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FUNNY MAG

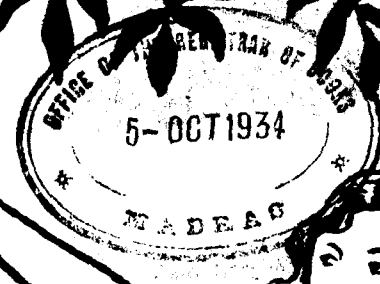
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THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

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TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Only articles of a humorous nature originally written and certified as such by the contributor may be sent. Copied articles or slightly garbled ones need not be sent. All manuscripts should bear the name and address of the contributor written in a prominent place. The manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of the paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections if any. After the Editor has finished considering the articles rejected manuscripts will be returned if they are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any. Articles will be paid at usual rates. Contributions must be addressed to:—Editor, Funny Magzin.

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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II.

MADRAS, 20th SEPTEMBER, 1934.

No. 4.

H. E. Commander-in-Chief turns Schoolmaster

Sir Philip Chetwode, C.-in-C. teaches a lesson

Sir Philip teaches the members of Council of State

C.-in-C. describes the Horrors and Waste of War

Says C.-in-C. "Let not

Civilians speak of
Military Service"



H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, in the Council of State: "Good men, you talk of Commissions in the pay and of Equality in Service between Indian Officers and European Officers. But what do you know of War and horrors to speak about military affairs? Look at this picture of War. See how horrid it is! Don't faint or swoon the sight of it. See how dreadful it is! Hence, silence, friends, silence."

ACHIEVEMENTS

OF

"L.-G.-B."

BY

"RUBIKON"



— carrying a young lady in his arms —

NO wonder everybody talks of the "L.-G.-B."

It is admired, adored and adulated. Take any member of that smart set: the body of "L.-G.-B." You simply admire him. By the way, I am sure you know that famous Brotherhood—the one of which Their Excellencies are the Grand Members and the Home Member, the President: I mean the "Life-Guard-Brotherhood."

Any public event where there is likely to be any accident by an accident, well, the L.-G.-B. turn out in their strength, and are there ready to see that no harm touches anybody or anything assembled there.

Take Narayan, the Captain—the very Apollo—simply a delight to see him pacing about on the sands on the Sea-Bath day, with his picked men of the L.-G.-B.

Paul, or Gopaul, not so regular of profile, but with a body which

might well be coveted for a model of human perfection of physical build.

Damm, or Damu, Bhima as the Brotherhood called him, could simply double his chest and arms if he so willed it.

Roshun—a face feminine—or more like a child's—but the body of a Cyclop—whose movements looked a dream of a perfect deity straying about, over our Earth, having lost its way to its own higher regions.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1934

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How could crowds help gathering round? How could your gay girls who come out in such galaxies for any fun, help gathering round these Perfections and gazing at these models of Physical Beauty?

Nor were the "clicks" of the camera men silent: "Click" to the right, "click" to the left, and if you had only sharp enough ears, I am sure you would have heard "click" from the spheres, where there were 'planes plying about to watch the Sea-Bathers from the air.

Narayan turns about only to greet Rao Bahadur Shyama Rao who comes in with a mission from Justice Sir Santha Rao who is organising a Fete Champetre for the Orphanage of the Depressed classes, in the spacious grounds of his gardens.

"At your service," says Narayan and bows with a grace with which only the graceful can bow.

"Captain," says Roshun, "shall we scatter about, or, shall we keep together?"

"True, it is the bathing day. But then, boys, what good shall it be if we stick together?" asks the Captain.

"No, no, better we get to the water and keep an eye on the folk that venture beyond their depth," suggested Damu.



— there they stood.....stared at —

Dewan Bahadur Nirmala Chetty brought a message to Narayan the Captain from the Home Member, the President of the "L.-G.-B." Narayan smiles as he says, "With pleasure, Dewan Bahadur, My Brother will be there at the Tank steps on the Jatra Day precisely 10, before their Excellencies arrive."

"Thank you, Leader," says the Dewan Bahadur and vanishes as quietly as he appeared on the scene.

"Come along boys," says Captain Narayan, "it won't do to stand here like so many statues among the Elgin marbles. I suppose we are here for something more than mere show purposes. Aren't we? Well then: let me light a cigarette. Yes, you have one; you too."

There they stood: the more stared at, the more admired and the more adored by the eyes of homage.

"Captain," called a voice, "why not you and your friends have a fine plunge in the waters? Why should you be looking at others enjoying themselves?"

"Well, Madam, that is what is the L.-G.-B. stands for. We have no right to think of ourselves. So far as we can let go our own self for the sake of service, so far can we deem ourselves to

(See page 6 bottom.)



A passenger in a steamship was found sleeping on his bicycle practically all the time. His reason was that he was going round the world on his bicycle.

Members of the Legislative Councils of Travancore, Cochin, Pudukottah, Mysore, Challapalli, Banganapali and Bobbili are to be addressed "Hon'ble Mr. So-and-so." And why not?

"Our Home Member"—what a lie! With so many parties all over the Presidency how can he be a Home Member?

Mr. Ram.....M. L. C. landed and was given a salute—by scouts, (not of guns).

"Where one blade of grass grew, we must make two grow—in fact, whatever it is, double the growth," said a speaker at a Farmers' meeting. A gent growing bald wonders whether that means some hope for him.

"We are in the midst of a dream when you go round the Taj Mahal," says an admirer. Not when you have to say good-bye to the guide to the wonderful structure and tip him.

Many give a great deal more for charity than mere money. They give their fullest sympathy.

"Why don't people have more respect for laws?"

Because the supply exceeds the demand.

"My doctor says I mustn't look at beer," wails a contributor.

Why worry? Shut your eyes and quench your thirst!

"Door-steps are bad places for gossip."

Yes. Neighbours are almost certain to be listening in.

"What can console a girl for the loss of her youth?"

Finding another to take his place.

"I know a very poor married man who has a lot of letters after his name," says a contributor.

We know a very rich bachelor with a lot of girls after his.

"I took my girl to the pictures the other night, and during an exciting episode what do you think she said?" asks a contributor.

"Hold me tight, 'eh?"

'There's money in eggs' runs a headline in a poultry paper.

We've never found any.

'When singing I always throw out my hands' brags a stage star.

To ward off anything the audience might throw, eh?

'Most men go into marriage blindfold.'

It is due to this sporting action that even the plainest girl need never despair.

'The male mosquito does not bite,' says a doctor.

Perhaps not, but if the modern female of the species wears trousers one is apt to be misled by false security.

'Another War is too awful to contemplate,' says a daily.

Quite right; think of the war books, war plays, war stories etc!

A producer in Hollywood is anxious to find a play that will satisfy the modern women.

So are most husbands.

BETRAYED

By

P. S. SHA



"this paper.....contains finger-prints."

[T took him a full month to trail Harry. It was in the "Yellow Pig" where they mix the riest champagne cocktail. Occupying a corner seat, John Webster consumed an omelet with the sad air of a condemned man. Sipping a glass of hot Scotch he lighted a cigarette and turned round to see Harry seated at a table under the fan. Harrington, that was his name. A slim, wiry man he was, with curly black hair and always smelling of tobacco.

"Hullo! Harry, it is long since I have seen you," rasped Webster.

"Sure I had been absent in Greenville to see a maiden aunt of mine."

"Delighted to see you, old man. Jack and me were often speaking about you ever since you left us."

"Glad to hear that. How goes here, John?" questioned Harry playing with the glass.

"Oh, bother. Nothing exciting here. Stray cases of shoplifting and pickpocketing. You were here when poor Rushworth was murdered? That was the last sensation."

"Yes, I left the next day. I learnt the particulars from the papers."

"Of course, the papers were full of it. Most of the news was concocted. The Rushworth Murder affair was the most mysterious. It was Beggs, the butler, who first saw him dead. In evidence the butler told us that not receiving any response to his repeated knocks, he scented something foul. He forced the doors open and found Rushworth dead rocking in his chair with a semi-burnt cigarette dangling between his lips."

"But John, got any idea about the motive for the murder?"

"No. I feel sure there must be a 'she' in the affair."

"What makes you think so, John? Any clue so far?"

"Of course, there are," smiled Webster, and added haltingly,

"I will get at the bird in a day or two."

"Impossible, John. Impossible!" returned Harry, "Whoever the bird was, he was so clever as not to leave the slightest trace."

"Clever, of course but not clever enough," observed John watching the changing expression on Harry's face.

"May be John, but, I say, he is a tough egg. He would sure lead

Scotland yard a pretty dance. Know that."

"Not a minute from now on! Important clues that were never given publicity were found out. Investigations are continuing. The murder was premeditated. P'raps you remember that there were a few letters and papers on the table behind the easy chair. Among the stub-ends of cigarettes in the ash tray was found a burnt cigarette of a curious brand. That among other clues helped us to a pretty good extent to spot the chap all right. Follow that."

"Like a leopard, old man," squealed Harry vainly trying to mask his feelings.

Webster wiped his face with a kerchief and sipped the hot tea just placed by his butler.

"Excuse me, Harry, but got a cigarette?"

"Sure," said Harry and handed him his cigarette case

"Thanks," murmured Webster lighting a cigarette. Unseen by Harry, he observed the brand of the cigarette.

"But John, do you think you could arrest him without positive and convincing proofs?"

"Of course not," smiled Webster flicking the ash from the cigarette.

METHODICAL MADNESS

By K. S. Chari.

"DO you see that elephant that is being carried along by those four mosquitoes?"

When a healthy young man who ill yesterday could adduce convincing arguments in defence of his attitude towards his land-lord, milkman, hobbies and similar necessary evils, suddenly hurtles at you this singular question and glares at space, you are naturally startled. Then you look uneasily all about the room and not perceiving the unique phenomenon he

conclusion. She looked with sudden alarm and pity at her 'husband' when, one hot afternoon, he shot this abrupt question at her. She approached Ram Nath, laid tender hands on his brow, and murmured: "Poor dear! How many times I have told you not



— Janaki came in with ropes —

obviously has beheld, you naturally come to the conclusion the fellow is either trying to pull your leg, extemporising mystic poetry, or gone suddenly, completely potty.

As Ramnath had never attempted to pull her leg—figuratively, of course,—and as she had never heard of mystic poetry, Janaki came to the last

to wander about in the heat missing your bath and food and rest!" "But," repeated Ram Nath, his eyes still focussed on space, "do you see that elephant that is being carried along by four mosquitoes?"

Janaki bent down and sniffed suspiciously at her 'husband's' lips. "Not drunk, but mad!" she whispered

audibly in alarm. "Dear, dear!" she cried, and shook him by the shoulders. He burst out into sudden laughter and clapped his hands as if in huge enjoyment of something funny.

"Ha ha! Look! Now the elephant is trying to lift up one of the mosquitoes, but the poor thing is unable to do it. Ha, ha!" he cackled.

FUNNY MAGNEN

"You do not realise, my boy, that murderers leave at least a single clue for men of my profession to work the mystery out."

"I do. But in this case it is different. Not a single clue has been left behind. You yourself confessed to that."

"Oh! Not that way, Harry. There's a clue. Only it was recently found out."

"Found out—" repeated Harry his face turning white. Beads of perspiration showed themselves on his face.

"Yes," replied Webster fishing out a paper from his pocket and holding it at a distance from Harry.

"This paper," explained Webster "contains the fingerprints of the chap. A bit foolish of him, but very helpful to detectives. What say, Harry?"

Harry stared at Webster for a while with bloodshot eyes. He looked like a cat on hot bricks. The next moment Harry bent over the paper and was straining his eyes to look at the tell-tale clue.

"Don't tamper with it," thundered a voice but the paper was already crumpled.

"Isn't the chap, clever" chuckled Harry making a ball of the paper.

"Not at all," growled Webster slipping the chains on to Harry. "You gave yourself away. Your attempt to destroy the blank scrap proved your guilt. Poor fellow!"

ACHIEVEMENTS OF "L.-G.-B."

(Continued from page 3)

have acted in the spirit of L.-G.-B."

"Surely, there is the Scout Movement. It is for service—it is always 'Prepared' for service. And the result is we can see the Scout Masters and Troop Commanders and other Leaders basking in the sunshine of the smiles of high officials and rulers," continued the voice.

"Maybe the Scout movement has the genial rays of the Great and the High to warm their labours. But to us our own Duty is our reward," answered Captain Narayan.

The voice spoke again, "Take the First-in-Aid men who are out for Ambulance service. If service is their aim, why do they exchange their service for Rao Bahadurs and Rao Sahebs? There is no more justification for awarding Titles and Honours to the Ambulance men than there is for giving those absurd and grotesque uniforms to the scouts with badges

of distinction leading to rivalry and jealousy."

"What if some recognition of public service be made?" asked the Captain.

"Where then is the spirit of rendering service for its own sake—for the sake of service? Why badges for people who wish to serve?" asked that same voice.

"Not for me to discuss brothers with outlook just the same as ours. Nor is it meet that I should say anything—" when the Captain's reply was interrupted.

A din—a cry—a shout—a call—a rush to the shore farther away.

All eyes turn to that part of the sphere where the shout came from. Captain Narayan and his glorious band too turn theirs to that side.

There it was—

Who was the fellow clad like one from the country parts?

Not a member of the First-in-Aid—didn't look like having anything to do with the Scouts. And yet, there he was coming out of the waters, carrying a young lady in his arms, limp, dripping and helpless.

There was the noble band of L.-G.-B. watching with as much interest as anybody on the sands that Bathing Day.

Afghanistan now has a motor-bus service. Some of the mullahs are said to be pretty mad.

A London office-boy is said to be a brilliant young painter. Another Whistler, no doubt.

According to a news item, an Arctic night lasts 141 days. What a blessing that there are no cats in the Arctic zone!

Collar-studs are to be marked with an indication of origin. What is likely to remain a mystery, however, is where they go to when they fall.

For Special Prizes for Children

— See Pages 14 & 15 —

Janaki fell down on her knees before the household god, a calendar portrayal of Lord Krishna trampling to death the hooded monster Kalinga, obviously drawing the necessary might from a bottle of 'Gripe-Water.' "O Lord, save my husband! Spare him his reason and I will make a silver image of thee and present it to some temple!" she prayed. As a wise after-thought she added: "And make him also give up his bad habits of wandering and squandering!"

