

28
123
FUNNY
MAG.

Lucky Number 77934
and
Contest Prizes

\$ 250.

*A Re-Fined Youth-
for a Second offence.*



5TH SEP., 1934

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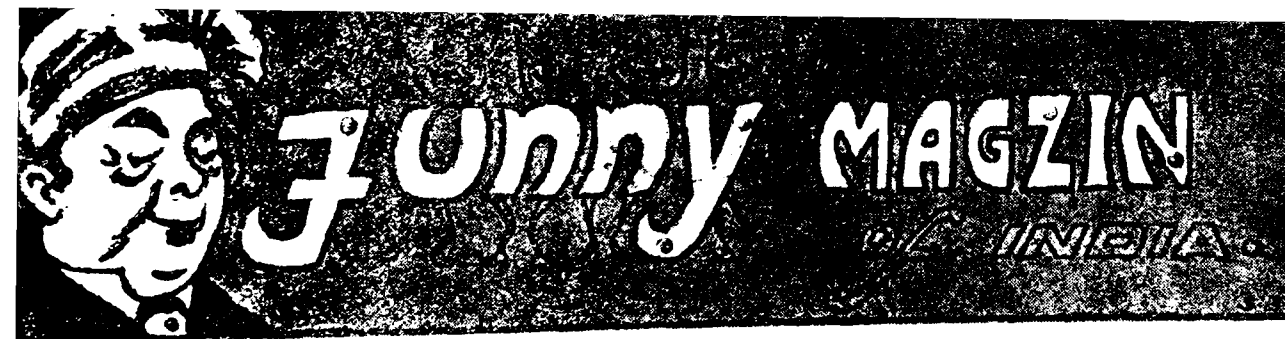
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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II.

MADRAS, 5th SEPTEMBER, 1934.

No. 3.

A Letter from Lord Erskine—

Governor-Designate of Madras.



MADRAS, S.W. 5.
4th, 1934.

5-0071934

DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for your letter of the 20th June and also for the copy of your Magazine, which I have read with interest and amusement.

Yours truly,

Erskine

The Editor,
"The Funny Magzin",
No. 16, Lawyer Chinnathambi
Madal Street,
Madras.



During a recent speech, Mr. G. B. Shaw declared that 'one can't settle down at seventy-six.'

That's nothing. To settle up is most people's difficulty.

There is a man in Assam in whose body doctors found two yds. of copper wire, some nails, screws and a porcelain insulator!

A little more and he could have installed an interior Radio!

"Can you please enlighten me as to what the five year plan means?" asks a contributor.

It's the way many people buy their cars nowadays.

It is said that a baby cannot shed tears until it is three months old. But it is not for the want of trying though.

'Trade is in a maze,' opines the Statesman. It's certainly been turning a lot of corners.

When modern girls quarrel the upset is over and done with in a few minutes. They very soon kiss and make up.

We read of a cat in London which drinks beer!

We suppose that after drinking a glass of it the creature swaggers to the gate, and challenges all the dogs!

"To-day," writes a contributor, "is the anniversary of the start of my writing career."

We trust no one wished him 'many happy returns.'

'There is sufficient nicotine in one cigar to kill thirty rabbits,' says a scientist.

Well he needn't worry, for it is unlikely that thirty rabbits will try to smoke one cigar.

'I believe we are really descended from monkeys,' says a contributor.

Well your family affairs are no concern of ours!

FUNNY M.

'A man should give his wife credit for everything he can.'

Yes, but she usually insists on having cash.

'At football I have registered some magnificent shots' brags a reader. We guess it is with a camera.

'What is Tact?'

Getting back your love letters without paying for it.

I often find myself speaking to total strangers.

Yes. Our phone is like that too.

'Popularity depends on how a man treats his friends.'

Or, how often.

We spend much more on sport and entertainments than on books.

Yes. It is because we can borrow books.

'All Chicago, gangsters aren't tough guys,' says Edgar Wallace. Some of them are married.

'My husband looks on me as a perfect treasure,' confesses a newly wed. And we suppose she looks on the husband as a perfect treasury!

'My wife threw the blow-pipe at me and in case she does it again I want to know what steps to take,' asks a reader.

We suggest quick ones.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1984

"Be Happy; Make All Around You Happy,"

Says Rt. Hon. Sastry to Students at Bangalore

Bhai Funzin Says, "That is my Mission too;

D—n Depression; Be Happy; Feel Happy; Make all Happy."



Bhai Funzin:—"Rt. Hon. Sastry, Miles of Smiles, Leagues of Laughters, that is the sure path to fight dismal depression. You have struck the right note of "Be Happy" to Students; but I call upon all Men and Women and Little Ones to laugh out troubles, no matter how heavily laden their stricken hearts; for, with all the shadows, there are broad bright patches still left."

"Fools are Plenty; thank God"

OR

THE CAREER OF Dr. VIDVAN VERA GHORA SURA!



It was the last moments. Ram's old father was gasping for breath. He could hardly speak. He had always been speaking about something he would give Ram when his end came.

The end was in sight. Some were praying for the old man; some were sobbing; some were silently shedding tears. And, if the old man doesn't give Ram what he promised, well, there was no getting anything from father.

Ram was young; but he had an old worldly head.

Ram too was weeping: not so much because his old father was passing away, but because he knew not whether to ask his father about what he promised to give him at his last moments

BY "RUBIKON"

or to refrain from asking and thus possibly lose the promised patrimony.

Ram was a resourceful fellow; he was never going to lose his chance: So he fixed

himself near his father's bed and he began to cry for his father in such a loud manner that the old man must needs notice Ram whatever be his comatose condition.

"Ah, Ram, that is you. You were ever a shrewd boy. You will take no risks. But for your loud wailing, I might not have remembered you," began the father.

"Father, father," cried Ram.

"Yes, Ram. I do remember. Come near me, my boy; you are the picture of your uncle: he was not a man who

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934

would lose a chance of profit; nor had I known him do a good deed to others even by an oversight," continued the father.

"Oh, father, my dearest father," cried Ram still louder.

"You see, my boy, I could easily have left you a few lakhs. That is of no good, Ram. No man came to any good with the money which somebody left him to fool with," the old man paused for breath.

Ram cried the louder, perhaps on account of the opinion his dying father held about leaving patrimony. Whatever the cause, he cried the louder still. When the old man began,

"Ram, I am afraid my strength is all running out. But while yet I am speaking let me tell you one thing. And if you only make use of it, as you ought to, the way to fame, name and fortune lies straight before you. That is, my boy. 'Fools are plenty in the world, thank God!' If only you know and do make use of them, you will be happy, wealthy and prosperous."

Hardly had the last words come out, than the old man gasped, gurgled, threw up his chin and with another gurgle or two about the throat, it was clear it was all over with the old man.

The old man was dead!

Death—the truth of all truths.

Yet, how few people, wise and otherwise, realize the great truth!

How often do we meet with fresh widowers taking resolves

about their future—So solemn and severe and even cruel! So too young widows! So too friends! Yet, how soon the parted friend is lost from sight, love and vow and resolutions! Then the dead one's property or children or desires or "Wills" are not even cared for, but actually ruined with the most savage sacrilege!

Not so Ram.

Young though Ram, he understood death at its true value; he was not led away by weeping and sobbing around him. He now understood what really his father meant by often telling him that he would hand over something for him at his last moment.

Yes, his legacy was handed over; he was to take possession and make his fortune; that was: the fools of the world—a pretty vast stock to operate—still it had this

advantage—you have plenty to experiment upon; you can try a variety of new devices upon the stock and still not exhaust it all.

What next, he asked himself.

Ram went to a good friend.

"Can't do much with that old grandmotherly name of yours, Ram. Change it, my boy. And, as you say that you are going to prepare and patent a new and wonderful halwa packed in pills, according to the recipe of the sages of the Lakes of Manasarovar and Galilee, you must have a suitable name. For, does not the great poet ask, 'What is not there in a name?' If names meant nothing why Visvamitra or Victoria? Why not some other names for the great sage and the great queen?"

Ram felt that the name had a psychological part to

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play in his career. So he bestowed a full night over the matter. And, on the morrow, when he got up to greet the sun, he rose from his bed as.

**"Dr. Vidvan Veera
Ghora Sura"**

Out he came on the world as the sole patentee of the Ananth Halwa Pills—a miraculous wonder or a wondrous miracle, as he called it.

But merely as a great doctor healing the ills of mankind cannot easily get at all the "Fools are Plenty." So he added Politics, Public Service and Reform and whatever bits of passing fancy that had caught the local imagination, of any place, he added these "side lines" as our Patriots call them, to his main line of business.

Dr. Vidvan Veera Ghora Sura was now a fully fledged public speaker. And by making careful and constant use of the publicity that newspapers give, Dr. Vidvan had come to be noised about.

"Fools are plenty," but they need something to remind them of you, your magic Halwa Pills, and also about your growing greatness.

A Journal!

Any child would have called out 'a Journal.' So

a Journal he started. But if your Journal is to really make all the noise it can, nothing like its chief going to the gaol—for, without the baptism of the gaol, no patriot has felt that he is adequately consecrated for his high mission.

A violent speech—a perfer-vid flaming appeal—a harangue of high fires and flames—a call to arms or order or disorder in the name of the Motherland—all that was enough to secure a few terms of the gaol baptism.

Every time Dr. Vidvan came out of the gaol, garlanded and along with his wife who came to escort her self-sacrificing lord to her home, what glory was his! How quick did the joyous crowds gather round the great patriot! Often would Dr. Vidvan shed tears of joy as he remembered on these occasions the memorable words of his father, "Fools are Plenty, Thank God."

To-day Dr. Vidvan is famous, wealthy and highly revered by his country men for which he always repeats, "Thank God," as he sees them.

Stranger: "Why did you charge me?"

Police: "Because, of your grey hair."

Wife: "What are you doing?"

Husband: "I am waiting to tell you what we are doing."

Kondhodaran: "Please Sir, would you be so obliged as to take my coat from here to fisher market."

Gentlemen: "Yes sir, but, how will you get it again?"

Kondhodaran: "It is very easy, so that, it is sure, that I will remain inside of it."

Father: "Can you give me a proof that the earth is round?"

Son: "Because of the teacher says, that the earth is round."

Judge: "How did you manage to take the Funny Magzin without its owner knowing it?"

Thief: "No use to telling you."

Husband: "What is the price of the Thermometer?"

Doctor: "For what purpose for you?"

Husband: "If I have a Thermometer, my wife will not speak to me at night." Isn't it?

V. K. Lakshmana Iyer,
Palghat.

"It appears that you are on my daughter" sharply asked Rama Rao.

"Sir, don't depend on appearances" replied the young man.

"Certainly not. I am depending on your dis-appearances alone" the old man answered.

"Do you know how the human skull is formed?" the teacher asked his students while he was teaching physiology.

"Sir, we have it already in our heads; so it is not necessary to repeat" a boy said.

S. K.

Teacher: "Which is the best city in the world?"

Student: "Capacity, Sir."

Chelluri. Veerabhadra Rao, M. S.
Kovvur.



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IT MAY BRING YOU A MONEY PRIZE.

When the South Indian Stage is experiencing a dearth of acting talent it is really a matter for congratulation that the "Madura Dramatic Boys Company" has come forward with their PATHI BAKTHI, a didactic drama which overflows with morals for which India has become a perfect home. The evils of bad company, the results of adultery, the worth of true friendship and the love of a servant for his master and his family are only some of the lessons taught by this stage play. Apart from this moral giving character this play is aesthetically one of the best we have seen for the past some time.

M. K. Radha who plays the hero in this play, we can boldly term as a tragic hero. He has histrionic talent that many of the veterans even would envy. When he appears as a drunken sot he charges his character with so much truth that we are led to think that he is really drunk. What a change happens when he has killed his devoted friend Sambandam. When Rajasekharan weeps, I challenge any body to be sitting attentively inside the theatre and be unmoved. The change is marked and how lightning-like the change

happens is really a histrionic marvel. His songs are really melodious and the parting scene in the play will be passed on to posterity as one of the acting wonders in Stage history. A good foil to him Balayya who appears in the role of Gangadhar the villain. His making love to Leelayathi the wife Rajasekharan on the latter's running away to Ceylon, is truly dramatic.

Pathi - Bakthi.

(A Short Review.)

To relieve the tragic tension prevalent in the story, some comic relief is introduced in the shape of the Chettiar who lent money for all the vagaries of Rajasekharan. Mr. Mani who plays the role of Saraswathy the lovely daughter of Rajasekharan acquits herself quite creditably. No review of Pathi Bakthi will be complete without reference to the servant of Rajasekharan. Narayan Singh the servant has been portrayed as the noblest character in the play.

The South Indian Stage has not seen for some time past acting worth its name. Artistes of the type of Subbiah Baghavathar on the stage simply converted it into a music performance, and nothing short of it. But we should also add that it is not his mistake and only that of the audience since it is they that demanded it. These artistes have forgotten acting itself since they are given but little chance to exhibit the same. With no change of the facial features, with little modulation in the voice, with acting to the O degree the South Indian stage artistes were still passing on their days calling themselves as stage stars. But now that The Madura Dramatic Boys Company have made a happy departure by producing a play which is replete with all these happy features we can hope for the day when there will be the betterment of talent.

However much I might write about Radha the hero in this play, I feel that I have but done little justice to his histrionic talents. Language fails to adequately express my feelings with regard to his acting. Anon for the while.

