and made myself active. But those days of youthful romance were over. For what I did in haste, then I now repent at leisure with nine children to eat me a thinking throughout the night. It is all a curious thing this fate. My neighbours, Raghavachar and Kalyani, are a well built couple and they have the house day and night all to themselves, they went to Rameswar, she took Lodhra and he took Amritha, but a heir to their estate refused to make his appearance. We wanted to limit our family to a boy and a girl and there we are with a full football team. The workings of Fate are inscrutable in this as in everything else.

My Rangu, that is my wife, came and asked me if I was asleep and sat by my side. I was not averse to such advances. But I knew there was something behind this all, either to the intended purchase or repair of a jewel or the ratification for a saroe already purchased. She set the ball rolling by, "Why my love, what of our Cheenukutti's further study?" I told her that I have decided to get him admitted into the local college as it would be easy to get a scholarship for him. "Just" she broke out 'an F. A. college is a second grade college, for our boy! Unthinkable. We must anyway send him to Madras for further study for B.A., and M.A., why not send him now alone? Moreover he will stand a good chance of being selected by a matrimonial bureau as a candidate for some party." Her arguments whether weighty or not must carry weight and that too on such a still night after a heavy meal. But I didn't wish to yield mildly. "What of his food, my angel?" I said. "He has so long been catered to by you and the hotel meal might upset him." Like an experienced advocate,

she had an answer ready. My sister Thangu has promised to help us. She will cook for and look after the boy. She will comb his hair, give him oil both and play the mother all right for him." So I was floored. She won, I yielded. To Madras my boy should go.

This Thangu is my wife's widowed sister, she is the third wife of a Mirasdar who chose to die even before Thangu was 14. Thus Thangu was left a young robust widow with a lot of money. She became the cynosure of neighbouring eyes. She sowed her wild oats. Poor woman! But that is all ancient history. She went to Dhanishkoti, got shaved of her flowing hair, took to widow's weeds and now had Nammas all over the body and went twice to the temple. She was the scribe of "Ajarani." She had a silver vessel a Narmadi and a Madi Sanchi. She was in short a "Vrudha Nari."

Out of overflowing love and affection for her sister's boy, she now volunteered to stay at Madras. I had my own doubts. I thought the 'old flame' might flicker again. But I dare not talk ill of my wife's sister. I had to receive my orders. It being the midsummer vacation, I was to go to Madras and look out for a decent house or a good family portion for my boy and his aunt. The house must be preferably in Triplicane, near the temple tank to permit my sister-in-law to have a dip. She might in her leisure hours revive her songs by visits to the radio.

"How Do You Sleep?" asks an advertisement. Horizontal!

A Midlands grocer is said to have saved £30,000 in ten years. He has made plenty of provisions for the future.

"Many saxophone-players," we read "can hold their breath for three minutes." That's not nearly long enough.

A contemporary, trying to be helpful, says that if worms attack chairs they should be rubbed with paraffin, but for our part we should want somebody else to hold the worms.



A scene from "Lava Kusa."

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

RANCHANDI

During the 5th century of the Christian era India was weighing under the crushing rule of the foreign Greeks.

Mahabhaga the Raja of Mahendrapur was undergoing a self imposed penance. He thought himself to be blamed for all the miseries of his people under the foreign rule. Because, as he argued it was his disgraceful treaty with the Greeks that had given them the unquestioned supremacy over the country. So he had tied a piece of cloth round his eyes to stop his vision and prostrating himself at the feet of the Goddess of War had taken a vow that he will never take off the piece of cloth from his eyes unless and until the people were freed from the foreign yoke.

Bhadrapal the Raja's minister was a veritable fiend. He was not only a traitor and a double crosser but also a low intriguer and a dirty blackguard. He was secretly in league with the enemy; he had blackened the character of young and loyal Commander-in-Chief Madhav in the eyes of Raja; and last but not the least he had through his cunningly laid plan brought the Maharani completely in his power.

Madhav is in concealment but appears from time to time to help the Maharaja. Once when wounded by the soldiers he takes refuge in the potter's hut. The potter's youthful and pretty daughter Matangi nurses him and dresses his wounds. Both fall in love and when Madhav leaves for his place of concealment Matangi

follows him. Madhu tries to slight her but she crosses sword with him. The cleverness she displays in wielding the sword leaves Madhav in utter amazement and his love enhances for the beautiful potter girl.

Madhav determines to free his countrymen and with his friend Raghu starts on his expedition. Matangi starts all unknown to them. Incidents follow in rapid succession. As the result of a wordy duel in the court between him and the Purohit the Greek officer is bent on putting his foot on the head of "Ranchandi." The coward Rajkumar and the traitor Bhadrupal yield. But as the Greek officer is on the point of putting his foot on the Murti Madhav appears and snatching up the Murti makes off. But the soldiers intervene and in the scuffle that ensues Matangi takes hold of the Murti runs, for all she is worth. She succeeds in concealing the Murti safely in the house of the village chowdhri.

In the meantime Madhav is captured and Bhadrupal is contemplating to bury the Raja in the wall alive when Matangi returns she is in time to save

the Maharani from Bhadraps immoral assault. She also succeeds in releasing Madhav from the jail who in his turn releases the Maharaja from the clutches of Bhadraps. But both are recaptured. Once more Matangi at the head of a large army sets them free.

Then Matangi puts forth a novel proposal before the Greek officer. She offers to fight with him alone in a hand to hand duel. "If you are victorious" says she "ours is the servitude for life. On the other hand you will have to hand over the treacherous Bhadraps to us as well as you will have to bow the proud head of yours at the feet of "Ranchandi". The officer takes up the proposal. The terms are agreed. The day is cast. Now who is going to win the day? Ah, who indeed? See the result of this duel and the rapid growth of the story on the Silver screen.

"Hello, Jim; back from your hunting trip, I see. Did you bag anything?"

"Not a bird."

"Well, no wonder. Look at the dog you took. The idea of going hunting with a tailless pointer!"

"Oh, don't blame poor Beppo. He had a tail when we started."

"Mose, how came yo to name yo little gal 'lectricity'?"

"Well, you see, Sam, mah wife am Dinah and mah name am Mose, an' dynamos make 'lectricity', so we jus' named de little gal 'lectricity'."

"How would you define a successful business man?"

"A man who can make more money than his wife can spend."

Dont Use widely advertised Hair Destroying POWDERS. Most of them are worse than useless. Prepare one of your own. **Rs. 1000/- given if it fails.** Send As-4/- with a self addressed envelope for the SECRET. **Steno House Agency, Amritsar.**

Hollywood News

FOX

Buddy Lloyd Junior on the official records will have to wait a while before making a screen debut.

Although urged by friends and followers alike to use his 5-year-old youngster to portray the role of himself as a but in CHINA in his newest picture "The Cat's Paw" the comedian has decided against the move. Instead the part goes to a 5-year-old lad from Jacksonville, Florida, Jack Holt.

While viewing a performance at the little spotlight Theatre the other night Lloyd was attracted by the lad playing the role of the District Attorney's son. He sent word back that he would like to meet him the next day at the Metropolitan studios and young Holt has been signed to a contract.

Motion Picture technical men called upon daily to do the near impossible were apparently stopped two months ago when Harold Lloyd called upon his department head to produce a replica of a tiny singing bird which graced the court of Chien Lung Emperor of China from 1736 to 1796. Cables were sent to all quarters of the globe in as much as the singing bird plays an important part in the story "The Cat's Paw".

However after six weeks of intensive search what is said to be one of the three diminutive singing birds in the United States was found in San Francisco and purchased by Lloyd at a high premium.

Decision to add several scenes to the Fox Film "gigantic" "The world Moves on" meant unexpected work for three days for several hundred extras.

The picture which has Madeleine Carroll foremost English star and Franchot Tone in the leading roles is expected to be the most up to date and important on this year's Fox progress.

John Ford is the director and Winifred Sheehan vice president and

general manager of the production is personally supervising.

WARNER BROS.

She Went to Court in her Night Gown!

Can a lady be presented at court in her night gown? Well Dubarry once went into the Royal presence before the beauty and chivalry of France assembled in the throne room at Versailles, clad only in the flimsiest of nocturnal raiment.

The incident figures in the new Warner Bros. feature picture "Madame Dubarry" starring Dolores Del Rio which is soon to be nationally released.

Madame Dubarry was nothing if not unconventional. That was part of her charm and part of the explanation of her rise from humble circumstances to be mistress of King Louis XV. Her carelessness her recklessness of consequences together with her beauty and essential kindliness of heart have written her name large upon the history of France in the eighteenth century. A hundred incidents like that of the nightgown—though that was perhaps the most daring of all—keep her personality vivid and alive in the annals of that most brilliant epoch. She was a very humane person; she loved her friends ardently and hated her enemies deeply and she had plenty of both.

Dolores Del Rio in the title role of Madame Du Barry is said by those who have had private previews of the pictures to present an unforgettable characterisation of the merry, lovely, tragic girl of old Paris whose influence over the king made her the most powerful person in France. The part of the king is played by Reginald Owen; that of Richelieu who was Du Barry's protector before she gained the royal favour has been assigned to Osgood Perkins. Other members of an exceptionally large and distinguished cast are Verree Teasdale, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Victor Jory, Maynard Holmes, Dorothy Tree, Helen Lowell, Robert Cavanaugh, Anita Louise and Henry O'Neill.

The screen play of Madame Du Barry was written by Edward Chodorov and directed by William Dieterle. Many months of research preceded the filming of the picture. All the details of the production have been made authentic; the costumes the furnishings the backgrounds are all of the eighteenth century, when the life story of Madame Du Barry proved once more that truth is stranger than fiction.

M-G-M.

Laurel and Hardy Plan Vacation.

Having finished *Them Thar Hills*? their most recent comedy short Laurel and Hardy will take a holiday for several weeks before starting work in "Babes in Toyland" the Victor Herbert Operetta which is to be Hal-Loach M-G-M feature.

Stan will spend his holiday touring through California in his new "Land ye yacht" while his rotund screen partner will improve his golf game during the lay-off period.

School girl as Garbo's Sister in "the Painted Veil."

Cecilia Parker still believes it is a dream. Whenever friends asked her which living personality she mostly admired she always replied "Greta Garbo." To know Garbo or to even see her in real life was the remotest dream in Miss Parker's life. Yet now she will play the Swedish star's personality in the *Painted Veil*.

Miss Parker a graduate of the Hollywood High School and Immaculate Heart Academy was summoned to the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer studios by producer Hunt Stromberg and offered a screen test for the new film.

When director Richard Boleslavsky saw the test of the Los Angeles girl he decided forthwith that Cecilia was the person he had been seeking for four weeks for the difficult role.

And Cecilia knowing that anyone fortunate enough to act with Garbo becomes overnight cried for joy.

But certain legal complications must be attended to before she can step into the coveted role. Being a minor she must go into Superior court to have her contract approved.

Cecilia Parker is a sister of Linda Parker also a Metro-Goldwyn Mayer player. A brother Joseph is still in school. Born in Fort Williams Canada Miss Parker has resided with her family in Los Angeles most of her life.

GARBO IN "PAINTED VEIL"

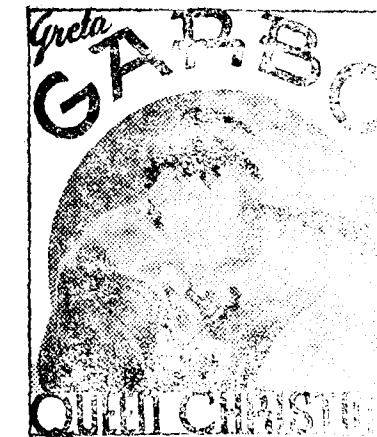
The "Painted Veil" Greta Garbo's new starring film with Herbert Marshall in the leading role is now in production at the Metro Studios. Richard Boleslavsky whose productions include *Rasputin and the Empress* and *MEN IN WHITE* is directing this adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel.

M. V. V.

Our Kine Corner:

Queen Christina.

Film fans will not forget the disappointment when GARBO planned to go to her native home Sweden some



time back. Everybody had their own apprehension as to whether the Queen of the screen will come back to the Mecca of the Movies. At last she did come which resulted in her starring in one of the sensational pictures "Queen Christina" a queen who temperamentally resembled Garbo herself.