An hour later Ram Nath ceased seeing preternatural phenomena. Instead, he began *doing* things. It was when he had started chewing up the second saree of his 'wife' that I arrived on the scene as a result of Janaki's frantic summons. Catching sight of me, he must have suddenly passed the innocuous and amusing stage of the malady. For he charged on the little knot of excited spectators at the door of his room and endeavoured to chew choice bits off their anatomy. At which they all disappeared with astonishing speed. Only I and Janaki remained.

I warily tried to approach him. But as he seemed so ferocious, I thought it better to catch him at an advantage. With a dextrous play of my leg, I had him neatly spread-eagled on the ground. Then I shouted: "Janaki, bring some stout ropes at once!" She scuttled downstairs.

"Fool!" hissed Ram Nath, "Can't you see the whole thing is a stunt? I am about as mad as you are!"

"But why this stunt?" I gasped out, in utter amazement.

"The only way to make her go back to her people. Now, hurry up and take me to the Asylum, and get me certified!" he whispered hurriedly.

Just then Janaki came in with ropes and I tied him up with a great show of severity. I understood clearly what the game was. You see, Ram Nath, who was about as conventional as a wild elephant, had coaxed off Janaki, three years back, from her parents' house. Persuading the poor girl that all forms of marriage were a nuisance, he yet led a life with her as man and wife. The charm and honey of it all lasted for quite a year; after that, the discovery that mere curves were n't a permanent source of felicity dawned upon him; later still, when he had given up hopes of ever

reforming his wife out of her deep-rooted orthodoxy, the honey became gall and the curves—stale. Poor fellow, I quite pitied him. She loved him—but not as one would like to be loved. She loved him like one of those Puranic creatures, not with the view that he held her heart but under the notion that on earth a man is woman's god. She so bothered him with her deep-rooted, blind notions that he essayed to get rid of her. He went broke—she clung to him like a limpet. He tried bullying her, beating her—but with no success. And so finally he staged sudded lunacy.

That evening Ram Nath was certified mad and admitted into the Lunatic Asylum. The doctors were at first doubtful whether he was really mad. But when Ramnath pointed to them and exclaimed: "Ho, ho Calibans! Were you not sleeping in the gutter yesterday?" they thought he *might* be mad. When again he said: Let me see your wives. I want to tell them how frequently I see you in Mint street!", they hastily certified him as completely mad and in urgent need of the straight jacket. That's all! Good-bye, everybody.

Eh? you want to know if Janaki went back to her people and if Ram Nath was released or not? Have a heart! Must I tell you? Well, then. Alas, poor Janaki, learning he was mad, went mad herself. At which unexpected turn of events, Ram Nath was so shocked that he too went *really* mad.

Heat Waves.

Things like these are only sent to fry us.

A free fight broke out in a country hotel last week. This inn-fighting is to be deplored.

A writer declares that there is nothing so jolly in the world as singing. Unless you happen to be at the end of the queue outside the bathroom door at your seaside hotel.

The clothes girls wear are quite sensible, as far as we can see.

It has been so hot lately that when a dog chased a cat they both walked.

The Parting of the Mays.

"'Ave you 'eard th' news, Mrs. Maggs?" said Mrs. Daggs, speaking across the dividing fence. "Old man May and his wife 'ave separated."

"Well, I never," exclaimed Mrs. Maggs. "I always thought they got on all right. Whatever made them decide to live apart?"

"Aw, they 'ad nothin' to do with it," replied Mrs. Daggs. "It was th' Judge. He gave May 10 years."

That Explained it!

When Tommy handed in his homework the teacher examined it very closely. "That looks suspiciously like your father's handwriting, Tommy," he said. "What have you got to say?"

"Well, sir," replied Tommy, after a long pause, "now I come to think of it, I used his fountain pen."

A maritime museum at Greenwich is under consideration. It would be incomplete without a lifelike group of pleasure cruise passengers.

We are told that after a recent political meeting there was hardly a dry throat or an eye without a lump in it.

Few things diminish our respect for a critic so much as reading a book he was unable to put down.

In Russia, during the sitting of a criminal trial, a large bomb was thrown from the public gallery. This concluding the business for the day, the Court then rose.

A Russian athlete named Popova has been competing in Swedish sports. We should fancy him for the high jump.

The trouble in Palestine, we are informed, is that the Arab fellabeen are slower than the Jews in absorbing a knowledge of scientific agriculture. This would seem to be one of those things which no fellah can understand.

Over a thousand old motor cars are abandoned in New York every month. Over here they are called taxis.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1984

Self - Respect!

— BY K. R. SESHADRI. —

The shades of night have put to flight
The waning light of day,
But Ram the strong still goes along
The jungle path, quite gay.

Expertly hid are men amid
The teeming jungle brush—
Their hearts athrob with lust to rob,
On Ram at once they rush.

Does Ram the strong sheer off headlong
Or stand with shaky fright?
Not he, of course!—but hefty blows
He rains on them in fight.

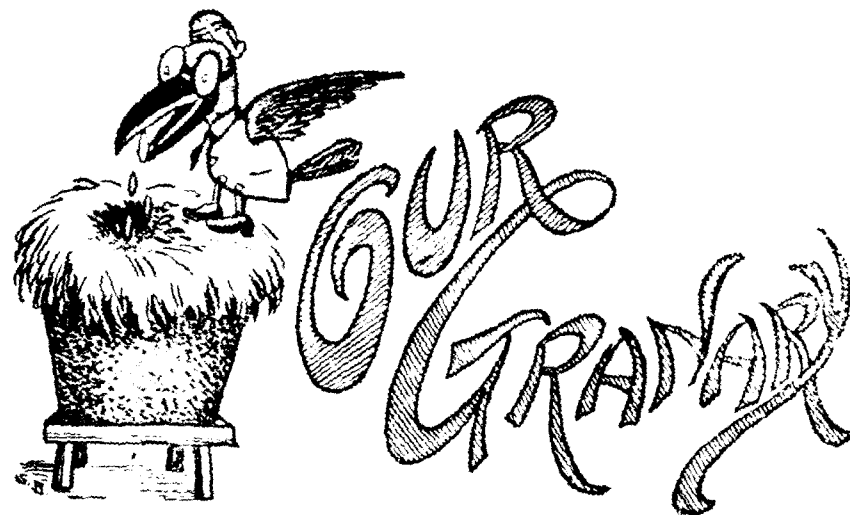
The fight is long, and though so strong
He's one against their four—
And though his blows have mark'd his foes,
Theirs is the final score.

A-lack-a-day! but what dismay
The battered robbers feel—
One single pie meets not their eye
Though Ram's search'd head to heel!

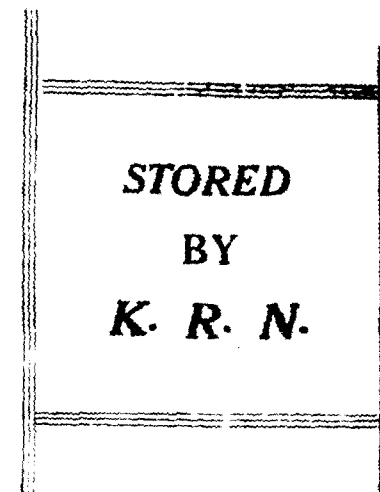
"If naught you had on you, my lad,
Why not say so at first?
Was it for nil you let us kill
You almost?" from one burst.

"Because I fought," said Ram, "for nought
You feel as you would choke?
I fought so that none should know that
I am so completely broke!"





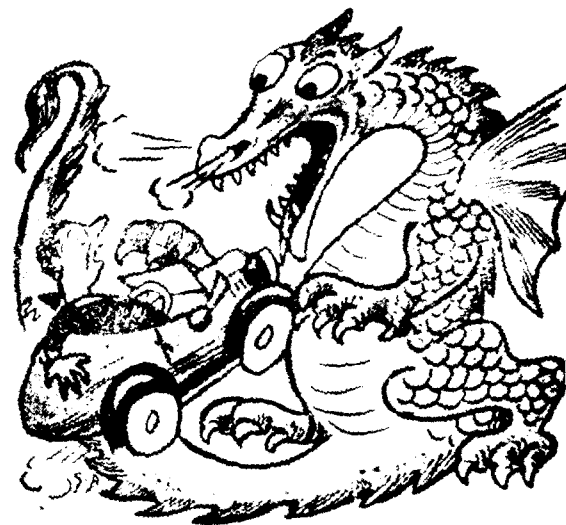
PUNNY MASSIN



A Monstrous Feat!

You have heard pretty tall tales about the Loch Ness Monster, haven't you? But it has brought off a stunt recently which has broken all previous records of dragon-feats. "It," (says the reporter in the 'News Vendor') one day saw a big car racing at full speed on a road near-by. Obviously mistaking it for a rival monster, it rushed forward, and snapping open its capacious jaws swallowed the car, driver and all. Next moment, for reasons best known to itself, it spat the whole out-fit in disgust, and hurried back to its watery haunt. When the driver came round....."

I am sure he vowed never to drink again.



Writing Pays!

Do you hear that dismal noise that sends chills down your spine and gnawing sensations inside my stomach? Well, that is the wolf howling at my door—it has learnt I am trying to live by writing. If you are also a writing Johnnie and what you earn that way does not persuade your tailor to give you more than a pair of shorts on credit, read out the following in a firm, ringing tone to him. Then he will be less of an infidel regarding your future, and may perhaps provide you with a shirt or two on hire-purchase terms.

Writes the Principal of the London College of Authorship: "If there is any calling in which the labourer is deemed worthy of his hire, it is that of the writer. The world has never—and certainly the publishers have never—grudged George Eliot the £ 7,000 received for 'Romola'; or Disraeli his £ 10,000 for 'Lothair'; or Mrs. Humphry Ward her £ 16,000 for 'Helbeck of Bonnisdale'; or Dickens his £ 24,000 for 'Our Mutual Friend'; or Daudet his £ 40,000 for 'Sappho.' Yet these figures pale before the £ 70,000 which 'If

—'Ohio Green Gost.'

Education of a Co-Ed.

Bards and bards have sung yards and yards (bravo, K. R. N. that's a fine way of putting it!) about Woman. Here's a piece about this Co-educated girl, as snappy as was ever forged by any breezy versifier.

'She learned to love,
She learned to hate,
She learned a Ford
Would carry eight.

She learned to smoke,
And how to tell
Wood alcohol
By taste or smell.

She learned to coax,
She learned to tease,
She learned a new way
Of cooking cheese.

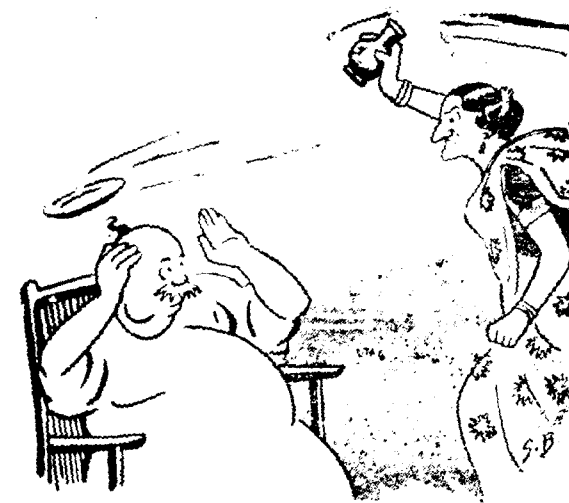
She learned to neck,
And break a date,
She's ready now
To graduate."

"Winter Comes" earned for A. S. M. Hutchinson in one year. And Rostand, for "Cyrano de Bergerac" alone, received £ 250,000.

Anthony Trollope made £ 75,000 during his career, and Bulwer-Lytton £ 80,000; Joseph Conrad left £ 20,000;

Marie Corelli £ 24,000; Edna Lyall £ 25,000; George Meredith £ 32,000; Sir Rider Haggard £ 61,000; Charles Garvice £ 71,000; and Victor Hugo £ 200,000."

Hey, editor! Read this twice before you pay me.



When a wife misses a husband—
she isn't a good marks-woman.

A Rupee a Cart-load.

Charges were framed against an Adhigari (Village Headman) and he was summoned to appear in person to answer the charges. The Adhigari appeared on the due date in a fur coat and a gilded cap and was hauled up before the Tahsildar:

Tahsildar to Adhigari:—"Your collection work is very poor. You have left two thousand Rupees in arrears. I can't tolerate that. I think I shall recommend you for suspension for a period of 6 months. Now, what have you to say?"

Adhigari:—"Sir, I am very sorry for the arrears."

The Shah has invited a Turkish expert to reorganise Persian hotels. These battered caravanserais are to be remoulded never to the heart's desire

"You are what you eat," says an advertisement. In that case, the other morning we were a bad egg

Owing to the attentions of photographers a pair of falcons in Cumberland have deserted their nest. So now you know the difference between a falcon and an actress.

Closed for Ever.

Touch me not! Touch me not! She said,

A rude hand was laid on her.

She fainted and she drooped,

And gently closed for ever.

The vile man was left,—not without a prick,

It pricked him in his heart and gave him pain intense,

He writhed all over—and in agony sought,

The touch me not! That closed 'For Ever.'

"Bull Fights by Wireless," announces a headline. It seems a nice safe way of doing it.

A judge commented on the fact that he had no spare time. Shortly afterwards, however, he gave a man twenty years.

"It is a remarkable fact that the air in the Mersey Tunnel is purer than on Formby golf-course," states a Lancashire paper. Probably because golf isn't played in it.

Bull! Bull!

In a Shandi (Weekly market day) a man with a basket on head was crying Bull!—Bull! Bull!—Bull! and was making his way thro' the crowd. One who thus gave way called to his friend ahead and said:—"Here is no bull. Pull him up."

The rustic turned back and said:—"You pulled me, sir?"

Spectator:—"Yes, why were you crying 'Bull!—Bull!'" The rustic at once lowered his basket and showed the contents and asked which bulbul (Song-thrush) he preferred.

Astonished Spectator:—"No, No,—I don't want any:—These won't suit me." And walked off.

One of our cricket experts complains that young bowlers dislike hard work. They toil not, neither do they spin.

A Southend boy's excuse for being a stowaway was that he wanted to see the sea. But so do thousands at this popular resort.

As a traveller in Hungary was raising a glass of beer to his lips a flash of lightning struck it from his hand. Still, our belief is that this might have happened to a glass of lemonade.



Dear Children,

I am sure you would be all greatly pleased at having a page all to yourselves. You may now send in original jokes, short stories, poems, skits etc. And do not forget the puzzles. They are very easy to solve. All entries must be addressed to Cousin Eddie.

