



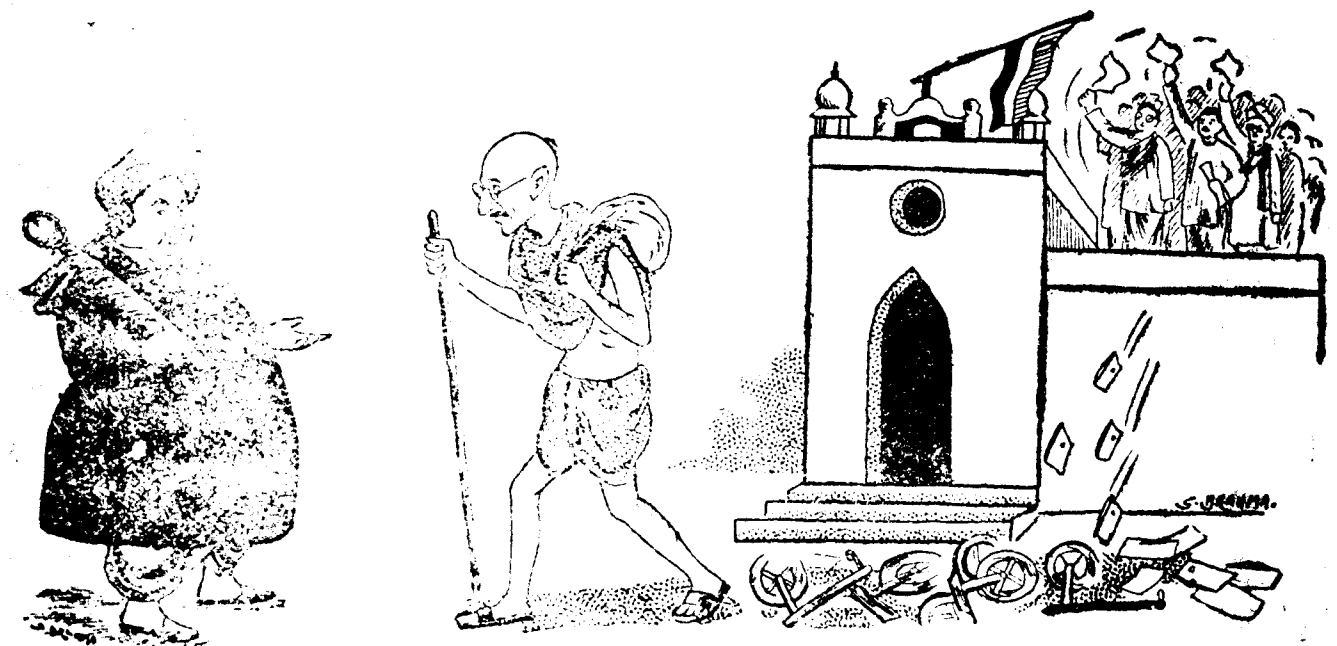
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Vol II.

MADRAS, 5th OCTOBER, 1934.