M. V. V.

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FUNNY MAGKIN

THE MAID'S MAIDEN Romance.

BY
"AHA"



One evening while walking in the garden in front of his palatial mansion, he recollected the hours of happiness he had enjoyed when he was locked in the tender

arms of his wife who shared his wealth as well as his delightful company which was short, too short indeed to make him unhappy.

Doubts after doubts entered his youthful mind and he was perplexed to think if in future he would ever after be in the arms of any woman with whom he would rejoice everything in the 'Paradise of Love.'

It was twilight. The coloured lights punctuated at the foot paths of the garden

aesthetic taste, gorgeous saloons, graceful theatres, garden parties and what not.

Indrakumar, though he had enjoyed everyone of these luxuries, had yet a touch of deep melancholy in his movements. He was one of those unfortunate widowers whose married life lasted only for a couple of days.

A rich gentleman in a place like Madras must have surely enjoyed the luxuries of life, the soothing music, the artistic dance, hotels of

though they burned bright, yet looked to be only few dim candle-lights in a neglected monastery. Tortured by these feelings he wearily went back to his room where the cool twilight of the evening and calm breeze, surcharged by the sweet scents of flowers passed through the wide windows to soothen him. But this alas! excited his wandering thoughts of romance and love.

Either to forget himself from this sort of love-dreams or for some other reason best known to himself (the author is sorry for his ignorance), he called his house-maid to get something to quench his thirst.

The maid, who was dressed in pure white saree with an armless blouse of blue, entered his room with her usual cheerfulness and with a gait that added very much to her dignity and grace.

Indrakumar had never before appreciated the real beauty she had possessed. All these days with her bent head and humbled bows, she looked like a peacock hiding the wealth of beauty of her feathery fan in shyness.

Now that he beheld her in her full beauty he was bewitched by her fascinating locks of charm. His cupid eyes found a change in her body which he thought was even worthy of reverence. Had he known that he ever had a maid like this in his own house, at his own disposal whose beauty and grace call forth the same kind and same degree of respectful admiration from those who beheld her, he wouldn't have spent those weary evenings and sleepless nights.

Leaning back on the soft sofa with his head upwards, he said to the maid who smiled to such kindly call that Indrakumar must needs contrive to smile also, "Dear, maid, please get me something for my long felt thirst."

Either conscious of the hidden meaning of the words or rather unconscious of the significant utterance, the maid pulling up her saree more carefully over her shoulders, which had not so modestly covered her shapely form answered humbly: "Please Sir, which do you desire me to bring,—soda,—coffee or water?"

"None of them, but bring yourself close to my soul which burns now in the flame of love, put off the flame with the cool spray of your divine beauty," spoke Indrakumar.

Addressing her: "Fair Lady, may I thus make free to offer you my arm and company." So saying he pulled her on to him. Sure! She fell over his stalwart figure. And, Behold! Indrakumar's eyes shone bright and joyous, for, dark despair was dispelled by the spirit of romance.

Then he said: "To-day you look to be a lovely lady and not the usual maid. How unfortunate I have been to miss you in the midst of my misery all these long days! How it has been wasted away! How 'Full many a flower is borne to blushes unseen and waste its sweetness in the desert air!' How my eyes had deceived me dear! With all the force of my heart which has till now sorely wounded and troubled by love,

I offer you my love,

I love your.....dear."

FUNNY MAGAZINE

The maid, realizing how he was sick of love that was brought for a short time and how he was sick of love that was hired, was moved by his pathetic oration of romance produced a photo of Indrakumar which she had always in her bosom carried close to her heart and soul.

Astonished at his own image which she had imprisoned in her own heart long before he had taken her to his heart, he embraced her and planted kisses of joy uncounted and uncountable.

Fatigued?

Here's how not to be—

Bathe your feet every night in warm water, to which one teaspoonful of some soothing fluid to each pint of water has been added. It will be your feet in the hot weather.

A man carried off three cups running at a recent sports meeting. In spite of the good start he had, he was quickly overhauled by two policemen.

Missing for two days, a boy twelve has confessed that he hid in loft to tease his mother. No doubt he has since been made painfully aware of a different hiding place.

A gossip-writer says it is no fun being in London during a heat-wave. It's only the temperature that has a high old time.

A man whose life was despaired of by a doctor when he was eight has just died at the age of a hundred. Doctors are generally right in the end.

If you can, change your shoes twice a day. Never wear the same pair of stockings twice running in the summer.

Dust your feet each day with boracic powder before you put your stockings on.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934

11

MARRIAGE BELLS.

... BY LANCER. ...



—Met her first at the local bazar and had fallen in love with her hips at first sight.—

AT last! The marriage season is coming to a close. Great botheration, this marriage season, for most of us. Other fellows go coming amidst leafy bowers, start jugging one another and finally get married; while we poor fellows who can't pitch upon anything else get involved in this 'hullabaloo' and invariably foot the bill. At last, that is what has been my experience during the last three weeks. And that is why I have been confining myself to my bed during the season, preferring to be sick in my own bed to going about the whole country attending marriages.

We have had seventeen marriage invitations this month from people who have selected this rotten red-hot month of June to go mooning about with those of the opposite sex. Seventeen girls, all of them young and tender, are to be dragged to the altar whether they will it or not, and seventeen young men, whose ages

might range from twenty to seventy, have decided to make these unfortunate girls happy by marrying them; and fellows like us who haven't got any love or liking for the above procedure are invited to attend these ceremonies. grace the occasion by our presence, and see these poor innocent girls being led to the marriage 'pandal' exactly as lambs are led to the slaughter house.

It is a great botheration, these marriages and the invitations to attend them, especially when we don't care a tuppence as to what happens to the people who keep pestering us. Besides these marriage invitations, there are many others lying heaped up on my table, invitations for thread ceremonies, birth ceremonies, death ceremonies, etc. etc., *ad infinitum*. This great pile of ever increasing nuisance almost worries the life out of me. I used to ponder over them desperately thinking for some plan by which I could evade them all without offending the feelings

of the people concerned. No plan suggested itself and as a last resort I decided to fall sick. So I betook myself to my bed and started groaning and moaning so piteously as to make all my relations scamper away from my side in a hurry.

The wife of my bosom was on the verge of tears. A quiet reposeful woman, this my wife I had met her first at the local bazar and had fallen in love with her hips at first sight. Grand, massive, hips they were, almost as massive as herself. Nature had been very generous in showering her blessings on my wife, and the attitude of repose which she seemed to embody made her all the more charming in my eyes. Here was my ideal woman. Is it any wonder that I fell for her at first sight?

Of course tongues began to wag. They always do where they have no business to. I was only twenty-three and my girl looking near upon forty

but is that any excuse, Mr. Editor—for people to create an upheaval about us two? Anyhow we ignored their vituperations and got married. And you can take it from me for granted that our house was running along quite smoothly after our marriage. We loved one another and we didn't care what people said outside it. Poor woman, my wife was one of the most good natured and peaceful creatures I have ever seen; and oft many a time have I placed my poor head on her broad bosom and found solace which none else could give.

But this marriage season upset all our domestic happiness. My wife moaned and begged and entreated me to get well and attend her sister's marriage. Nothing doing. I had determined to fall sick during the marriage season and where Lancer wills the Fates themselves dare not say 'no'. So my wife's prayers were of no avail and I fell sick, and continued doing it till the end of the season. Many doctors came and tried their best to treat me, but I ill-treated them all and even to this day none of them have yet diagnosed my complaint.

But I think my wife has suspected it already. Anyhow she has strated accusing me of wilfully keeping away from her sister's marriage. Of course I denied all guilt, but if ever another chance presents itself I am determined to repeat the trick. Seventeen marriages! Do you know what they mean? The trouble of attending them all, of going through this sweltering heat, dragging a whole bucketful of children after you for a distance of five, ten or perhaps twenty miles, and then at the end of it to sit gourmandizing till the end of the day at each one of them, is frightful enough a prospect to chill any but a confirmed glutton to the very marrow. And just think what would happen if the rain catches you when you are half way through your journey! Now is just the time for the monsoon rains in this part of the world, I mean the west coast, and properly speaking, it does not rain but pours and drowns and drenches you through and through if once you get caught. Still, unfortunately we have got to attend these marriages! Otherwise people get offended.

There is a near cousin of mine in Udipi about twenty miles away from here who has fixed up his wedding on the twentieth of this month; and the

should go over there with my family which numbers a dozen and honour him and his duly on the occasion. There is a well-beloved friend of mine about fifteen miles south of my place who can't do without my presence on the occasion of his marriage on the nineteenth of this blasted month of June. Now, my cousin happens to be to the north of me and my friend to the south, and both of them are insistent that myself and troupe should be gracing their homes on the appointed date. To make matters worse, my wife's people have decided to bundle off my wife's sister to some unsuspecting young man at about this same date. They are forty miles to the east, but my wife is pretty insistent that I must not slight her family by my absence or that of my family.

I have put the position plainly before her and tried to convince her of the extreme futility of trying to satisfy any of these people. But she won't be convinced. She has come out in her true colours and has started cursing me and raving at me like a virago. And I am in a serious predicament. I dare not try to quieten her or even argue with her. She is massive, you see, Mr. Editor, and weighs well over two hundred pounds; and I am only a hundred and five. What do you think my chances will be, if I were to stand up against her fury? As far as I can see, the only chance for me is to keep mum and tire her out. That is the best way I can think of just at present.

And to make affairs even more complicated, there are a host of other ceremonies taking place nearer home and it goes without saying that we are in demand there too. I don't know what the blazes I can do about all these. If you go to one place, the others start cursing you and cutting you at every turn. If you don't go anywhere people start saying you are a miser, a mis-anthrope, and won't hesitate in the end even to advise you to have your upper story overhauled. It's a rotten world. Mr. Editor, it is a rotten, rotten world. And then there is the wife!

It is a time—honoured custom in these parts to give presents. The hosts don't give it but the guests have to. First of all there are the transit expenses to be met with, which looms up considerably! and then at the marriage 'pandal' each poor un-

up his dignity, and starts loading the happy pair, or groom, or bride, or whatever else it happens to be, with things he can ill afford, with the result that the host finds more than sufficient remuneration for the expenses he has been put to the bridegroom gets his girl free, and the guest returns home a broken man. And if while returning with his distended stomach and despondent heart, he gets caught in our unseasonable rains, all that is left for him to do is to creep slyly to his home and breathe his last in a hurry, and die of acute broncho pneumonia!

I don't want to die of broncho pneumonia. And I haven't got much of an inclination to give seventeen presents at a stretch. My income is little, my property is little more, and only my wife is ample. Seventeen presents would burst my back. It will take all my year's income, my property, and also my wife for me to meet all the expenses and make up those seventeen presents. The first two I want for myself, to keep my body and soul together; but if anybody of these seventeen require the last, he can take it and it is some prize! Ample hips, ample body, quite reposeful attitude, full forty years ripe, well, well, if anybody would prefer—it is his luck! Two hundred pounds of human flesh! It is his to enjoy and his to grouse over.

And still, the invitations are pouring in. Under ordinary circumstances I don't care two hoots for them and don't care two hoots for me. But the marriage time is a blasted time, and we are expected to part with our hard-earned sweat-bedewed cash to them in one grand burst of presents, marriage bells, and funeral knells, and broncho pneumonia, well, well, Mr. Editor, isn't it yet time for us who call ourselves civilized to put a stop to all this tragic tom-foolery and have some peace in this world?

"Efforts to kiss a girl lead to a year in goal," says a headline. That's nothing! It's got a life sentence for a lot of chaps.

It is said of a character actor that when made up on the stage his own wife wouldn't recognise him. But we expect she is able to tell him off.

ESKIMO-LAND

— BY T. L. EDWIN. —



Well, Readers, here I am again. And if you think I enjoy writing this any more than you enjoy reading it, you're highly mistaken. Which fact being clearly understood, let me proceed. You see I am rather fed up with this blinkin' world. Further I am beset with difficulties. So much so that I intend popping off to some out of the way place, miles from anywhere where I could do what I like, eat what I like, without fear of wife or Ma-in-law butting in with 'Don't eat it Eddy, 'tis bad for your diabetes', or 'do get up 'tis past noon and what do you think you are, a blooming dormouse?' etc.

But where was I to go? That was the question as "Whateinname" in Shakespeare said. So I took the Atlas and resorted to the time-honoured feminine method of jobbing blindfold with a pin. Closing my eyes, armed with a new pin fresh from the foundry, I opened the Atlas and jabbed. When I looked at the puncture, I gasped, for

there it was right in the centre of Greenland!

So that is that and I intend hibernating to the North Pole. So bye-bye, Readers, for the next few months. Happy Deepavali, Merry Xmas, Prosperous New Year, and all that, for I won't be here to wish you during the festive season.

Pencil and paper please dear readers, 87 Rs. 4 as. 6 pies overdue bills. Then there is the Electric Supply Corporation. Ah! there is a knock at the door. Perhaps it's an M. O. from my uncle. Dash it, it's only a letter; from the Electric Supply Corporation. "Beg to inform. (Beg indeed! Sanctioned hypocrites!) Etc., Etc - failing which their Meter-man has instructions to disconnect. Mine faithfully etc. Faithfully indeed! Is this what they call faith? Afraid to trust a fellow with a few handful of Watts and Ohms!