C/o. THE FUNNY MAGAZIN,

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathamby Mudaly St.,

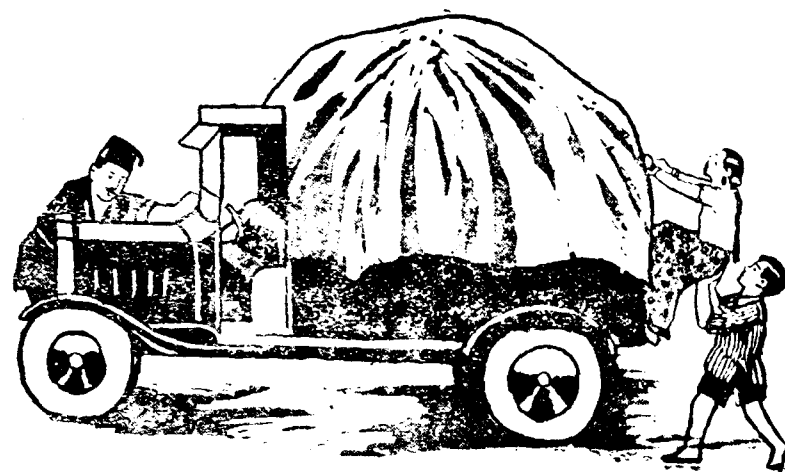
Sowcarpet, Madras.

And now, till the 5th of October: bye-bye.

Your affectionate cousin,

EDDIE.

THE CAPTURE OF THE THIEVES.



..... helped Vimala up the lorry

SUNDAR was playing hide-and-seek, with his play-mate Vimala, in the little wood near their house. It was Sundar's turn

to hide when suddenly he saw a motor-lorry stop in the middle of the deserted road. Calling Vimala he went near the lorry. The driver, a big ferocious man, was repairing

some minor fault. Sundar deciding to have a bit of adventure, helped Vimala up the Lorry from behind, and he also climbed up.

Meanwhile the driver had set matters right, and drove away without seeing the two children behind. Sundar and Vimala were now very frightened. On, on, the lorry went until at length late at night, it stopped in front of a big house. The driver got down and the children too got down and ran away when he wasn't looking.

Tired, frightened and hungry, they were both sitting near a tree on the side of the road watching the unloading of the lorry. Sundar was wondering why the man unloaded the lorry silently and secretly. In about quarter of an hour the lorry was emptied, and the driver drove off.

Vimala was now very frightened and began to cry. Sundar comforted her, and just then a motor-car came towards them. Seeing it was going towards the direction of their house Sundar went to the centre of the road and waved his arms. The car stopped and Sundar related to them all that had befallen him and his play-mate. The occupants of the car, a young

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an and woman, kindly took them home, much to the delight of their parents.

The next day Sundar's father read from the morning paper about a big robbery from Kishan Lal, of silver vessels. Sundar at once re-

membered that the lorry was filled with sacks of small vessels. Further the secrecy and silence with which they were unloaded, confirmed his suspicions. So he went straight to the Police Station and told the Inspector his story.

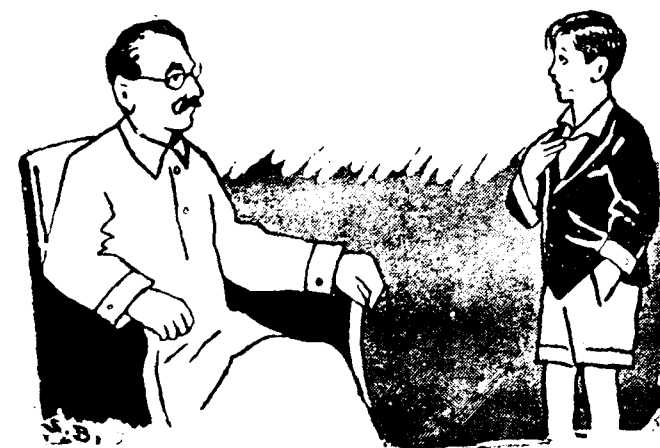
A little later the Inspector, with a posse of constables guided by the two children effected the arrest of the thieves. Sundar and Vimala were each presented with a gold medal by the delighted Kishan Lal.

OUR KIDDIE'S COMPETITION.

1st Prize Rs. 10.

2nd Prize Rs. 5.

Here is an easy picture Puzzle for you to solve. But only children below 10 are eligible to compete. Any number of entries may be sent but only in the Coupon found below. There are only 5 pictures to be solved for No. 1 has already been solved. For easier reference of the children the complete list of clues are given below. The first picture shows a boy standing in the midst of a stream and saying that it's cold. In the list you find the word 'Cold stream' and that is the correct solution. Now solve the rest.



"Daddy had told him how..."

"Tomorrow" said Rajan's Mummy,

"I'll take you to a show."

And Rajan said, "Why put it off?"

To-day I'd like to go."

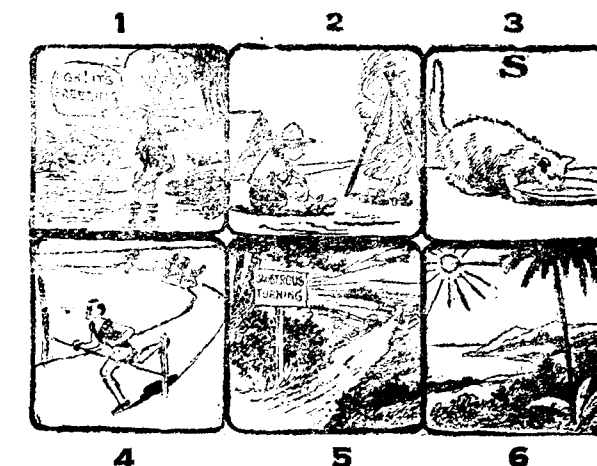
He added too that Daddy

Had often told him how

Unwise it was to put things off—

Yes—always do things now.

—ELT.



List of Clues.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Cold stream | 7. Sun palm. |
| 2. Warning. | 8. Scot. |
| 3. Sunny land. | 9. Boy scout. |
| 4. Winelone. | 10. Lone land. |
| 5. Notice Board. | 11. Slapping.. |
| 6. Raceway | 12. Camp Fire. |

Kiddies Puzzle No. 1 (Coupon.)

1. Gold Stream

2.

3.

4.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

THESE BOLD BAD MEN

By G. S. Rao.

KANDAN dragged his wife nearer to him, cave-man fashion. It was dark, and raining outside. The monsoons had come with a vengeance and Kandam was feeling the effects of the weather. It was cold, awfully cold. Kandam wanted to get rid of the cold and to enjoy.

"You are too rough" grumbled Meenatchi, "Am I a bullock or what?"

"Love is like that" chuckled the husband, "Kandam is strong! What say, Meenatchi? Ain't I strong?"

"Much strength you have! To drag me like mere chattel!" replied Meenatchi with a whimper.

Kandam puffed out his chest and dragged her still closer to him. Meenatchi resented the rudeness and stoutly refused to yield.

"Come, come, Kandam is strong, but you needn't worry, Meenatchi" said Kandam waxing softer.

And the two retired for the night peacefully sharing the humble mattress which did duty for the bed.

It was midnight. A terrific reverberating peal of thunder woke the two humble lovers from their slumber. The rain was coming in torrents and was splashing and spluttering over the frail roof which protected them from its fury. The breeze from the sea had risen up to the height of a tempest and was shrieking and howling through the cottage, shaking it to its very foundation. An occasional flash of lightning cut through the murky gloom like streaks of fire.

From somewhere outside the cottage, a cow was loudly voicing forth its terror and despair at being thus left unprotected to the fury of the elements.

"Moo-moo-moo" rang out the sibilant music, and at every streak of lightning, the calls for help increased in intensity.

Meenatchi got up and lighted the dilapidated hurricane lantern.

"You haven't tied in the cow," she said with the accusing finger pointed at Kandam.

"I forgot to do it, Meenatchi" said Kandam.

"Get up, get up and tie the poor creature in," ordered Meenatchi, hauling up her sleepy lover to his feet.

Grumbling at the cruel way in which Meenatchi had disturbed his sleep, Kandam made his way to the door. But at the threshold he drew back.

"It is too dark, Meenatchi, I can't go."

"Why not? What are you afraid of?" asked Meenatchi scornfully. "You take this lantern and tie in the cow."

"I won't go, Meenatchi, let the cow stand there" replied Kandam, "It is midnight, I won't go out, Meenatchi."

"Why not? Are there any ghosts or robbers waiting to eat you up?"

"Hush, Meenatchi, do not talk of such things now, there's a good girl" pleaded Kandam, "We will go to sleep. The cow won't be much worse for standing one night in the rain."

"Will you go and tie her in, Kandam, or will you not?" asked Meenatchi.

"I will not" persisted Kandam.

"Then, I will."

Meenatchi took up the lantern and the palm leaf umbrella and stepped outside.

"Stay, Meenatchi" stouted Kandam.

"What?" asked Meenatchi.

"It is dark here. I can't stay here alone."

"Then go to sleep" admonished Meenatchi contemptuously. She took another step away from the door.

FUNNY MAGNIN

"Meenatchi, Meenatchi, don't go" pleaded Kandam.

"I am going, Kandam is strong, is brave, isn't he? You stay there" and Meenatchi moved one step further.

"Meenatchi, Meenatchi, I will get for you that silver anklet you wanted, to-morrow. Don't go, Meenatchi."

Meenatchi turned back. Kandam breathed more freely.

"But the cow has got to be tied in somehow" said Meenatchi.

Kandam kept a discreet silence.

"Either you must do it, or I must. Or—"

"Or what?" asked Kandam jumping up at this new hope.

"We both must do it together" said Meenatchi.

And through the drenching rain, with only a palm leaf umbrella to keep it off their bodies, Kandam and Meenatchi made their way across the muddy fields to the side of the cow, and succeeded in housing it properly for the night.

Briggs came out of the big store and met his neighbour for the second time that day.

"Hallo," he said, "still waiting for your wife?"

The other nodded.

"But I thought she'd gone," said Briggs. "I saw her boarding a bus about ten minutes ago laden with parcels."

"I know," said his neighbour. "I'm giving her a good start."

The golfer who won a match wearing a gas-mask is considered to have demonstrated the possibility of continuing to play during an air-raid.

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

SEPTEMBER 20, 1934

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

SEVA SADAN

It seems only the rich can afford to be moral and that poverty is a crime. Daroga Krishnachandra was a simple soul. He was poor; yet he was an embodiment of kindness and gentlemanliness. In spite of his means being insufficient to meet with his needs, he could bring up his two daughters with extreme fondness and a rare taste.

Time goes on and he is faced with the marriage problem of his eldest daughter, Suman. He is embarrassed because in an old old custom ridden society the suitable match was difficult to obtain without money.

At this juncture a murder is committed in the town and Krishnachandra is offered a tempting sum to conceal this crime. He lived an honest straightforward life up to now. So his heart is torn between the question of his respect, duty and sanctity of life on one side and the question of Suman's life and death on the other. His fond attachment to Suman makes him accept the money. Arrangement of Suman's betrothal in a well-to-do and cultured family is thus made.

Sometimes the ways of Providence are inscrutable. A single sin on the part of the otherwise saintly old soul is beyond his tolerance. Krishnachandra gets exposed and he is sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Money thus obtained is also spent in the defence though nothing comes out of it. The betrothal arranged on a purely mercenary point of view breaks off. The girl had already attained a marriageable age and Suman therefore was married to a poor clerk, Gajadhar, residing at Benares.

Gajadhar's only resource was a monthly income of Rs. 15. Suman brought up by an extremely loving father had a difficult task to keep the house going. Economic complication therefore naturally ensued. She could not buy pleasant clothing; so she pleased herself by putting on fine saris brought from her father's house. The simple pleasures of hers attracted everybody's attention in her

neighbourhood and the nephew of the lawyer Padmasingh staying in the same street also kept a fond eye on her. At every opportunity, Sadan the nephew of the lawyer now started coming towards her house. He also whistled a tune to her window whenever he passed by the place. Suman marked all these and kept quiet.

In front of Suman's house was a fine abode of Bholibai, a rich songstress in the town. Suman's freedom and equally loving heart did not see any objection in making friendship with Bholibai. But Gajadhar could not welcome it as friendship and ordered Suman to have no relationship with Bholibai. Out of her simplicity she

did not understand why her husband looked down upon Bholibai contemptuously. So she remained careless towards this objection of her husband.

A chasm yawned between the culture of Suman and Gajadhar. He was plain, very narrow in his outlook, whereas Suman was a young buoyant dreaming and emotional creature full of *joi-de-vivre*. Under the circumstances they often used to quarrel. Bholi taking full advantage of her innocence tried to instigate her against her husband. She advised Suman to have as many rights and as much freedom as her husband as the wife was not a slave to her husband; that her husband would be helpless if she remained indifferent to him in spite of his tyranny to her.

But Suman was of a different sort. She cherished freedom; yet, at the same time she loved respect and was devoted to the husband. She held in contempt all the advice of Bholi.

One day there was Kirtan at Bholibai's house and Suman was surprised



John Barrymore in Svengali

to see big well known citizens to come there. She wondered how the rich folk could go to the house of fallen woman.

Time passed on and after many days Suman was returning after a bath in the holy Ganges. On the way she was resting on a bench of a public garden but suddenly the Chawkidar of the place asked her to vacate the bench. Suddenly Padmasingh and his wife Subhadra happened to pass that way and the lawyer saves her from the trouble. This chance meeting of Suman and Subhadra results in a lasting friendship and affection between them. Hereafter Suman often visited the lawyer's house.

Here Suman, the nephew of Subhadra, finds new opportunities to see her and he tries to meet Suman when she is left alone. With a view to establish a sort of reputation in the town Suman buys a horse and swans as much as he could. But Padmasingh his uncle is very much displeased at this mode of life of his nephew. Subhadra pays up the cost of the horse from her savings.

In the meantime Padmasingh is elected member of the Municipality. On this occasion his circle of friends persuaded him to have a Jalsa of Bhakti. Vithaldas a social worker asks him to give money for the charity of an Ashram conducted by him. But Padmasingh gives in to the idea of the Jalsa.

At this Vithaldas is displeased inwardly. And in order to vindicate himself against Padmasingh he poisons the ears of Gajadhar saying that it was not desirable for Suman to go to the Lawyer's house.

The Jalsa takes place on the night of Holi and Suman is also there. Gajadhar returns home from work at 10 O'clock night, finds the key with a neighbour, but tired as he was and angry he falls asleep while waiting

anxiously for Suman to return home at any moment.