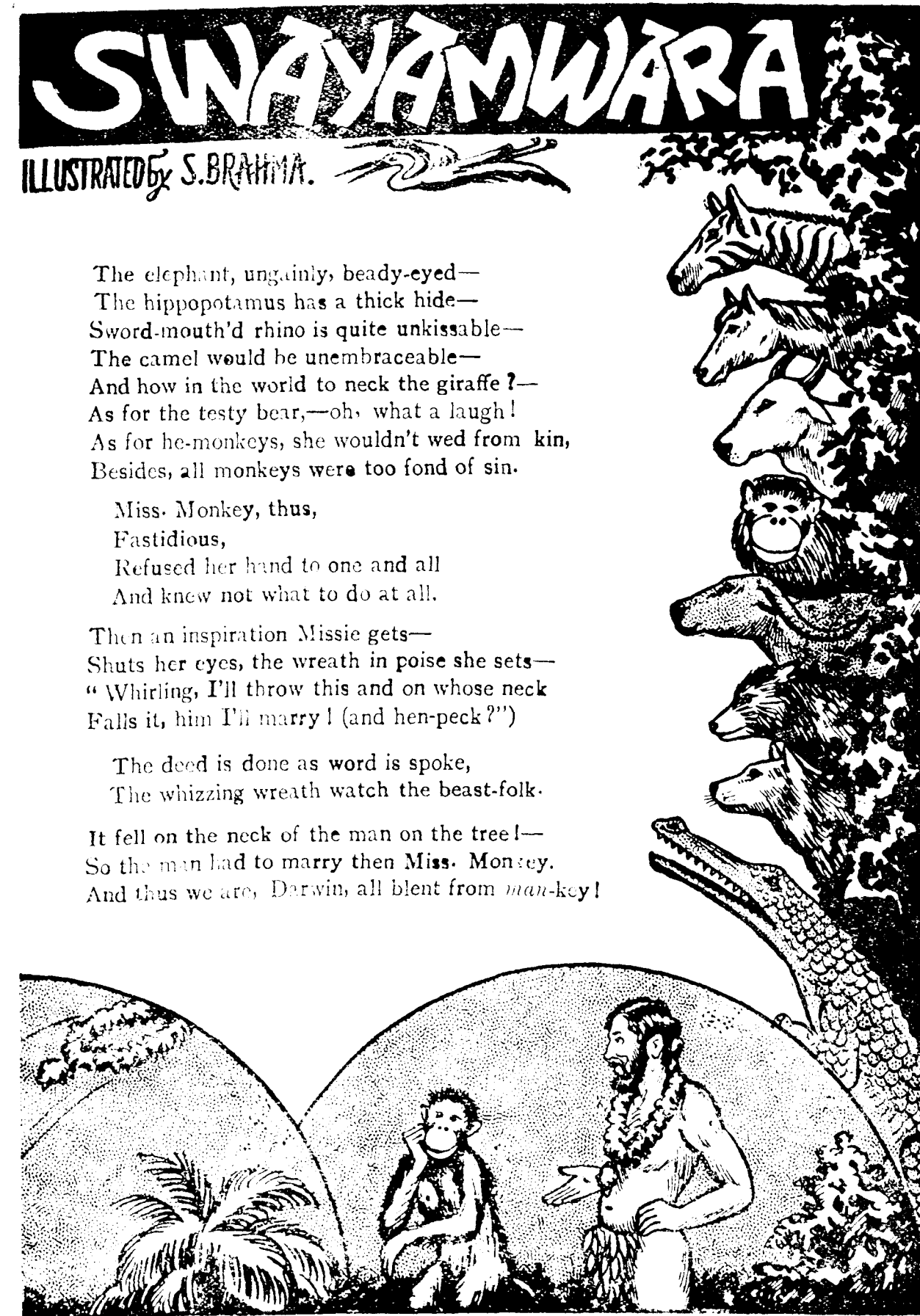
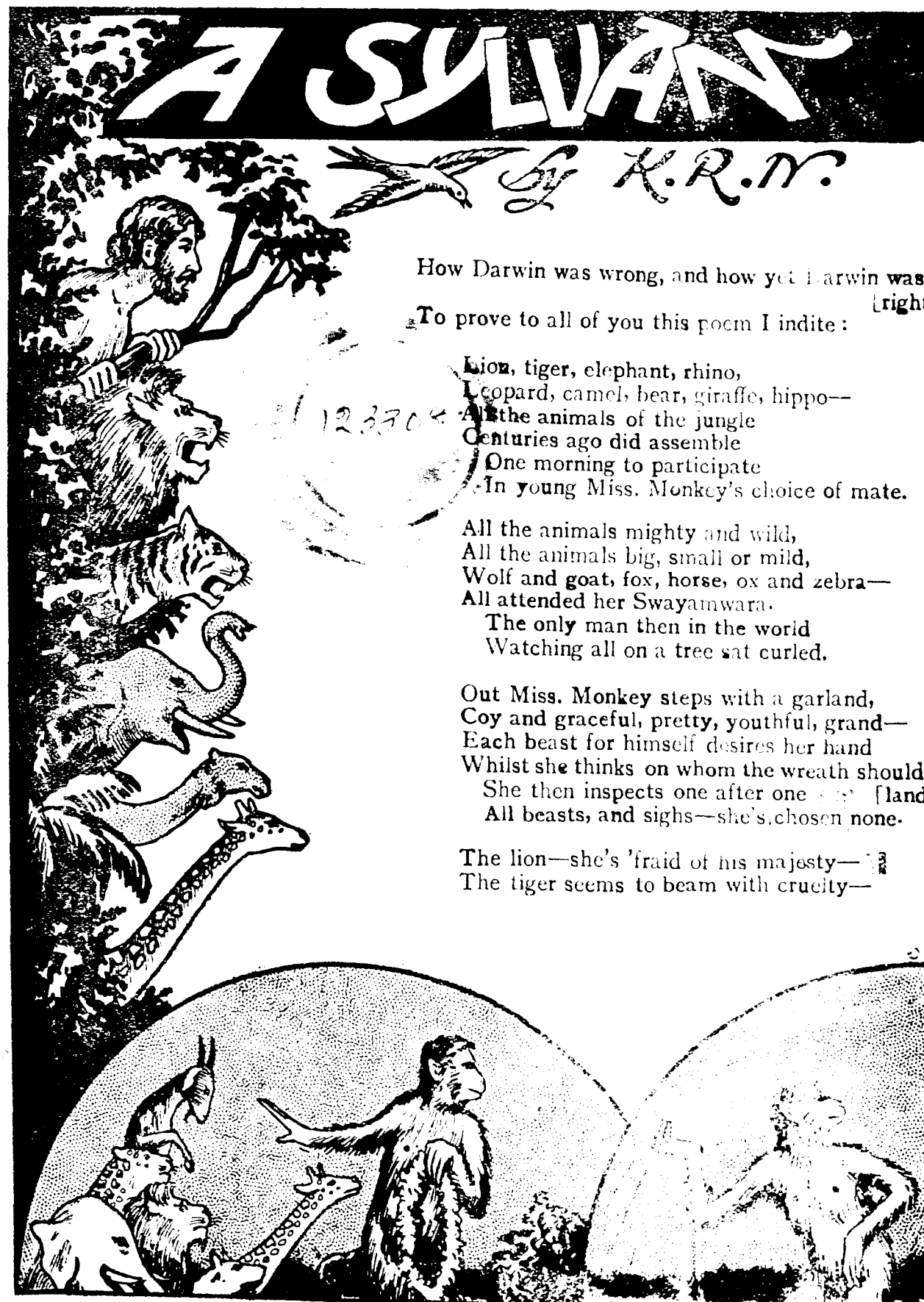
No. 5.