So that settles it. I must be off. So if any Reader would send me a

cheque for expenses I would be grateful and ever so pleased. If they don't I'll continue writing articles till I drive them crazy. And that reminds me. I must not forget to stop the milk and the Newspapers while I am away.

I have also taken pains to read all about the Eskimos their manners and customs. I have seen 'S.O.S.' and 'Eskimo', both of them highly instructive talkies and also read several books. So much so, I now know more about Greenland, than the Eskimos themselves.

It appears that these Eskimos live in houses built of snow called Igloos. Hence the cold inside the house is so intense that they have to have two thermometers lashed together, to register the temperature. If owing to the fire burning inside, the igloo melts and shows a gap all that Papa Eskimo has to do is to bung a handful of snow in the gap and all's well.

One easy way of making money is to start an insurance Company to pro-

A Doctor Relates a Queer Story

... By W. JAYARAJ. ...

ONE night after supper, I was just referring to an old medical book, seated on a lounge and smoking a cigar. I was once disturbed by the Telephone. One of my patients wanted to know how the medicine I prescribed for him was to be taken. He asked, "one teaspoonful? Does that mean

fect Igloos from catching fire. Rather safe business that and guaranteed to return cent per cent dividends. So if any of you readers would subscribe, and take shares myself would be pleased to float a Company. The Eskimos, ed to float a Company. The Eskimos, Igloos never catch fire, not even if you pour petrol on them.

And then what a paradise for people who want to sleep for a pretty long time! For these unfortunate Eskimos are doomed to live amid a perpetual darkness for six months in the year. Newly married couples must be having a helluva time.

Heaps of fun it would be to be an Eskimo. He has no work to do, no premiums to pay, no contract bridge golf or marbles to play.

What about food, asks a reader. Oh, that of course nature provides them. Seals, walrus, whales and Polar bears are not immortal, are they? They follow nature's law and die and all the Eskimo has to do is to eat them. The food is of course kept pure and wholesome by the eternal snow!

As for dress the Eskimo uses the skins of animals which he has eaten. And he needn't buy moth-balls either, for no decent moth will ever live in Greenland!

I'll tell you more about the Eskimos when I come back. Meanwhile let me remind you again about the sheques.

that I have to swallow the spoon also?" After replying to him suitably, I continued reading the book. A little while later a knock came on my room door. I asked who it was but there was no answer. When I heard a second knock, I went near the door and peeped through the key-hole. What did I see? I saw another eye peeping through it. I suddenly opened the door but saw none other than my dressing boy, shivering from head to foot and dumbfounded. I asked him to speak but he pointed out to his mouth and made gestures from which I understood that he was unable to open his mouth. I caught the fellow by his wrist, took him into my dispensary, and gave him a mixture which stopped his shivering. I opened his mouth without any difficulty and examined it but found nothing wrong. So I was wondering what all this meant when I noticed him trying to speak. He uttered a few incoherent words which conveyed no meaning. Gradually he came to himself and then said, "whilst I was preparing to go to bed, I heard someone speaking to me through the window and asking me whether you were in. I asked him who he was but he quickly disappeared. I saw only a long tail as that of a devil. I was so afraid that I could not open my mouth to shout for help." When he finished

speaking, there came a ring from the bell at the entrance. I waited awhile. The ring came again intermittently.

I told my boy to take a lantern and follow me. I opened the door and the boy held up the lantern. I saw a tall black man, shabbily clad and highly excited. There was a rickshaw in which he probably came. The rickshaw-wallah looked almost like him. I asked him what the matter was. He told me that his wife was in great labour pains. The case was that of a twin babes. The midwife has pulled out one child but the other wouldn't come out, the midwife wanted the help of a doctor. "Please hurry up doctor I will give you anything you demand," said he in a very highly excited manner. I wondered how such a shabbily clad fellow could give me anything I demanded. Yet with that professional feeling I decided to go with him. He said that the place was close by and I could go in his rickshaw while he would follow the rickshaw on foot.

I went inside my room to get my surgical bag when I heard my boy screaming, "The tail! The tail!" I went running to him but he had already fainted. I attended to him. Calling my cook and giving the boy to his charge, I went away with my caller.

Immediately I got into the rickshaw, the rickshaw-wallah gave one push and lifted it up. He sat like the

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case a rickshaw-wallah running in and sitting like that. I turned back to see the man who came to call me. There he was close behind—not unning but walking very slowly. Yet he was very close to me. All seemed to me a dream and my boy's words, "the tail! the tail!" were ringing in my ears. I knew not how far I was taken. I now saw that my rickshaw was not pulled by the rickshaw-wallah but borne by him, through a thick jungle. His heels were not on the ground but above; his clothes had mysteriously disappeared and I could plainly see his long tail. I became nervous and began to pray.

I leave you to picture the fright I was in. I was suddenly thrown out of the rickshaw. When I came to myself I couldn't see any sign of the rickshaw or the wallah or my caller. I shouted for help but my words only echoed. After a few minutes I saw some men and women coming towards me from a hut which had suddenly sprang up where there were only trees all this time. By this time I fully realized that I was in the midst of the spirit world, (or whatever you may call it). I pulled up my courage to face the situation whether good or bad or midway. An old woman came to me and said something which was Greek to me. Then the man who came to call me sprang from somewhere and patted all over my body as if to apologize; and telling me that the old woman was the midwife, took me to his hut. There I found the sick woman groaning as loud as thunder. She was surrounded by about three dozen women, old and young. By the way, everyone of the assembly except myself had a tail as long as anything you wish. This does not mean that I had a short tail. No, I didn't have a tail at all. What a pity; I would have looked funny amongst that generation of tails. I went near the patient and examined her. I found that the other child had got entangled in the womb by its horns. Ordering the whole crowd, except the midwife and the husband, to go out, I pulled out my surgical-saw and filed the horns. With the aid of my instruments, I pulled out the young devil. No sooner it was out, it jumped up and down, took my saw, examined it carefully, put it down, laughed most heartily, and ran away, with the out off horns. My surroundings disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared.

When I prepared to go home wondering how far I had to travel, the rickshaw, the rickshaw-wallah, and the shabbily dressed man came on the scene. The man presented me with a pearl necklace for my troubles. He asked the rickshaw-wallah to take me to my house. I thanked him for his kindness and got into the rickshaw. I was carried like a whirlwind and put down at my house. I rang the door bell and turned back to see the rickshaw disappear. I looked at my watch and found the time to be 2.40 A.M. My cook opened the door and let me in. He had been awake all this time nursing the boy—who was still in a great fright—asking them to go to their rooms and sleep. I went to my room drinking a glass of Bhai Funzin's cocktail. I jumped into my bed and snored off.

The next morning I got up very late. The necklace was still in my hand. I had a hazy recollection of the nocturnal adventure; but I was not sure whether it was a dream or a fact. I asked my servants whether they knew anything but they denied. My cook told me that he dreamt that I went out and returned at about 2.40 A.M. my boy said that he was frightened the whole night but he couldn't say by what he was frightened. If this adventure was a dream then how came the necklace? If it was a fact then is it possible that I had actually been in the midst of spirits? I couldn't be sure of anything. A thought came to me. What if the necklace was a stolen property and the thief, possibly an enemy of mine, placed it in my hand to get me into troubles? I rang up the police and asked them to find out whether the necklace was a stolen jewellery. After a few months I was informed that there was no report of a stolen necklace so far, and that I could keep it as my own.

What do you think of this, my dear Bhai Funzin? Quite stranger than fiction. Isn't it?

Young soldiers are always willing to instruct pretty girls in the use of arms.

"Middle aged women are not attracted by wit," says a writer. You can't catch old birds with chaff.

"What will happen when every Tom, Dick, and Harry has a car?" There'll be more work for the doctors.

Secret Brides

How many married women are posing as single in order to keep their jobs?

In most Government offices, in the teaching profession, and in many private firms it is the rule that women shall resign upon marriage. But many brides are unwilling to sacrifice their independent careers and personal incomes. Or they may be married to men who cannot afford to keep a home going without the help of their wives.

In such cases the temptation to keep the marriage a secret is very strong, and unquestionably a great many girls hide the fact that they are married. Sometimes the truth leaks out and the secret bride is dismissed, but before she is unmasked she may have been working years longer than she was entitled to do.

Has she the Right?

It is a delicate problem of conscience for the engaged girl liable to dismissal if she marries.

Has she a right to hide her marriage from her employers? If she likes, of course she can dispense with the blessing of the Church or the legal safeguards of the Register Office. But what would the strict moralists say then?

"Life!" said the judge. A short word, but a long sentence.

A fool and his honey are soon parted.

A youthful correspondent is curious to know if a motor-cyclist who drinks whisky is eligible to enter for the T.T. races.

Little Tommy thinks that a plate-layer is a waiter in a cafe.

"Hand made shoes surpass the products of machines," says a cobbler. Awl for the boot.

One of the beauties of Venice is that the inhabitants never know when a street is being torn up.

A gardening expert describes a beautiful plant that needs no attention. A self-raising flower.

THE UTTER FOOL

— BY K. R. SESHADRI. —

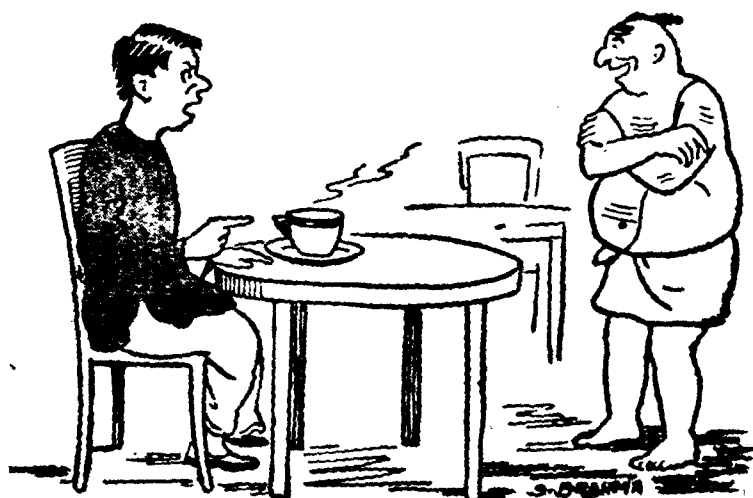
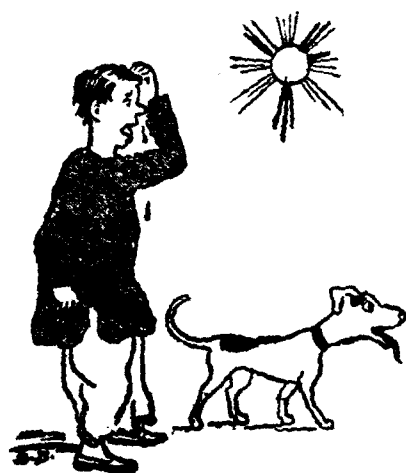
One afternoon of scorching June
It was so very hot
That beast and man felt tired and wan
And peaceful rest besought.
But Mister Nath, though full of wrath
At the sun's cruelty,
Had pressing work he just couldn't shirk—
Hence flew his thoughts to tea.

"A cup of tea, a cup of tea,
Quite strong and hot and pure,
Were I to drink at once I think
My great fatigue would cure!"

And soon he was in 'Ram Vilas'
The first hotel he found;
"Tea! Tea!" he cried, the waiter hied
And back with tea did bound.

Vile was the tea as vile could be
And also almost cool—
"If this is tea," roar'd Nath, "must be
I am an utter fool!"

The waiter, now, I do avow,
Was full of roguery—
Or else, why, pray, did then he say
To Nath: "This sure is tea!"



Comedy of Errors

BY
"MUSTHARIP"



The result was that he got a
black-eye and a scratched neck.

MURUGAN is my intimate friend and there is no secret between us. No one knows Murugan better than I. He is the son of a rich money-lender living in the heart of Madura; and as he is very rich I find that to be his friend is not very expensive. So there am I, his willing friend! I always helped him to spend his money. He is thin and tall, and wears European costumes. He cannot see his own moustache which is so small and his nasal protuberance so big that it completely covers it from the view of his twinkling eyes. Surely, if he could remove his nose and see his moustache, he would shave it off instantly. But Fate has willed otherwise and he is doomed to have a small moustache!

Strange to say, he does not like to join with members of the opposite sex in fun or frolic; but the girls will not let him go free, and they lead him to troubles. However, he always used to shake them off his shoulders only to fall into another trap. This is due to

allure the girls towards him. And he being generous, falls into their hands easily.

Only two years ago he left College, and within these two years he had fallen into the traps of no less than a score of girls; but with his luck, and manly wit he had managed to escape from them successfully each time.

After leaving College he found that his father's money-pot was rather very heavy, and being a grateful son he helped the old man to reduce its weight. I am glad to say that I helped a great deal in this work. His extravagant means of living attracted a beautiful maiden, who was one of his neighbours, towards him. In two weeks' time she had subdued him and had tamed him in such a way that he would gladly sit down at her very feet. Of course, her father did not approve of their flirtings.

On a moonlight night he was so moonstruck that he visited his girl's place, but she did not dare to come out as her father was in. He had read of

many romances and of lovers in moonlight nights. So he decided to act as one of the heroes, in his novels, had done. He was disappointed at first, as he could not obtain a banjo or a mandoline at that moment. Anyway he took courage, and going under one of the oriel windows at the girl's house he began to sing to the music of snapping fingers. If nothing had happened that night he would have sung himself hoarse, but the infuriated father hurled a flower-pot at him, which struck him full on his left shoulder. The old man's well-aimed flower-pot was such a good medicine that he was well nigh cured of his malady.