The one outstanding feature about this film is that Garbo took more than her usual interest in this film. When she had been holidaying in Sweden she made a very deep study of the life of the enigmatic Queen. Settings, dresses and everything to lend the then Swedish color has been used to

make the picture be as sincere as sincerity could be.

The other thing of importance is that her male lead of the silent days with whom she made her name and fame John Gilbert is assigned the male lead in this picture also in spite of the studios running after Ronald Colmans and Jack La Rue. That memorable partnership of "THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL" has been renewed—who can say the romance as well.

Not only did Garbo choose her male lead, she also chose her director. Rouben Mamoulian was directing "Song of Songs" in the Paramount lot with Marlene Dietrich. Garbo quite unusual to her custom visited the Paramount Studios and watched the direction of Rouben Mamoulian. Then she insisted on her studio executives to engage Mamoulian to direct her picture Christina.

Her engaging Rouben Mamoulian did not end there. Dame rumour began to be busy spreading rumour that the director and the star were secretly in love and that those two were missed on the week-end days. Though materials were secured by the news mongers hovering around Hollywood and whether it is true or not the news that a Romance is brooding between Garbo and Mamoulian was set afloat though afterwards we know that this one also has ended in the same manner as those of Garbo and Gilbert or Garbo and Nils Asther.

That Queen Christina is one of the ambitious productions of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company is quite manifest by the arrival of the Prince of Wales and the gentility of all England on the opening night of the picture. Good Luck Garbo!!!

REVIEW.

The part of Queen Christina a woman who preferred to go about in male attire offers Garbo a fine opportunity to exhibit her versatile acting to the full. She is a male when she acts and when she is in love the woman in her predominates such that Romance is always lively. In fine she is able to convey through a nod or a look more meaning than any other actor or actress could in a long and lumbering speech.

The picture deals with the romance the late queen Christina had with the Spanish envoy Antonio to the chagrin

of Magnus who was the former lover of the queen. The meeting of the queen in an inn in the attire of a youth the Spanish envoy, subsequent love-making, and the duel between Magnus and Antonio are some of the highlights of the picture. Gilbert's portrayal of Antonio is a piece of fine acting though his acting has been overshadowed by the superb performance of Garbo.

An honourable mention should be made of the excellent work turned out by Rouben Mamoulian who has made the entire picture live through the introduction of right light and shadow and splendid pictorial effects.

Gaiety--SAKUNTALA.

Messrs Pioneer Film Co. of Calcutta have made a pleasant departure this time in the quality of their picture. Unlike Valti's Wedding or its successor KRISHNA LEELA the songs introduced in this picture Sakuntala are of a better type so far as the technique is considered. These are not of a very low order catering only to the masses. Though for the sake of the mass appeal some songs are introduced in the conversation of the fisherman and his wife yet the general impression when leaving the picture hall is only one of high praise from both the classes.

As for as the cast is concerned that veteran actor Mr P. S. Venu Nair has got a good film face. In spite of his advanced age we see him quite nimble and quite suited to the part of King Dushyanta. His voice is quite suited to the mike and all his songs have been executed quite faultlessly. The heroine of the story Miss Velamand though executes her part above criticism yet could have been much more lively at least when she meets her lover. The dance of Monka and the dance at the king's court are beautifully done.

The recording of sound and photography are flawless though the latter at times seems to be very sharp. Though the director has handled the story in a different way from the traditional one yet the handling deserves some praise since there is no lack of continuity. The technical excellence achieved in this picture have not been so far achieved in their last two pictures VALLI and KRISHNA LEELA. Of course this

is one of the pictures that will make Tamil pictures popular.

Broadway Talkies—

LAVA KUSA.

This picture which claims to be a musical extravaganza is truly one of its type since the music included in this film is one of the highest order we have up till now come across in the films. The music for this film has been composed by Gayakasikamani L. Muthiah Bagavathar the state Vidvan of Mysore.

Vidvan Srinivasan who appears in this picture as Sage Valmiki treats the audience with very good music not to say of the two youngsters Masters Krishnamoorthy and Sambasivan who have given the best of their. Though a little and a more nimble character would have suited the role of SEETHA yet the present choice too is not so bad as to be condemned. The marked departure from the ones we have seen up till now is the unique character of the dialogue. It is very short and crisp.

The technique of the picture is above adverse criticism and if only Talkies of this type should come into the field there is no doubt that musical sphere in this Tamil Nad will get widened. Thanks to the efforts of Mr Muthiah Bagavathar who has made this piece of Tamil Talkie truly musical.

He was telling her his family history.

"My grandfather was a poor hard-working clock-maker. When he died a few years ago he left all his estate, which consisted of two hundred clocks, to my father."

"How interesting," she said. "It must have been real fun winding up his estate."

Jackie (seeing nurse weigh the new baby): "Nurse, how much a pound did baby cost?"

"Did you give Dorothy that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked father.

"Yes," replied mother, thoughtfully, "and she's writing a letter to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters."

"Darling," declared the ardent suitor, "you are the most beautiful woman in the world!"

"But," objected the darling, "that's exactly what you told Mary Smith."

For a moment he was nonplussed; then his wits asserted themselves.

"Oh, that's all right," he retorted, easily, "Mary knows what an awful liar I am."

Mistress (trying to compose reference for discharged maid): "Really, Jane, I can't think what reason I can give to explain your leaving."

Maid: "Well, ma'am, suppose you just put: 'Why I let her go, I can't think?'"

Although navvies may be slow in their movements we have often seen them tearing up the street.

It is easy to tell a girl from a man, even if they both dress alike. The one listening is the man.

After years of research, scientists have discovered that the kind of home that lay the longest are dead hens.

It's much more dignified to say we're moving in cycles rather than running around in circles, although it comes to about the same thing.

What the world needs is more starters and less cranks.

If you want to spend a chilly week or two," says a traveller, "pay a visit to Siberia." Another method is to bring a crowd of the boys home to supper.

"Can you suggest something to stop my car from skidding?" asks a correspondent. Try a lamp-post or a brick wall.

It is said that milk is a great thing for strengthening the legs. Well, it has always been good for calves.

A manufacturer is of the opinion that the £60 car will come sooner than most people expect. But will it go?

MONKEYS IN CONFERENCE!

... BY 'ENJAY' ...

THE golden rays of the morning sun shot forth and illuminated the whole dark forest. In an open space there were assembled the most wonderful specimens of God's creation—apes—a veritable sea of heads that the world has ever seen. Apes of both sexes, and of all ages, majestic or bashful according to the dispositions of the stronger or weaker sex, squatted there. The dandies of the apeland lost no time in exhibiting their many and varied accomplishments before the furtive and coy "sweet young things." A feeling of self importance and satisfaction pervaded the whole congregation.

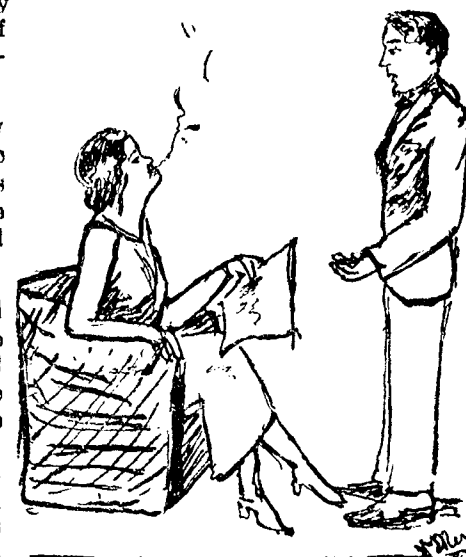
Prof. Darwinson F. F. P. (Fellow of the Faculty of Pranks) was in the chair, (a stump of a tree served this purpose). He was a big ape with the characteristic high forehead and flowing beard.

He rose up and began: Ladies and gentle apes. It is superfluous to inform you why you have assembled here. It is to fight for independence—you all know. I am glad that the day has dawned when we are mustered strong to thunder forth our grievances against the tyrannies of the so-called civilized nations. I trust by short but forceful speeches you will put forward some constructive programmes for the improvement and salvation of our race. I fervently pray that by the blessing of our great ancestor Hanuman our deliberations will be crowned with success. (Loud and prolonged applause. Such a burst rent the air that the Chinese wondered whether the Japs were again pouring down on them).

Rt. Hon. Pot-Belly, now fumbled forward. I am glad that I have lived to see this great day—a day of great awakening (Loud applause). I am glad that so many have gathered here to light this great Bonfire of "Swaraj." For ages, men, in their childish ignorance, have trampled down our just rights and ignored how our ancestors helped Rama against the invincible Ravana, in those good olden days. But for our ancestors, Ramayana would have had a different ending,

We are being driven out of towns and cities, hunted down and tortured in various ways. We are gathered here to send forth an appeal and demand equal opportunities and facilities for mutual betterment (applause).

I am sorry to point out that in the recent Round Table Conferences and in the much talked of White paper there is not a word as to what our future status would be in the new constitution—The League of Nations



He: Excuse me Mary for my being frank with you. Please don't take it to heart.

She: Oh, no! I will take it to court.

has ignored us.—This is quite alarming. We were not even invited to the R. T. Cs. Even the Simon Commission did not invite us—This White Paper is the last "straw" I demand in the name of fair play that we be given universal suffrage and equal status in the forthcoming constitutions. (Loud applause).

Dr. Long—Tail of Top—Branch University now rose up. "I have a formula," he said, "by which, I am sure, all the evils now obtaining can be annihilated. Throughout the

world famous Doctors of mankind are mad after what they commonly call "Monkey gland." It is an important and convincing proof that a Major portion of mankind is impotent (Laughter) and depend for an instalment of potency on the flower of us (applause.) I may tell you, that I had some interesting interviews with a lot of eminent Doctors of America and the world over, on the subject and they frankly admit that, but for the Talismanlike gland, half of the world would go mad (applause). My plan for averting such a catastrophe lies in intermarriage. (Loud and prolonged applause. Some of the Students of the University of Apes were so carried away by the trend of events that in their excessive joy they caught hold of little kid-apes, threw them up in the air and caught them as they fell roaring down. Some described somersaults in the air).

I am sure that this mingling or unification of the two big factors would result in the propagation of a strong and stalwart doubly potent race. Some of the big Doctors of Mankind are violently of my mind. Equal status in politics is quite impossible without equal facilities, for intermingling and exchanging of ideas. We don't want to be treated as a backward class, our intelligence and resourcefulness has stood the test of ages and not even Sanatana Dharma can boast so much of about it now. I demand that intermarriages should be declared lawful with special provision in the new reforms for equality of status in all walks of life. I fear, one or two seats in any assembly would not satisfy us. A single elected ape or two in any assembly would be surely kidnapped by some Doctors for 'Monkey gland' Treatments. I want representation on the basis of our population. (applause.)

Pandit Purse Mouth rose and said "I am for equality of status in politics and not for the merging of our race with that of men. Our Dharmas and Sastras are poles apart from that of mankind. By the interesting formulas put forward by Dr. Long Tail

there will not be a single ape—in the strict sense of the word,—after a thousand years.

Where then will be our Dharmas and Sastras? We are all warriors. Bear in mind your great Kings Valli and Sugriva and remember that Mankind is totally ungrateful. We can have no intermarriages with such ungrateful heathens (shouts of 'Shut up' and 'Sit down'.) I have sounded a note of warning. Look before you leap."

Mr. Bark-and-Bite—a member of University of apes—senate, rose up.

I quite agree with the first two speakers. The Crazy highhandedness of mankind is stinking in the nostrils of the whole monkey world. I demand reservation of appointments in the army, and navy and also in the cabinets, for the apes. I suggest the recruitment of soldiers from our ranks for the army and the eventual Monkeyanisation of the whole army. (Loud applause.)