Good Bye, One Long Good Bye to Congress
Farewell, My Friends, Sorry to Part; but Part we must
Cannot Bear Khaddar and Wheel to run to waste
Maybe my Name and Creed are War-Cries for selfish ends;
Indeed they are more Traded on than Trusted in.
No, Go I must
Lest my Good Khaddar should be used to corrupt the world.



*Bhai Funzin:—*What a pity, Mahatmaj! that you should think of retiring! Yet, even you perhaps should not linger too long on the Stage. If to quiet you must go, many you find it as you so well need it.

*Mahatma Gandhi:—*My Ways and Views are all but gone, Friend Funzin. If they remain, they are retained only by those who wish to strike the best bargains for their own purposes. Neither did I expect to face such deterioration of my ideals nor can I endure such a change even though my so-called followers should wish me to stay on in the Congress till at least their purposes are served. Good-bye, Bhai Funzin.





FUNNY MAGNIN

When a dictator dies what happens?

We guess they bury him.

'The cost of living is still going up'

It seems there is such a demand for it.

Things do not always develop as one expects them.

Snap shots, for instance.

'Why does a girl never catch a ball like a man?' asks a reader.

Because a man is easier to catch!

'It is not so easy loving your neighbour like yourself'

Unless she is young and pretty.

'Troubles never come single'

For example you never have only one measles.

'I cannot do anything without my wife' confesses an eminent financier.

Most men can't do a thing with theirs!

'Why do women talk from morning to night?'

Because they sleep the rest of the time.

'The man who rushes about heedless of what he is doing, or where he is going, will not get anywhere'

Except perhaps the hospital.

'My parents wanted me to be a clergyman, but instead I've become a jockey, confesses man.

He will probably bring a lot more people to repentance than as a clergyman.

OCTOBER 5, 1934

Under Aunt's Orders.

— By "RUBIKON" —

Rat-Tat-Tat.

"Yes, please," said I.

Rat-Tat-Tat!

"Well, well?" I called out.

have divined it could be none other than Manju who could be up

"What do you mean, I say, Manju? Don't be silly, Manju. Why won't you speak?" I almost appealed to her to hide a small anger just then rising in within me.



Silence still, but with a smile this time.

"What the hell do you mean? Manju, surely you had enough of this dumb fun. I say, just speak out. What is the joke about?"

Silence and smile: add to it a stare at me.

"Manju, you know I have got some hard task before me to get through. Good, you have come though, for the life of me I never expected you. But having come, if you are not going to speak..."

Manjari stared at me. Still silent, she questioned me with her right hand what I meant.

"What I mean is, if you are going to tease me with your dumb pantomime and will not speak because you are silly enough to think that you are playing a superb joke, better, Manju, you

Rat-Tat-Tat!

"How do you mean? Simply absurd to be knocking away like that," I muttered as I got up and opened the door of my sanctum only to find—Manjari! A moment's thought—well, I might

to such little tricks. But the truth is I did not expect her and never at that time—about tea-time.

"What do you mean, Manju?"

Silence.

I am a victim of unlucky thirteen, confesses a fair reader.

Twelve jurors and a judge, eh!

A reader wants to know how he could prevent his daughter's young man from visiting his house often.

We advise him to make him his son-in-law!

Since I've given up eating meat I've had a desire to climb to greater heights!

Looking for nuts we suppose!

'I should have been an incurable drunkard, if it had not been for tremendous will-power.'

Your wife?

'What evidence is there for the common assertion that women are extravagant where clothes are concerned?'

So far as the western folks are concerned there is a material evidence.

'Evidence this long letter, but could you suggest an ideal place to go to during the Summer Vacation?' queries a reader.

We could, but we are too polite.

We hear of a conjurer, who bound hand and foot on the stage, escapes easily.

Well, certainly he is bound to succeed!

How do you get electricity? By pressing the switch, of course.

'Do you know anything about motor-cars?'

Yes; about a thousand jokes.

They say that a man's hair is his best friend.

But even the best of friends fall out!

at least leave me to my work," I answered.

She asked me by signs whether I wanted her to go.

I stood silent: it was my turn.