After the flower-pot treatment, he was free only for a few days. He was what the Hollywood people would say, "discovered" by another "gentleman hunting" beauty. They were very happy together. His father, the old money-lender, allowed the girl to come to his home, at any moment to see his son. But strange to say, when the girl would come, he would invite her in, and then send the son away.

some business or another. This went on for some time, and some months later the girl married the father who was a widower!

Anyway this did not break his heart. But he was very sad. I knew quite well that he had enough money, so I advised him to go out travelling to forget all about this affair. He accepted my advice and invited me, too, as I had expected. We enjoyed a very pleasant holiday at Madras, for a whole fortnight. At first our intention was that to return at the end of three days, but it extended to a fortnight. This was owing to the fact that he was 'hooked' by another girl. He, being a weak-willed man, fell into her trap quite unconsciously. Many were the presents he gave her. This girl was one of twin sisters. They were so much alike that he could not tell one from another. One day he met the wrong girl, and thinking that it was his own sweetheart, he tried to kiss her. The result was that he got a black-eye and a scratched neck. We left Madras instantly after this incident!

This did not, however, finish his courting career. Soon after our return to Madras, he got entangled with one of my intimate girl friends, who was also a student herself. For some reason or other he did not like her, but at the same time he did not want her to be disappointed. So he made up a plan. He ran away again to Madras. He enjoyed there for a week and then sent a telegram to his girl at Madras as if his friend was writing to her. He wired that he met with an accident and was taken to the Hospital; that

one of his arms was amputated and there was an ugly scar on his cheek. The girl was so frightened at the idea that if he returned with only one arm and that scar, he would claim her.

So she married another man!

Two weeks later he returned quite normal, and told the astonished girl that he knew nothing about the telegram!

Yet he did not escape from the girls who could not help falling in love with him. This time he got in contact with a charming young widow. Very few people escape the famous "widdlers"! So this widow did her very best to make Murugan her second husband. She made him pity her by relating him about her past miseries, her beloved dead husband, and about the happiness she had given him.

Murugan tried his level best to shake her off without hurting her feelings, but she stuck to him like a tender creeper. At last in utter desperation he pretended to be mad. The widow thought that she could not marry a mad man; so she too drifted away. Strange to say, Murugan recovered the instant the widow had left.

The last time he was trapped again by a cunning maid. This time he would have been completely "trapped", but Fortune favoured him. Thanks be to her father,—He kicked Murugan out of her house!

I cannot guess what more will befall Murugan in the future. Only the future itself can show what is in store for him. So we must wait and see!

FUNNY MAGAZINE

Dramatic critics' motto: "The 'flay's' the thing!"

At Tottenham a burglar fell asleep in a house and when awakened, his first question was, "What time is it?" The Judge will tell him.

A New York taxi-driver shot a passenger who refused to pay what he demanded. But how much less effective than the simple English way of saying: "Ere, wot's this?"

The Mayor and Councillors of a town near London have formed a golf team. Golf has a splendid effect on Corporation.

A pony in North London calls regularly at a coffee-stall for something to eat. The generous proprietor at once places the a la carte before the horse.

"No Smoking" notices follow one right through life," complains a tobaccoist. And after, we trust,

A writer says that an Englishman delights to think that he is entirely surrounded by the sea. Unless of course he suddenly awakens to find his deck-chair awash.

A bald-headed eagle has been seen in the Highlands. This disproves the recent contention that flying makes the hair grow.

Spanish M.P.'s are given free barley-sugar. As a development of this idea, there is support for the suggestion that our own legislators should be provided with stickjaw.

Hitlerism is said to be killing contract bridge. Still, even this doesn't justify Hitlerism.

General Goering's latest official designation is "Head Hunter of the Reich." Not "Head-hunter," it should be clearly understood.

The average train on London's Underground is reported to accommodate eight hundred persons. This figure is only approximate, but is said to be correct within a nought or two.

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The Face Behind the Purdah

— BY MANI-DHOST. —

LONG, long ago—that was, even before the idea of creating your great grandfather suggested itself in the Creator's mind—there lived in ancient India a childless Hindu King. And as the Creator came to realise that future Historians might not be able to write any History of that King unless there was some Princess or other to base their history on, He gave the king a daughter.

Strangely enough, the king from the very moment of the birth of the Princess, did not allow anyone to see her. In the whole kingdom there were only three people who had seen her:—the King, the Queen and the usual nurse. And when the Princess grew of age, the king made her follow the Purdah system.

The whole Empire grew feverish to know what the Princess was really like. Even the Prime Minister, who had a son of marriageable age, was reported to have approached the king on the matter, but had only some broken remarks as reply, about the effects of evil eye on beautiful faces and the advantages of the Purdah.

Nor did the attempts of women-folk to get any information from the Queen's nurse succeed. For the nurse would, in reply to their numerous queries, simply put the tip of her forefinger on her nose and exclaim, as if indignant with the people for asking such questions, "Is she beautiful? What an absurd question! Beautiful is not the word for the Princess's face—the only face that justifies the Purdah system."

Thus, Princess Alagi's name came to be the byword for beauty. Young girls of the Empire tried to imagine the Princess's face and used to compare the picture of their imagination with their own face reflected in the waters of the well or tank. (Mirrors had not been invented yet in these days.) And gallant lovers coaxed their sweethearts by remarking, "Oh! Dear! With all her Purdah, the Princess Alagi's face cannot equal

yours." And that was the ordinary abracadabra to kissing young girls in that Kingdom.

On the seventeenth birthday of Princess Alagi, the King held a great function at the Palace. All the subjects had been invited. It was then that he made that sensational proclamation, quite unheard of in the annals of Hindu India, to wit, that it was the pleasure and intention of His supreme authority to give his daughter to anybody who would come forward to have her as wife—the only qualification being that he should possess the most handsome face and the most agile body in the Empire. The King would not care for, whether his son-in-law was rich or poor, of high or low caste. And the king invited all youngmen in the kingdom to appear before the king for personal interview. (Now you know that the idea of the Services Commission was not original nor unknown.)

The proclamation sent a thrill in the hearts of those assembled. Youngmen looked at one another's face, and orthodox old men shook their heads wondering what a Holy Hindu Empire was going to. And young girls whispered to one another, "A beautiful face to match a beautiful one?"

Two months passed and three thousand, five hundred and two men had already appeared before the King and went away disappointed, but muttering defiantly, "Princess or beggar! who would, anyway, marry her without seeing her first?"

The King, too, got fed up with the whole blooming interviews. One day he called loudly for his Prime Minister.

"If" he thundered to the old Minister, "before the sun sets to-morrow, you fail to bring the suitable man for my Princess, well,.....". He was too excited to finish the sentence.

The Prime Minister had no time to lose. He set out on a horse in search of a bridegroom. After three hours' ride, he came to a forest, and met his man

there—a young stalwart wood-cutter with a fine face and graceful carriage.

A week later, the marriage between Princess Alagi and wood-cutter Karuppan was celebrated in great pomp, and it brought up the number of persons who had seen Alagi's face to four.

A year later, the King died and wood cutter Karuppan ascended the throne. While the deceased king had thought that a purdah was a thin satin cloth only, the new king held it required a doubling—up of a thick chequered cloth. And so Queen Alagi's face was more invisible to her subjects than ever before.

Two years later, one night at 12 o'clock, the people of the kingdom were standing outside the Palace gates. They were waiting anxiously for an addition to their Monarch's family arrive. Some of them were arguing whether the king would keep his child also behind the purdah, and what would the king do if the child happened to be a boy?

At one o'clock, a herald from one of the palace windows announced joyously "Hurrah! Long live the young Prince."

The next morning and days after people were pouring in groups into the Palace to have a look at the little Prince. When they emerged from the palace again, they looked as if they had at last understood some mysterious thing which had been baffling them for a long time.

Scientists tell us that an ugly child might be born though both the parents were beautiful, yet somehow the story of the birth of the Prince was looked upon as some funny thing in that kingdom.

And ever afterward, it was usual for a young lover in that kingdom, after having proposed and been refused by his girl, to remark sardonically to her, "Pooh! why can't you carry your face behind a Purdah," and add, only after looking round cautiously for any of the King's men, "Like Princess Alagi."

A Gallery writer says that the House of Commons will soon be so quiet you could hear a pin drop. He says nothing about the almost noiseless falling of the Betting and Lotteries Bill.

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

The Upper Cloth (Uthiriyam) day by day!



The primitive man wrapped himself with it;



—then a bit stylishly—



—then with the edges with border coming over;



wrapping up ceases; about the neck it hangs loose;



even more fashionable the cloth becomes—



this is a new mode: one end before, the other behind;



now it is more decorated and even religious;



this stage is one of a la negligé;

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The Upper Cloth (Uthiriyam) day by day!



captures the Kerala country tho' barely clothed;



now this is economy cum religion;



but this is style and spirit of service—



even the never-do-well carries it;



and now, taste, fancy and fashion have rolled it into a hard, decorative boa



which here goes round and comes in front too;



till it is officialized into flexible boa like the caterpillar wheel:



and there are—a wrapper turning into a necklace!



Another thing that made the great men of old seem so great was the lack of candid cameras.

"From to-morrow onwards I shall alter my diet. Nothing but fruit—no bread, no cakes, or pastry."

"Doctor's orders?"

"No, the baker won't give any more credit, but the fruiterer will."

The head of a manufacturing association declares optimistically that the piano ought to come back, but it is sometimes hard to convince the installment men of this.

"The worst of Augustus is that he looks such a fool."

"Yes: it's dreadful when they look it as well."

The piano teacher was expected any minute, and William was preparing to take his lesson.

"Did you wash your hands?" inquired mother.

"Yes."

"And your face?"

"Yes, mother."

"And did you wash behind your ears?"

"On her side I did, mother."

"The doctor I consult tells you to play golf for your health."

"And if you already play golf, what then?"

"He tells you to stop."

"I would like to write a novel."

"Do you know how to write?"

"Oh, I shall use a typewriter."

Lady (in car showroom): "I want a really funny mascot please."

Apprentice: "Mr. Smith, a lady wants you."

Guard: "Sorry, madam, but we have learned that the station where you intend to get off has been burned to the ground."

Lady: "That's all right; they'll probably have it rebuilt by the time this train gets there."

"Do you like children?"

"Yes, they make the house so calm and peaceful when they have gone to bed."

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "tell me the signs of the zodiac. You first Thomas."

"Taurus, the Bull."

"Right! Now you, Harold, another one."

"Cancer, the Crab."

"Right again. And now it's your turn, Albert."

The boy looked puzzled, hesitated a moment, and then blurted out, "Mickey, the Mouse."

Dentist (having drawn several teeth for young child): "Never mind—they will grow again."

Child: "But will they be here in time for dinner?"

Landlady: "That student on the fourth floor must have a lot of correspondence. You take him something every day, postman."

Postman: "Yes, we quarrelled some time ago, and now he writes himself a picture postcard every day to make me climb all those stairs for nothing."

"Bridge wriat" is the latest complaint. We understand that it is due to constantly restrained impulses to strangle one's partner.

Husband: "Have you decided what we'll give your old aunt for her ninety-first birthday?"

Wife: "No. But, now come to think of it, the poor old maid has had very little pleasure all her life. You might just write her an anonymous love letter."

Mistress: "Just look at the dust on this piano, Mary. It's at least six weeks old!"

Calm Mary: "Then it ain't nothing to do with me, mum. I've only been here four weeks."

If someone says to a woman, "I can't tell you from your daughter," the one with the wry smile is the daughter.

"Man Eats Glue," announces a headline. That ought to help him to keep a stiff upper lip.

The film actress who told a reporter that she was married, and two hours later said that she was not, may have been right both times.

The right ear, a doctor tells us, is usually more efficient than the left. Apparently it didn't occur to nature that we should ever want to use the telephone.

Marriage fees in parts of America have been reduced by half. In this country the charges are unaltered—7s. 6d. down and a series of uneasy payments for the rest of your life.

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OUR GRANARY

STORED
BY K. R. N.



TREE CHANGED INTO NEWSPAPER!



There was the Stone Age, the Bronze Age and such other—but to-day is the Age of Speed. Says Mr. K. P. Wood in the 'All Detective' Mag: "These are the days when the test for nearly everything is the amount of time required to accomplish it, whether it is building a fortune or a skyscraper, a sonnet or a bonnet. Hence a recent trial made in Austria to decide in how short a space of time living trees could be converted into newspapers. Its result is truly the annihilation of time."

"At Eisenthal, at 7.35 in the morning, three trees were sawn down: at 9.34 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at 10 o'clock. So that in 145 minutes—2 hrs. 25 mnts.—the trees had become newspapers!"

From Nought to Name!

Dear Contributors! If you think you will never flower into a famous author just because your present job is such that it doesn't make you stick up your neck with pride, like a giraffe trying to lunch off a leafy, lofty branch, take a squint at the following extract of how some famous authors began—and buck up, my mates! says the Principal of the London College of Authorship:

"Charles Dickens labelled time in a blacking factory:

Robert Burns, a peasant;

John Bunyan, a wandering tinker;

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was a struggling, servant-teeze, old-doorstep-cleaning doctor, glad of a sixpenny fee.