Miss Tara-fangs-a delegate from apo-lady-League rose up. 'I am sorry that the previous speakers have failed to make any reference as to the status of ape-ladies in the future constitutions. I appeal to you to accord equality of status for us also. I know the ladies will coax their husbands to give them equal chances in the new constitutions (Here the ape-ladies looked daggers at the bulls beside them) I demand reservation of seats in the judicial and executive. (Loud applause from the women Block)

Mr. Grisly-beard tabled a resolution for the appointment of a Committee of apes to suggest names for and send a deputation of learned monkeys to wait on the Prime Minister and other big guns, to give them their full support to the above suggestions.

Prof. Darwinson, in winding up the Conference paid a tribute to all the speakers and added that they had taken only the initial step towards the attainment of their goal. There was much uphill work to do and hoped that the day would not be far off when the two great races would stand shoulder to shoulder in the common cause.

In conclusion he hoped that good sense would prevail and prayed that a novel race of ape-men would soon

spring up brimming with vitality and intelligence for the peace of the whole world.

Just then some one shouted 'Lion, Lion!' and every one scrambled up the nearest tree.—The conference thus terminated.

"It is possible for a singer with no sort of a voice to move an audience," declares a concert manager. Towards the exit?

A lecturer on economics says that the time will soon come when no coppers will be struck in this country. Then a policeman's lot will indeed be a happy one.

A bankrupt shoe-manufacturing concern has been put on its feet again by a financial syndicate. The next step will be to put its products on the public's feet.

A correspondent says he enjoyed his camping holiday, in spite of being continually stung by insects. He had a swell time.

"There is only one thing to be said to the married man who flirts with girls on the pier," declares a writer. And his wife can be relied on to say it, if she catches him.

The Bore: "You know, if I had any money, I'd travel."

Phyllis (fed-up): "Well, I've got a spare five shillings. How far will you go for that?"

A woman who was a tenant has lived rent free for three years because she has been unable to find the landlord. The usual excuse is that the tenant cannot find the rent.

A comedian, who is 6 ft. 8 ins. tall, was recently hiesed off the stage in a small American town. It appears that his songs were as broad as he was long.

The gangster who wears only shirts of shot silk.

Reviews:

AS "BHAI FUNZIN"
Sees them.

"Short Stories"

Is the modest name of a new monthly issued by the publishers of the well-known "Sound and Shadow." If only the brilliant "Stories" from contributors whose names are household words, the get-up faultless to a fault, and its general attractiveness—so elusive striking—go to make the monthly a success, there is no doubt that the "Short Stories" is bound to command an extensive patronage. All the success which it certainly deserves from those that can appreciate its superiority which boldly spurns the features which attract an illiterate public.

"TEARFUL MUTTERINGS"

BY "BBRUNG"

The pious pourings out of a Soul to its maker in language which, is it poetry or piety, is difficult to decide. Yet, as one reads through the "Tearful Mutterings" one feels an unspeakable speaking out of his heart, or, soul shall we say?

You read the Book with a humility; you feel it with a piety; you finish with a purity. Such a book is well worth a perusal whenever your heart or mind needs the ministering of a "higher" Friend.

Price As. 4

Copies of this Book can be had from the following place.

Ben & Co.,...Barnes Street,
Ramswami, Karachi

A man of thirty-eight declares he would do anything to earn a living. He could surely get a post in a Mexican village as the oldest inhabitant.

At an Angling Club's competition last week an angler hooked an umbrella. There are other clubs where this is done, only not quite so openly.

AUGUST 20, 1984

SEEING TWINS

BY "MANI-DHOST"

AS a result of some serious research conducted by scientists, it is learnt that there is a tendency for modern parents to disassociate themselves with the care and upbringing of their sons at or about their twentieth year. That is about the time when parents endeavour to impress upon youthful minds the suitability and urgency of owning at the earliest opportunity a mother-in-law.

So, the youth in the street does not at all feel surprised when his friends and playmates are taken in procession along the streets and finally have their life-sentence pronounced by a Mullah, a Prohithar, Brahmin or a Clergyman as the case may be, in the presence of those peculiar human beings who delight in the miseries of others. On the other hand, he does feel that it will not be long before his own turn comes too. If he is just one of those detestable brainless young men we often meet at street corner, he would simply get miserable brooding over such a small evil existing in society. It is an apparently necessary evil but which any youth can overcome if only he would dial No. 5252 on the 'phone immediately after he learnt of his approaching doom. Through such a timely little action, he would securely lay the foundation stone for a happy house, a real store of hilarity, jollity and gayness galore, and a genuine fort

of strength which no prospective mother-in-law can throw a bomb at with any success.

But it is not every young man who would have that presence of mind in the face of sudden danger. But Ramesh, my friend had. He had learnt by experience that whenever some gruesome apparition of an impending peril was visible, the only safe and sure way to avert it was to seek the advice of subscriber No. 5252 of the "Hello Service."

"Hallo!" he called one day in a voice filled with emotion.

"Hell—hallo! Whatever is the matter?" I asked from the other end.

"Come to my house at once," he said and hooked up the receiver abruptly.

I rushed to Ramesh's house. A gleam of hope that everything would come alright any old somehow in the end, shone in his eyes at the sight of me. He told me the whole trouble. Matters had come to a head, he explained, for it had been already fixed that he should accompany his parents next Wednesday to a certain Mr. Panagal's house in a place called Rollanallur to see his daughter with a view to matrimony. Parents on both sides, he said, were very hot on bringing about the marriage between him

and Miss. Leila Panagal. It looked, on the whole, there was no escape out of it at all. I consoled him with a few well-chosen words and supplemented them at the end with a little practical advice which he should have to follow when in Mr. Panagal's house.

Marriage is always a pleasant function from the view-point of priests and the proprietor of the village-hand. But to a young man who has been enjoying the freedom of bachelorhood, the idea of yoking himself to a girl and thus giving himself over to the tender (?) attentions of a mother-in-law, it seems a terrible form of outrage on the decency of society. That was how Ramesh exactly felt. Passing over those days and nights which he spent in remorse, with fear clutching his heart and a foreboding that the tentacles of matrimony might soon close upon him as those of a giant octopus, we come to that Wednesday in Mr. Panagal's house at Rollanallur.

Seated in the hall in comfortable chairs were Mrs. and Mr. Panagal on the one side and Ramesh and his parents on the other. Through the half-opened door of the hall was permeating a rumbling and jerking music which any fool after being first told which song it was meant for, would have no difficulty in recognizing as that of "Santhamuleka."

Mr. Panagal spoke presently.

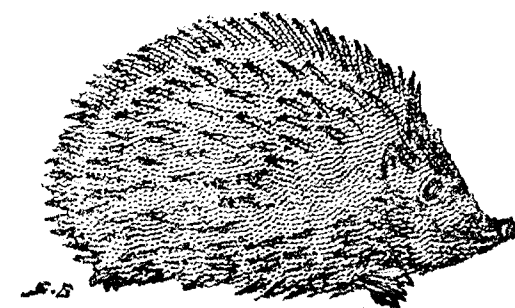
"Leila seems a little nervous."

Ramesh's mother supported him. "Only natural for a modest young girl when to sing in the ear-shot of strangers."

His father nodded his head approvingly. "Why! It is simply enchanting! Is it not, Ramesh?"

Ramesh till then was apparently absorbed in examining the buttons in his left-hand shirt-cuff but in fact wondering what a girl who could produce such music out of a harmonium would really look like. He was simply wavering in his mind to put my advice to the test at once, when his father's question fell in his ears. He raised his head to answer supporting his father's blarney about the music, but in doing it he accidentally met, for the first time, the eyes of Mrs. Panagal. Then it was not a second before he decided firmly of his

Plenty of Good Points about me



course of action as already planned out by me.

"Whish ish damned enshanting?" he asked rolling his eyes queerly at his father.

Such a question proceeding from a prospective bridegroom could not go without its natural effect. The old people sat up in their chairs rigidly; it was a bomb shell for them.

"I referred to the music, boy," blabbered Ramesh's father trying to speak in a natural tone.

"Whath mushic? I ashking you why thath thable hash goth eight legs, andh you thell me ith ish an enshanting girl. oh?" Ramesh said.

People view a same situation in different angles and attribute different motives for an action. So, whereas a tinge of suspicion that his son had gone suddenly mad, crossed the mind of Ramesh's father, Mrs. Panagal credited Ramesh with the most sane brains in the world. She concluded from his remark that the fellow was simply feverish to see the 'bride'

and was lisping only in a state of nervousness and excitement. So she hastily left the hall to come back again a few minutes later leading in a shy but beautiful Leila.

Ramesh looked at her approvingly.

"They are thwias, aren'th they? How deucedly alike?" he exclaimed.

"Who?" asked Mr. Panagal surprised.

"Of course, I mean your daughters, you know them, surely, don'th you?"

Then suddenly Mr. Panagal understood. Himself a patron of the Evening shop on the outskirts of Rollanallur, he had often seen things "in double." He knew just how many plots make people see objects in duplicate. He rose from his seat and put his hands on Ramesh's shoulders.

"Hello Mappidai," he said, "shall we go out for a walk?"

"Quith a bright and original idea," observed Ramesh smiling and

followed Mr. Panagal out through the door into the street.

A few minutes later, at the Evening Shop, to which Mr. Panagal had led him, he had the greatest difficulty to convince Mr. Panagal that he was in truth a foottaller, exactly at what time his parents were swearing on oath to an obstinately suspicious Mrs. Panagal that their son had never been a drunkard.

Ramesh is still a bachelor and in gratitude for my advice, he gave me as present a full bottle of Scotch Whisky at my marriage.

Ninety seven pounds in paper money was found last week in an old piano. Just the kind of notes we should like to get from a musical instrument.

AUGUST 20, 1934

25

MAKIN' WHOOPEE!

— BY "VEL." —



AM at peace with the whole world, for I've had a little of that stuff which makes

the world go round, the thing that makes you want to kiss a policeman. Yes, sir! I have had a couple o'pegs of whisky to night.

I call it a couple of pegs by way of courtesy only. I know and my servant knows that when I ask for two pegs, he is supposed to bring half a bottle.

Not that it matters much whether you drink two small pegs or one bottle. But two pegs a day is allowed and more pegs forbidden by my doctor, who usually finishes a whole bottle at one sitting. But then these human mechanics can do what we ordinary mortals shouldn't. So I call half a bottle only two pegs and thus satisfy my wife, doctor and my conscience.

As a matter of fact even the servant's conscience is quite clear, for there is nothing in the house that can measure a peg. So he satisfied himself that a quarter bottle of the fiery stuff made a peg.

But, perhaps barring things medical and alcoholic, no

liquids need more accurate measuring as whisky and soda. If we leave out the free-masonry of those accomplished lovers of the bar—not the legal one—whose monthly bill for drinks runs to anything from one hundred to four hundred Rupees, most of the



He:—Alright. I'll see you again Now wont you kiss me goodnight.

She:—No, I swore never to kiss a man until I'm engaged.

He:—Right! Don't forget to let me know when it comes off.

less accomplished artists need careful watching. A little more or less can make an awful lot of difference. A little less than you need, and the liquid fails to quench your thirst. It lacks strength. It fails to inspire you. It does not elevate you. It fails even to satisfy you. It is all soda! And what is soda without whisky?

ON the other hand a drop too much can make a lot of difference. It can elevate too much. It can inspire you to rush in where angels fear to tread. It may make you see stars on a starless night, even when you are not boxing. Here is a point of resemblance between a boxing bout and a drinking bout which needs working out by a connoisseur of both the arts. Both enable you to see stars at any time of the day. But whisky can do more! It can work miracles! It may enable you to see two balls at a time in cricket and make you hit the wrong one. It may enable you to see two brides on your wedding day and incline you to kiss the wrong 'un! It can make you jump with joy and dance with delight. At another moment it may make you feel down in the month, thinking of all the goals you did not score, all the centuries you did not make, all the clever things you forgot to say, all the lovely girls you did not kiss. While this stage lasts, people begin to whine and whimper. I once saw a whole party of thirty men dining out. They were all weeping. It looked like a weeping competition. But it is more usual to see people cheerful, jolly or even hilarious when they are under the influence of whisky and soda. They try to sing comic songs like Harris in "Three Men in a Boat." They talk nineteen to the dozen—a little inarticulately, to be sure—and they dance beautifully in delightful curves, even if they are not very steady on their legs.