Manjari smiled: nodded her lovely head, turned towards the door and started.

"No, no, Manju, I didn't actually ask you to leave the room. Surely if you are going to be childish, I am not going to be rude. Never, never have I been rude to any born being. Still less to you, dear Manju. But come out, Manju, do speak, won't you?" I again appealed.

She broke out into a loud laugh, as much as to say that her threat of leaving has had the desired effect, and then she beckoned for my writing pad and pencil: which I gave her.

She wrote, "Under Aunt's orders."

Yes, we have our aunt, Aunt Abhirama, in common. Not quite sure whether it is mere regard or terror we entertain towards her. But Manjari is her special ward—she has been under care from infancy. Aunt Abhirama had two sisters. With the second sister, Manju's mother, she was on the best of terms, because Aunt said that was the sister after her heart.

Aunt Abhirama, herself childless, lived with Sessa her first sister. But her conduct and behaviour were all so annoying to Aunt that she left her. Aunt Abhirama was a bit stern as we said, but cranky as others would say. For instance, the first point of misbehaviour on the part of Aunt Sessa was that after she had three boys, Aunt Abhirama insisted that her fourth should be a girl. Not only had there been enough of boys, it was high time, Aunt Abhirama said, that Aunt Sessa had a girl, at least because she liked a girl more than a boy. But Aunt Sessa, without the slightest consideration to the feelings of Aunt, gave birth to a boy, and that for the fourth time. This, Aunt Abhirama naturally treated

as a personal affront. And seeing that she had a monthly rental income of about a thousand rupees, not to mention the Bank deposit in six figures, all our friends and relations were of opinion that Aunt Sessa did serious violence to the tender feelings of Aunt Abhirama. There were differences between Aunt and her sister, also in the matter of the upbringing of the boys. But the final parting came about when Aunt's husband and Sessa's husband had both an attack of typhoid; and poor Aunt Abhirama's husband passed away.

That was the last straw. It broke with a powerful snap: for, Aunt Abhirama said that it was some peculiar contrivance of Sessa's that while her husband should escape and survive, she lost her husband, though the disease, doctor, and doses were all the same; why should death overtake her husband? She felt after that blow to her heart, she could not even face such an unsisterly sister as Sessa.

It was then that Manju was born to Aunt's other sister. This, Aunt regarded as a most unmistakable proof of her sincerity and love for herself: ever after, alone as she was, she took under palatial shelter, Manjari and her parents.

That after these ungrateful exhibitions, Manjari and her parent's should pay the greatest attention to Aunt's feeling and carry out her desires, is only natural on the part of any loving sister. So that when Manju wrote "Under Aunt's orders", on the pad, I could understand the reverence that the good girl showed to the mandate of Aunt.

"And what are those blooming orders of Aunt?" I asked, still unable to understand this boycott of speech.

Manju wrote: "I am not to speak with you or even touch you, says Aunt."

"Why not? She is as much my Aunt as yours. Why should you not speak to me, I wonder," I asked.

Manju wrote, "Look here, I am just come to tell you what Aunt told me. We have to obey her. So I am here to tell you what she told me. She thinks that, related as we are, we should not be moving with each other so closely."

"You think she is right?" I asked.

"I am not discussing the justice or correctness of it. But don't you think Aunt is right?" wrote Manju.

"Manju, my girl, does Aunt mean to break our tie? What does she mean?" I asked almost moaning.

Manju wrote, "Aunt said nothing like that."

"Are we not to meet?"

Manju wrote, "So far as I can understand, she has not banned our meeting."

"Manju, dear girl," I asked, "will you not give me a kiss? You know till we are married, as our parents intend doing, have you not been giving me a kiss somehow or other every day?"

"Right you are," she wrote.

"Will you not give me that kiss? Dear Manju," I begged.

"Surely, that would mean that we throw Aunt's orders to the winds," wrote Manju.

"Then are my days to be dark and miserable without a kiss?" I asked.

"Why should you think so? You are as silly as you said I was. I said that Aunt banned my even touching you," wrote Manju smiling.

"Then?" I looked dense.

"Then? You idiotic son of India, it means, to be plain to my Sancho Panza, it only means, there is nothing in Aunt's orders to prevent your touching me," wrote Manju and threw out a laugh of contempt.

But that was enough.

I pounced upon Manju, my beloved girl and smothered her all over with kisses with even greater satisfaction as nothing was done in violation when we were "Under Aunt's Orders."



STORED
BY
K. R. N.

Fish May Have Gang Feuds.

Yes, sir, why not? Suppose you and your friends as well as I and my friends had a great deal of fire-arms left with us, and we hated being idle, wouldn't we start gang-feuds just for the bumping fun of it? Similarly fish may soon be having gang fights in the Atlantic. How? you ask me. Well, read on the following bright paragraph called for your delectation from "Street & Smith's Detective story Magazine":



"We have our gang-land; fish may now have their 'gang-sea.' They have all the implements, at any rate. Seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of fire-arms was dumped into the Atlantic Ocean, in forty fathoms of water. Down to a watery grave went sawed-off shot-guns, revolvers, machine guns, brass knuckles, blackjacks,

daggers, knives and other paraphernalia, so necessary to the hardened criminal and law-breaker.