Suman returns home late in the dark night at 2 O'clock. She finds the door closed and out of fear thinks of passing the night outside near the door step. Presently she sees a policeman on his daily round and is seized with great fear. She runs to the door and knocks it. Gajadhar comes out and finding Suman scolds her, calls her vile names and drives her away telling her not to show her face again as she was no better than a prostitute.

Suman passes the night out in the street and when it is dawn goes to Subhadra. She consoles her and tries to pacify her and ending Gajadhar at her place, promises to put the matter right between them. Suman with her woman's wounded pride however refuses to see his face and it is decided that she should stay with Subhadra.

But vile gossip is busy in the town and the lawyer suffers in reputation. He therefore asks his servants to leave his house. But the servant carries out the order in a different spirit and is full of contempt towards Suman.

In such an agitated mental state Suman determines to avenge herself against the society and seeks the shelter of Bhakti. At her instance Suman takes to singing and dancing and within a short time she has a phenomenal success and is proclaimed the queen of the place.

On this side Gajadhar worried and repentant on account of Suman's absence, turns a sanyasi.

Suman's fame has reached all ears and among other rich people, Suman has also commenced coming to her house.

When Padmasingh learns about Suman's having taken to this life of a dancing girl, he is filled with great remorse. He reproaches Vithaldas that all this was due to his mal-advice

to Gajadhar. From this Vithaldas comes to talk to Suman but she insults him and drives him out saying that now it was of no use. She was out for revenge on the society.

Suman has adopted various ways to please Suman. One day he steals the bangles of his aunt and brings them to Suman as present for her.

Suman also reproaches him never to do such a thing anymore and just keeps the bangles not to displease him on that occasion.

But shrewd as she was, she goes in search of Padmasingh in order to return the bangles. When they meet in the garden she sarcastically tells him that it was very kind on his part to have turned her out from his home and thereby improved her life. Subhadra appears there but seeing her Suman runs away. For, had there been any human being for whom Suman had any love or respect or devotion it was only to Subhadra. She chases Suman and catching her pleads with her to return to her home once again.

Suman declares that she can't anymore go to her house but she would go to the Ashram.

Her career in the Ashram starts. But the big folk of the town have much objection to her staying there. Every one among them knows where she shoe pinches him. And under all sorts of pretext they force Vithaldas to turn her out.

Suman herself leaves the Ashram and what betide on this single brave soul—once a very dear fondling of a loving father—how she meets the dictate of Fate with great fortitude, how a great soul once determined to make progress in spite of all odds and how a woman's poignant self finds solution of all social injustice and barrier—to realise all this with a most poignant realism you must see the rest of the story unfolding itself on the screen.

(A Mahabaxmi Cinetone Production to be released shortly released at Crown Talkies.)

M. V. V.

Magistrate: (to the witness) "you say the accused threatened you?"

Witness: "Yes, your honour. He said 'I'll whitewash the yard with your blood.'"

M. Abdul Hij Baig.
Kandukur.

MARIE DRESSLER

If there lived any person in this world who has tasted both the bitterest as well as the sweetest



fortunes in one's life it is Marie the grand old lady of the screen and of Hollywood whose energetic soul flittered away from this mundane world only quite recently. Marie was sixty five when she died and during her long life it was just the last five years that were famous, and made her a world figure. She is not a slapstick comedian as many think her to be, and neither is she clownish. In her was true histrionic talent quite mature, with which she entertained millions of audiences throughout the world.

Marie unlike so many stars on the screen and the stage to-day cannot boast of any collegiate or scholastic training. Her one tutor was her

mother and as per her advice Marie till her death was reading the evening newspapers from cover to cover. The enormous vocabulary at her command and the multifarious news she had packed within her brain was really a marvel and wondered at by many of her contemporary stars. Even when she was fourteen years old Marie began her theatrical career on the stage, screen circus and vaudeville in parts varying from chorus girl to character roles. In the year 1914 on the persuasion of Mack Sennet, Marie made a picture with Charles Chaplin. This picture was "Tillie's Punctured Romance". Of course this picture was an unalloyed success but it in no way meant a success for Miss Dressler on the silent screen.

Her life was very often punctuated by poverty at one time and opulence on another occasion. On one occasion when pennilessness stared at her face she never thought twice before opening a peanut shop caring for all false pre-tige and so called dignity. The avalanche of the Talkies came and the Talkieland was full of news about Garbo going to speak and the vehicle

for that great event being "Anna Christie". Marie managed to get into the cast. She was assigned the role of Martha. When the film was released Marie has really scored a hit which resulted in Marie's signing a long term contract with Metro-goldwyn Mayer. Subsequently Marie Dressler and Polly Moran co-starred in some comedies beginning with "Caught Short." Her last three pictures viz—"Min and Bill," "Tug Boat Annie" and "Late Mr. Christopher Bean," will be passed down to generations as a marvel of acting talent. In recognition of her brilliant performance in the picture "Min and Bill" she was awarded the academic award and as she herself has so many times expressed it was the happiest day in her life.

No sketch of Miss Dressler will be complete without a mention of her good samaritanism. Her charitable nature has become a household word in Hollywood. She was a spirited and energetic actor and fighter for the right cause too. May her soul rest in peace.....

M. V. V.

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

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.

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

LAUGH THIS OFF

— BY BHRUNG. —

THERE was sunshine everywhere. Having failed in the attempt to qualify myself even in the first exam. of the University, and thus proved my inability even to earn my livelihood in this world of advanced knowledge, and ignoring the good advice of my dear parents to waste one more year in the school, I had taken up to working with one of my benefactors, though not monetary, for he did away with all that my parents had advanced to me for carrying on the business, a business of supplying timber and fuel to the Government at the well-known forests of Tavergatti and Alnavar.

Having spent the major portion of the morning in supervising the coolies at their work, and even trying to chop down a small tree with the main idea of popularising myself in the coolies, I felt tired and went and sat or rather reclined against a huge tree. Thus reclining many a thought started swarming in my head; thoughts of elephants, tigers and bears; stories told by my coolies of strange jungle scenes and happenings. I also remembered of an accident which had taken place only the day before, when a herd of elephants had waylaid a Ranger, who was cycling along the road in the same forest, and after knocking him down had placed a foot on one of his feet and holding the other foot in his mighty trunk tore him open! It was a ghastly sight that we saw when we got the

news through a man who passed by the same road a few hours later.

The horrible sight crept before my vision and the wails of the deceased man's wife, when she came to see the dead husband's mangled body, rang in my ears. I thanked God that I had not been foolish enough to get entangled in matrimony, but just remembered that I was going to be married in a short time, and cursed myself for the folly. Well, it was too late to mend, though there goes a saying that "It is never too late to mend." Thus musing I must have fallen asleep.

I do not know how long I slept or whether I slept at all or not but I found myself in some unknown jungle with a rifle in my hand dressed as a Shikari. Ah! What a way I was trodding the ground! Walking on tiptoes and raising my nose and trying to scent the air for some game as a canine animal would do. Surely I must be a great hunter then. Well. I came across some traces of elephants feet and started tracking the big game. I had no fear whatsoever of the wild beasts, for I had killed so many of them and possessed great relics.

I tracked them to a valley and having sighted a tree, tall and slender, tried to climb on it. By now, the herd of elephants had scented that there was some strange being in their neighbourhood that did not mean well for them. What

was to be done? I remembered that in our boyhood we could climb trees very easily, but in what boyhood? I could not place if it was in this life or the last. I had read of children being born with the knowledge of their previous lives, knowledge of telling to the world who his mother and father was, how many brothers he had, and sisters too, with the number of uncles and aunts and the age of his wife with proper length and breadth, of course, and why the dickens could I not remember how I used to climb the trees? I started wondering why God had blessed me with such a short memory. Ah, one of the elephants gave a shrill shriek, and well, well, though I was very bold and no coward at that, a noted hunter of the time, my heart began to beat faster. I think it was only due to indigestion. Don't you think I was marking time. I was no coward. I thought of the great men like "Samson, the strong" who killed a lion with his bare hands, of one of my friends' ancestors who had killed a tiger with a single blow of his club and went thereafter with the name of "Wagmoder" and various other men who had done deeds of valour and strength, and felt ashamed that I could not be like one of them. At the same time it was a consolation to my mind that though our ancestors had done deeds of valour, their other descendants were such that they could hardly face a parish dog that may start howling and barking, and so there was nothing to be ashamed of in just breathing a little faster, a bit more quickly.

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AGAIN, why fear some elephants when I had a rifle in my hand. Ah! But where are the bullets? And why do my knees strike one another and the hands tremble so? It was only the cold breeze that made me so. But why, why did I sweat? These cursed hats do not afford proper protection. That must be the cause. I must keep myself cool and think. What should I do? I felt numb. My brain was simply reeling. Suddenly my hands touched the handle of my hunting knife which was dangling at my waist, and I, with trembling fingers drew it out. Just then, the rifle fell on my feet with a clang, thus causing severe pain to my right toe. I kicked the wretched thing off and in doing so hurt my toe the more. The pain made me simply wince, at the same time making me remember that we used to play the game of "ZAD RANDRA" bare footed, and so we could climb the trees much faster and with ease. No doubt, that proved that I was an Indian in the last birth, but it was no time to think of the various births and lives, for the elephants had gathered in a circle about 100 yards away looking at me in a funny manner. Probably they were then thinking whether they should attack me or not.

I cut off the laces of my shoes and tore off the stockings and gripped the trunk of the tree in both hands and feet. Just then, the animals also seemed to have arrived at some decision and charged at me, trumpeting all the while in a shrill manner. I was too late. The elephants rushed at me and one of the huge fellows lifted me off the ground, may be with the intention of dashing me on the ground, but in doing so the brute enabled me to get hold of a branch of the tree. Quickly I raised myself on a branch and heaved a sigh of relief.

There are sighs and sighs. Which of the sighs, the sighs of love or relief, I wonder must be numbering more! No doubt, the whole world is full of lovers and the number of sighs must be very great, but what with nagging wives, and nagging husbands, nagging mother, father, sister, and likewise all the in laws and mostly nagging bosses, the sighs that must be being heaved at say 5 P M must be also innumerable, and might even overbalance the sighs of love.

I wiped my face with the sleeve of my coat, for my hands would not do



Mohabat Ki Ksuti

their duty. But anyway they had served me well not counting on my quality of presence of mind.

I had great presence of mind but it was natural. Naturally you would like to ask me, "Why?" Well, to be frank, my master had once beat me to an inch of my life over a lesson of presence of mind. You see it happened thus. Our master was trying to impress on our minds how a certain kind of sum could be solved. He was showing diagrams etc. on the black board. You see, I was at daggers drawn with one of my class mates, who always sat beside me. Well, what do you think I did? I simply gave the fellow a dashed good whack in his worthy back. Ah! It was simply a pleasure to hear the boom of the blow. The teacher's turning his head to see what made the noise, and my resting my hands on the desk and my head between the hollow thus made to hide away the mirth were quite simultaneous. Oh, I had the presence of mind all right. All the boys are good at acting so I do not understand why I should be an exception. None of the boys, thanks to them gave out the joke. When the teacher saw me hiding my face he thought that some-

one had struck me. The boy whom I struck was quite flabbergasted at the joke. He called me to him and asked me what had happened. Well, no man is good without presence of mind. I started crying and wailing even better than my 31st cousin would wail at my death. At once, the teacher was kindness itself. He started patting my back and speaking all sorts of kind words that even I don't remember my mother having whispered to me. He coaxed me to speak out frankly and name the culprit that had wronged me, and slowly cringing and crying, wailing and shouting in the best manner I could, I told him how my friend had cruelly dealt me a blow.

At once my friend was called and without further investigation was punished severely. The blooming fool, taking all that sportingly, brought his father to the Principal of the School who having made inquiries from my other class mates (rouges) beat me to death and expelled me. Here was I in a fine mess owing to my presence of mind. My father a military man, had always borne in mind the saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child". Needless to say what happened that evening. If I remember right, I never

slept on my back for the next fifteen days. So my dear readers, you can easily understand what I mean by my naturally possessing the presence of mind.

I was sitting in the tree, praying to God to save me from the danger when one of the beasts twisted his mighty trunk around the tree and started trying to pull the tree from the roots. It was a huge tree and I would have been quite safe if the same idea had not struck the other beasts. Ah! How heathenish the act! Cowards. Had they no humanity? No love for a living soul? Was I not also one created by God, the same Almighty that had created them? Had they no pity for a suffering soul? Shame! Shame on their part to attack an unarmed man, and they, so many, I alone. Wish I could speak the elephant's lingo that I could have thrown their heinous action in their face.

Well, to cut the matter short, as they all say, they all picked up the tree by its roots. My state, I dare not describe for whenever I remember of it there is a three days absence marked in the office roll because of my suffering from nerves, headache, stomachache and what not. Thinking my end had come I regretted there was none to mourn me, still knowing in my heart that I was contradicting my own thoughts and knowing well the commandment "Thou shalt not take God's name in vain", uttered his name and shutting my eyes to all the world, prepared myself for the doom. The beast lifted me off the ground, and I, certain of the impending death at the next moment, uttered a shriek so loud that it must have surely reached the ears of God, for many believe in loud prayers thinking that they are better heard by God, and found myself surrounded by my coolies, a hundred strong, all Lamaias,

a tribe usually found in the Deccans, who follow the profession of chopping down trees for their livelihood. All of them working with their families, astonished at my strange behaviour.

I rubbed my eyes and rubbed them till they ached and knowing that it all was a dream, materialized through my thoughts concentrating on the ghastly murder of the Ramer that took place, I started laughing and laughing till I thought I would split in the sides. The more I laughed the more the coolies took me to have turned mad, and left me in the mental asylum.

Thereafter whenever I heard from my coolies of the beast's heinous appearance, I took great care to have me away from the place as possible. Now, now, don't you think that I am a coward for was I not one of the descendants of those that had done deeds of valour and strength?

SEPTEMBER 20, 1934

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THE ELECTION PLEDGE AND AFTER

— By K. S. K. —

"So I am to stand for the coming election, eh? asked Pingala Aiyer to his beloved wife since any course of action entered upon without the assent of the sweet-heart is always bitter. Foolish enough, men are allowing themselves to be hen-packed to such miserable lengths. No wonder, the husband is a pawn in the hands of the wife.

Rao Bahadur Pingala Aiyer, B.A., B.L., was President of the District

and order under the Imperial Government. Already notable and a savant of the Officials, Pingala Aiyer had nursed the ambition to excel his father Rao Sabab Virabahu Aiyer even. And he was not blind to see his way. The local fame of being an eloquent lawyer and the supreme position he occupied in the Local Self-Government Department had enabled him to acquire a big group of friends and well-wishers always at his beck and call. Hence Pingala Aiyer's candidature for the election.