The real sight of such souls in bliss is more exciting and comic than anything on the screen. Charlie Chaplin and 'Mickey' are nothing to it. Fiction and drama pale to insignificance by this real acting you see in real life. Faetastical scenes in Shakespeare and drinking scenes in Dickens are nothing compared to our 20th century revellers who dine and partake of the cup that cheers not too wisely, but too well.

On the Bangalore Cantt. station some days ago, I saw a party of revellers singing and dancing to the tunes of "We won't go home till the morning" and "Bottoms up." In spite of my lack of experience of experts in the art, I have seen some in the streets, in Refreshment rooms and in Railway trains sleeping the sleep of the just. Some of them even seem to believe in the 'Oscar Wilde' idea of,

"The Light and Delight of the Tamil World."

"PRACHANDA VIKATAN"

(THE MOST POPULAR TAMIL FORTNIGHTLY)

Read wherever:

Tamil is Spoken

Tamil is Read

Tamil is Loved

Popular Puzzles and Prizes Every Issue.

Sold Everywhere

:

Single Copy One Anna.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO:—

THE MANAGER,

"Prachanda Vikatan" Office, Madras.

lying in the gutter and gazing at the stars!

But these are some of the ugly scenes and thoughts associated with our subject. Whisky is a bad master and makes one perform some queer antics. Moralists may perhaps be justified in calling it a thief to the purse, a devil to the soul and many other unkind things. But moralists don't drink; they are not supposed to drink, anyhow. So how could they know anything about it? Didn't our friend Dasan Boopy, 'fired by an idea', run to the nearest pub and compose his poetry there? How many married men have lived that glorious moment, when they see two wives at a time and kiss the servant wench? And if she happens to be somebody else's wife, what does it matter? Isn't such a kiss worth more than a curtain lecture or a 'plank' on the bean? And even that may be spared if you sing at once. Then see how quickly she takes you home and packs you off to bed. But

the chances are that you may find yourself in a hospital.

And all for love! All for a kiss—a stolen kiss! But it's worth a curtain lecture, a hot one on the bean, a black eye, or a punch on the snapper. It is certainly worth the compulsory rest and the pretty nurse, if you find yourself landed in a hospital. Many will sigh and say:—

Oh for the Bliss

Of such a kiss!

Well, what's yours? Mine is a whisky and soda. More whisky than soda—Thanks—Here's Good luck to you and the makers of whisky all over the world. Bottoms up, please!

"How did George break his leg?"

"Well, do you see those steps over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, George didn't."

FUNNY MAGZIN

"I say, old man, what's good for my complaint?" asked a sufferer from insomnia. "I haven't closed my eyes for five nights."

"Go in for boxing," replied his friend. "The first time I tried it my eyes were closed for a week."

"Got up, John," said his wife in the night. "There's a burglar downstairs."

Hastily he went to investigate.

"Here, what are you doing?" he asked the intruder.

"Looking for money," the burglar said.

"Oh, all right. I'll go back to bed. If you find any, give me a shout, will you?"

Excited Young Father: "Quick! Tell me! Is it a boy?"

Nurse (carrying bundle): "Well, the one in the middle is."

AUGUST 20, 1934

FROM Sea Bath to Sun Bath: Why?

— By "AHA." —

THE age when girls hid themselves in the dark cosy corner of the kitchen is over; the age when girls had their movements only in the innermost recesses of their zanana which was held sacred even by ruffian hands of warfare or by the most uncourteous hands of the law is alas! gone by; the age when man was an apostle of tyranny in his own house has passed; but, we are witnessing a dawn of a new era when both woman and man 'rise or sink together dwarfed or Godlike bound or free'; she sits side by side with man, walks side by side with him in the shadow of the mighty name of civilization or society and even bathes side by side in fashionable costumes of bathing dress which often fails to conceal what ought to be concealed.

In this period through which many of us are pulling on our solid and bland masculinity, we often see our women folk allowing the best of their flesh to view the light of the day, as true worshippers of the Sun. We are often perplexed as to what to do whether to congratulate or not; for, this one act by which they still retain the traces of Ancient Civilization and method of worship (especially the Sun).

Sea Bathing has become a common sport among our sisters. The swimming pools and bathing ghats are rapidly increasing in number. And common bath-rooms are yet to prevail in metropolis.

ONLY a few days back I had the pleasure and the privilege of witnessing some Europeans and Indians bathing in the Bay of Bengal. The girls of sweet sixteen summers clad in gorgeous bathing costumes drove me for the moment to an illusion to think them to be fairies or nymphs. Eastern sisters among the group were not bad in number? (Are ye not proud to hear.) Such enchanting performance must have surely won the admiration of many voluntary spectators who were vying with one another to have many a glimpse (not content with one) of these girls who in their merriment of sports hardly imagined that their semi-nude picture would linger infinito in the passionate hearts of many spectators and would be one of memorabilia in their life. Their sweet unembarrassed display in the midst of the saltish sea, their art of swimming, and their childish play on the silvery sand can hardly bring to my mind any other incident equally parallel. Their wet costume was so tightly wrapped around their shapely body that every line and curve was displayed to my admiring eyes. When I beheld the inquisitive and the mischievous eyes of some of our co-spectators, an envy rose in me which made me pause and think that God ever made these girls so delicate, so glorious, so agreeable and so delightful to be only objects exposed under the wide canopy of heaven, steno-typing an indelible picture of their semi-nudity in the hearts of too many spectators who very much endeavour to detect in this pleasant players some

concealed things that are more consistent with their structure than it appears. Many stood on the shore with childish look and interest on which others were gazing with their passionate eyes.

With so much of brevity in their dress, there was an extraordinary degree of grace combined with charm in their semi-naturism.

As the girls chased the waves, which rolled back from the shore, it dragged in me at each move a lengthening chain.

None were inclined to move from the place and leave the girls to nature itself. Every hop in their play of waters sent a throb of passion in my heart. The activity of my imagination at the moment inclined me to sympathise with such courtesies of social life. I even began to admire the fashion of their life, their dress and costumes; wondered and ridiculed at the depravity of our ancestors. By this you may as well institute a new order of knighthood and confer on me the appropriate honour of the companion of the baths. Suppose I go and tell my wife what glorious honour I have achieved and if she does not pour out her indignation and imprecation, I have yet to learn the character of my wife.

Some girls were still bashful and shy; some folded their arms across and bent their heads forward. Others free from danger, free from fear, and free from shyness bathed in the blue.



Employers:—"You say you understand two languages. What are they?"

Prospective Typist:—"Flowers & Stamps."

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

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

50005	51434	51920	52276	53209
51678	55009	55555	55999	56000
56478	57778	58000	58498	58963
59000	59478	59952	61000	61987

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

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

The clear curves of their body heaved like the ebb and flow of the sea which itself was a delightful phenomenon to watch. My spirit was deeply laden with the simple beauty of the sight; my adoration of Art was repaid amply. Even now after the lapse of so many days, I cannot but describe the sensations their play thrilled me with!

Nor was I inclined to slip off from that place where they were specimens of exotic feminine models. There was a temper raging in me which if directed against a floating boat in a calm blue sea, there would be chaos in the smooth order of nature. They look like unapproachable fairies of a furious sea. I was forced to 'respite *Anema*.' Oh! now I will not be foolish enough to tell you any more of my agonies because you might say:

'Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song.
When more and more readers throng
The chair and thrones of beauty's
power.'

'A time to sicken and to swoon
When Romance reaches forth her
arms,
To feel from world to world and
charms
Her secret under the Moon.'

Now we come from sea-bathing to sun bathing. As the sea is governed by the moon, it would be impartial if I did not give more attention to the planets especially the Moon's red-tapeism. The favour of a governor is more necessary than the governed. Though sun-bathing is uncommon in India, yet there is every attempt on the part of the daughters of the land to bring this bathing in vogue. Even now many may be practising naturism or nude culture or whatever you may call it; whoever has the courage or a sight so keen and so strong to censure such details if in some corner of a palatial building the sun impartially enters right through the bars of the window and greets the lovely lady of nature. Professors of nude culture say that from time immemorial

houses and clothings have been the barriers, fortresses and armours (between ourselves—how do you like the idea, is it not swell!) against the fresh air and delightful sun. 'Live as we are born,' is their policy. Some times these naturists not only expose to sun but they are not backward in exposing even before the camera and the positive is printed with admirable account of their nudity in magazine which is patronized by the younger generation. If there is moon-bathing, it would be pardonable: surely they do not have anything except Mother Nature's cover while you find them in their labour of love in the bower of the garden with their lover, when the moon bathes with his cool beams.

Plainly stated, I am not arguing to suppress the sun-baths with scanty costumes nor to weaken the encouragement given by the present generation—far from it.

"Are you married?"

"No. Just naturally discontented."

We Are Double Blessed — Dear!

By B. P. R. Murthy.

It is that picturesque room where the rays of the setting winter sun streaming through the coloured glass windows bathed the artistic interior in a glow of rich warm colour, that I have chosen as my study after my return from Madras. It is a tastefully furnished one and the walls are lined with books. Between the shelves filled with handsomely bound copies is a door, which leads to the hall and to my father's office. In a hurry to go out for an evening walk, I devoured at a rapid rate a fresh copy of the "Funny Magzin" which contains both fun and matter. While I was trying to solve the most tempting puzzle therein, I heard my father's voice ordering a servant to fetch me in. Without waiting for the servant, I hastened to my father's office who with a cigar in his mouth made me signs to take my seat. After calmly puffing for some time, he broke silence by saying "My boy, how do you feel the life here after your stay at Madras for the past two years?" "I like this better," was my quick rejoinder. For the next few minutes there was deep silence and then I saw my father rising from his seat still puffing and pacing the floor so seriously that it looked as if he was counting the slabs. I calmly without making the least noise that would disturb him, followed him with my eyes. His expression was grave and it seemed to me that he wanted to say something more seriously for which he was carefully marshalling his ideas to give me a clear picture of the situation.

He suddenly turned to me and said. "I am going to tell you something that touches you closely and I hope that you in the capacity of son will surely try to fulfil your father's word of honour. Will you my child?"

I could not understand what that something would be and so I hesitated to reply. Perceiving my puzzled nature my father shrugged his

shoulders and said, "Listen my boy, I have selected a well accomplished wife for you. Her father is a rich Mirasdar and her brother is a flourishing High Court Lawyer. As for the girl, she is educated and beauty personified. What more required? You are a fortunate man to get such an accomplished wife and hope that you are simply glad of this. It is needless to ask whether you like such a connection—is it not so?"

This, my father's unexpected proposal, was something like a bolt from the blue. I knew not what to say.



Husband (annoyed).—"Another new hat? Aren't you playing with our budget?"

Wife:—"Why, no dear. You know we made a liberal allowance for overhead expenses."

At last I thought it better to tell the truth and then try to persuade my father to consent. In a low voice I murmured, "I am in love with another girl already, father! I have already given my word. Pray excuse me father and allow me your only son to have my will in this matter which touches me the most."

"What?" This monosyllabic question from my father frightened me a little and it was clear that he would not allow me to have my liberty.

I again turned to him and requested him to kindly consider the situation. For sometime there was breathless silence and father was slowly pacing the floor puffing. He abruptly told me that I should marry the girl he had fixed if I was a true son.

"Sentimental rubbish! What is love my man?" he demanded. "What do you know about it, vain sentimentalist. Even if you had any before, for your father's honour you must change your mind. Do you understand me?"

"Pray Father, do not be angry with me" I began in an appealing tone. "You ask to change my love to another girl whom I have not even seen in my life. Father! you think you can manage affairs of the heart as you are accustomed to manage the affairs of finance. Not in the least. Love begins with the eye, lives in the heart and dies with the individual. I am sure father, I am not a vain young sentimentalist but a true lover. The tie of true love cannot be snapped by any man or by any set of men in this world. It is the greatest power even greater than the Eternal being. It is the same love that binds us in the capacity of father and son. We cannot be separated in this world save by death. I am born to respect you and you to show me your never failing and overflowing kindness. Father! think for a moment how much the girl whom I love will feel if I happen to abandon her. Father! father!! most respected father!!! Do not ask me to change my love. It is not really within my power."