"In accordance with New York City's charter, this rite has to be performed every year. All the weapons taken from gangsters are saved for the ceremonial day while manufacturers of firearms bend their backs to their machines and make up the deficit.

"It has been suggested that the guns be sold to reliable persons or even be sold as scrap iron, but no, the makers of the city charter could only think of one thing to do with collected firearms and that was to dump them in water to prevent further usefulness. Forty fathoms and a soft mud-and-sand bottom preclude the possibility of any deep-sea diver retrieving them. It was said that one year the crew who assisted in dumping the weapons tried, after ten minutes, to pick up some of them with grappling hooks but failed to get even one."

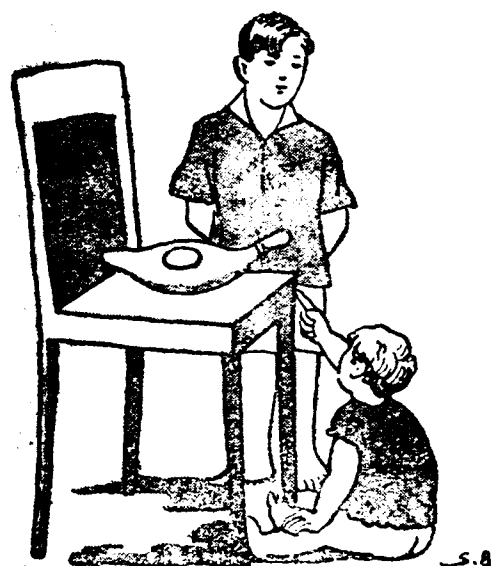
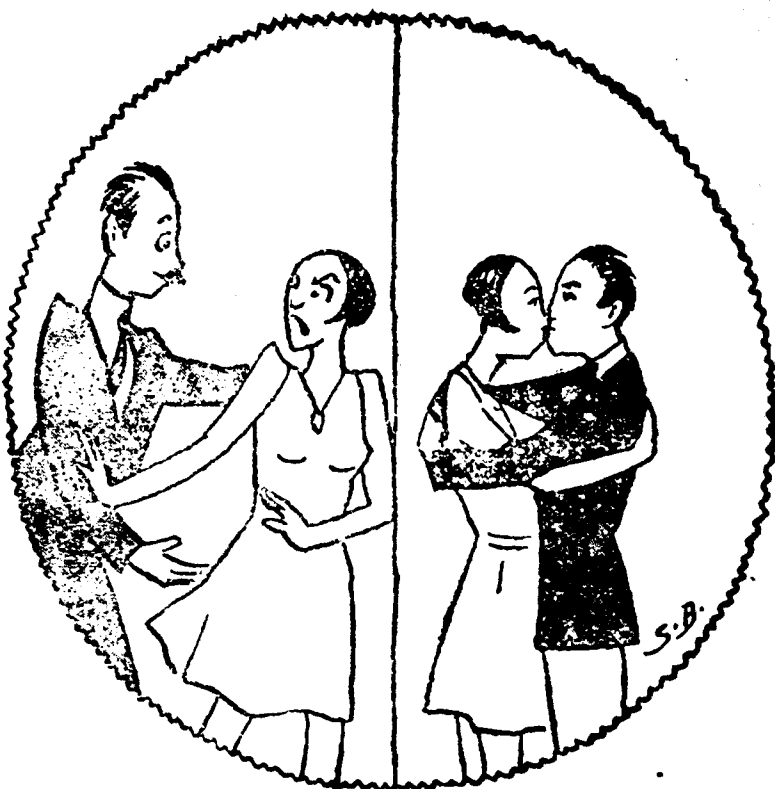
Some Clubs—

There are clubs and clubs all over the world but one of the queerest seems to me to be the one started by some young girls in Russia. Dismissing the Anti-kiss league, a writer proceeds to state in the pages of the "Kablegram":

"Akin to that of kissing is the subject of sanitary moustaches. A Close Shave Association, whose members are young girls, has decreed that the moustache must go in every instance. The girls declare that they would rather be kissed by the clean-shaven sliok than by a real be-man with whiskers. Some of the ladies, however, are not so sweeping in their condemnations, and admit that their osculatory experiences have not been sufficiently wide to determine whether the thrill of a kiss and the sensation going with it, comes from the bare lips

or the magnetism of a be-whiskered mush.

"There are those of the opposite sex who feel that this association was formed to take away the very few remaining rights still possessed by man. Besides, what inconsistency, when one sees how these girls bury their faces up to their ears in the fur of of an imported chow dog! Besides, nature seems to have intended that man was to be be-whiskered, like all creatures that are fur-bearing. Who ever heard of a bear or chipmunk shaving? One embittered gentleman says that, in order to enjoy a kiss—not the common garden variety—it is necessary for the man to have at least a trace of a moustache to serve as an aerial to send a message to the osculatory receiving set possessed by the girl, provided there is no grid leak."