The constituency that he presumed to represent was not as literate as the others and there was hence no rival capable of overthrowing him at the polls. Coupled with this advantage was his vigorous electioneering campaign. He had read in papers how the British M.P.s conducted canvassing and employed those tactics successfully in his locality also. There was no vote-catching device that he did not have recourse to. The local papers dinned into the ears of the people the news of Rao Bahadur Pingala Aiyer's standing as a candidate for the Madras Legislative Council.

Meetings were also called at various important centres and Pingala Aiyer was the prominent speaker on all those occasions though Chairmen were actually hired. To the suburbs he sent his underlings to propagate his election campaign. His speeches were always tuned in the most captivating pitch and wherever he went the audience was simply spellbound by his heart-winning speeches and attractive promises. Once on his legs his extempore would sometimes last for several hours. A specimen of such extempores on the eve of the election day may be cited here:—

"Friends, Indians and Countrymen, lend me your ears. I am extremely confident of the fact that my candidature to the Madras Legislative Council would meet with your voluntary approbation.

happy day I would like to make known to you that I stand for the protection and promotion of our people's rights and privileges in and outside the Government. I unhesitatingly assure you that my constant and noble endeavours would be directed towards the elevation of the down-trodden, the enlightenment of the middle-class and the democratisation of the rich. My sincere and entering attempt in the Council will be to support and push on all measures calculated to give an impetus to our national aspiration and achievement. I take occasion now to impress on you, beloved countrymen, that I shall fight along with my colleagues in the Council for a favourable market for our South Indian rice and tobacco. In short I guarantee you this pledge that anything that contributes to the betterment of my fellow-countrymen will find the



M. K. Radha in Pathi Bakthi

earnest and best support by me. May I depend on your votes?"

How can promises and pledges like these couched in such sweet phrases and melodious language fail to bring the desired result? And naturally enough Rao Bahadur Pingala Aiyer was returned to the Council unopposed.

At the modest computation Rs. 20,000 must have been spent otherwise, how can illiterate voters be enabled to ride in cars as if they were born in Rolls Royces. But Pingala Aiyer is an M.L.C., now for all that and for the next five years to come he may do as he pleases and



George Arliss in Last Gentleman

Board, Public Prosecutor and a managing partner of the Oriental Tobacco Corporation Ltd., all in one. He had already knocked down the coveted Birthday Honour (so rarely conferred on Pishians like ourselves) through sheer adherence to the British mandate. He had been a staunch supporter of the Government during the days of the Non-Co-operation movement and had meritoriously tortured many a civil resister in carrying out the onerous office of maintaining law

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grew fatter and happier like Henry VIII. Ever after that distinguishing event in the worthy history of his life Pingala Aiyer was often mentioned in the papers and his display of literary political and legal excellence was given publicity to in the local dailies. Cleverly enough, he unscrupulously paid the newspaper managers regularly so that his name would be printed in the "Arrivals and Departures" column. Very often he would chuckle himself over his own supposed achievements like Mr. Greg-bery in "Nicholas Nickleby" and bless the correspondents as well as the Editor of the papers the former for their having the courtesy to report his extempore speeches and the latter for this having the prudence to publish it.

But soon Pingala Aiyer began to show the animal spirit in him. Once safe and sound within the beautiful walls of the Council with the electric fans and all the paraphernalia attached to it why on earth should he care for those people who were responsible for his very existence in the Council? His first adventure after the election was the purchase of a Willys Overland Car and he was simply whizzing through the streets of Madras in his new motor. While the Legislative Council was in session he might be found deeply interested in a game of billiards in the city club or dashing in

his car along the beach. But with dog-like fidelity Pingala Aiyer was punctually present in the Council when the Government was in need of a majority to hurry through some wicked and unpopular measure. In fact the Government could count on him a most faithful and un-failing ally in the Council. In short the Government looked upon him as nothing short of a real and valuable acquisition.

The critical day arrived. The "Ryots Bill" was on the anvil. And already our Rao Bahadur was in a flutter. The bill aimed at relieving the ryots of their rural and economic disabilities resulting in a reduction of land revenue and was sponsored by an ardent nationalist. Pingala Aiyer was in a fix as to what policy he was to adopt in the matter. His discretion had not the upperhand in this instance. He was happily ignorant of the election pledge so ostentatiously held out by him. But his sweet-heart who could not overcome her tender susceptibilities was forced to remind him of it and this pained him a little. On the contrary his support to the Bill would turn him an outcast from the happy zone of favouritism. The bureaucracy would never consent to a legislation tending to decrease the land revenue and all its undesirable consequences. Our Rao Bahadur, therefore, decided in the face of some opposition

from his beloved wife to remain as before, a staunch and sure ally of the Government.

The "Ryots Bill" began to occupy a prominent place in the papers and criticisms for and against it were pouring in. The constituents of whose real and rightful representative Pingala Aiyer claimed to be watched his attitude with particular zeal. But to their astonishment they found him conveniently silent on the agitating question of the day. His eloquence and ostentation were suspended, as it were, lest he should commit himself. They even began to suspect if the Rao Bahadur was fast evolving on Imperial politician. And they were not mistaken in their fears. The "Ryots Bill" was discussed, criticised and thrown out thanks to Pingala Aiyer and a host of other birds of the same feather. His constituents the more literate and educated ones, were disappointed miserably. They queried among themselves what became of the election pledges. So much so, they sent a long communique to the Press disapproving of Pingala Aiyer's representation. They regretted that unlike in the continental countries they could not exercise the power of recall! His presence in the Council was regarded as a hindrance to healthy advance in all directions.

But Rao Bahadur Pingala Aiyer was unperturbed. He was convinced that he acquitted himself well and did what he had been bargained for. He was now sure of Government favouritism and ere long he was lifted to the post of Law Member so that now he was free from the evils of his constituents. He was now dashing in his saloon from Madras to Tanjore and Tanjore to Madras and spending his time comfortably in dinners and suppers at the expense of others. Every now and then he came to the rescue of the Government opposing the supply of milk and oil to the C.D. prisoners.

And the next birthday of the King Emperor converted him into a Sir Pingala Aiyer, Kt., K.C., I.E., enjoying life in the fulness of luxury.

"Good Baii"

There was an old man of Hawaii,
Who lived upon gooseberry pail;

But he ate it so fast

That it killed him at last.

So he died with a cheery "Good-baii."



One day little Tom said to his play-mate.

Tom: "Our hen laid three-eggs today"

Play-mate: "Oh! That's nothing, my father laid a foundation stone."

"Had a row with your wife",
Somu asked a sympathising neighbour
"I am told she is awfully simple"

"She was awfully simple, now she is simply awful."

Actor: "I'm always getting letters from ladies?"

Cynical Friend: "Landladies?"

Hayseed was riding in a taxi when the driver suddenly lost control, and the car sped forward at a terrific rate.

"Hey!" yelled Hayseed in alarm.
"What's the matter?"

"I don't know," answered the driver grimly. "I can't stop her!"

"Well, for heaven's sake," Hayseed shouted, "can't you at least turn off the meter?"

"Bill, your grammar is the limit. With your 'I done' this and 'I done' that, you make me think of what Macbeth said to Banquo's ghost."

"What was that?"

"Thou canst not say I did it."

"What are the dining hours at your club?"

"From 6 to 8 for all except the committee."

"Why the exception?"

"Because Rule 5 says: 'The committee is at liberty at any time to fill any vacancy in their body.'"

Passer-by (to angler): "Good river for fish?"

Angler: "It must be. I can't persuade any to come out."

Woman: "Does your husband complain about the meals?"

Other Bridge Player (smiling):
"No; what he complains about is having to get them."

"So you had dinner with your new girl last night. What's she like?"

"Everything on the menu."

"So John kissed you an hour. How did it happen?"

"Well, I didn't stop to think—and he didn't think to stop."

"This reference from your last employer is very badly written—almost illegible, in fact."

"But, you see, when he wrote it I was sitting on his lap."

"What line do you take when the boys try to kiss you?"

"The line of least resistance."

Mistress: "I'm glad to know you will be staying on with me after you're married. Do I know the lucky man?"

Maid: "Oh, yes, ma'am. It's your son."

"Yes," said the great man. "I woke up one morning and found myself famous."

"It was slightly different with me," sighed the other. "I found myself famous—and then I woke up."

"He's not as big a fool as he used to be."

"Is he getting wiser?"

"No—thinner."

Young Wife (returning to village after runaway match): "I suppose my elopement was a nine days' wonder?"

Village Worthy: "It would 'ave bin, mum, only Buggins's dog went mad the same night."

He: "Don't act like a fool!"

She: "There you go! You want a monopoly of everything!"

Him: "How about a date?"

Her: "No, thanks, I don't care for fruit."

He: "No, I don't want to get married for a long time."

She: "Who said anything about getting married for a long time?"

Mistress: "The main thing here is honesty. The last maid stole the silver spoons."

New maid: "You needn't fear anything from me, ma'am. I'm bound over for a year."

Sportsman (assisting jockey, who has been knocked out): "Stand back, please! A little more, sir. And hurry up with that brandy!"

Faint Voice from the Patient: "Never mind about the air."

"The doctor pronounced it suicide."

"Well, how would you pronounce it?"

IS THE WORLD GOING SEX MAD?

Our life is being swamped by purveyors of veiled indecency

"And Sex reared its ugly head"—like a twin to the Loch Ness Monster! Remember that familiar phrase in the old-fashioned novel?

But nowadays we meet Sex at every side.

There is no doubt that the so-called "clean-up" which we are promised by the Tsars, Sultans, or Emperors of Hollywood is long overdue. At the present time our whole civic life is soaked in sex or rather SEX since the thing is screamed at us in literature, drama and film.

Not long ago Mr. Noel Coward actually gave the name of "Design For Living" to a trivial little comedy about the amorous manœuvres of two trivial men and one trivial woman. Design for living! You would think that the author had attempted something as large as a synthetic philosophy, something as spiritually ambitious as a Platonic Republic. The play should more rightly have been called "Design For Loving."

Kiss Last's Three Hours!

It is the same everywhere we look to-day. Sex is triumphant, rampant and glorified. Not long ago an evening paper published the following: "KISS LASTS THREE HOURS. New York, Monday.—A blonde young woman and a dark-tinted young man held a kiss for three hours and two minutes at Coney Island...and won the world's endurance title for kissing. They were presented with a loving cup.—Reuter!"

Could anything be more revolting, unhygienic or unutterably stupid? As a proof of tested love or deep-rooted and burning passion it would have turned the stomach of Casanova himself.

It's Everywhere.

The influence of California's Sex City is creeping into all our public literature and more and more space is being devoted in our popular magazines and periodicals to the glutinous

portraiture of the more or less undressed film-stars.

Sex is now the key-note of successful publishing. Here is a list of the special articles in one edition of a particular magazine. "The Modern Girl Can Only Say 'I Want!'" (This is a sex to sex talk between Pamela Frankau and Geoffrey Winn.) "The Girls I Left Behind Me" by a young man who has been to the seaside. "Meet Our Amateur Airman." (The only non-sexual article in the whole magazine.) "White-washing Hollywood," a protest against respectability. "What Is Sex Appeal?" being interviews with famous film-stars. "My Love Affairs," frank confessions by Claudette Colbert. "Good Looks and Bad Luck." (Illustrated with the upper and lower parts of film-stars.) "Henry VIII" or what his "wives" think of Charles Laughton. "Why Our Marriage Lasts." An interview with Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky.

Purple Passion!

If you are seeking information on the subject and you turn to the article on Sex Appeal you will find a photograph of Miss Mae West in a tiger skin as "Hollywood's latest exponent of purple passion." She says, very sensibly, "It's the same in any language and you can recognise it when you see it from Alaska to Zanzibar without looking at the guide-book. It's just natural, that's all, honey, and ain't nature grand?" Further comment by Miss West: "From Eve to Peggy Hopkins Joyce the gals who have it ain't done so bad by themselves."

Miss Jean Harlow, the Platinum Peach, photographed with Mr. Clark Gable's lips upon her nose, had this Great and Musical Thought about Sex Appeal. "I suppose some people just naturally have it, but I think it can be developed, acquired, like playing the accordion."

Mr. Lubitsch, the eminent director, gave it as his opinion that you can't sell soap without sex appeal—hence,

perhaps, why we are urged to keep that schoolgirl character—we presume that the great star-moulder knows his stuff.

Then came the confessions of the Screen's Most Beautiful Screen Miss Colbert. Still "recalling the indescribable something" Miss Colbert observed, "I have never played a role that called for anything but a mild naughtiness. I wanted to go the whole length. I wanted to play with fire. As the Russian Empress in 'To Night Is Ours' I poured my body, cast discretion to the winds, and braved the wrath of my kingdom for one night of ecstasy with Fredric March."

Without endeavouring to discover the reactions of the happy Fred, we may leave it there.

From Bed to Worse!

In the book "I Commit To The Flames" (Hamish Hamilton, 6s.) Mr. Ivor Brown launches a scathing attack upon these purveyors of veiled pornography. He is to be congratulated.

Our whole existence is becoming increasingly steeped in sex. Take a look at the plays now running in London and you will see that ninety-five per cent. of them deal with this subject and even with its most unpleasant by-ways. As Mr. Edward Kneller, the play-wright, wittily observed a little while ago "The London set is going from BED to worse."

Everybody's.

What a Mercy

"My wife used to play the piano a lot, but since the children arrived she doesn't have time."

"Children are a comfort, aren't they?"

"My girl has a fine mind."

"Too bad. Mine ain't so pretty either."



Hullo, Harassed Husbands!

— BY BLUE BEARD. —

Heck, heck, ye hen-pecks! Meet me, the redoubtable, the female-frightening Blue Beard. Yep, gather the courage and tell the missus ye are listening-in to Herr Blue Beard—ha, ha, the missus will scuttle away into the scullery and ye will have escaped the broom for the nonce!

What is that doubt that I hear given vent to in a squeaky tone? Carramba! You ask me if I am really sage enough to give you advice against the tongue, plates, and brooms of your better three-fourths and odd? Boy, can I! Ask history, ask tradition, or if you don't know what they both are, recollect your fairy tales—no, not the ones you often strove in vain to fob off on the spouse as excuses for late coming—but the ones written by the Grimm Bros., or Hans. Andersen or whoever wrote the Blue Beard story. Or better still ask Bhair Punzin—he knows how efficacious are my counsels. How's that, you ask? H'm, don't you know it's on my advice he masquerades under that name so that he can wise-crack against dames in general without getting the bird—rather, the rolling-pin—from one dame in particular?