Father could not give a ready reply, for he was attacked by two equal and opposite forces, his word of honour on one side and the rights of a son which he was trying to deprive on the other. His puzzled features were changing to one of determination and I was anxiously waiting for a reply. He still pacing a little irritated, slowly raised his head and said, "My dear boy, really it is a grievous fault that I have not consulted you on this matter! I anticipated your approval but am sadly disappointed. But.....it is the duty of a dutiful son to accept what his father thinks best for him.....at least.....Yes, to save his honour. Look here! Your marriage has been fixed and the bride's party is to arrive on Sunday next....."

"Sunday next!" I interrupted in a painful tone.

"Sunday next," father continued, "see the cards have been printed and

PASEELA

(Of
Paseela Indian)

INDIA'S GIFT TO THE WORLD.

A Genuine Indian Remedy for External Use.

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.

Paseela is a medicine chest in itself for external use. A prompt application saves from Tetanus and blood poisoning and avoids risk of life.

Every Physician and Surgeon should use it. As it is a superior antiseptic dressing which heals rapidly Chronic, Indolent, Tuberculous, and Leprotic ulcers, and Diabetic Carbuncles.

Operation and Amputation can be avoided if Paseela is tried first in Intractable and Gangrenous ulcers, and Bad Legs etc.

PRICE Rs. 1.

Stocked by:—

THANALAKSHMI & Co.,

Sowcarpet, Madras.

sent to our friends and relations. Do you think that it is possible to change or stop this marriage? Never. So you must marry the girl. You.....you, don't talk another word, if you are my son."

"Father! father!! father!!!" I sighed, "You ask the impossible. You want me to marry a strange girl while I have given my word and heart to another. Do you want me to throw that girl whom I love unceremoniously overboard just to further my selfish ends?"

"Saving father's honour is selfish," he exploded with kindled anger. "Is it your philosophy? I don't care about your sentimental boy and girl promises. Your alliance with the girl whom you love may bring disgrace to my ancient family. Do you know quite well that she is equal to us in social status? I am sure you know nothing about her, save her fascination. One day you yourself will be ashamed of such a connection."

Till then I was respectfully listening to all my father has said but when he attacked the honour of my dear, filial consideration could no longer restrain me. Sorry, I grew worse with anger and burst out. "Don't talk ill of others. I warrant you father, I am quite sure that family is equal to us to the very atom. They too have got wealth, power and....."

"Stop! Stop!! Mind with whom you are talking." These words interrupted me rudely. I suddenly turned back and found my mother coming towards us. "Oh! mother," I began, "help me, father is stiff, help me."

"I was hearing your conversation all this time," was the calm reply. "Do you think my child that we will do you harm. We are always as you know, bent upon doing good, good only to you. Don't argue rashly with your father but simply obey."

"My loving mother," I said, "I never told you that you are bent upon doing wrong to me. The thing is, I am already in love with another girl and I can't....pray pardon me....marry any other. I assure you mother, that the girl whom I love is more respectable than any other."

"You have proved an irresponsible youth," she said hotly. "Your stay at Madras has brought upon you this change. You think that you are an independent master. Be sure that your wilful defiance of our wishes

and orders will simply ruin you. Don't be proud of your education or western fashion. Obey!"

My mother is a strict disciplinarian but impatient. My appeal for her help only found an enemy in her. She turned to my father and accused him in the following terms:

"Your love and special kindness to this fellow has resulted in this. You never cared for your obedient daughter but always showed special privileges to him and that only cultivated in him disobedience and impertinence and inculcated independence."

This only added fresh fuel to my father's already burning wrath. He paced the floor like an infuriated lion, his face becoming purple. Speechless for sometime with rage, he spluttered, "I understand you.....full well sir! You.....you quit my office room.....quick, but hear this.....before you leave.....you rebellious youth. By the end of this week.....yes.....you must be prepared either to marry the girl whom I propose or quit my house without a pie. You fellow, who can't keep up the prestige of the family and paternal honour is not fit for any position of responsibility and trust so, I will.....only if you won't obey my words draw up a will leaving everything to my daughters. Therefore my man, think well. I will

give you time.....fixed.....you will marry next week or what shall I say lose everything. Now you have my will, it will not be changed, certain. So go my boy and consider.

Finding that all my further entreaties would receive no attention I simply left my father's room and straightly went into the garden. There the things I used to like particularly were an aversion to me. I went near the tank in the middle of the garden, and took a seat in the midst of Balsam, chrysanthemums and portulaca plants of blooming flowers. Though I was sitting quietly, my mind was running here and there. I knew not what to do. I thought it better to commit suicide.....but.....I have sold my heart and all to that one being. Thoughts came surging in my wretched heart about my true and faithful Urmila Devi and my present miserable state. Is it possible to abandon her? Am I to forget her? Impossible, impossible; I could not even entertain the very suggestion of it. Abandon! Impossible! ah! painful; forget! My God! heart-rending.

My father is tampering with my liberty as a son and is it necessary to keep up the father's word of honour? Yes filial ingratitude will be the result if a son does not try to keep up his father's word of honour. Every son

AUGUST 20, 1934

has got his liberty to choose his wife, his better half with whom, he only has to live till death snatches either; but my father tampered with this time honoured and legal rule and thus rendering injustice both to my person and to my dear Urmilla. In order to safeguard my father's word of honour I will have to incur a double loss, the loss of honour and the dear loss of a dear dear faithful creature. What the girl will think of me. Won't she call me a treacherous selfish villain. This idea nearly killed me, and I thought that I was in the opprobrious den of shame. Father has given his word and the bride's party is expected within this week. If I happen to refuse.....never mind about the property, the family, my ancient family will surely lose its time honoured rank and prestige. Thus my thoughts moved like a pendulum bob to the one extreme of love to the other of prestige. As a true son of the family, I will have to safeguard its rank but at the same time I quite well know that the same can be maintained at the cost of my heart which has already been sold. Ah! all these indicate signal ruin. "What! am I ruined? Yes—it is fate. Thus musing about my horrid fate I paced on the bank of the tank like the fallen angels near the burning lake of sulphur ever consumed.

The day before my fateful marriage I was sitting in the midst of flowers with the same undulating thoughts near the lotus tank of crystal water. I was calmly thinking about my love and the ordeal I would have to undergo the next day, why next day, throughout my life. Ah! ordeal indeed.

Suddenly I caught sight of a slender figure in my sister's bower. I thought that she must be one of my dear sisters, talking with whom would release temporarily my mental pain. I advanced towards the bower but I slowly understood that the lady was not my sister but a beautiful stranger. I could not make out with whose permission she entered our sister's bower. She was a beautiful creature with majestic looks. I could not see her full face as it was partially covered with a rich shawl and as she was turning her head this way and as if she were looking out for somebody. When I gazed upon her, her lips were moving and a glimpse was caught of such a set of teeth as might have been expected to shine in pearl-like embellishment of so lovely a mouth.

I stood, and while I was still standing at a short distance uncertain whether to advance nearer or retreat altogether, that mysterious personification of loveliness slowly turned her looks towards me.....but without the least evidence of surprise on beholding a stranger there. Having for a few moments turned her beautiful large black eyes upon me, she cried out, "Ah!" The voice was exceedingly familiar and in a twinkling she removed her shawl and before me stood my dear dear Urmilla.

"Can't you recognise me my ever dear?" she ejaculated. I was simply glad to hear her voice my very life. But to-morrow's business. Ah! the ordeal veiled my delight. I looked at



She:—"You are the nicest boy I ever kissed."

He:—"Tell that to the Marines."

She:—"I have."

my beautiful being and abruptly began in an appealing tone, "Urmilla.....yes Urmilla you are faithful to me, but I.....Oh God! how have I been conducting myself towards you, faithless indeed. Would you forgive me if you know what has taken place? and can I forgive myself? Ah! all is due to my father. I am forced.....really forced to marry.....another girl to-morrow. "Another girl to-morrow!" she ejaculated with the most unfeigned surprise, and what about myself?"

I know not what to say but I began, "To save my father's word of honour, the prestige of the family, I am thrust upon another girl. I am doomed and ruined once for all, Miss!, ah! I can't

call you my Urmilla now, forgive me, forgive this wretched villain."

There was a mysterious silence in the bower for sometime I was keenly looking at my dear Urmilla. The sunbeams played with a Rembrandt effect upon her beautiful face delineating her purity and true love. She was grave and thoughtful for sometime. Then with a flush of rosy smile overspreading her countenance, she turned to me suddenly and said, "Dear, I will forgive you for all this only if you will marry me to-morrow."

"Oh! God!! I am ruined. I have already told you that Urmilla, I.....". She smilingly interrupted saying, "Never mind, I will make you to marry me to-morrow, will you consent?" "Impossible," was my rejoinder without my knowledge

"I am glad," she began cheerfully, "that God has bestowed upon me the most faithful husband. Hear! my dear, I am your bride to-morrow."

"What! What!!" I cried, "Am I really hearing this or dreaming? Are you my dear Urmilla or the girl whom my father is thrusting on me?"

"Both," she ejaculated, "Everything is truth, nothing but truth. Now I comprehend it all. Your father has given his word only to my father and hence I am only the bride selected by you and thrust upon you by your father. We arrived just now and I came to this bower to meet you in such a happy moment but contrary to my wishes, I only found you mysteriously blindfolded. So don't you think that WE ARE DOUBLE BLESSED—DEAR! will you....." "Indeed double blessed my dear, ever dear Urmilla." I interrupted. "We will marry to-morrow. Come let us go and inform this happy news to our parents."

"Oh! do you think that I will leave you like this? I will have to punish you for at least thinking of marrying another girl," she said. And, so saying she advanced towards me and I unconscious with joy stretched my arms to receive her.....the next moment my beautiful Urmilla Devi looked lovely in my arm and kissing me dearly she said, "I have punished you." Oh! the sweet virgin kiss.

ANANDA BODHINI PRESS

Undertakes all kinds of Printing Work
from

**POST CARDS
TO
POSTERS, BOOKS ETC.**

**NEAT EXECUTION AND
PROMPT DELIVERY
ASSURED.**

Apply to:—The Manager,
"Ananda Bodhini"
MADRAS.

UNREPORTED CONGRESS

The League of Card Unions

... BY B. S. T. ...

It is unauthoritatively perceived that a first international congress of playing cards was summoned on the 1st July 1934, in Bangalore, under the presidency of Honourable Mr. Joker and the chairmanship of Mr. Blank Card. According to the manifesto published on the 8th July 1934, I conceive, it was summoned to discuss some outstanding important things, such as, the suffering of the entire community of the playing cards from constant ill-health; the playing cards census of the last year indicates that the number of deaths were more than the number of births. The delay for publication was due to the committee's obstinacy in keeping away the entire proceedings from the roaring press.

Since the chairman's and the president's speeches contain important points that were discussed, (to cut short the extravagant proceedings) I will only narrate those two speeches and the resolution unanimously adopted thereon.

The chairman Mr. Blank Card, was the man who delivered an impressive speech and it runs as follows.

"My kins and country men & women:—I am highly conscious of the great honour you have bestowed on me by electing me as the chairman of this congress, first of its kind in the history. Brothers and sisters, I shall not deal with commonplaceness or with incompatible things when our grave situation is demanding our immediate compliance.

"Before I get in contact with the motto for our congregation here, it is my duty to express my gratitude to you all for attending this congress in these hard days of economical depression, on great personal inconveniences.

"I have much pleasure in introducing my great friend Sir Honourable

Joker, the person with international reputation for his conservativeness and witticism, who has given his consent to preside over this meeting. (Hear! Hear! God save him!) Mr President, we are all proud of you, for your aristocratic attitudes among all of us. I and my other friends here, are sure under your presidency our rights and privileges will not be shattered into the thick air as it is now. (Hear! Hear! Sure!)

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are living in a world where crores and crores of human beings are living. Great authoritative documents reveal that our great great grand-fathers and mothers, conquered the huge human race when their population was some thousands (and when they were free from the knowledge of explosives, and etc.) Here I am compelled to draw your attention to their remarkable heroism. (Hear! Hear!)