William de Morgan, a potter;

W. H. Davies, a hawker, tramp, cattleman on a boat;

John Drinkwater, insurance company's clerk;

W. W. Jacobs, in the Post Office Savings Bank;

Morley Roberts, sailor, cowboy, sawmill worker;

Arnold Bennet, a solicitor's clerk;

Joseph Conrad, a merchant sea-man;

Jerome K. Jerome, a clerk;

John Masefield, sailor, barman, carpet-factory hand;

Maxim Gorkaj, scullery-boy, watchman, baker's

apprentice, pedlar;

H. G. Wells, behind a sea-side draper's counter;

Thomas Burke, Office-boy;

Gilbert Frankau, manual, worker in a cigar factory;

Edgar Wallace, fishing-trawler boy, street newspaper

seller! and the list might be continued for pages."

Myself.

But we won't continue the above list. We will round it off with a list of the jobs 'K. R. N.' (that is myself,) has done so far: 1, playing truant from school (quite a job, believe me) 2, trying to be Don Juan 3, Hotel Guide in Bombay 4, Film Titlist and Scenario-Writer 5, Advt. Canvasser 6, Palmist 7, Editor (of a mag. whose first issue, alas, was also its last!) 8, Secretary in a certain college 9, Private Tutor 10, Free-lance Writer.

Quite the 'Dasavathar,' what? And what cheek I do have imagining myself famous!

Heard This one?

A man fell into a well. His cries for help brought another man on the scene.



"Quick, throw a rope in so that I can get out! Quick!" yelled the unfortunate man in the well.

"Oh, all right! Remember haste makes waste! I will fetch a rope—mean-while don't come up till I throw it down to you, or you might miss it!" replied the other man. A few minutes later, he returned with a rope and threw it in—the whole rope!

JUST FOR A JOB

... BY Mosur Logu. ...

"Hullo!" greeted Raj, heartily slapping his friend on the back.

"Hullo," mumbled Das feebly, after he had recovered his breath.

"How do you do?" enquired Raj with great solicitude.

"No," murmured Das in reply.

"What? you mean to tell me you are not getting on well in the world?"

"About as well as the convict who has broken from goal but can't break off his chains."

"Hey, how's that?"

"Work it out yourself?" snapped Das, impatiently.

Raj, whose money regarded him as a fool, and so always evinced a desire to part from him, liked Das very much. And so, with the help of a soothing lunch at a near-by hotel, he pumped out of Das the deplorable truth that the latter had been out of a job since the past six months.

"But why did you kick off your last job at Bobbins, the Boot specialists?" demanded Raj.

"I didn't kick off—I was kicked off!" corrected Das.

"But why?"

"You see, there was a photographic competition calling in for portraits of martyrs. My entry got the first prize—result, I was sacked."

"But I still don't understand!"

"Don't you? You wouldn't, not with the brains of the sphinx. It is quite simple, listen—My entry consisted of two snap-shots—one my boss, the other his mightier half. I marked my boss 'The Martyr'. Is it clear now, my dear Watson?"

"Perfectly. Still, you won the first prize—that's some consolation!"

"Oh, yeah? Twenty rupees is a great consolation, isn't it?" snorted Das.

"Twenty rupees?" echoed Raj.

"Yes, only twenty rupees. And," added Das hastily "I have spent the amount. Go, if you are thinking of asking me to pay back the loan you gave me—"

"No, I'm not," assured Raj, "But why couldn't you land another job?"

"Curse my parents!" burst from Das.

"Why your parents?" queried Raj, puzzled.

"For having chosen to be my parents! If those two brahmins had not laboured to produce me, I wouldn't be in this tangle!"

"Look here," began Raj, with heat, "I don't lay claim to being as smart as Oscar Wilde, but still I can understand the King's English. But if you think you can sharpen your wits by talking in lime-ricks and acrostics, let me tell you you have chosen the wrong chap!"

"No offence, old fellow," soothed Das. "I forgot for the moment I was speaking to you whose brains are better than rich people in that the former can easily pass through the needle's eye. What I meant to say was that I can't get a job just because I happen to have committed

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the unpardonable sin of being born a brahmin. Get me?"

"Ah, now you talk logically and clearly. But why not convince folk that you are a brahmin only by birth and not by virtues?"

"I tried that. But it wouldn't work. One would-be employer tried me out by asking me if I would prove my anti-brahminism by drinking with him. After two glasses of the stuff he gave me, I became so fluently sympathetic towards brahmins that after he had finished with me they had to employ microscopes to pick up and reassemble my anatomy!"

Das sighed bitterly at the re-collection.

Raj echoed the sigh—to hide an amused smile—and cogitated for a while on his friend's plight.

Suddenly he slapped his thigh.

"Know Mr. Vidhu Bhushanam?" he asked of Das.

"He is not one of my creditors. That much I know!"

"Never mind. He's the big shot in the Railway. There's a vacancy just now in a certain department of the Railway. Why don't you try your hand?"

"Doesn't he suffer from the anti-Brahmin complex?"

"No. But he has a marked preference for Malayalees—so I hear. He's married to a Malayalee girl, you see?"

"He's not a Malayalee, eh?"

"No, but he is said to like persons of that community very much. I'll tell you what—shave off your crop and make the necessary hirsute and sartorial adjustments in order to pass off for a genuine A. I. Nambudri Malayalee Brahmin. I know a guy who'll teach you the language

inside of a fortnight. Then try your chance. O. K.!"

"Anything once!" acquiesced Das.

After a fortnight, Das was proceeding towards Mr. Vidhu Bhushan's, in his new role of a Malayalee brahmin. He had so realistically achieved this transformation that if only his parents been alive there would have been a domestic quarrel as to on whom lay the blame of begetting such a son. A few orthodox and devout Malayalees even waylaid him and begged him to sanctify their homes by his presence.

When he finally reached Mr. V. B's home, Das really felt greatly optimistic. After all, if V. B. was really so keen on his wife's compatriots, he stood a good chance to hand the job. Of course, his mastery of the Malayalee language was a trifle wobbly, and sometimes he himself

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Every issue of FUNNY Magzin published during Sep., dated 5-9-1934 and 20-9-1934 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 Sep. '34, the envelope will be opened and the list of Lucky Numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Mag., dated 5th October, 1934. The 20 copies bearing the 20 lucky numbers will be paid at the rate of Rs. 5 per copy.

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suspected he was perhaps speaking Chinese. Still, if looking like a Malayalee counted for anything.....

Suddenly Mr. Das stopped and stiffened. From the interior of Mr. V. B's house emanated a rumbling noise as of two spirited dogs staging a wordy—er, I mean—a barking warfare. Then followed the noise of somebody going hammer and sledge on the crockery and brass-ware in the house. A few minutes silence and then—Mr. V. B. strolled out of the house, looking as ruffled and upset as a cockroach that had just then concluded a three round duel with a lizard.

He glared at Das and shouted: "Who are you? What are you standing staring at me for?"

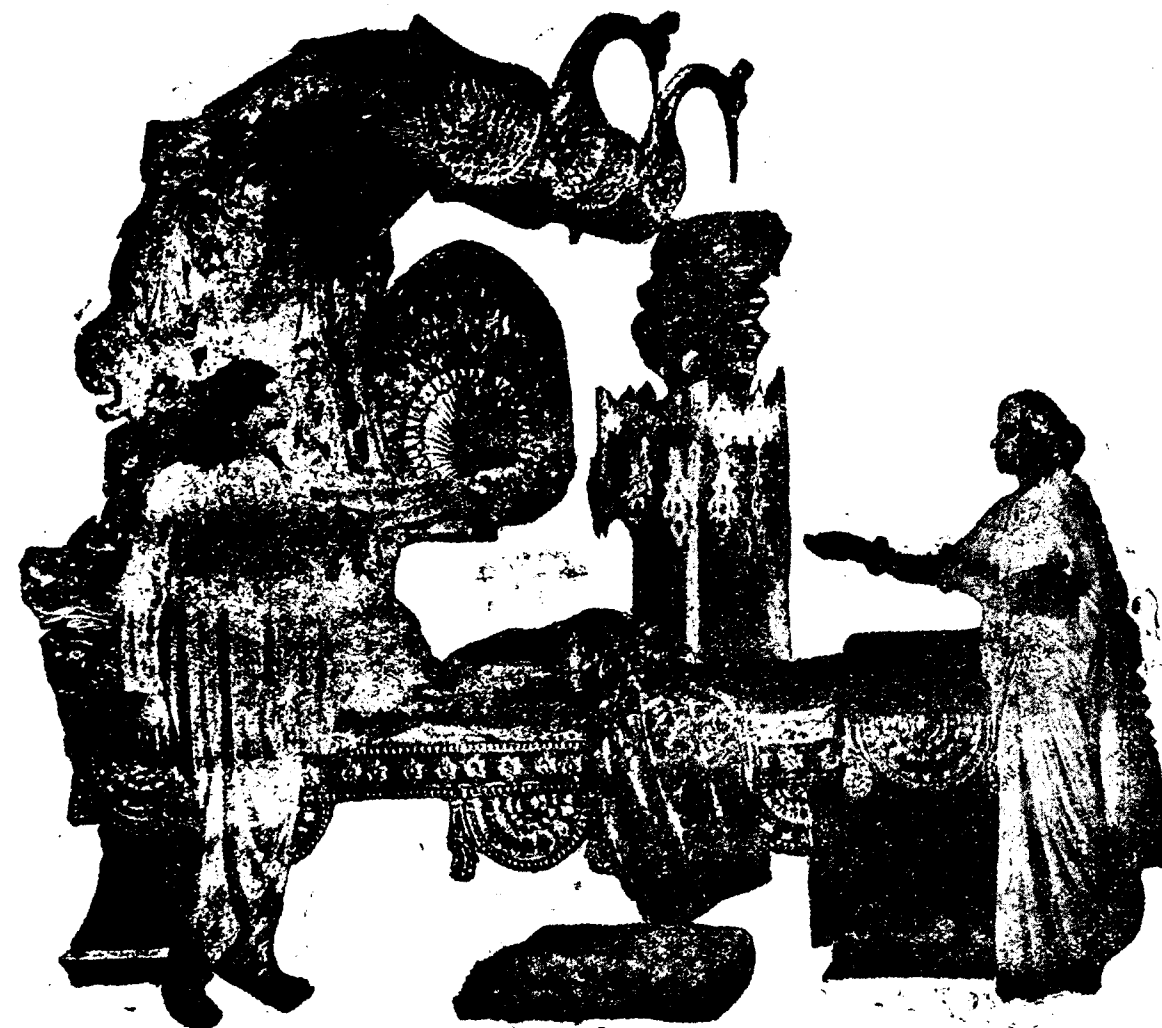
Das gulped and achieved feebly: "I'm in desperate need of a job. Hearing you are fond of Malayalees....."

Mr. V. B. roared like a bull goaded to the limit by the matador. In his fury, his face turned as red.....as.....as, well, *very* red. He shook his fist at Das and bellowed: "Curse you, curse you! Get out, do you hear? No job, no nothing for Malayalees—I hate them, I *hate* them. Don't know what I saw in her to marry her. Kicks up a row with me and breaks all

the peace in the house."—*and he roared his voice—* "I hate Malayalees! I tear you to pieces—I hate all Malayalees!"

And Das fled embroidering the air with hot and purple words anent Malayalees, R and the extra-ordinary state of Government where one had to have a job to live. But he did not run away at Mr. V. B's orders. Oh, no. It was at the sight of another person who loomed out of the house. That person's hands were wielding a capable-looking stick. And that person was the Malayalee wife of Mr. Vidhu Bhushan.

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A SCENE FROM "SAKUNTALA."

THE UNKNOWN AIMER

By P. S. Raman.

DESAI was lounging on a rattan easy chair rather idly, as even his astounding detection of the murder of Gopinath had failed to bring a thronging clientele to offer him a busier time. Whether it was the lack of interest in his own country to disclose unsolved mysteries or whether it was the public diffidence in the ability of such private investigators that accounted for his dull hours, he had been his normal thoughts.

to his new vocation was not much discouraged. He was disturbed suddenly from his reverie, or the semi-conscious nap, whatever it was, by the telephone bell ringing incessantly.

"Is it Mr. Desai, private detective," enquired the caller.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"I am in grave danger and cannot come out. Would you mind dropping at, Charunath, 25, Bowringhee lane?"

"I will be there presently" answered the detective and replaced the receiver.

The next fifteen minutes, Desai was dashing in his car to Bowringhee lane and halted at door No. 25, a spacious three storied building built in pucca Marwari style, enclosed by iron grating all round making it burglar proof. But Desai was received at the entrance of such a house by a handsome middle-aged man of about 35, dressed in the Western fashion. He introduced himself as Charunath.

"I am glad to see you Mr. Desai. I could not think of any other. And your startling disclosures following the disappearance of Gopinath gave me new life."

"Please do not flatter me. It was my job and a bit of luck helped me too. And may I know what keeps

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you hiding' and in fear of death always?" Charunath was seemingly taken aback.

"Do not be surprised Mr. Charunath. That is a simple inference I drew from your not going to my office and in choosing this burglar proof iron grated house in this narrow and dirty lane with all your youth and western style."