Now, have I killed that small but not still voice of diffidence? Has the seed of confidence grown and grown into a tree of faith? *Ma foi!* but that's nice. Now ye can all write to me all about the rocks and icebergs and soup-dishes and the 'other man' in your matrimonial navigation, and I'll reply to you regularly—in fact, as regularly as my dhobie brings in the wash.

To start with, of course, I haven't any queries on hand, save those of my own hearth (counsellors re: which I take from another Being) and those of our imaginative office-boy. This boy isn't married, but the moment he

got wind of what I was upto in this page, he's imagined a few situations that might develop if he got spliced and has drawn up a questionnaire. Here they are with the necessary replies:—

1. "My wife is very fond of her cat and I don't get any sleep because it keeps mewling all the time. Wife refuses to give it up. What do you advise?"—Probably the cat mews so much because it gets little to eat. Probably it gets little to eat because either you yourself have less, or because Mrs. is putting it through a course of slimming. As a remedy, try arsenic—on either cat.

2. "Wife likes jewels and asks me to buy her some, pleading that's a good form of investment. Do you endorse?"

Well, well, in these days of depr.—You know all that?—well, one should be careful regarding investments. "Invest in gilt-edged securities," says a famous stock exchange broker. Try one of these Scientific Gold companies.

3. "Wife and I are about to have a quarrel. Wire counsel as to how I can avert the calamity."—You can't. But swallow carbolic acid—it's swifter and less painful.

4. "Wife has gone to—"—you needn't tell me the rest. That's where they all go to and they don't seem to mind the heat there. All you have to do now is to cup caters—I mean, cut capers—in the air and dance along the roads with joy. When that Austin Six is through with you, you'll be there, too, my lad!

5. "Wife—"—click. The wicked office boy knows the connection is off for the present. It has to be—Mrs. Blue Beard is coming along.

And so for the present, good-bye, Every Henpecker!

"Is it a Mixture of Butter and Badam Halwa?"

— BY ROY. —



I was dressing up for my dinner when suddenly my darling mixx made her appearance. "Hullo, dear," said Lilly cheerfully. "I hope soon after the dinner you will present me with a few.....?"

"What? Is it a few kisses? If so, you can have as many as you like," I said sincerely.

"Dear, this is not the time to joke. What I am going to ask you is only a few evening dresses of the present Paris cut," said Lilly.

"Righto. Just phone Mr. James to send them this evening at 5 P. M.," said I.

We soon entered the dining room and my darling was observing my actions keenly while I was examining the dishes one by one. "Dear, how do you like that dish?" questioned Lilly. "It is damn nice. Is it a mixture of butter and badam halwa?" I asked.

"No, Simonds. You always enjoy at my expense. It is a favourite American dish."

"Is this the recipe so much liked by members of the American Women's Club?" I enquired.

"Yes, Dear, it is the same Corned Beef Hash. I prepared it in the following way. Two cups cooked corned beef, chopped; three cups cold boiled potatoes, chopped; salt; pepper; milk or cream. Beef and potatoes are combined and that mixture is seasoned and moistened with milk or cream. The whole thing is put into hot buttered frying pan and stirred until well mixed. Spread evenly and placed over low heat to brown slowly. This should be served with cole-slaw or mashed egg," said my Lilly.

"Darling, tell me the dressing for cole-slaw," I asked.

"Why? It is very simple: $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful mustard, $\frac{3}{4}$ table-spoonful sugar, 2 table-spoonfuls flour, 1 egg or 2 egg yolks slightly beaten, 2 table-spoonfuls butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, few grains cayenne.

"The dry ingredients should be mixed at first and to it should be added egg, butter, milk and vinegar, very slowly. The whole thing should be stirred and cooked over boiling water until the mixture begins to thicken. This should be strained and cooled. This can be kept indefinitely in a cool place. This dressing should be mixed with raw shredded cabbage", answered my darling.

By that time our dinner was finished and suddenly we heard some strange noises in the next compound. We rushed up to the upstairs to investigate. What's it? Nothing but the usual duel between our neighbours Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

With you friends, to have always such an investigation whenever you taste that favourite American dish either at your dinner or at any time, because such a little exercise often enables you to digest easily that heavy dish.

Epitaph.

She was a seaside maiden fair,
With pencilled brow and scarlet lip—

She climbed into his "super-sports"—
He let her rip.

She flashed him an appealing smile—
She breathed—"I long for thrills and 'zip'."

So won't you let me drive awhile?"
He let her.....

R. I. P.

Putting it Gently.

A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously to customer)—
"Shave or haircut, Sir!"

FUNNY MAGAZINE

Labours of Love.

After two years' work, an ingenious gentleman in Canada, has succeeded in piercing a pin lengthwise without splitting it, producing a channel through which it is just possible to pass a fine thread. Such an example of art for art's sake was bound to find many followers and already we hear of much activity among other admirers of the perfectly useless.

Several budding politicians, for example, are now devoting the whole of their days to the splitting of hairs, at which they are becoming increasingly expert. As one of them recently remarked, it is a long time between elections and a man must do something to occupy himself, assuming that he is one to whom idleness is naturally abhorrent.

An interesting experiment has, we regret to say, been nipped in the bud before any definite result had been achieved. The gentleman who set out to ascertain how many straws would be required to break a camel's back has now been persuaded that his task was not without a touch of cruelty although he had made full arrangements for the camel to have a drink once a month throughout the experiment.

Arrangements have now been completed for the long-promised attempt to bale out the tea and a start may be expected at an early date. The only condition imposed by the enterprising watering-place that has at last consented to jeopardize its bathing facilities is that each painful shall be emptied into the open-air bath which is being constructed for the purpose.

Meanwhile, as we go to press we hear that the harvest is likely to be held up on account of the activities of several sportsmen, who have bicked themselves heavily to find a needle in a haystack within a given time. We hope it keeps fine for them, that's all.

"The Humorist."

Mayor: "I never saw the park littered so with paper as it is this morning. How do you account for it?"

Superintendent: "The Park Commissioner had leaflets distributed yesterday asking people not to throw paper about."

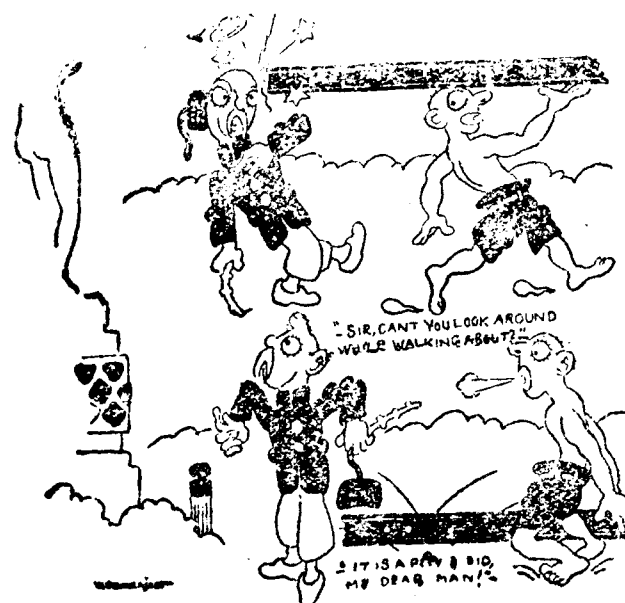
DECEMBER 20, 1934

MADHAV'S DILEMMA

— MRS VENJULAM. —
—One of the Solutions to our Puzzle Story, "Ganga the Grim."—

Madhav is in a pretty fix. Ganga noticed the longing lingering looks of the youthful employee and anticipated danger therein, and still like a honest and grateful employer that she is, has she in her cunning queries tempted to wring a confession of his tilt? Or, has the blind Cupid hit her too with his dart and is this the end of the youth's courage and sacrifice? If her motive is the former she could perhaps take him at his word and 'sack' him lest her own interest and her father's should suffer through love sick and impertinent employee who casts those mischievous glances at his master's daughter inspecting his work. If, on the other hand, Madhav smies the secret promptings of his heart, would he endanger his love as, in that case, his cowardice and selfishness will lose Ganga for ever? Madhav could not hazard a hasty reply. His heart is not yet hotly set on Ganga. A week, just seven days, is too short for Madhav to know if his own fancy for Ganga is not a passing one. Madhav should answer:

LOOKING AROUND WHILE WALKING ABOUT.



Christmas Day on December 8th.

Towards the end of the last century a ship was cruising in the South Pacific. One day a native chief came aboard and gave the Captain a litter of pigs. These were gratefully received and penned on the fo'c'stle, destined to be a welcome addition to Christmas dinner.

The hot weather did not agree with the pigs, and the Captain feared that they would die before Christmas. The only thing to do, he decided, was to alter the date.

"Chaplain," he said, "we must keep Christmas to-morrow; kindly arrange for this and choose the hymns." The log of a midshipman who was then on board which reads "December 8th (or thereabouts), kept Christmas Day."

A war-time story is that of the village blacksmith who was called upon to put a shoe on an Army horse and was given a signed chit to enable him to claim for seven shillings, but to his astonishment he received a cheque for seventy pounds. Thereupon he wrote saying there must be some mistake, as his charge was only seven shillings. The result of his letter was another cheque for seventy pounds. As it seemed hopeless to carry on correspondence on these lines, he consulted a friendly solicitor, who advised him to bank the two cheques and await developments. In due course the mistake was discovered and a claim for refund was made.

"Does the giraffe get a sore throat if he gets wet feet?"

"Yes, but not until the next week."

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them. Why do you ask?"

"My daughter is to be married to an earl, and he has just cabled to me to come across."

"I was a fool when I married you."

"I guess you were, but I was so infatuated at the time that I didn't notice it."

Hollywood News

Norma Shearer believes that old things bring her good luck and will pick up and save every hairpin she finds.

Greta Garbo likes roller coasters and never fails to run a race with a bull frog whenever she finds one in her garden.

Maurice Chevalier has a weakness for blue shirts and has many of them in his wardrobe.

Wallace Beery will always pause in front of baby clothes shop to look at the window displays and then enter to purchase an armload of infant togs.

Marion Davies has weakness for white linen handkerchiefs and buys quantities of them, yet she will never buy a street purse.

Ramon Novarro always goes to barber shops for his manures and hair-cuts but he would not take a shave even if it were given to him; he prefers to shave himself.

Gloria Swanson will never be seen wearing a rose nor will she permit rose colours in the decoration of her stage sets. It was the favorite flower of Pola Negri and Miss Swanson is superstitious about it.

Jean Harlow will ignore all diet rules with a plate of spinach or spareribs and sauerkraut before her, but you couldn't bribe her to taste caviar.

And Jimmy Durante has for several years carried in his pocket as a good luck token one of Garbo's cast-off tooth-brush which he once found in her dressing room.

Wallace Beery is flirting with the idea of buying a new plane capable of a comfortable speed of 200 miles an hour.

Hersholt as Garbo's Father.

It seems inevitable that Jean Hersholt character actor would play the role of Garbo's screen father in the new Metro picture THE PAINTED VEIL.

Although the part of the whimsical absent minded professor Koerber seemed to have been created for Hersholt's talents the actor has been at work under loan to another studio.

Numerous tests of other character players were taken but the final selection reverted back to Hersholt. An agreement has now been reached whereby Hersholt will be able to play the role in the Garbo picture which personally he is very anxious to do.

Garbo Innocently Invades her Leading Man's Home.

It could have happened in no other place but Hollywood.

Herbert Marshall had never met Greta Garbo though he is to be her leading man in Somerset Maugham's THE PAINTED VEIL.

Yet they have met in an unusual manner.

Marshall firmly entrenched in Hollywood, recently decided to acquire a household. He leased the Santa Monica home of the director Edmund Goulding and moved in.

He arrived in his new home to discover two strange women in possession of his tennis courts. He asked his butler who the players were but the butler did not know.

He sent the butler out to the courts to identify the players. The servant came back unable to name the women.

"I'll find out for myself," said Marshall.

He started for the tennis courts, then returned hurriedly to the house with a face a crimson hue.

The invaders of his tennis courts were Greta Garbo and a companion.

Later the mystery was cleared for Marshall when he learned that Edmund

Goulding had given Miss Garbo a standing invitation to use his courts but she had not been informed that Marshall was the tenant.

Director Richard Boleslavsky following Greta Garbo's first scene in her new picture THE PAINTED VEIL presented her an autographed copy of the latest edition of his book WAY OF A LANCER narrating the director's experiences in the World War.

James Dunn is the owner of two docks that protect his lawn by eating all of the snails that destroy the grass.

Jean Parker is an astronomer and is making an intense study of the moon and other planets.

Jimmy Durante has written a book on New York Night Clubs that is considered one of the best of its type by critics.

Jean Harlow is taking up the study of fortune telling by cards just to amuse herself and her friends.

Wally Beery is the only Motion picture actor who has a transport license. His three dogs often fly with him and are perfectly at ease in the plane.

Jeanette MacDonald collects tiny orchestra figures in China. She has a complete philharmonic orchestra assembled. Most of the figures were given to her by her friends. When Bob Ritchie, her fiance returned from Europe recently he brought her several more figures.

Believe it or not, but Karen Morley likes to read about sharks. She studied every available book she could find on the sea cannibals and knows all their habits.

Una O'Connor has presented Norma Shearer with a bronze cast of the clay figure of the star she made on the set of THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET at the M. G. M. studios.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1934

Mady Christians who is making such a distinct hit with all who know her or have seen her superlative tests is another close friend in Hollywood beside Ernst Lubitsch. He is Clarence Brown.

Fatherhood was too much for rancher Tom's Scotty father of a recent litter he died to day after a brief illness.

Mary Carlisle uses mineral oil for learsing cream. She says that it is entirely pure and very penetrating. Mary has one of the finest complexions in the screen.

The Metro Goldwyn lot was a veritable vale of tears. Recently Joan Crawford had to spend the day in tears for a highly dramatic sequence in CHAINED in which she is concerned with Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. Wept a good portion of her working hours for a sequence in which THE MERRY WIDOW is not so merry.

Charles Butterworth who is now laying in M. G. M.'s STUDENT CLOUTIER has a complete library collection of practically every humour book written as well as every joke book published.

M. V. V.

Love Juries

Recently the engagement of two clever young doctors was announced. Both of them, Dr. Norman Parfit and Dr. Jessie Brown, had had brilliant hospital careers. It seemed that they were excellently matched.