"I am proud to say, as you are all proud to hear, that our ancestors lived and mingled with aristocratic societies;

FUNNY MAGZIN

where as to day, I am sorry, we are all in all societies. Due to this, our superiority is vanishing gradually. We have to safeguard it (Hear! Hear!) Think of our next generation, we have to bring them up in good societies, or else they will be ruined like us.

"I went so far as explaining our own past history because none of to-day's youths are conscious of it. They care very little for their own past history. (Hear! Hear!)

"Coming to the point of greater number of deaths last year, gentlemen and ladies, I am of opinion, it is all due to our hard working without food. I don't think that the present prevailing economical depression is affected as much. This overworking, without food, has changed our appearance and caused greater number of demises last year. Our illhealth is due to our working all the 24 hours. We are in both day and night clubs and gambling places. These sleepless nights are the cause for our illhealth and demises. Let it be made clear that if this torturing is allowed to continue, I am sure in no time, our race ends once and for all. So wake up gentlemen and ladies, open your eyes, recall that spirit of our great grandfathers and mothers and fight for your and your community's safety. (Hear! Hear!)

"I feel I have touched the important point and now our esteemed president will deliver his speech, which I want you all to hear attentively and respectfully" amidst loud applause he sank into the chair.

AUGUST 20, 1934

The president with a joyful countenance and trimmed whiskers, began his speech as follows.

"Brothers and sisters:—after such an exhaustive survey by this learned chairman, there is left very little for me to speak upon. Anyhow I have to thank you all for the great honour you have done me by electing me to this president's chair. My old friend, the chairman, referred to me as the aristocratic fellow. Yes, his observation is not wrong. Anyhow I don't want to narrate my personal affairs here. (Hear! Hear!)

"I whole-heartedly co-operate and share my learned friend, the chairman's observation for our deterioration. The cause of good number of deaths are due to our ill health; ill-health is due to our unimaginable working hours. We work all the 24 hours and that is the vital reason for our ill health. It is essential to cut our working hours. (Hear! Hear!)

"To moderate our working terms, we have to fight for it. Now the present generation of human beings is accustomed to explosives and other such things, which are capable of blowing out our race and brains in a single shot; so it is not wise on our part to fight vis a-vis. (Hear! Hear!)

"As Mr. Gandhi says, we should not venture for revolution and you

know what a revolution costs. So let us follow Mr. Gandhi's principle and gain our privileges and rights by tact or what you call non-violence.

"We should have all the privileges that the human beings are enjoying. As the human beings work we should also work only 8 hours a day; we should have large parks and other such things to spend our evenings. Mainly we should have medical aid. (Hear! Hear!)

"I hope in the end, you will all prove worthy of the occasion by putting forth your proposals. Whatever other grievances we have first let us think of our health. Unless we have good health, we cannot do anything: good health puts an end to increased number of deaths. So gentlemen and ladies, let your responsibility compel you to suggest some means of realising our ambition. Wake up. View the situation. Take heart. Fight for your safety." The president resumed his seat amidst applause and cheers. That is the end of the oration of the benevolent president.

The resolution adopted is as follows:—

Henceforth all the human beings are warned by the undersigned that the playing cards race should be let to enjoy their life as you all. They

should work only 8 hours a day. They should be paid reasonably. In the night times, their services should not be taken by force or by any means. Violation of this causes a great number of deaths and constant ill-health to the race.

The punishment for violation is, habitual players are made mad of playing cards and so lose their money and wealth. When it is gone the last chance is suicide or insanity. For those who engage the services for recreation, in case they happen to violate the above they are also made mad of playing cards and unconscious of time; so that, when they go home late in the nights, it is needless to say, what happens in the house. So beware. Ye, Ladies & Gents!

Cohen's wife discovered him kissing the pretty maid.

"I'm surprised, Abe," she said.

"No, my dear," Abe replied, "I'm surprised; you are astonished."

"You were very kind to lend me that pound-note. I feel I can never repay you."

"Eh? Why on earth didn't you say that at first?"

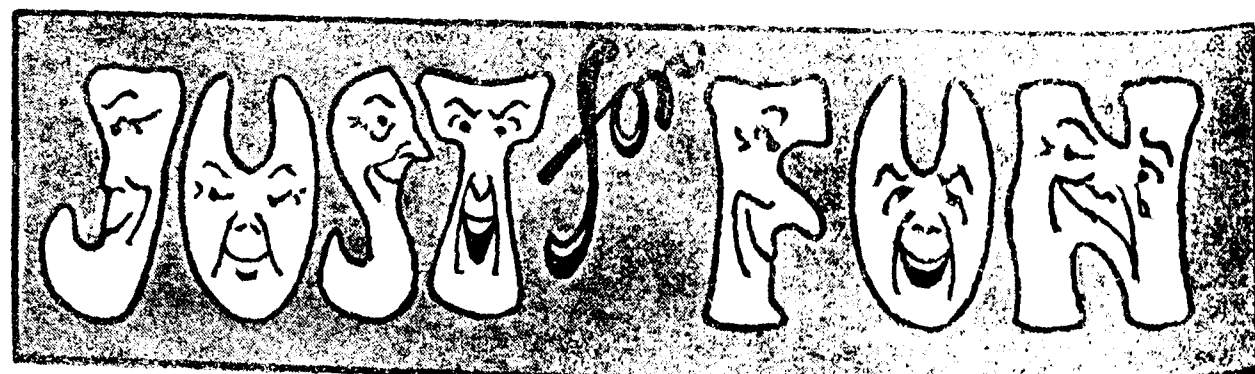
Rs. 100 Given Away IN AUGUST LUCKY NUMBER SCHEME FOR 20 Lucky Numbered FUNNY MAGZIN COPIES

Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during August, dated 5-8-1934 and 20-8-1934 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 August '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th September, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

ADVERTISE
IN THE
"CHITRAGUPTA"
THE MOST
POPULAR TELUGU FORTNIGHTLY
OF THE ANDHRAS.

For particulars apply to:—

The Manager,
CHITRAGUPTA,
SOWCARPET, MADRAS.



"Say you love me! Say it! Say it!"

"You love me."

Judge: "What were you doing at that roadhouse when it was raided?"

Locksmith: "I was making a bolt for the door."

Young Wife (to husband): "Oh, you are a funny man! If I happen to leave a stone in my date pudding you're bound to get it, and yet when you go in for a sweepstake you never get anything!"

"What did you do when your boy friend objected to your bathing suit?"

"Oh, I just laughed it off."

"Waiter, never bring me a steak like this again!"

"Why?"

"Well, it simply isn't done."

He: "May I have this dance?"

She: "Certainly—if you can find a partner."

Maid: "When shall I waken you, sir?"

Absent-minded Master: "I'll ring when I want wakening."

"Why are you washing your feet with your socks on?"

"The water's cold!"

She: "Aren't my kisses like something electric?"

He: "Yes—an electric refrigerator."

"Did you have a good time at the party?"

"Wonderful! I don't remember a thing."

"Are you an experienced secretary?"

"Of course. I haven't bought my own lunch for years."

"You've been driving forty miles an hour!"

"But—officer—I haven't been out an hour yet!"

"You can't park your car here, sir!" said the policeman.

"I'm not parking," replied the owner of the decrepit vehicle, "I'm leaving it—for ever."

Small Boy (at boat race pointing to cox): "That man at the back of that boat doesn't seem to be doing much."

Pal: "Perhaps he's a stowaway."

She: "I can't bear to think of my thirtieth birthday."

He: "Why, dear, what happened then?"

"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

"No. What good is it?"

Father took his small son to church. The clergyman announced: "We shall now sing hymn two hundred and twenty-two. 'Ten thousand times ten thousand.' Two hundred and twenty-two."

The puzzled boy nudged his father. "Dad, we don't have to work this out, do we?"

She: "If I were you, I'd have more sense."

He: "Of course you would."

Boxer: "You're a fine publicity man. I win a big fight, and all you can get in the papers is two columns!"

Publicity Agent: "What are you grumbling for? Look at the big fights Nelson won: only got one column."

A prominent official of the telephone company was rudely aroused from his slumbers by the ringing of the telephone. After brushing his knee on a chair, he reached the phone.

"Hello!" he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?" asked the voice.

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me," said the voice, "how it feels to get out of bed at two o'clock to answer a wrong number."

Professor: "I would like a preparation of phenylisothiocyanate."

Chemist: "Do you mean mustard oil?"

Professor: "Yes. I can never think of that name."

She: "How much do you love me?"

He: "How much do you need?"

First Actor: "At that hotel they'll ask you for the money in advance, because your luggage is too emotional."

Second Actor: "Emotional?"

"Yes. Easily moved."

THE Inspector's Visit

— BY CHEERY-LAD. —

THE earth is round—this much I gathered from the learned and extensive lectures of my class teacher. I think he also gave us many reasons and proofs for the same. But I have clearly forgotten them. At home, I repeated aloud from my geography book, "The earth is round." "The earth is round." When my grandpa came and scolded me: "Who taught you such non-sense? Is this the result of your going to school? Can't you see that the earth is flat?" From that day onwards, whenever my teacher asked me the shape of the earth I would say "Round as my grandpa's head" and whenever grandpa asked me I would say "quite flat". This went on for a considerable period of time.

One day, our teacher announced the visit of the senior Inspector of schools. We went to school on the morrow with fluttering hearts and punctually the expected personage came. After inspecting various higher classes he came to our form. His big black eyes looking from the rim of his spectacles (we afterwards referred to him as the Rim-brow looker) frightened many of us. At length my turn came and he asked me the much dreaded question

"What's the shape of the earth?" I was, as you would say, in a dilemma. I did not know whether this chap was on the side of my grandpa or on the side of the teacher. After much thought I answered feebly, "Round at school but flat at home."

A grim smile played upon his lips, which appeared when the whole class burst into a laugh. But the serene Inspector went on. "Give me 3 reasons to show that the earth is round." I did not know (and do not) even one single fact to prove that earth is round. (My firm belief is that God made it so to puzzle small boys like me, when I was a small boy). Anyhow I was not the sort to blink and I answered. "First of all, it is found so in the geography text book. Secondly, the teacher has taught us that the earth is round. And thirdly I also believe it to be so." Even the Inspector laughed.

He was not over with me. He began arithmetic. "What is Ratio?"

"Proportion, sir," the Hero answers.

"What is proportion?"

"Ratio, sir."

"What is ratio and proportion?"

"I cannot answer two questions at a time, sir."

He left Arithmetic at that and suddenly asked.

"When was Rome built?"

"It was built at night, sir."

"What! Where did you get this?"

(This from the astonished Inspector)

"Rome was not built in a day, sir. Therefore, it should have been built at night."

My turn was over. I sat down in my seat and looked at our class teacher who was standing behind the Inspector. He was very much disconcerted. Anger, shame and indignation were depicted in his face. If I had taken a snap shot of him then and sent it to a competition I would have won the First Prize.

Well, after the Inspector had gone, our teacher silently came towards me with his cane and in a moment my cries and hollowings should have been heard a mile, and would have certainly roused up the editor if he had gone to sleep over this article. But, when the season for fresh vegetables came, and when I went to the teacher's house with a basket of cucumbers and lady-fingers (my first present for the season) he was all smiles and invited me to partake coffee with him!

"Now describe what you know of the spine," said the examiner. After a minute's thought the young student wrote:—

"The spine is a bundle of bones which runs up and down the back. The skull sits on one end and I sit on the other."

"Why, Dad, this is roast pork!" exclaimed Willie at dinner one evening, when father had his employer as a guest.

"Of course," said his father, "what of it?"

"Well, you told mother this morning you were bringing that old mutton head home for dinner to-night!"

The old Negro preacher was explaining the difference between faith and knowledge.

"Now, brethren," he said, "it's like dis. Dere's Brudder Johnsing sitting in de front pews wid Sister Johnsing and de five little Johnsing. She knows deys her chillen; dat's knowledge. He believes deys his chillen; dat's faith."