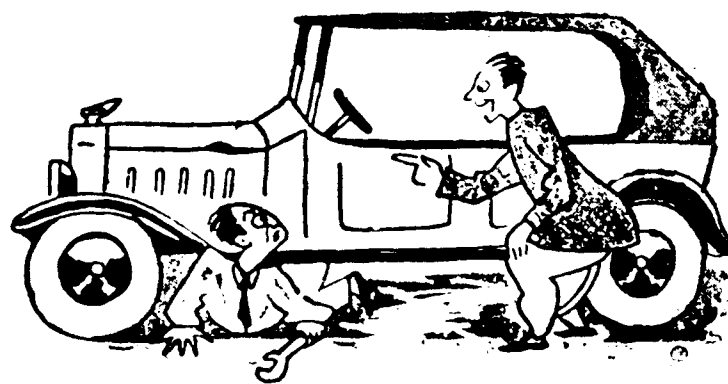
"I'm fed up on that,"
said the baby—
pointing to the high-chair.

For Special Prizes for Children

— See Pages 25 & 26 —

BACK-CHAT

... BY A. C. PETERS. ...



... "I am just playing hide-and-seek" ...

AN open-air preacher requested all those members of his congregation who wanted to go to Heaven to stand up. Almost the whole congregation stood up with the exception of a blank-looking man. The preacher fixed him with a glittering eye, and asked him if he did not wish to go to Heaven. "Not immediately," replied the blank-looking man, still seated.

Most of you have heard this joke. If you hav'n't, it is because you are a graduate. If you have, you are like our Editor, who seems to know all the jokes in Creation. Although I have no passion for collecting fountain-pens, nor do I intend opening a stationery shop at a later date, but every time I send him a joke, expecting a fountain-pen, and ask him if it is o. k. for publication, he returns it to me post-haste marked o. j. (old-joke). This is enough to drive anybody to pneumonia,

consumption, cough or even a cold.

To revert to our topic. There are fools and there are idiots, there are bores and there are disgusting people in this world. These people see the obvious, and yet ask you a question. It is for such people that a good knowledge of back-chat, or retort-churlish, as Shakespeare has called it, is absolutely essential. If you have slipped and fallen heavily on a muddy road on a rainy day, with your best suit on, and your appearance is not very dissimilar to an old 502 B. C. Egyptian mummy, dug up somewhere in America, and one of your pals happens to come there and asks you, "did you fall down, old chap," will you not feel inclined to hasten his entrance to a very hot place, somewhere beyond Madras?

You do, of course, you do, and even the Editor will agree that he also does, although he has already pawned his best

suit. Now, which is better, under such circumstances, which is the lesser evil of the two, to make a corpse of your friend or give him a back-chat? It is better to give him a back-chat, of course. Now again suppose that one day you arrive at your office with a black-eye, and your next-desk man asks you, seeing, realising, understanding, and comprehending the whole situation, "Are you married, old chap?" Now is it better to throw the ruler at him or to tell him, "Not me, boy, it was just your wife in a pugnacious mood." Given a choice between murder and back-chat I am always in favour of BACK-CHAT.

MOST of you know the story of a man badly bruised and bandaged all over, who walked into a famous Surgeon's study. This doctor bloke looked at him long and attentively, and then asked, "Have you had an accident?" "No, I have just been blowing bubbles," replied the hurt one. Now if this fellow murdered the doctor, no jury would convict him of murder. It would be just another case of extreme and grave provocation.

The other day a friend of mine, a graduate, came to see me. He burst into my room just when I was thinking thoughts and making schemes which would even shame Al Capone, Crippen, or Jack the Ripper. The fact was that this ED. chap had returned one of my Mss. (not Mrs.) and I was in none too good a mood. My friend took the whole situation in at a glance, and patting me on the back said, "Oh, don't worry, old chap, the skies are always blue." The Bally Ass did not realise that although the skies were blue I was not

going up there yet. My thoughts, just then, were far from suicide. I did not tell him that, although I wanted to, but one has to make allowances at times, especially if one happens to love a graduate's sister.

Wife:—Have you drawn your salary to-day, Harry?

You:—Yours, dear, yours, not mine.



... a man badly bruised and bandaged ...

I am now going to write a Dictionary of Back-Chats, and it will be worth your while to send me ten rupees in advance for a copy of this unique work, when it is ready. To secure your order, and give you an idea of what this indispensable work is going to be like, I give below a few samples.

Before you use any of these back-chats in real life it is advisable to write out your last Will and Testament, appoint your executor, murderer, and heir, get your life insured, if not done yet, perform your last penance, pilgrimage, or Confession ceremony, and get ready. LOOK OUT.....

Friend:—Don't lose heart, Bob, never say die, till you are dead.

You:—But how the hell can one say that when he is dead.