"You astonish me Mr. Desai. My trouble is a curious one and I shall be brief. I had worked a long time in the rubber estates of Malaya and returned last year a wealthy man. It is all honest money paid for hard labour and not earned in a criminal way. As I was working I had drifted myself unconsciously to a girl who loves me and whom I love. I should have seen her parents but it would have proved futile. I was far below their rank. So the other alternative was only to satisfy my love and my beloved. I came away here, away from prying eyes, and her suspicious parents. But I am not destined to live in peace. I have been threatened more than thrice and twice a secret bullet missed me. Each time it was a mysterious attempt and I thought if it could be the power of witchcraft or black magic, for there was no man behind the bullet. I have been thereafter in daily death. I do not like to acquaint the Police with the facts for I would rather die than take that step. I want your advice, and if you can save me I have wealth which I can sacrifice for my love. Can you save me Mr. Desai?"

"I see your difficulty Mr. Charunath. But can you not give me more details as to the girl and the enemies you fear?"

"I am ashamed detective, at my treachery but I will tell you all. I came away with my employer's daughter. He is a millionaire owning several estates. He liked me much and gave me liberties which no employer would give his employee. He paid me more than my deserts. I used to talk and play with his daughter. He would allow it and allow us also alone. We began to love each other, so ardently that we found it impossible to live apart. We eloped and settled here in secret. But revenge seems to dog us!"

"I will see you in a week. In the meantime you can trust me for my best" and Desai descended down the stair case leading down his client's residence.

As he reached home he scattered the file which recorded the narration and was absorbed in study. He read his own version several times but could not get behind the secret walls. It was a simple plain story. Several questions assailed him. Who is this hunted man? Why does he hide and live in such danger? Was he after all seeking shelter from a penal act connected with the girl?

Three days of his investigation passed without an incident to lend him a clue. On the fourth day at 12 in the afternoon when Desai returned home for a hasty grub he had a note signed Charunath, calling him. He immediately hastened to Bowringhee lane and found his client waiting.

"Any further development?"

"There was another attempt last night when a dagger aimed at me passed here" and he uncovered his arm and showed a bandage. "So my time seems to get near," wailed the man.

"What way did the dagger come?"

"I was seated in my study with my wife when something coming from behind pierced my arm and it was a dagger thrown through the window in back of me. We both rushed to the window but our cook had come into the hall asking what the trouble was. He searched for the culprit in every nook but it was something mysterious and nothing could be traced.

"Have you any other servant in the house?"

"No one except my faithful Chinese cook. I am much indebted to him. He helped us get out of the Straits Settlement and saved my wife here from the clutches of a Chinese hireling of my wife's father. A hawker once pounced upon me and whipped a dagger when our cook from behind held the assailant's hand. But for our faithful cook I would have been a dead man now."

"That is a rare servant. Any one else who visits you or any person who is a possible privy to your persecutor."

"None here. Unless my wife can be one," he laughed, "but my wife and I are always together."

"That is perplexing, I will see you again in the morning."

Desai sat long in his study brooding over the strange incidents. But his

thoughts returned again and again to the Chinese wife and the Chinese cook. Could there be a plot between them? But the cook was faithful, and Desai fell into a slumber.

Early in the morning Desai drove to his client's and found him waiting in his study with his wife a beautiful child-like girl with an innocent little face. So Desai had judged her wrong and he cursed himself for the mistake. He examined in silence the window through which the last attempt was made and enquired the nature of the previous attempts and the positions of attack.

"Can you recollect when the hawker Chinaman attacked you."

"Very soon after my coming here, not even a month had elapsed since our arrival."

"Then came the other narrow escapes, not prior to that I suppose," asked Desai with a gleam of hope in his face.

"Yes, early after that."

"Did you notice the dagger which he pulled for you. I would like an exact description of it."

"About 6 inches long flat and sharp, a common one we find in India."

"And the dagger aimed at you yesterday, how did it look like? Charunath produced a dagger, about the same size that he described, flat and sharp. Desai pocketed it smiling. "I will leave you alone for the present and see you to-morrow. I expect some further developments by that time," and the detective left.

Desai settled himself with ease on his favourite chair but was disturbed at once by Charunath calling on the phone. "Charunath speaking; Something important. Please come at once."

When the detective went to the house his client was in a highly nervous and panicky mood. He handed Desai a small note which read "Beware this night will see your end, CHINAMAN."

Desai smiled broadly as he looked at the note and thrust it into his side pocket.

"You need not worry, Mr. Charunath, I shall spend the night with you and see nothing happens. For your part you must stietly carry out what,

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ever I tell you and trust your life in my hands. You must lie in your study, close your windows, and sleep. Ask your cook to take his bed in the verandah upstairs and guard you, and you bolt your doors securely. You should not open even the windows till I wake you in the morning."

It was a new moon night. The way upstairs was from the interior of the house and the verandah was cut away from the stair case by the study. The door leading out of the study to the verandah was closely bolted. The windows and the entrance to the staircase were also tightly fastened. The cook kept guard in the verandah against any possible assailant from outside while Desai alone undertook to face the mysterious man within the house. At midnight Desai got up from his bed and slowly began to examine the ground floor. Within the kitchen there was a window looked by an Yale lock. Desai, without much noise or difficulty broke open the lock. His instinct and reason led him aright. He was not surprised to find within it, a revolver, a small photo of a Chinese Girl which reminded him at once of the innocent features of Mrs. Charunath, a costly ring set with ruby and two letters in Chinese in feminine hand. He bundled them all and very early before sunrise he was knocking at the entrance leading to the study.

"Have you killed the dragon," nervously queried Charunath. "I have discovered the strange persecutor. Would you mind drawing the chairs closer and calling in your cook."

The chairs were drawn nearer, and the cook stood at a distance in suspense. Desai laid bare the recovered articles and explained.

"This is the revolver that twice missed you, and this is the photo of the girl who is beside you and is the innocent cause of all this trouble. This is her ring and the man who had been seeking your life in secret, is your cook."

"I cannot believe it! Never, it is never Machwang!" But before the detective could convince him again the Chinaman darted to him and jumped at his throat. Desai was a sturdy man who had himself some knowledge of wrestling. They grappled for more than ten minutes when with a heavy pull, Desai freed himself from his desperate adversary. The Chinaman breathed with anger and mumbled as a cornered wild beast. He reached the chair near him and aimed it on the

detective. But Desai was too quick for him and moving nimbly he escaped the throw. Desai found a lathi handy and with a heavy blow he felled his opponent to the ground.

"Do not worry, Charunath. Your man is not yet dead," said the detective and slowly removed a dark patch of black tissue paper pasted on the cook's cheek and pulled out an artificial tooth which gave the cook an ugly face. The lady who had been transfixed all the time save for low murmurs to her husband in Chinese, now audibly shrieked.

"This man was a suitor to the hand of this girl. He was seeking her affections when you cropped in his way, and her father encouraged you. It was a blow to this man when you left the estate and he followed you both in this make up. His love to this girl prevented the cruel acts of jealousy and he had decided to win her in his own soft way. He dared not shoot you openly and claim her with violence. But when he tried to shoot you from secret he was a bad aimer. To put you off the scent and inspire confidence in you he tipped a Chinese hawker very early before his own attempts, to make a show of attacking you with a dagger. The dagger which he kept then is the one that wounded you recently in the arm. Saving you from the hawker would win him the gratitude of the girl he loved, at least in the future after he had disposed of you in secret. He would then reveal himself to the girl, open his own heart as her childhood's playmate and beg her hand. Her own suspicions resting on her father, she would be driven to him when you had disappeared. That was a grand scheme as subtle as his love is sincere. One word more Mr. Charunath you have misjudged your father-in-law. He was kind and he wanted you for his daughter's husband."

Ma-ohwang slowly opened his eyes and groaned in pain. His shoulder bone had fractured.

"Mercy master, mercy on poor me. I loved her. Spare me sir. I go to China and see you no more," he begged. "Mr. Charunath, I hope you will forgive him and book his passage for China. With a Chinaman, revenge must have been grim. But your cook in his love-for-the girl tried to win her through waiting and softness. There is sincerity in him which can be trusted" said Desai to his client.

"Mr. Desai, I do not know how much we are indebted to you. Mrs. Charunath does not know English to thank you adequately. And if I am not inquisitive will you please enlighten me as to how you got on the right path?" "That is an interesting tale. Immediately after you called me, I posted myself as a beggar in this lane and watched that nobody entered the house. I imbibed the idea about the timely make ups from Holmes my hero. Day and night I kept guard here but when you sent for me and opened your wounded arm with the story of a fresh attack I decided that the culprit should be somebody within your own house, for your house is built with a purpose and has no other entrance or any weakness behind. When I first saw your cook his false make-up gave him up. Here was a man behind the cook and my keenness had noticed his artificial patch and uncomfortable tooth. I then wrote the warning note myself left it on your table and planned my night's move. We removed the Chinaman to the verandah and I had a free scope to examine the kitchen and all his belongings. When the almirah gave up his articles I had traced the culprit."

"But how did you know he was the girl's lover?"

"That is easy. A father does not keep his run away daughter's ring. The photo, his delay in his revenge, his anxiety to get you out of the path in secret, these were mainly the lover's. A father would have informed the police about your kidnapping his minor daughter if he had not shot you at once."

"You are marvellous, Mr. Desai. I owe my life to you and I do not know how I can repay your service."

"Do not mention about that. I am glad you are free. You can see me whenever you want," and Desai with the satisfaction of having accomplished his second mission, wheeled back to his office.

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Much Ado About Nothing.

— BY B. S. T. —

"Your name please?" asked the Manager of Paramount & Co., the young man standing before him.

"They call me as Gopalan, sir" responded the young man, scrutinising steadily the European Manager's face, probably to discover what miraculous effect between reluctance and appreciation, his appellation might have played.

"Well, Mr. Gopalan, I require a fellow to kick his legs in the post of head-clerk on Rs. 100 a month. He should be a good looking, attractive, polite, smart and mainly prompt" described the Manager and began the process of gazing at the young fellow's face, as a matter of fact, to make sure that he was all that. Especially, to make sure of the first two qualities, i.e., "Good Looking and Attractive." The young man was perturbed.

"Well sir, I hope I am all that. But to convince you, you have to wait. As to good looking and attractive, pardon me, sir, for narrating my personal affairs. I have attracted a dozen good looking damsels by now, and in my childhood, I won the first prize for my good looks, otherwise known as beautiful. No doubt, a few metamorphoses have taken place, but I hope you will not mind it" acknowledged Gopalan, much embarrassed; embarrassed because, he could not make out whether the Manager distrusted his sex or he required a fair sex for that job.

"Of course, I admit all that. But I want to judge your promptness, the chief character I count. Well, you better come to-morrow exactly at half past two for your final orders. Do you understand me?" muttered the Manager, being satisfied with the answers.

"O. K." replied Gopalan, rather quickly.

"If I say half past two, I mean half past two" explained the Manager, as though he was telling a school boy.

"Yes, sir, if by half past two, you mean 14 hours 30 minutes," answered Gopalan, a bit tactfully.

"That's good. Good evening" said the Manager.

"Good evening" returned Gopalan.

"Hullo! ducky, cheerio! problem of unemployment is solved. Rs. 100 a month. Little work and more pay. Well dear, weekly pictures. A good saree for you. I have ordered already for some suits to me. I will make you my honorary treasurer. What else, ducky?" overwhelmed Gopalan, broke the news very humorously, and expected some kisses from his better half.

"Don't be excited. Thank God! at last you got a job. Tell me all that in detail!" Kamala, otherwise known as Mrs. Gopalan, suppressing her overflowing joy asked.

"Well, it is all like this. Paramount & Co., the well known dealers in fancy goods, want a fellow who should be good looking, attractive, polite, smart and mainly prompt. I have passed in all subjects except in promptness. That paper is postponed for to-morrow. I am ordered by the Manager to be there exactly at half past two tomorrow, and that is the test. Above all I will also receive my final orders. Cheerio!" revealed Gopalan, as short as possible, with an enlightened countenance to his credit.

"Good! but dear, 2-30 P.M., will be your dozing time, I mean, your resting time. How can you manage to be prompt? Besides, you have no watch to note the time" astonished Kamala, explaining the grave situation.

"Ho! dear, you need not worry about all that. To-morrow I will have no sleeping programme. As to the watch, I have purchased one just now, and got it set to that office time. All well" released Gopalan, a bit proudly for his smartness.

"Dear, you are really clever and businesslike" complimented his life-long friend for his smartness, and asked "Let me see the watch?"

"Here it is" he produced the watch and explained "Well ducky, it is dead cheap. Rs. 4 only. Guaranteed for 8 years. Meanwhile if it stops, which is not possible, he will refund the amount. That is the contract".

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"That is really striking bargain. Wish you the best of the luck" Kamala said.

"That's very kind of you. Then let me have a kiss" demanded Gopalan.

The following day, Gopalan, came very late in the night with a sullen face to his credit.

"Well dear, how do you find your new job? Why, you seem to be annoyed. Well, what is the matter?" asked Kamala, excitedly. But she was certain that something was wrong with her husband.

"Much ado about nothing" was all the reply Gopalan made.

"What do you mean, dear?" demanded Kamala, being confused.

"Well it is all like this. As you know, I left this place exactly at 2 p.m., and went there exactly at 2-29. I went in exactly at 2-30. To my horror I found the Manager saying "Good day. Well, you are late by 15 minutes. I don't want a lazy fellow like you. That is my final order. Good-bye." I referred to my time. It was correct. I became angry; angry, because, I did not understand the foul play of the Manager. I showed him my time, and for that he said "That's also lazy like you. Well, don't play all these tricks here on me." I did not perceive that fellow. I felt like thrashing him. I left the place even without saying Good-bye."