Now it appears that both these remarkable young people are enthusiastic members of the Oxford Group Movement headed by Dr. Frank Buchman. And Buchmanites, apparently, do not carry on courtship like ordinary folk. They make quite a song about it, confiding to their fellow-religionists the precise state of their feelings from day to day, and asking their 'guidances' as to whether they should proceed from betrothal to marriage.

The Best Judges.

That is to say, they have a sort of love jury to decide whether an engaged couple should eventually marry or not. The men and the girl, if they are devout Buchmanites, accept the verdict unquestioningly. So, at least, the Group Leaders state.

It seems unlikely that the scheme of love juries will ever become popular outside the Oxford Movement. As a rule young people in love think they are the best judges of what is good for them.

And, as a rule, they are right.



A constable Searching for a missing Wheel Barrow of the Workshop.

Topsy-Turvy!

The scene was an Indian up country railway station where, amid the jostling crowd of Indians, an English official saw, to his regret, a corporal and a private of a certain regiment somewhat the worse for liquor and inclined to be noisy. Close by on a bench, taking no notice whatever, sat two more men of the same regiment looking as quiet and respectable as it was possible for men to be.

"Can't you get old of those noisy comrades of yours and keep them quiet?" asked the official.

"Very sorry, sir, but we can't do nothing," was the reply.

"But it will bring discredit on the regiment," he persisted. "Why can't you do anything?"

Then came the amazing answer: "Beg pardon, sir, but yer see, it's like this. We're two loonatics, and them's the escort!"

Who was the inventor of the first ice cream that ever cooled heat-wave throats? You don't know? Appropriately enough he was an Italian, but he "stopped them and sold one" rather earlier, perhaps, than you might imagine.

His name was Caltelli, an Italian pastry-cook who flourished in Paris about 270 years ago. Always "trying out" fresh delicacies, Caltelli one summer tried mixing finely-crumbled ice with sweet drinks. He later invented a machine consisting of a double barrel, with whipped cream inside and ice outside to freeze it. In other words, practically the ice cream machine of to-day.

Caltelli's ice-creams were such a success that he opened a cafe in Paris where nothing else was sold. That was in 1660, in the time of Charles the Second.

"Do you spend your time with puzzles?"

"Only with the one I married."

"Has your love for him died?"

"No, but it's not very well."



Putting him wise

A large notice said "No Parking," but she had parked her car beside it for three hours. As she unlocked the car and got in, a policeman who had been waiting for the culprit to arrive, sauntered up and remarked very kindly:

"I've been waiting a long time to see you, lady. What's your name?"

She smiled her sweetest, and as she put her foot on the starter, replied:

"It wouldn't do you any good if I told you. You look a nice boy, but my husband is about twice your size and very jealous."

Maybe you didn't hear about a Scotchman who was invited to a party and told that each guest was to bring something. He brought his relatives.

Don't be too cheerful if your courtship takes your girl's breath away. She'll soon recover it after marriage.

An artist says women are robbed of beauty by the bare leg cult. Maybe he'd like to put the hose on them.

The doctors are endeavouring to find the cause of that "Monday" feeling. Have they considered the fact that over thirty million Sunday newspapers are delivered in this country?

A traveller is seeking a lost city in Brazil. We have known a taxi-driver to do this when we have asked him to drive from Charing Cross to the Bank.

"The cost of a good saxophone is almost prohibitive," says a writer. But unfortunately, not quite.

Gimme! Gimme!

"My wife had a dream last night and thought she was married to a millionaire."

"You're lucky! My wife thinks that in the daytime."

That was Different!

An agitator rode into Hyde Park, and, after leaning his bicycle against the railings, mounted a soap-box and proceeded to address the crowd.

"If your family is hungry," he shouted, "raid a shop and take food for them, and don't care what anybody says. If your wife hasn't got a coat, pick the best fur coat you can see, and ignore the consequences!"

After several more minutes in this strain, he dismounted from his soap-box, and his next words were:

"Who are the scoundrels who pinched my bike?"

Which way?

On the tombstone in Edmonton Churchyard of Charles Lamb, the famous essayist, the centenary of whose death we are celebrating this year, you may read the following epitaph:—

As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you will be,
So pray prepare to follow me."

A wag wrote:—

"To follow you I'm quite content,
But I'm d—d if I know which way you went."

"Have you got an incinerator?" asks an advertisement. We have, but we've given her notice.

Things you don't know

Confetti used at weddings is really supposed to be imitation rice, and the idea of throwing rice at newly-married people originated in the theory that it would drive away evil spirits.

A very pleasant kind of coffee is made from the root of the common dandelion. This beverage is drunk by thousands of people all over the world and cannot be distinguished from real coffee. Get mother to buy some and try it!

Venice is built on a number of islands, the main one of which is tethered to the mainland by a strip of railway viaduct, just as a ship is moored to a dock wall. By order of a past ruler of the "floating" city, all the gondolas were painted jet black, a custom that prevails to this day.

Lewis Carroll, whose real name was Dodgson, was a famous mathematician before he became a writer of stories for children. He wrote a number of very learned books on mathematics and was prouder of those than he was of "Alice in Wonderland."

The Naughty Nineties

As a special treat grannie was taken to the cinema by her dutiful nephew.

Several years had elapsed since her last visit and in the interval sound films had superseded the silent ones.

After the performance the old lady was asked how she liked the change.

"I think it was fine," she joyfully exclaimed; "but I must say I enjoyed the unspeakable ones better."

THE HUNT FOR A BRIDE

... BY SOLOMON. ...

HAVING successfully passed a dozen years in an Indian High School to climb the first six rungs of the great ladder, Satish deemed himself quite worthy to claim the reward of a companion young and beautiful and fair of limb from his well-to-do parents, to make his life more pleasant than it was. He thought he had reached a marriageable age, having seen twenty-two summers, an age denoting the bloom of youth. In more ways than one did he suggest his parents of his desire, but they always said, "O boy, you are still a kid. Do you want to ruin a young soul?" He always thought the old fogies could never understand the hunger, the craving of a young heart.

Satish thought himself a clever man and quite bright. He boasted of originality in his language, the speech, he proclaimed to be flowery and enchanting, and often said, the failure in school was mainly due to the rustic teachers not understanding the beauty that lay in his speech and language. Years after years he tried to convince them what a genius he was but all in vain. It was just as throwing pearls before swines.

Anyway, Satish's parents did not take any heed of his request regarding his marriage, and sent him to the Art School at Bombay. Now that

Satish was away from the influence of his parents, he did not take long in finding a beloved who would marry him. The girl of his choice was, he thought, sweet and modest, and a flower of womanhood itself. She was of a dark complexion, but what of it? Shyam Murari, the divine Lover also was "Shyamal" (dark) in complexion. In fact Satish thought that her dark complexion was as pleasing as the Moon, and showed out the more the brilliance of the two twinkling star-like eyes.

Every morning and evening did she come to the water tap to fetch water in front of Satish's house. Everyday Satish and the pretty maid (?) exchanged a few amorous glances, and after a week had elapsed, Satish made himself bold enough to speak to her, and lo, a sweet melodious reply greeted his ears.

Satish.—(With a deep sigh) Ah, my beloved, I am dying for a word from thy ruby-red lips. Speak, speak.

She.—Ah, my dearest. Why art thou afraid to speak to me? Thou hast been my heart's desire since the first time I saw you. It is destiny that has brought us together. Thou hast been created by God for me and me alone. (Her acting here was marvellous. She would easily have been one of the renowned actresses had she just taken to the stage.)

Satish.—Ah, my sweet one, I love you. Day and night, in slumber and wakeful hours do I see thy lovely face. Say, my beloved, will you marry me? (etc., etc.)

Thus Satish's dream of a wife was going to bear fruit, when as from a slumber he woke to realization. Having come across many a smart and beautiful specimen of girlhood in his College, Satish realized that the choice of his love was not worthy of his marriage. Just then, Satish came to know from his friend Banerjee that his uncle Chatterjee and cousin Nalini were coming for a few days from Calcutta. He also gathered the information from his friend that Nalini was very beautiful and well accomplished.

Here was a chance, he thought, to make a good and brilliant alliance. Bedecking himself in his best attire Satish wended towards the house of Banerjee in order to appease the hunger of his eyes by gazing at the lovely figure of Nalini. There was no Nalini to be seen, and try as he would, with all his high flown flowery speech, could not get a glimpse of her. Everyday did he go to his friend's house, but fortune favoured him not.

He made himself conspicuous in every manner he could think of but without the appreciation of Mr. Chatterjee. Thus the whole week passed off. The next day Banerjee

informed him that Nalini would be going back to Calcutta the next morning. Immediate action was necessary if Satish was to win a bride. Satish's clever brain hit upon a plan. Needless to say he knew well that "All is fair in love and war." He went to Nalini's father and said that he was in love with her, as he knew well, she too loved him, and asked for an interview with her. The old man, enraged at such misbehaviour, took hold of the stick that lay in the corner and plied it well on Satish's back.

DEJECTED at heart, he knew not what to do. Anyway his sole aim and object seemed to be married to some girl. What was he to do? Just then, his maternal uncle died leaving him the sole heir of

his large property. Now that Satish was rich, what more was wanted? He could surely easily get a wife now, for isn't there a saying, "Money makes the mare go"? But what about getting a wife? Should he advertise in the papers? That was the best mode anyway.

Luck seemed to be in his way, for one day a stylish looking gentleman (?) came to him and introducing himself said that he had come across an advertisement as regards Satish's want of a partner in life, and that he was an agent in a Punjab Firm dealing in the same type of material, that he would be pleased to serve Satish. In another minute he pulled out of his pocket a photo of a girl and showed it to Satish. The photo undoubtedly was of a most charming girl hardly out of her teens. Satish was simply overjoyed at his good prospects. Nalini was quite forgotten. What was Nalini before this hour-born damsel? After some higgly haggly about the bargain, Mr. Shamsuddin, the agent, left Satish, after settling the preliminaries and the date of Satish's betrothal, and pocketing

a cheque for Rs. 500/- to meet the expenses. Satish wanted a bride, and wanted her at any cost. What cared he what it cost him. He was ready to spend even hundred times the amount than the paltry sum he had given to the Kha Sab.

Mr. Shamsuddin was not to be seen until after the day of Satish's betrothal was over. Next day, he came to Satish and started saying that the ceremony passed off very happily and also gave the names of the few well-known guests that had attended the occasion. Being questioned by Satish as to why and how he was not there at the ceremony, the Kha Sab simply roared with laughter at the ignorance of Satish, and said, "It's a wonder how you ask me such a foolish question. Ha, ha, ha, just imagine the bridegroom at the bride's place for the betrothal!!" Satish being a fool, thought that he had really said something out of the way and so turned the talk to fixing up the date of his marriage to a very near future date. After great wrangling on the matter of presents etc. and the dowry that ought to be fixed in the name of the

bride, all payable and giveable (if I may be permitted to use such a word) in advance, a date about a fortnight away was fixed for the marriage by the Kha Sab and he again left Satish once again with a small slip of coloured paper with a figure running into four figures.

I wonder if a greater fool than Satish ever lived on this Earth. I have read the story of the four fools in the issue of the Funny dated the 5th August 1934 with great interest, but I doubt very much if any one of them would surpass Satish in foolishness. He wanted a bride, in fact he wanted to be married, no matter what it cost him.

The marriage date passed, but where was the Kha Sab? He did not come neither did he send any message nor brought any news for Satish from his bride. Suddenly, after a week, Kha Sab came to Satish, and started narrating the fun and the frolic, the dances and the dinners that they had in honour of Satish's marriage. Here he showed a list of the purchases he had made for the bride, and there he again showed Satish the amount and the bills of the dinner and the dances he incurred on Satish's behalf. Ah, in what a way he had had to work and slog. He would not care to work so even for his brother. Satish was angry with the Kha Sab, and started something to the effect that this was all tomfoolery, but when he produced from his pocket the lively photo and showed it to Satish, what could he do? Blame him not if he could say nothing more. The pretty moon-like face, with those dimpled cheeks, and the twinkle in her blue-black (I never heard of such a word so far) eyes, were enough to transport him to the seventh heaven (if there be any). He could say nothing more but, "Ah, take me, take me to my darling."

The bloke, I mean the Agent expressed that marriages were no easy things as supposed to be. Satish must have patience. Satish must send presents and gifts to his newly wed wife, and slowly and gradually make advancements in his favour so that his beautiful bride may start loving him. Though not satisfied at the conduct of the Kha Sab, Satish had no other go but to abide by the wishes of his tormentor. Anyway, he sent lot of love and money to buy costly gifts belittling her rank through Mr. Shamsuddin.

Months passed, years too elapsed but the Kha never came back. Day and night Satish could think of nothing else but the beautiful girl of the photo that he had seen. Suddenly, one day, Shamsuddin came to Satish as one dropped from the sky itself and started dancing in joy all around the room. He started singing loudly like a mad fool and shouting that he had brought glad tidings for Satish. Ah! Satish's wife had been blessed with a son, and the child was already four years old. After all, being a fool, what could Satish do but dance and sing and hum like a light hearted bee at the glad tidings? He was cross with the Kha Sab but now that he had brought such glad tidings, he could very easily afford to show generosity.

Ah, a son! He would make him perfect in education. Satish told the Kha Sab that under no circumstances would he remain apart from his dear one. He must be taken to his wife at once. The Kha Sab, the reincarnation of humanity itself, at once agreed. That is why he had come. Satish bedecking himself, in the best of his attire, and after purchasing a lot of sweets and gifts for his dear ones accompanied Shamsuddin. They hired a cab, and having travelled through a good many roads and streets that Satish had never before seen in his life, Shamsuddin stopped the cab near a house and pointed at the dwelling where lived a well-to-do person who had a son of about four years. He told Satish that his wife would be expecting him and there was no necessity of his introducing him and so on as his wife knew him well by his reputation. Satish picking up a small parcel of sweets, went to the house and tapped. A boy of four opened the door, and Satish, thinking him to be his son, picked him up and kissing him, handed him the packet of sweets. The boy, unaccustomed to such funny behaviour, got away from him and ran to his mother with the parcel of sweets. The boy's mother, wondering at the intrusion of a stranger in the house, and noticing the parcel of sweets and the love displayed towards her child, thought that Satish must be some relation of her husband come from some foreign lands. Satish, coaxing the boy to come to him, took the boy on his lap and started dreaming dreams of joy and happiness. Every now and then he would ask the boy where his mother was and at the reply that she was cooking, would relapse into dreaming of affording to

keep a dozen cooks and not allow the beautiful wife to do such dirty work.