Friend:—Hello, John, have you been alright?

You:—And what makes you think that I have not been alright?

Wife:—Dear, I have seen a brand new design in hats, at Whiteaways.

You:—But the woman next door hasn't purchased one yet.

Editor:—Why don't you improve the quality of your writing?

You:—Why don't you improve the quantity of your payments?

Friend:—Have you cut yourself with a razor?

You:—Oh, no, I was just experimenting to see if this razor will cut flesh.

Pal:—You see, Tom, every cloud has a silver lining.

You:—Yes, but I am not taking up aviation yet.

You:—Yes, but people are so wary now-a-days, you simply can't pluck them.

Editor:—I am afraid I shall not be able to use your Mas.

You:—Can't you even cook it and eat it?

Father:—Exams. are near now, work hard and let me see you pass.

You:—Well, I have written all the important answers on my coat-sleeve.

Editor:—I shall pay you ten rupees for this article.

You:—Oh, that doesn't matter, you can pay ten annas if you like.

Neighbour:—I am sorry to hear your wife is ill, is it dangerous?

You:—She is too weak to be dangerous anymore.

Uncle:—It's terrible, John, I never thought you drank.

You:—It's never too late to mend, uncle, you can buy us a bottle now.

Pal:—Has anything gone wrong with your car?

You:—Nothing at all, I am just playing hide-and-seek under it.

Sage:—It's the early bird that catches the worm.



... "had returned one of my MSS." ...

Father:—Don't forget, my boy, hard work is the only thing that leads to success.

You:—It's too late now, dad, they have got machines installed all over.

Grand-pa:—Pluck and nothing but pluck alone will push you up now.

You:—Serves the worm right for rising early.

Pal:—Don't get discouraged, there's always room on the top.

You:—True, true, many a fellow's skull opened contained nothing in it.

Wife:—Do you know that curiosity killed a cat?

You:—What was she curious about?

Uncle:—Balance is what is most essential, balance in diet, balance in rest and work, balance in mind.

You:—But, dear Uncle, I still prefer a good balance in the bank.

Old man:—Can you support my daughter?

You:—Of course, I can, and if she has a pet canary even I can also support her.

Friend:—Don't lose heart, Old bean, every dog has his day.

You:—That's where the hitch is—I am not a dog.

Pal:—There's a woman's hair on your shoulder, John.

You:—Really? I am afraid your wife will have to see a hair-specialist.

Boss:—I am sorry, Mr. Albert, But I cannot give you any increase just now.

You:—That's o.k. chief—I have not been working very hard myself of late

and finally we come to:

You:—This article is not very nice.

Author:—Who the devil told you to read it?

And so, Cheer-is, Friends.

He was an enthusiastic but unskilful golfer

"You know," he confided to his caddie, "I seem to be improving. Can you see any difference?"

"Yes," replied the fed-up caddie; "you've 'ad your 'air out."

"I never eat sweets," declares a millionaire chocolate manufacturer. Evidently he hasn't the courage of his confections.

"Ever been in a railway accident?"

"Once. A very bad one. In a tunnel I kissed the father instead of the daughter."

GENT.: "What is the height of your ambition, my son?"

SON: "The top of a telegraph pole at a football match, sir."

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

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

The tenant was complaining to his landlord about vermin.

"What would you say if I told you there were mice over a foot long in the cellars?" he asked.

"Rats!" was the terse reply.

"Do you know that your wife is going about telling everybody that you can't keep her in clothes?"

"That's nothing. I bought her a home and can't keep her in that either."

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SUPPLIED
BY
K. R. Seshadri.

From 'A kid from Spain':—

1. Rosalie: "I'm half-undressed. Please don't look at me."

Eddie: "All right. I will keep one eye closed."

2. Recordo: "I love her very much. I dream of her every night."

Eddie: "Next time you dream of her, pay her my regards, will you?"

3. Customs official: "Say, what's the matter with your eyes? Need glasses?"

Eddie: "Yes, with beer in them."

4. Eddie to customs official: "Did you hear this one about my uncle? One day he fell into the well, and what do you think he did? Why, he kicked the bucket!"

5. Lover of Rosalie, (Eddie's rival), to Eddie: "Do you know what I am going to do to you? Tear off your head and throw it there, pull off your hands and fling them here, cut off your legs

and hang them there, and such like. Now, what do you call that?"

Eddie: "Why, that's me all over!"

6. Rosalie: "You are my cave-man lover."

Eddie: "Yes, one kiss and I cave-in."

From 'Cuckoo' with Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey:—

1. "Do you promise to love me as long as I live?"

"That depends on how long you live."

2. "I have never been kissed before!"

"Before when?"—Bob Woolsey.

3. Bert Wheeler: "Nobody has kissed you to night?"

June Clyde: "Not yet!"

4. "Can you be true to one girl?" (asked the very stout lady to whom Bob Woolsey makes love)

"One girl? Why you are five girls!"

From "Sons of the Desert".