"That's all, is it?" Kamala asked.

"No. There is yet something. You see, from there I straight away went to the market and there I referred my time to Market time and found that the Manager was correct. I lost my senses, and at once I went to that shop-keeper. I demanded refund. He explained the contract as only in case if it stops, but not if it goes slow. I completely lost my senses and kicked that fellow. He said "You will pay for this". I have lost my senses and this is all due to this watch!" So saying he smashed it on the ground.

Kamala was dumbfounded. She tried to speak in vain. After she got some courage, she began to curse his fate and also her fate. To console Gopalan, she said "Much ado about nothing".

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934

33

DOES THAT COUNT?

BY P. S. SHA.

LUCY liked Joe for his sheer abundance of strength. To her he looked a man-mountain. A perfect specimen of manhood. "Isn't he just capital, Henry dear," whispered Lucy as a glass of milk vanished into her pearl white throat.

Victor Henry turned.

"You silly child, where does your fascination creep in to see him pick up his opponent into the air and hurl him down as he would a feather? Wrestling. That's his profession."

"You jealous fool, Joe is such a darling for any girl," replied Lucy as she cocked an eye at him meaningly.

Henry is not a weakling for the five feet eight of him weighs a hundred

and ten pounds of healthy flesh. Lucy's admiration for ripping muscles set him thinking. If picking up a man into the air and hurling him down was anything glorious, he would show Lucy something. He turned and took stock of Lucy's stout and stocky figure when a brilliant brain wave dawned on him.

Flicking the ash from the stub-end of his cigarette, he slipped his arms round Lucy's waist and picked her up into the air.

"What's the swell idea, you blink-idiot!" she screamed.

Henry felt a cog slip in his brain. Lucy was heavy for him. He realised his weakness and suddenly dropped her like a sandbag and stared into vacancy.

"You blighter!" she said springing to her feet, and slapped his cheek red and vanished.

It was an hour before he could come to himself. Good looks and gold is not everything, he thought. Lucy wanted strong muscles, brawny arms and all that sort of thing. He wanted to become strong, strong enough to pick up any man into the air and hurl him down with ease. From the next day onwards you could have seen him in gymnasium halls rolling over bars, climbing ropes and doing rings. A month's strenuous exercise made quite a new man of him. Every limb of his developed frame craved for action. His hands itched to do something worthwhile like knocking somebody down. He was very eager to satisfy himself of his newly acquired strength.

Late in the evening one day, Henry entered the private chamber of his boss.

"Good morning boss," he said placing a sheaf of papers on his table.

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THE MANAGER,

"Prachanda Vikatan" Office, Madras.

James Wilson, his boss, adjusted his glasses and looked up.

"Well, well, young man, you seem to have put up some flesh of late. Doing a bit of gymnasium, Eh?"

The word 'gymnasium' acted like magic. It reminded Henry of broad muscles, strong chest and hurling a man down.

"If you please, boss," replied Henry picking up the papers. Something suggested to him that the long awaited chance was that very moment. He was not himself then. Like a flash he slipped his muscular arms round the rotundity of his boss's waist and took him up into the air and hurled him on to the typewriter and stared stupidly.

If a bomb had exploded on his very palm the boss wouldn't have been more dazed. He felt as if he was sailing within his room. He gasped, gulped and glared.

"Excuse me, boss. I had to do it. I wanted to satisfy myself—er. I am strong enough to hurl anyone down," he apologised.

"And you have done it, all right" stammered the boss slowly lifting himself up, and feeling tenderly all over. "Be gone, you—, you are fired. That's it. Now get out!"

"But boss, you have got to"—began Henry not in the least knowing what he had done.

"No buts, here, you brute! Get out of here ere I ring for the peon," he thundered.

So that's how Henry got the sack. Silently he got into his coat, cooked his hat on to a rakish angle and walked out of his office towards the 'Cinema Magnificent.' He cursed his luck, his girl and strong arms.

"First class, one please," bawled out Henry as he passed a fiver across the counter.

"No, two please," chirped a voice behind him. It was Lucy.

"That you, Lucy?" smiled Henry faintly. "Care to come for the show with me?"

"Oh, Henry, I am so sorry. Won't you forget the past, dear?" There was a tear in her eye. "Does that count, darling?"

"But it did Lucy, that night."

"Of course never," faltered Lucy. "I never meant it. I love you darling even without—"

"Even without strong muscles broad chest and brawny arms, Eh?" finished Henry. "Forget it, Lucy darling."

She did. She forgot everything else, while held tightly in his arms. Neither were her lips free to protest against the crushing strength of his embrace—nor had she the wish.

FUNNY MESSAGES

ALL BIGGEST THINGS

— BY "ENJAY." —

God is the greatest of beings, for it has no beginning—and scandal, the lengthiest of peoples creation for it knows no end.

The Largest theatre is the matrimonial field, where the actors act as if set upon springs.

The Largest Suspension Bridge, is Love on which the whole world treads.

The Loftiest active Volcano, is an outraged woman's tongue.

The Longest span of wire is the husband's story on late home-coming.

The Largest ship is worship of beauty.

The greatest fortress is chastity which will open its gates only to its Lord.

The Deepest mine is a women's mind.

The biggest Cavern is a spinster's heart—it contains many secrets.

The Biggest tree is coquetry.

The fiercest thing is an injured wife.

The Largest Library is a Curtain Lecture which discloses facts real and imaginary in an up-to-date, comprehensive vocabulary.

The highest Light-house is the hearth of home which guides the family ship to sail smoothly.

The Loudest Bell—our next door neighbour's kids, yelling in chorus at dead of night.

The most Beautiful thing, is the fool's paradise, of course.

The Strangest thing is the sweet young thing—for it conquers all hearts.

The hardest thing is to know a woman's age by appearances.

The Easiest thing is to love at first sight.

The wildest thing is to commit bigamy—the odds against are two scratching wives and two snorting mothers-in-law.

The rarest thing is a woman's beard.

The faintest thing is the husbands Freedom.

The Narrowest escape is the Divorce.

An informal Talk is a public scolding.

The honest thing is a mirror.

The safest thing—to endorse all she says.

The bravest thing, to snore by her side!

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934

ON PSEUDONYMS

By Pundi Sathupadi.

Pseudonyms seem to be the fashion in writing nowadays and the idiosyncrasies of their authors are somewhat perplexing. I do not propose to enter into the intricacies of these pen-names or the psychology of the persons behind them. But thinking about pseudonyms in general, their varied kinds and forms, is at once interesting though complex, and they can with ease form a fit subject for our psychologists to examine the mental working of our writers. But as for myself I am unable to comprehend 'the big idea' of our writers behind these veils. When Alpha of the Plough wrote, readers went crazy with curiosity to know the unknown author but now nobody appears to worry about a Beta of Woods.

The pseudonyms have come into such a vogue that there is a belief among writers that these pen-names mark the fashion in writing and the choice of the incognito names has become a science or art by itself. It is a broad field, a great part of it still unexplored, and it will be interesting to study its various branches.

The common type of pseudonyms is perhaps 'the initial letters'.....I beg the editor's pardon for borrowing the phrase from his competition heading. Authors conceal their full names and express themselves by their initials and the first letter of their names. One sees no vanity behind writers of this type though one is unable to follow the reason for such secrecy with regard to their names. A. Thirugnanasambandam may call himself A.T.S. for short, or the editor in exercising his power of editorial alterations print him A.T.S., for economy of space, but often P. S. Ramasami or A.D. Thomas enjoy a P.S.R. or A.D.T. just for the fun of moving with the times and not for disclosing their full names. This is the simplest though the most uninteresting branch of pseudonyms where any stranger with similar initials can easily exploit the authorship of an article. I recollect how a friend of mine S. V. Venkatesan once claimed as his own the humorous series in the Hindu by S. V. V. our once peppy old humorist of Thiruvannamalai. But this

is an old story and everyone now knows of S.V.V. too much to swallow such pills. In tracing the motive of these initial-letters-men, I have wondered if I have to blame S.V.V. for the ambition of such writers.

An immediate improvement over the 'initial letters,' yet keeping the pronunciations intact, is the combination of the initials through vowels to present a readable name. But beyond the incomprehensible motive of the former class, one really finds no improvement in their thinking. N.R.C. does not change its character by combining itself in Ennare, neither does V.V.S. disappear in Vivius. When the author could lend only his initials to his article, the editor would better desire that he is saved his longer name of a curious combination of the latter class, and prefer the simple initial-letters type, for economy of print, space and labour. I hope the editor agrees with me! Could not Deisvi, the author of the thrilling social serials Bala and Devi, have hid himself behind a thicker and more unscrutable pen-name than the common Deisvi, a D.S.V. combined in this manner?

The complicated and unknowable of the pseudonyms is the whimsical adoption of uncouth and, as such, unmeaning names and phrases. We are certainly at a loss to know the trend of the writers' thoughts in this direction. Is it the pride of some assuming writers who fear a loss in their literary worth in contributing to cheap magazines, that holds back their real name, but at the same time their ambition to earn some cheap fame attached to a pseudonym that prompts them to write under Demetrius Humorist and Gasometer Fibs? Or, does the writer fear a betrayal of himself in the biographical element in his article? Or is it just the fashion in writing that must account for the pseudonyms? Certainly there is no sense in the pen-names by themselves, for Abri gives no sage counsels nor Prakrit write that extinct ancient Hindu language or anything breathing of ancient Hindu atmosphere!

Yet another class of writers cast off their Indian nomenclature and assume

foreign names. The painted faces can be still detected by their language, style and their Indian treatment of their themes. But why then their foreign names? Are they dissatisfied with their adoption of Western style and manners and wish to christen themselves anew on western lines, to transform themselves into wholly western? Are their western pseudonyms perhaps intended to cheat the editors and get into print and if this is their motive, they should be disappointed with wary cautious editors.

Is it not desirable that our writers instead of fighting shy of their names cast off their assumed veils and face boldly their friends and readers in their real garb and name! We will then know with pleasure our Rubikon and Deisvi and Babu Piche Lal B. A. etc.

After writing on this much neglected false names, my own Pundi Sathupadi will sound strange and the editor may take his cudgels against me in turn. But it is just my name curtailed to two-third, lest my full name should set up some offended writer on my path with his rotten eggs and tomatoes!

Annoying

A man was driving a big car at a fast speed along a wide road. A very small car appeared alongside. The driver of the big car was peeved at this attempt to pass him. He went faster still—sixty—sixty-five miles an hour—but still the small car kept beside him.

Suddenly the man in the small car opened his window and shouted: "Do you know anything about these cars?"

"Why?" answered the other driver.

"I can't shift the thing into top gear!"

Warned!

"Mrs. Brown," cried Mr. Smith to his neighbour, "have you spoken to your boy about mimicking me?"

"Yes, I have," replied Mrs. Brown. "I've told him not to act like a fool."

THIS GREAT DEPRESSION.

... BY G. S. RAO. ...

THE morning sun sent a retulgent glow into the drab interior of the village coffee hotel. A bunch of boon companions assembled inside the place at the early hour with customary precision. It had become a habit of late to drop into this spot and discuss news and views before going out for the morning's work. And when once the country folk acquire a habit they keep it up scrupulously to the end.

"One dosai" ordered Manickam the tiller.

"One dosai" repeated Naganna the headman of the village.

The waiter bowed understanding and acquiescence.

"One single (half cup) coffee" said Manickam.

"One single coffee" said Velu.

"Same thing here" said Naganna.

The dosais were brought. The coffee was brought. The friends started work on their frugal repast.

"Shall I bring some iddlis?" asked the waiter.

"No," answered Manickam. "We are not zamindars."

"No," answered Velu. "Money is scarce."

"There is depression everywhere," agreed Naganna.

"All the money in the land has been taken away by the big Dorais," commented Manickam. "All the money is in England. There is nothing here."

"No, all the money is gone to Japan," said Naganna, airing the latest piece of news he had come across. His son who was studying in the town had told him that the Japanese had captured every foreign market.

"Moreover, there is the great trade depression," said Velu.

"Rice is cheap. Selling at five rupees the bag," lamented Manickam, mentally going over the complicated calculations relating to his income and expenditure during the year. Rice was his chief crop.

"Same thing with coconuts," said Naganna.

"And trade is bad," said Velu.

"You are quite right, Sir," commented the waiter.

The proprietor of the hotel joined in the talk.

"There is not money enough to make both ends meet," he said. "This depression has finished off all our money."

"That's it," agreed the others.

Gradually, the conversation drifted from this topic and the companions aired their views on the current happenings in the village. The headman monopolised the talk at this stage and impressed an admiring audience with the necessity of petitioning the Government to grant full powers to the village chiefs, and how it would all be to their own betterment if he were to become the sole potentate with complete authority to guide them.

This talk didn't appeal much to the hotel keeper. If Naganna got full powers in the village, he would have to supply him with free tiffin for the rest of his days.

"What do you think of the chances of Palni's cock this afternoon?" he asked cutting into the headman's talk.

Palni was a breeder of fighting cocks, famous throughout the district as a master in his art.

"Which one is he sending out this afternoon?" asked Velu. "The black one or the one with specks?"

"The black one," answered the hotel keeper.

"Then Palni hasn't a chance," said Naganna.

"You are wrong," said Manickam. "The black one will surely win."

"It won't," said Naganna. "My champion will tear that black devil to pieces."