**Liberal Terms & Conditions
Wanted Agents
for "FUNNY" Magzin
In Unrepresented Places
Apply for terms:
To Manager,
Funny Magzin, Madras.**

— BY K. S. R. M. —

The Sastry was a little bit familiar with English and conceiving that Ramu had actually passed,—boasted that what he had predicted a couple

His father was racking his brains to find out a proper treatment of curing his son, when suddenly a flash of thought dashed across his mind. He opened Ramu's room crying " 'Congratulations, first class.' Ramu was immensely pleased on hearing what he expected and remained like a lamb. Brimming with joy, his father went to his wife and with great difficulty taught her to say, 'Congratulations, first class.' Then in every quarter Ramu walked, volleyed the word, 'Congratulations, first class.'"

Dancing is a fine art, especially so, when there is the frying pan—to dodge—

BY "ENJAY"

AUGUST 1971

AS OTHERS LAUGH

V. K. Raghava Menon,
Annamalainagar.

P. S. Panchapakesan.
Siruyachur.

A.—No. When myself will become a new man on the next-morning, who can recognise and hang me?

IT MAY BRING YOU A MONEY PRIZE.

Results of the 'Apt Titles' Competition

The Correct Solutions of the "Apt Titles" Competition are as follows:—

1. Sailing boat. 3. Warning up. 5. Sleeping. 7. Stormy weather. 9. Nice animal.
2. Out of bottle. 4. Kind gentleman. 6. Playing children. 8. House on fire. 10. Nothing in sight.

The additional Prizes of Rs. 5, 3 and 2 has been won by the following competitors:—

1. H. Kalurachchi, 2. Kandy Road, Wattegama, Ceylon. [90 entries—Rs. 5]
2. K. A. Sami Naidu, Postal Clerk, Chittoor, N.A. [71 entries—Rs. 3]
3. S. Chidambaram Pillai, Retired Taluk Board Head Clerk, Kallakuruchi.

The first Prize of Rs. 30 has been won by the following competitors.

1. Miss G. Lakshmi Bai 32, Vepery High Road, Madras.
2. K. A. Sami Naidu, Postal Clerk, Chittoor, N.A.
3. Attili Narayanan, Popula St., Vizagapatam.
4. Kalurachchi, 2 Kandy Road, Wattegama, Ceylon.
5. V. Sundaram, 6 B. Kothavalahadi St., Cuddalore, N.T.
6. S. Bhuvanandam, Buttiabpet, Masulipatam.
8. D. Veerabhadram, 56 Gollavara Agraharam Road, Thondiarpet, Madras.
9. C. Alagirisamy, Inspector's house 23, Singarathope St., Madras.
10. D. Ernest, The Madras Publishing House Ltd., 19 Mount Road, Madras.
11. G. Krishnamurthy, Maddur, Nidadavole P.O., West Godavari Dt.

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

1. R. Krishnamurthy, C/o R. Nanjunda Rao, Pleader, Gooty.
2. S. Chidambaram Pillai, Retired Taluk Board Head Clerk, Kallakuruchi.
3. Attili Narayanan, Vallampeta Arrack shop No. 2, Vizagapatam.
4. G. Jagannathan, 75, Canal merchant St., G. T. Madras.
5. R. Pichaidah, Cotton seed merchant, Kadambur P.C.
6. V. Seetharama Gupta, Beri St., Tirupati.
7. N. K. Iyer, Guampuri, Amraoti (Berar).
8. I. V. Mathia, Santhapuram, Manavalakurichi P.O.
9. A. S. Mahalingam, 1262, Pettai Nanavakara St., Kumbakonam.
10. C. Venugopalan, VI Form A T T V High School, Mint St., Madras.
11. K. Sridhara Murthy, "Chummary" Chemundi Extension Mysore.
12. M. Kuppasamy Aiyer, C/o N. Seetharama Garu, 15, Gollavara Agraharam, Washernonpet, Madras.
13. Mrs. D. Raymond, Driver, S. I. R., Quilon.
14. R. Sreenivasa Iyengar, Pilliar Koil St., Suttur.
15. Yacob, E. Ariff, 100-30th Street, Rangoon.
16. S. D. M. Mohideen, 40, Galakpana Walte Road, Colombo, Ceylon.
17. B. M. Joseph, C/o M. Arputhasamy, Fitter St., Joseph's Industrial School, Coimbatore.
18. A. Samuel, The C.T. Factory, Puthiyara P.O. (S. Malabar).
19. N. S. V. Iyer, Temple Villa, Nellikerry, Palghat.
20, 21, 22. K. A. M. Palanisamy Chetty, News Agent, Pondicherry.
23. C. Kannappa, C/o Chokolingam, Junior Certified School, Ranipet, N.A.
24. M. A. Cannivelan, Chief Secretariat, Fort St. George, Madras.
25. Vissa Viranna, Poddapuram, East Godavari.
26. Nanduri, Viswanadha Rao, VI Form B, V.T.H. School, Rajahmundry.
27. K. R. Gopala Pillai, V. A. B. H. School, Chittoor.
28. R. Dorasami Chetty, Big Moque St., Bazar Road, Chittoor.
29. K. P. Krishna Menon, Head Constable, Govt. Ry., Police Coimbatore.
R. S. 30, 31, 32, 33. Ch. S. Deekhilu, Chivilur P.O., Tummapudi, Tenali Taluk.
34. A. Palaniappa, Mudalur, 30, Gopalpilliar koil St., Tiruvannamalai.
35. T. A. Mahadean, 20, West Avani Moola St., Madras.
36. S. N. Swami Iyer, 62 South Avani St., Madras.
37. S. Bhuvanandam, Buttiabpet, Masulipatam.
38 to 43. D. Veerabhadram, 56, Gollava Agraharam Road, Thondiarpet, Madras.
44. K. Palaniyandi, IV Form V, M. H. S. Bodi P.O., Madras Dt.
45. H. Marigangappa, Schoolmaster, Aldur, Chikmagalur Taluk.
46 to 49. S. Alagirisamy, Inspector's house 23, Singarathope, Madras.
50. K. Ramapuram, 1432 Kalinga Chetty St., Old Agrahar, Mysore.
51. A. E. Xavier, 16 Pindaram St., Purasawalkam, Madras.
52. M. V. Habbu, Student of Gibb High School, Kunta, (North Kanara Dt.).
53. Y. Venkateswarlu, 1249/1 M.V. Agraharam, Nellore.
54. Purushottam Damodar, O.K. Sitaballi Nagpur.
55. Gurusamy Ayyar, Station master, S. I. R., Papinas m.
56. Katta Venkateswara Rao, C/o Kalla Suriah Garu, General merchant, Rajahmundry.
57. S. Parameswaran Pillai, C/o The Travancore Coir Industrials, Alleppey.
58. Ch. Kaunda, C/o Amritheshwari Vaidyashala, Kanhangud P.O.
59. D. D. Sebastian, Clerk, Office of the Dt. Supdt. of Police, Amraoti Camp, (Berar).
60. T. A. David, Secondary Junior Govt. Secondary Training School, Tinnevely.
61. L. Sreenivasulu Naidu, 13 Sami Pillay St., Triplicane, Madras.
62. M. S. Loganatha Mudr., 'Swadale' Vepery, Madras.
63. P. T. Lourdasamy, P & T. Workshop, Kuala Lumpur.
F. M. S. 64. Narayana Iyer, C/o C. K. A. Iyer, Medical Officer, Kollegal, (via Bangalore).
65. S. K. Ramasamy Iyengar, Post & Telegraphs, Mysore.
66. B. S. Raghavendra Rao, 180 Sumnige Road, Malleswaram, Bangalore.
67 to 72. K. A. Sami Naidu, Postal Clerk, Chittoor, N.A.
73 to 88. H. Kalurachchi, 2. Kandy Road, Wattegama, Ceylon.
89 to 94. Attili Narayanan, Popula St., Vizagapatam.

As the prize amount won by each competitor in the 2nd prize comes to a very small sum when it is divided, it has been decided to send 3 issues of Funny Mag. from 20-8-34 instead of the prize amount, Post free instead.

ENTRANCE FEE ANNA 1. Win Rs. 150

In "Clue Words" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 75.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 50.

Rs. 15, 6 & 4 TO THE SENDERS OF LARGEST NUMBERS OF ENTRIES.

Closing date: 5th September, 1934.

HOW TO WIN

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

As you find the solutions, write them on the Special Entry Coupon given on the next page and post your attempt with an entrance fee of one anna in stamps to reach the Funny Mag. office not later than the closing date, namely the 5th September 1934. You can send any number of entries and they must be sent along with sufficient amount of entrance fee at 1 anna per entry. For bigger amounts M.O's & B.P.O's also can be sent.

WORDS.

1. **CI**—**Y**
2. **G**—**LE**
3. **KIN**—
4. —**INEMA**
5. **ZIN**—
6. **L**—**RE**
7. **C**—**VE**
8. **SL**—**T**
9. **EL**—**E**
10. **B**—**—KET**

CLUES.

1. A large Town.
2. Strong wind.
3. Monarch.
4. A picture house.
5. A metal.
6. Musical instrument.
7. Cavern.
8. Narrow opening.
9. Escape.
10. Household article.

(For the coupon see next page.)

Rules & Conditions.

The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available each entry sent on a piece of plain paper should be accompanied by 1½ annas stamps to cover the value of one special coupon. If the solutions are not accompanied by sufficient amount of Entrance Fees they will not be considered.

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th September '34. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered. Corrections or Alternatives in the same coupon will disqualify the competitor.

3. Solutions must be addressed to The Competition Editor "Clue Words" COMPETITION, FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize to the next best in merit. In case of ties the prizes will be equally divided. Additional prizes of Rs. 15, 6 & 4 will be awarded to the senders of largest number of entries whether correct or common.

5. No correspondence can be entered into. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for solutions that may be lost, mislaid or otherwise.

6. Employees of FUNNY Magzin, and other Office publications, are not allowed to compete.

7. The results of the "Clue words" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 20th September 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN ENTRY COUPON.

"CLUE WORDS" COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th September 1934.

ENTRANCE FEE ONE ANNA

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| 1. CITY | 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.

REDUCTION OFFER TILL 31-8-'34

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



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

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

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

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

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

The Mysteries of the Court of London

THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST EDITION.

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

Published in 17 Vols.

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

Postage As. 7 extra.

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

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

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

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

Seamstress or the White Slave of England

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

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

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

Rye House Plot

OR

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

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

ALFRED

OR

The Adventures of a French Gentleman

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

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

Bronze Statue

OR

The Virgin's Kiss

IN 4 VOLS. Rs. 3.

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

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

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

In One Vol. Price As. 12

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

Canonbury House

OR

The Queen's Prophecy

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 2-4-0

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

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

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 2-4-0

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

Pope Joan

OR

The Female Pontiff

IN 3 VOLS. RS. 1-12-0

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

The young Fisherman

OR

The Spirit of the Lake and The Baroness of Grandmanoir

IN ONE VOL. AS. 10

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

Robert Macaire

OR

The French Bandit in England

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

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

The Young Duchess

OR

The Memoirs of a lady of Quality

IN 4 VOLS. RS. 3

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

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

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

Grace Darling or The Heroine of the Fern Island

PRICE AS. 12.

Eliza Richards, the only daughter of respectable parents, who in a moment of almost ventral weakness, became the victim of a villainous seducer Stanley Richards—(whose real identity is described at the end of this book)—and how she, after marrying one Mr. Frederick Somerville, a handsome and dauntless young man, resolved to have vengeance on the wretched seducer. On the whole, though "this tale is written for purposes of amusement and diversion" (as the author himself says,) "yet many an useful moral be extracted from its pages, yet may the lesson Eliza's history contains be essentially beneficial to many."

Faust an excellent Romance

IN 2 VOLS. RS. 1-8-0

This is one of the extraordinary romance rather unrivalled, written by the author. The Historical portion in the novel exposes the extra-ordinary and fearful condition of Europe in those days. The adventures of chiefs, the Hero and The Archduke Leopold, Otto Planalla and Father Anselm and some others are most extraordinary, heart-thrilling and awe-inspiring. Further there are several mysteries most wonderful in this novel and the history of the notorious Borgia family is one of them. The characters in this novel are full of all types—from best to worst. The most extraordinary and varied kinds of scenes in this novel cannot be found in any other novel and it is impossible to explain them here. This is well worth reading and the morals contained are simply numerous. Printed neatly and bound in strong wrapper.