In the evening the owner of the house came back from the office, and seeing a stranger sitting in the house with his child, and taking him to be some relation of his wife, went to her to ask her who he might be. When she said that Satish was no relative of hers, he was non-plussed, and coming over to Satish asked him as to who he was, and what had brought him there. Satish, at such absurd questions got enraged. What a question to ask of a person why he had come to his wife's house!!!

Satish told that he had come to stay with his wife and his child. It was he, Satish expressed, that should be annoyed at his interference in the affairs that concerned him (Satish). Well you may imagine the rest. There was a scene on the road and the unjust fellow (?) not caring a bit for the best attire that adorned Satish or either for the flowery language that flowed from his lips, hammered Satish to an inch of his life, and Satish dejected at heart at the injustice of humanity, had to run away from there.

Satish, poor Satish. How was he to pass his life? A life so wearisome and long without a partner to cheer up the moments has formed into a problem that he has been trying to solve. It has been haunting him day and night. There he stands and gazes at the graceful figures advertised on the posters at the Plaza and the Pathe, his clothes all tattered and torn, and laughs a mad laugh, a laugh that denotes his pitiable condition. His relations and friends coming to know of his condition have managed to send him back to his old loving parents, who would surely try to cure him of his marriage mania.

"Father," said the sexton, "is it true that St. Petter was a Jew?"

"Yes," replied the priest. "He was a Jew."

"And St. John was a Jew too?"

"Yes. All of the twelve apostles were Jews."

"Think o' that, now! Think of them fellows lettin' a good thing like the Catholic Church get away from them and into th' hands of th' Rytalians!"

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A Strange Misadventure

BY P. R. ROW.

It was a bright moonlight night. I was going in a palanquin for my marriage to take place in Attili. In those days there were no railways in the taluq where the village is situated. I had travelled some distance from Ellore, from which I had started when the bearers stopped going, and resting the palanquin on the ground, to take some rest, engaged themselves in conversation with one another.

The silvery moonlight allured me to take a pleasant walk along the banks of a stream that ran close by. As I was walking along the banks of the stream, lost in admiration at the sight of nature dressed in her most charming colours. I heard the "Om, Om" of the palanquin-bearers, who was bearing the palanquin to its destination, with a palpitating heart. They

knew of my midnight ramble and would certainly not have moved without me in the palanquin. With a sinking heart, I realized that some one resembling me, had taken my place in the palanquin, and was going to take my place as bride-groom in the marriage to take place at 10 A. M. the next day.

I called aloud to the bearers to stop, but my cry was a cry in the wilderness. Soon, their cries were out of the range of my hearing, and I adding wings to my place, made the best of my way to Attili. But I lost my way, and when the day dawned, I was at Ellore with my friends laughing in their sleeves at my plight. Telling them that the marriage was postponed to the next day, I hired a palanquin and started for Attili. But the bearers happened to be thieves, and depriving

FUNNY NAUGHT

me of the cash I carried in my pockets, left me in the middle of a forest with the hapless palanquin as my sole companion.

I rose up from my prostrate position, and wended my way to Attili. Night had by this time spread its dark mantle over the earth, and not knowing my way, I stumbled in the muddy path. Many were the somersaults and other circus feats I performed in the way. Going some distance, I looked at my watch, and to my great dismay, I found the time to be 10 P. M. Ah! this was the hour when my nuptials were to be celebrated at Attili. I shuddered at the thought of my Lila, my destined bride, in the arms of a stranger, while I was here wallowing in the mud, like a pig, far away from her, who could overcome the irresistible force of destiny, which sweeps away the mighty, as well as the feeble, in its headlong course into the vortex of destruction. I ran like a deer, and when the day broke, I was at the gates of my destined bride's house, my clothes all soiled with mud, and myself presenting a most comic figure with my turban torn, half of it having taken a French leave of the other, and

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my coat and shirt, all torn into shreds and covered with mud.

I introduced myself to a maid-servant of the house, and asked her where the bride-groom was. She laughed at my strange plight, and told me that the bride-groom was out, for long, and that the bride was impatiently waiting for him. I then asked her to take me to her master, as I wanted to speak to him. She took me to my destined father-in-law, seated in his private chamber. I closed the door and seated myself near him.

"Who are you?" he asked. "An uninvited vagabond?" I told him the whole of history of my strange misadventure, producing the letters, that passed between my father and himself, concerning my proposed marriage with his daughter. "I have evidently been deceived, and a strange trick was put upon me by a villain, certainly a native of Ellore, who watching my going in a palanquin to Attili, followed me stealthily, and looking for his opportunity, put himself in my place in the palanquin, and as he was very like me in appearance and similarly dressed, they mistook him for me, and bore the palanquin to Attili.

Convinced of the truth of my story, he sympathised with me, but was at a loss to know what to do to remedy the evil, as the marriage had already been performed, and would not be annulled in any case.

I told him that I had a plan ready, to remedy the evil.

"How? How?" he asked, rubbing his pot-belly which he swelled, of late, with enormous feeding.

"Please give me clothes, similar to those worn by your false son-in-law, who would not return for fear of being detected by me, and thrashed well; I will wear them, and leaving the house secretly, return to your house after a while from a pretended walk. None would discover me to be different from your runaway son-in-law."

"Sabash! Sabash!", said my would-be-father-in-law. "Your plan answers very well, and let us put it into execution," shutting and opening his huge mouth, like a fish out of water in his excitement and joy.

The scheme was well carried out, and I was received by my father-in-law and the others without any suspicion. We all despatched a huge pyramid of *loddus, uppuma, iddilis, thairvadas* etc; and after a while did full justice to a hearty breakfast. The next morning, I returned home with my bride minus my *katnam* of Rs. 5000, which was carried away by the bogus son-in-law. I, however, to lure away suspicion, rattled my cash-box, often, which contained a number of copper coins, and a few silver coins. My beloved Lila was none the wiser for this strange misadventure, but often laughed at my sudden transformation from a glutton into a very sparing eater in one day, and that I kissed her too often on the night of the marriage day.

These words would send a thrill of intense pain through my heart, but I

succeeded in putting an impenetrable mask over my countenance, and so, she was not let into the secret, the memory of which even now chills my heart. I felt, however a deep gratification when, at last, I came upon the pseudo-bridegroom, and made his back acquainted with my cane so well that he roared with pain like a he-buffalo, which he certainly bore a great resemblance to.

At the Gates.

The following story, which I heard last week, has not yet been credited to Mae West. A woman died and appeared presently at the gates of heaven and asked St. Peter if her husband, who had died three years before, was inside. She explained that his name was Jones.

The Saint replied that there were quite a lot of people of that name. What was his Christian name?

"Tom," answered the woman.

"That's still very little to go on," came the reply. "Can you remember what his dying words were?" suggested St. Peter; "as we keep a record of death-bed speeches."

"Yes," said the woman. "I remember very well. His last words were, 'Darling, if ever you are untrue to me I shall turn in my grave!'"

"Ah!" said St. Peter, his features lighting up with recognition, "you mean the man we call 'Revelving Jones!'"

Poor Fellow!

Noting several men sitting disconsolately on a fence near the Zoo, a passing clergyman stopped to speak to them.

"What is the matter with you fellows?" he asked after a few minutes.

"We belong to the Zoo, and Andy, the giraffe, has died," one of them explained gloomily.

"Indeed," murmured the clergyman, sympathetically. "Anyway, I'm glad to know you have such affection for our dumb friends."

"Aw, it's not that," returned the man, in a tired voice. "We got to bury him and we're thinking of the hole we'll have to dig."

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Closing date: 15th October, 1934.

HOW TO WIN

Below you are given 10 rows of Jumbled words with clues against each row. From those you have to pick up the letters that form the word which conforms with the meaning given by the clue given against each row. After picking up the letters you have to arrange them in the form of the word and enter them in the coupon. For example in No. 1, the letters ETIUQS are given. The clue for that row is Calm. From the letters ETIUQS the word QUIET which conforms with the clue Calm can be picked up. So the solution for No. 1 is QUIET. Similarly from the other rows also words can be picked up.

As you find the solutions, write them on the Special Entry Coupon given in the next page and post your attempts with an entrance fee of one anna in stamps to reach the Funny Magzin Office not later than the closing date 15th 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 annas stamps [1½ annas 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.

Jumbled Words.

Clues.

1. ETIUQS
2. ILODSU
3. AEPRS
4. IGEFBZ
5. ABBDEY
6. EPELL
7. CEIJP
8. AMPTR
9. COELK
10. APRTW

1. Calm
2. Figure
3. To cut down
4. A Fruit
5. Infant
6. SKIN
7. A copper coin
8. Moves on wheels
9. Fuel
10. To Strike

Results of the 'Clue Words' Competition



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

- | | | | | |
|----------|------------|----------|----------|-------------|
| 1. CITY. | 3. KING. | 5. ZINC. | 7. COVE. | 9. ELUDE. |
| 2. GALE. | 4. KUREMA. | 6. LURE. | 8. SLIT. | 10. BACKET. |

The first Prize of Rs. 75 has been won by the following successful competitors.

1. Miss Ennie Grace Amos, C/o. Jaya Amos, Mission House, Arcot.
2. Mrs. K. Singari Ammal, C/o. S. Padmanabachari B.A., B.L., Public Prosecutor (Rannad), West Vell Road, Madura.
3. Davidson P. Amos, C/o. John V. Amos, Mission House, Arcot.
4. V. D. Jesudas, Headmaster, Vembar, (via) Vilatikulam, Tinnevely Dt.
- 5 & 6. N. K. Iyer, Gulampuri, Amraoti, Berar.
- 7 & 8. N. Rathinam, Ry. Contractor, Chitavadigai, Hospet.
9. P. S. Govindan, S/o, Rajabathar Naicker, Paddy dealer, Trivellore.

EACH GETS Rs. 8—5—0.

The Second Prize of Rs. 50 has been won by the following competitors.

1. Mrs. T. V. Ramanamma, Member District Educational Council, Vizagapatam.
2. Mrs. C. Chelliah, Mistress, A. M. C. O. Bdg. School, Manamadura.
- 3 to 8. Mrs. K. S. Singari Ammal, C/o. S. Padmanabha Chari, B.A., B.L., Public Prosecutor, West Vell Road, Madura.
9. Mrs. M. P. Lakshmi, Badagara.
10. Miss. P. Tara Bai, VI Form, Bd. High School, Puttur, S. Kanara.
11. Mrs. Janakammal C/o Sambamoorthy, Post Office, Mysore.
12. K. B. S. Prasad, C/o Exoise S.I., Repalle, Guntur Dt.
13. M. S. Loganatha Mudaliar, "Swadale" Vepery, Madras.
14. A. Subramanian, C/o. K. Athmanathan, News Agent, Kuttalam.
15. T. V. Thiruvengkatachari, School master, 'Venkata Vilas' Thirukoilur.
16. P. D. Oke, 'Gokhaleswara' New Moon Lane, Sitabaldy, Nagpur.
17. K. Siva Subramanyam, 20-A, Napier Road, Cuddalore.
18. T. A. Balakrishna Reddy, Gundla St., Cuddapah.
- 19 & 20. K. A. Sami Naidu, Postal Clerk, Chittoor.
- 21, 22, 23. H. V. Radhakrishna, Town Middle School, Chikmagalur.
- 24 to 36. N. K. Iyer, Gulampuri, Amraoti, Berar.
37. K. Sitaramachary, Teacher, Rama Higher Elementary, School, Pithapuram, East Godavari Dt.
38. P. Lakshminarain Rao, The Modern Hindu Hotel, Ellore.
- 39 & 40. G. Shandass, C/o. R. A. Deva Raja Mudaliar & Co., T. Bark Mundy, Oppanakara St., Coimbatore.
41. A Ramasamy Ayyangar, 10 Muthialu Chetty St., Vepery P. O. Madras.
42. K. Doraisamy Ayengar, Stamp vendor, Kangayam, (via) Erode.
43. Narayanasami Ayer, Pensioner, Kallor Village, Chandrajiri Post, Chittoor Dt.
44. K. C. Subbannah, Kabbahalli, Gundlupet Tq.
45. T. S. Sivaprakasam, 83, Andar St. Teppakulam, Trichinopoly.
46. R. Ramakrishnan, C/o. S. Rajaratna Mudaliar, Mettur Project, Salem.
- 47 to 51. Yacoub Ahmed Mamsa, 144, China St. Rangoon.
- 51 to 57. N. Rathnam, Ry. Contractor, Chitavadigai, Hospet.
- 58 & 59. P. S. Govindan, S/o, Rajaratnam Naicker, Paddy dealer, Trivellore.

The additional Prizes of Rs. 15, 6 & 4 have been won by the following competitors.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1. N. Rathinam, Ry. Contractor, Chitavadigai, Hospet. | [Rs. 15—145 solutions.] |
| 2. N. K. Iyer, Gulampuri, Amraoti, Berar. | [Rs. 6—189 entries.] |
| 3. H. V. Radhakrishnan, Town Middle School, Chikmagalur Post, Mysore State. | [Rs. 4—24 entries.] |

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 2½ as. [1½ as. the price of the coupon + 1 anna the entrance Fee].

2. The solutions must reach Funny Magzin office before the evening of 15th 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, "Jumbled Words" 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 "Jumbled Words" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 5th November 1934.

(Cut along the line)

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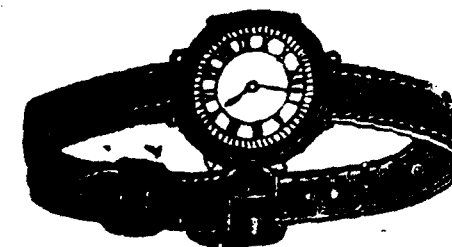
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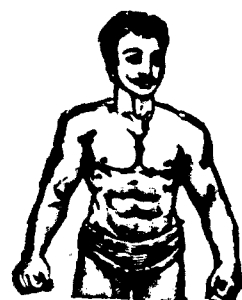
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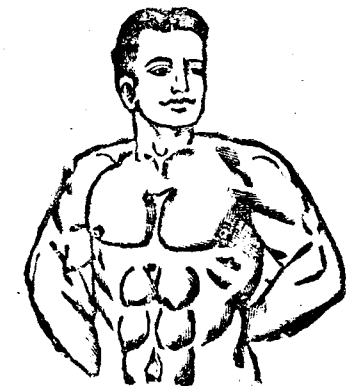
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