"Nothing of the sort," replied Manickam firmly. "Palni will win."

"He won't."

"He will."

"I bet you clean hundred that Palni's bird goes down before mine," said Naganna putting down a note on the table.

"And I bet you a hundred that Palni wins," challenged Manickam counting down the amount.

"And here's another hundred on my account," said Velu. "I say Palni wins."

The coffee hotel proprietor gathered up the amount. He was the non-official bookie for these cock-fights.

"I bet you three hundred that none of the two you back will come out successful to-day," said the hotelman.

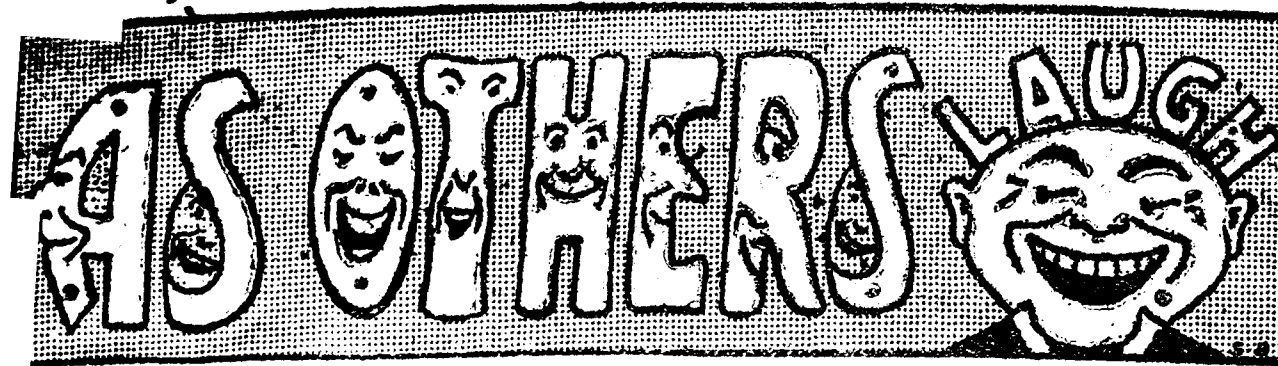
The bet was accepted all round and the friends parted.

In the evening, both Palni's bird and Naganna's were torn to pieces by a rank outsider. The hotel proprietor gathered up his profits and hastened to the bank to deposit the day's earnings leaving the three friends in his hotel. Still engrossed in their talk about the great depression.

When a girl finds that she is no the only pebble on the beach she becomes a little bolder.

A Nazi executioner has had a nervous breakdown. Evidently he's been taking life too seriously.

"He's let me high and dry," said the mountaineer as his pal vanished over a precipice with the bear supply.



Tact

A certain film star and his wife were seated in a secluded corner of a club. The wife had a tongue as shrew and was berating her idle spouse in no uncertain terms. Noticed by her, a party of acquaintances approached within earshot just as she delivered herself of this:

"You mean skunk! Of all the ten slimy snakes I think you're the nastiest. You're just a cheap skate!"

Noticing the people who had just arrived, the husband, who deserves a medal for tact, said:

"Yes, dear, and what else did you say to him?"

Gardener: "Is this your ball in the garden here?"

Boy: "Are there any windows open?"

Gardener: "No, sonny."

Boy: "Oh, that'll be my ball, then."

Doctor: "I advise you, Madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns."

Husband (an hour later): "What did the doctor say?"

Wife: "He said I ought to go to a watering-place, and afterwards to the country. Also, I must get some new light gowns at once."

"I suppose," said the sympathetic prison visitor, "that you were tempted and fell?"

"Yes, mum," replied the convict. "Tempted by a handbag and fell over a dog."

Two Little Pictures

It was their first meeting. On one side of the big desk stood the old soldier, resplendent in full uniform with all his medals glittering bravely; on the other side the solemn-faced young man with the ill-bred nose and the untidy hair.

Without waiting for permission the younger man pulled up a chair and sat down.

At once, like a whip lash, came the old soldier's bark. "Stand up, corporal, in the presence of your Field-Marshal," and Corporal Adolf Hitler came clumsily to his feet to face the President-Field Marshal-von Hindenburg.

"Squad of constables escort film star visitor," reads a headline. Policed to meet us.

The end of the term had arrived, and the teacher approaching one of his rather backward scholars said:

"You haven't learned much in this class, have you, my lad?"

"I admire you, sir," replied the boy, "for taking the blame in that broad-minded fashion."

"Why did you leave that boarding-house after being there for three years?"

"I found they had no bath."

Dentist (to patient): "Remember how you used to wallop me when we were at school together, George?"

"Look at those cows, Miss Jones! Aren't they lambs?"

"Yes, perfect ducks!"

Gone to Pot!

"All I got at her home was a cup of shamrock tea," remarked a young fellow.

"What on earth is shamrock tea?" asked his companion.

"You know the kind—made with three leaves."

Sergeant-Major (suspiciously): "Did you wash yourself this morning?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant-Major: "Then you've dried a funny colour!"

Marie: "Oh, George, I've been stung by a bee."

George: "Put some ammonia on it."

Marie: "But it's gone."

Wife: "John, the clock fell off the wall, and if it had been a minute sooner it would have hit poor mother!"

Hubby: "There, I always said that clock was slow."

Judge: "You still say you're innocent, though six witnesses saw you steal the hen?"

Prisoner: "Your Honour, I could produce six thousand people who didn't see me."

Jones: "Sorry to have kept you waiting, old man, but I've been setting a trap for my wife."

Bones: "Good heavens! What do you suspect?"

Jones: "A mouse."

Results of the 'Fillup' Competition

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

- | | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|-------------|
| 1. Colt. | 3. Rage. | 5. Seize. | 7. Cock. | 9. Pimples. |
| 2. Flock. | 4. Munch. | 6. Cape. | 8. Donkey. | 10. Semi. |

The additional Prize of Rs. 10 has been awarded to the following competitors:—

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. B. Andrias, 2, Kandy Road, Wategama, Ceylon. | [Rs. 5—87 entries.] |
| 2. N. K. Iyer, Gulampuri, Amraoti—Berar. | [Rs. 3—74 entries.] |
| 3. K. A. Sami Naidu, Postal Clerk, Chittoor. | [Rs. 2—70 entries.] |

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

1. Mrs. G. Suguna, Sugar Cane Station, Lawley Road P. O., Coimbatore. 2. Mrs. E. A. Rodrigues, 55, Main Road, Perambur. 3. Mrs. Desilva, 7, Williams Road, Trichinopoly Cant. 4. Mrs. K. S. Kanthammal 58/9, Arasani Mudali Street, Mittoor, Chittoor, N. A. 5. P. V. Krishna Rao, Room No. 10, C.D. Hostel, Anantapur. 6. Raocharla Ramakrishna Rao, C/o, Tummalapalli, Jagannadham, M.A., B.L., Vakil, Bezwada. 7. P. Sockalingam, 79, Brassfounder St., Colombo. 8. H. Randrias, 2, Kandy Road, Wategama Ceylon. 9. D. Venkatakeswara Row, Buttyyapet, Masulipatam. 10. Abdulkam, Sait, C/o, Novelty Stores, Pondicherry. 11. K. Ramannujachar, B. K. Subbiah's Carpet Factory, Palace, Guttahally, Malleswaram Post, Bangalore. 12. M. Narasimha Aiyangar, Electrical Operator, N. I. W. Bhadravati, (Shimoga Dt.) 13. Vuppala Sreeramamurthy, Analaipalli, Vizag Dt. 14. D. Venugopal Rao, 40, Veerappan St., Madras. 15. G. V. Panchapagesan, Unit Acob. 3rd Bn. 6th Rajaputana Rifles, Meemuch, (C.I.) 16. S. Sitarama Iyer, 10, Appavu Mudali St., Pudupalayam, Cuddalore N. T. 17. K. Upendra Shenoy, Brahmin St., Mangalore. 18. T. Samuel Mathew, S/o, T. I. Mathew, P. W. Inspector, M. S. M. Ry. Bowringpet. 19. Mr. Yacoub Ahmed Mamsa, 144, China St., Rangoon. 20. M. S. Loganatha Mudaliar, "Swadale," Vepery, Madras. 21 & 22, M. K. Iyer, Gulampuri, Amraoti—Berar. 23. K. A. Sami Naidu, Postal Clerk, Chittoor. 24. V. Rengachariar, C/o, P. C. Rameswami, No. 7, Iyengar St., Kumbakonam.

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

1. Mrs. R. A. N. Iyengar, C/o, Income-tax Officer, Bellary. 2. Mrs. K. S. Kantammal, Chittoor. 3. Miss. M. P. Lakshmi, Badagara. 4 to 7. Miss. G. Suguna, Coimbatore. 8. Mrs. M. Christadoss, Vepery, Madras. 9. Mrs. H. F. Trutwein, Perambur. 10 & 11. Mrs. S. Suguna Devi, Madras. 12. S. Ramanathan, B. A. Mailam, S. A. 13. B. Veerabhadrasamy, Waltair, R. S. 14. G. Hanthoeram, Pudukkottai State. 15. Syed Shariatullah, Hussain, Chandole. 16. C. R. Venkatachari, F. T. S. Coimbatore. 17. M. L. V. Thathachariar, Chittoor. 18. S. V. Krishnan, Palghat. 19. Nanduri Viswanatha, Rao, Rajahmundry. 20. B. J. Loganathan, Bangalore. 21. V. Subramanian, Madras. 22. M. Varadarajulu Naidu, Madras. 23. K. Raghunath Rao, Arkonam. 24. R. Banga Rajan, Trichinopoly. 25. M. See. Mg. Namtu. 26. L. Sreenivasulu Naidu, Madras. 27. Miss. Champaka Lakshmi, Kumbakonam. 28. G. Dasappa, Mysore. 29. T. V. Narayana Rao, Amalapur. 30. A. Narasimha Rao, Ramaraopet, Cocanada. 31. M. A. Nalla Sivan, Tuticorin. 32. Bommakanty, Lakshmana Sastry, Tanuku. 33. Mahomed Sheriff, Guntur. 34. V. D. Sundara Raj, Madras. 35. Y. Venkateswaralu, Nellore. 36. H. B. Ramasamy, Bhadravati. 37. C. R. Sundara Rajan, Chittoor. 38. Dr. Satyanarayana Rao, Kolakillu. 39. Yeditha Suryanarayana, Cocanada. 40. G. V. Krishnayya, Nellore. 41. V. D. Jesudas, Vembar. 42. C. Venkataswamy, Bangalore. 43. M. Virabhadran, Kilambakam. 44. B. Seetharama Sastry, M. A., Bangalore. 45. S. Krishna Rao, Bangalore, City. 46. S. Apparao Naidu, Oblapuram. 47. M. Somi Reddi, Guntakal. 48. C. Janakiraman, Madras. 49. A. Gopalakrishnan, Madras. 50. Mrs. B. Saradha, Madras. 51. M. K. Venkata Subbiah, Mysore. 52. Suri Venkata Subra-

As many competitors have won the second prize in this competition it comes to a very small amount when it is divided amongst them. So it has been decided to send Funny Magzin copies (successive issues) to those who won one and two prizes in this competition. For the rest money will be sent to them, in due course.

ENTRANCE FEE ANNA 1.

Rs. 150 Cash Prizes

In 'Initial Letters' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 75.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 50.

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

Closing date: 5th October, 1934.

HOW TO WIN

On this page 10 rows of incomplete words are given. In each row a picture is given in the place of the first letter. The initial letter of the word that each picture represents is the first letter of that row. By substituting that letter in the place of the picture you will get a word as the solution for that row. For example in the first row a picture of an axe and the letters PAY are given. The initial letter of the word which is represented by the picture (AXE) is A. So when A is added to the letters PAY the word APAY is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved.

As you find the solutions write them on the Special Entry Coupon given in the next page and post your attempt with an entrance fee of one anna in stamps to reach the Funny Magzin Office not later than the closing date namely the 5th October 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. Each attempt sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. stamps (1½ as. being the price of the coupon and 1 anna the Entrance Fee.) For bigger amounts M. O's & B. P.O.'s also can be sent.

1		PAY	6		INE
2		AME	7		OLT
3		ART	8		UNK
4		WAY	9		ORE
5		AND	10		IRT

N. B.—This puzzle will not be repeated again in our next issue of FUNNY Magzin dated 20—9—34 as we did last time. Another new puzzle will be published in our next issue.

—Competition Editor.

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 entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their names and addresses clearly filled up. But each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 1½ as. stamps to cover the value of one special coupon in addition to the entrance fee of 1 anna.

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 5th October 1934. 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 "Initial Letters" COMPETITION, FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras.

4. The First Prize Rs. 75 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 Rs. 50 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 "Initial Letters" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 20th October 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN ENTRY COUPON.

"INITIAL LETTERS" COMPETITION.

Closing date 5th October 1934.

ENTRANCE FEE ONE ANNA

1. APAY

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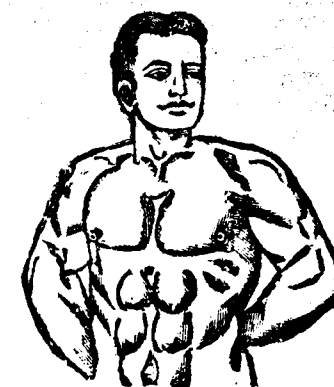
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