Mary Stuart OR The Queen of Scots

IN 2 VOLS. (in one bound) RE. 1-4-0.

This is one of the novels in which the author depicts the scenery of Scotland. The true character of Mary Stuart is vividly portrayed.

The Massacre of Glencoe

IN 4 VOLS. RS. 3.

This is a historical novel depicting the Highland Scenery, Customs and Superstitions in a very interesting style and deals with the horrible scenes of massacres and cruelties occurred during the time of religious quarrels in England. Printed on good good paper and well got up.

MAY MIDDLETON ... 2 VOLS. ... 1 8 0

Mahabharata

BY S. T. IYENGAR, M. A., L. T.

Being a concise yet beautiful narration of the subject-matter commencing from the Boyhood of the Pandavas to the very end viz. the reestablishment of peace, contentment and everything that is virtuous. Every incident is portrayed suitably with half tone pictures that tell their own tale. A Book that must be read by every one. A splendid piece of literature.

As. 12 per copy.

The Mysteries of Paris

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

This is the most interesting Novel written by Eugene Sue. All the plots are well selected and interesting full of adventures and incidents which will enchain the reader from beginning to finish. For construction of plots and interesting adventures this Novel is equal to the leading and popular adventurous series. Each and every plot involves well principled morals. The action of the hero in this novel is unequalled in imparting unselfish generous actions, through gentlemanly character, and several praise-worthy excellent moral principles.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

This may be called the adventures of a very brave woman who undergoes boldly and sensibly such difficulties and suffers such privations which will draw from the eyes of even iron hearts, to save the life of her husband from unjust persecution and death—an excellent moral lesson. Nicely printed and well got up.

Price per Vol. As. 12. Per Set 2 Vols. Rs. 1-8-0.

SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

"Astrological & Astronomical Books."

BY C. G. RAJAN B.A. (Mathematics)

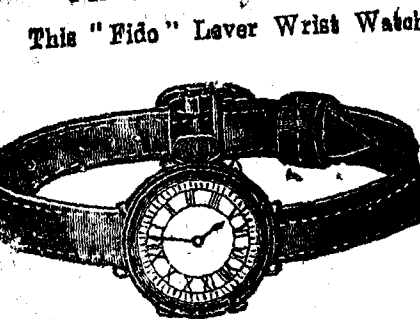
(1) **RAJA JOTHIDA GANITHAM**:—(In English) is a book of Planetary tables for 6300 years i.e., from 3200 B.C. to 3100 A.D. is based on up-to-date American and European astronomy. It enables the quick calculation of the Geocentric Longitude and Latitudes of all the nine Indian planets correct to the nearest minute of arc at any moment between 3200 B.C. and 3100 A.D. This book deals with the following points viz. (1) Siderial time, with 8 tables to calculate Siderial time for any moment between 1800 A.D. and 3100 A.D. (2) Eclipses with rules for the calculation of eclipses according to the Sides of the Chaldeans (3) Conversion of Celestial longitude and latitude into right Ascension and Declination and vice versa, (4) Several kinds of time in use, (5) rising and Setting of the Heavenly bodies, (6) Rising and Setting of Sun, (7) Standard Times of Sunrise and Sunset, (8) The Rising and Setting of the Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, and Saturn (9) Rising and Setting of Zodiacal Signs (10) Calculation of the Lagna and Bhavachakra, (11) Calculation of Cusps of houses practically (12) Ayanamsa and conversion of Sayana longitude into Nirayana longitude, all School of Ayanamsa discussed and the methods of arriving at the several ayanamsa quantities are given (13) The Hindu Spherical Co-ordinates and the conversion of the European Spherical Co-ordinates into Hindu Spherical Co-ordinates (14) Tables of conversion of Tropical longitude into Tropico-Polar longitude (15) Tables of Hindu latitude (16) Tables of Hindu Kanti (17) Tables of European declination (18) Equation of time. 510 pages, royal size, Calico cloth bound Price Rs. 5-0-0 Net, (Postage extra.)

(2) **JATHAKA GANITHAM**:—2nd edition in Tamil. Price Rs. 2-4-0 (Postage extra.)

(3) **BRIHAT JATAKA OF VARAHAMIHARA**:—(In Tamil.) Price Rs. 2-0-0 (Postage extra.)

Copies can be had from:—SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

"FIDO" LEVER WRIST WATCH.



This "Fido" Lever Wrist Watch is high grade and accurate time keeper. This has given an unparalleled satisfaction to one and all. This "Fido" Lever Wristlet that is small, charming, low price and yet keeping accurate time in all conditions and climates. We guarantee this Watch for Five Years. Every watch is carefully oiled, adjusted, regulated and tested for a week before they leave our premises. Write to-day and avail of the opportunity early.

Price Rs. 5-8-0 each. Rs. 5-12-0 with chain.

These watches are fitted with high grade Swiss Mechanism, clear dial and figures. Its design and finish will satisfy the most critical test, and an appearance equal to solid gold. Very charming to look at and perfect timekeeper. All the watches are guaranteed for 4 years.

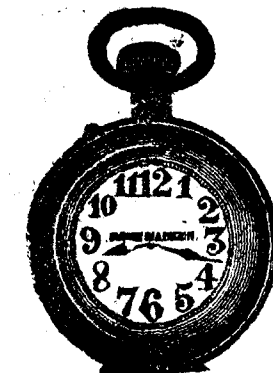


Square shape, fixed loops with fine clear dial.

Nickel case Rs. 4 8 0

Rolled gold case .. 5 12 0

Reliable Pocket Watch. Little Gem Pocket Watch.



Nickel Rs. 4 0 0 Nickel Rs. 5 4 0
Rolled gold .. 5 12 0 Rolled gold .. 5 8 0

SECRET OF SEXUAL LOVE.

(With many Beautiful Loving Photos.)

This book contains Happiness of Gents & Ladies, Love, Kissing, Sexual relations, Sweet dreams, secret Hints for pregnancy Women & many other secret subjects for males & females. English language with loving photos. Price per Book Rs. 0-12-0.

SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

Sandanathi Thylam.

A best tonic food for the Brain. Regular use for bath and for hair dressing, keeps the brain cool, refreshing and sharp. Indispensable for brain workers.

Price in tins of 5 Palams
Rs. 1 0 0.
" " 10 Palams
Rs. 1 12 0.



Mohini Hair Oil.

(with 5 presents.)

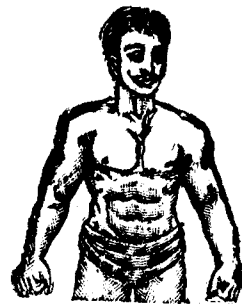
It gives cool to the brain and removes the burning sensation of the eyes due to heat. It also beautifies the hair and keeps it from falling.
1 Tin 5 palams As 13, including 4 presents & 1 Packet Mirror.

Iron Tonic.

This remarkable Tonic is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life. This tonic positively Cures all Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Premature Decay, Exhausted Vitality, and all the results of overwork and dissipation by imparting a substantive and lifegiving Energy of special value to the nerve.

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

Per Phial for 20 days Rs. 1.
" " 40 " Rs. 1-12.



Scorpion Stings.



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

Per Box As. 8.

Sakuntala Hair Oil.



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

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

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

Per Bottle As. 12.

Cough Cure.



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

PER PHIAL Rs. 1.

Karnabindu OR The Ear-drops.

It cures Otorrhoea, Otitis, Tympanites, Inflammation, and all other distressing diseases of the ear, including deafness if not of long standing. It tones the auditory nerves, and removes all pain from the head and ears. It is soothing and is free from all sorts of irritation. In the evacuation of pus and all other septic matter it possesses a remarkable power.

PER PHIAL As. 4.



NETRABANDHU OR EYE-DROPS.

Diseases of the eye are very common in India, particularly in up country provinces, where they appear periodically. Netrabandhu is the most soothing, cooling and delightfully healing preparation. It relieves the optic nerve tension and undue fatigue, removes redness, and cures Ophthalmia, cataract, fleshy growth, ulceration, watering of the eye, shortness of vision, iritis, sore-eyes, profuse flow of tears, purulent discharge, granulous eye-lids, staphyloma, fear or intolerance of light, colour-blindness, night-blindness &c. It is guaranteed to be perfectly free from any strong, irritating or injurious substances.



Per Phial As. 8.

"SIVAPRAGASA" TOOTH POWDER.



A continuous use of this Powder renders the teeth Pearlwhite, strengthens them, imparts a fragrance to the breath and preserves the teeth in good order. A regular use of this powder completely cures tooth-ache, decay caries of teeth inflammation of Pulp necrosis of fang neuralgia, Gum boils, ulcerations bleedings swelling of the gum and face, ulcers of the tongue, etc. 1 Tin As. 2 and 6 Tin As. 10.

Photo Album.

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

Price Rs. 1-12-0 each.

A real boon to suffering humanity

GOLD PILLS.



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

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

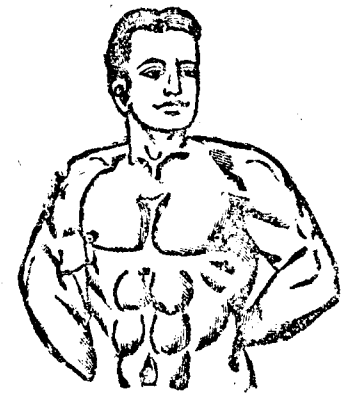
If two pills are taken daily morning and after supper with

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

Amirthasanjeevi Lekyam

AND

Ayakanta Bhaspam.



The Strength-giving and Nerve-Invigorating Elixir.

This remarkable medicine is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life, Sleeplessness, tremblings, palpitation, nervous dyspepsia, mental and bodily prostration, Muscular and local weakness, general and nervous debility, faulty nutrition, premature decay or deficiency of the vital forces, waste of vitality, harassing dreams, sudden startings, dimness of sight, defective hearing, loss of memory, back-ache, nervous headache, wasting diseases, night sweats, and all other phases of brain and nerve exhaustion, are successfully combated by this highly scientific preparation. It gives tone to the exhausted nerves, arrests all weakening symptoms, etc. restores the falling powers, and imparts new life and energy to what had so recently assumed "worn out" "used up" and "valueless".

In rebuilding the disordered nervous system—in enriching the impoverished blood, in removing the obnoxious and poisonous matter from the body, in giving a healthy tone to the shattered constitution and in bringing a doomed life back to youth, vigour and cheer—This Lekyam and Bhaspam are unrivalled and unequalled. These can be taken by all people of all ages and all sex with the greatest advantage.

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

Postage As. 8 Extra.

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

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

Postage Rs. 1-4-0 Extra.

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

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

Hair Destroyer.

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

Price Per Phial As. 8

G. Cure.

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

PER PHIAL RE. 1.

Latest Novelty

Automatic Motion!!

Hygienic Rubber Goods.

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

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

Price 1st Quality Rs. 2 00 each.

" 2nd " " 1 12 0 "

" 3rd " " 1 00 "

" 4th " " 0 12 0 "

Guaranteed British Manufacture.

Contraceptive & Birth Control Device for Women.

**Solid rim Improved Check pessary
with Silk string.**

FOR WOMEN.

(PRO-RACE PATTERN.)

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

Price 1st Quality Rs. 3 00 Each.

" 2nd " " 2 40 "

" 3rd " " 1 80 "

Krishna Sanjeevi

The Soothing Balm for all Pains.



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

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

Per Phial As. 8.

Ringworm Cure.

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



Per Phial As. 4.

"IDEAL"

HAND EMBROIDERY MACHINE

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

With this Machine everybody, even without any knowledge of designing embroidering, is able to do, by means of this little apparatus, on every kind of stuff, such as Silk, Zephyr, plush, Velvet or Khaddar Embossed Embroidery Work, viz., Monograms, birds, bed-covers, Chair-cushions, window curtains, Baby caps and many other kinds of nice Fashionable works. In five minutes every one becomes a perfect master. Price of the Machine with complete illustrated instructions and Sample of Work. Rs. 2-8-0 only.

HAIR DYE.

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

Price Rs. 1 per phial.





A SCENE FROM "SAKUNTALA."