1. Hardy: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Laurel: "Jack who?"

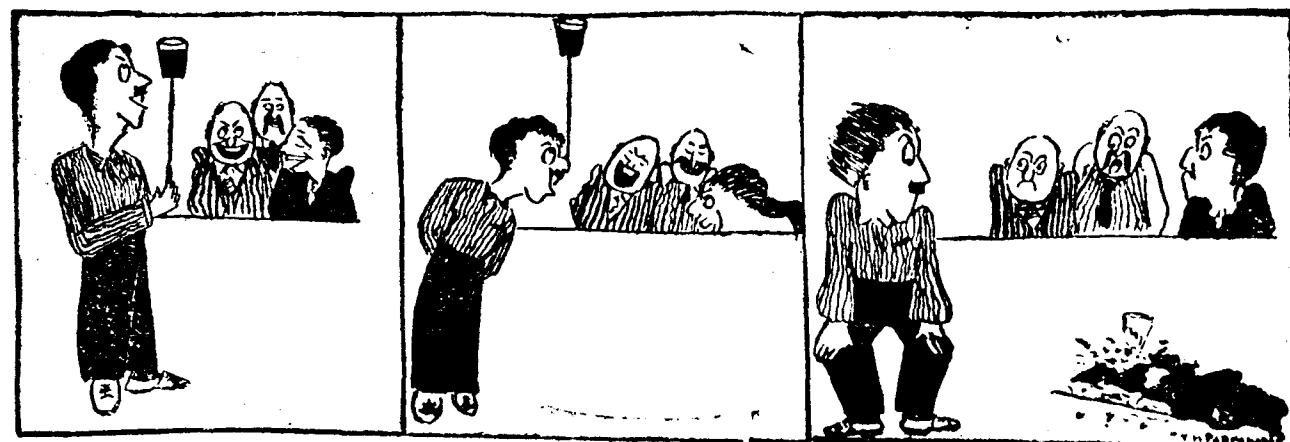
2. Hardy: (lying to wife) "And then when we found it was no longer safe to be in the boat, we dived off. Did n't we, Stan?"

Laurel: (corroborating) "Yes, we did. Just when the boat was going down for the third time."

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

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

AT HIS WIT'S END.



TO LET

BY A. S. RAO.

The young man wanted a room very badly. His need for a cosy, neat-looking room was as great as his need for a cosy, neat-looking (if not good looking) bit of femininity to cheer up his drab and lonely life.



In fact, he needed such a room in order to meet therein such a girl, a prospective wife. He had corresponded with one who had advertised in the matrimonial columns of a daily and she had expressed a desire to meet him in person and have a talk with him. He had all along corresponded with her giving her his address as c/o of a certain post office, and she had also written to him from under cover of another post office.

All along, he had partnered a dirty bovel of a room with a measly friend of his. Now, that wouldn't do. He must have a separate room, well-ventilated and well-furnished—chairs, tables, sofas, and, yes a bed, preferably double one, better.

He saw scores of rooms. One was averse to letting in air; another did its best to defy the sun; yet others somehow brought out excellent arguments as to why they should be left severely alone. Yes, there were two



that would have suited him to a 't', but the jinx was at his heels. For one was of a prohibitive rent, and the second, in spite of the to-let board, had, he learned, been already booked.

To the land-lord of the first the youth remarked in scathing accents:

"I want to rent a room—not purchase one." To the land-lord of the second, he started to say something equally withering but noticing the biceps of the house-owner's son, he just swallowed and meekly strolled out.

He was thinking of postponing the hunt to a more auspicious day when he caught sight of an alluring and dainty morsel of womanhood gazing into the street with soulful eyes from out of the window of a certain house. A quick glance bore him the message that the house flaunted the legend too.—To let, Enquire within.

Which he promptly set about to do.



Inside the house, the girl came forward to meet him. There was a servant maid busy at the tap, but no other human beings could be discerned.

"I want a room!" announced the youth in Tamil.

"Shall I show it to you or will you wait till my brother comes?" She asked, in good English.

Thrilled to the core, he replied hastily, "I am in a hurry. Please show it yourself."

It was a front room. Not bad for a room, not good for the rent she quoted. But the young man did not pay much attention to the details of the room. His eyes were busy paying attention to the details of something else. Rather, some one else.

At this juncture, the brother of the girl stepped into the stage.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

Startled, the room-seeker made a hasty survey of the room. He turned to the brother of the girl (who had now disappeared from the scene) and said, "I'll take this room. Shall I pay you advance now?"

The brother coned him over from head to heel.

"What are you?" he boomed.

"I work in the Govt. audit department," replied the youth and added: "80 rupees a month."

"Where were you staying before?"

"With a friend."

"No family, eh?"

"No—still single."

"Good. The rent is twelve rupees. Conditions: no visitors allowed, no late coming in the night, no obscene songs in the room, and one month's notice on either side. O. K.?"

The youth gulped down something. "You mean to say no visitors should come to the room at all?"

"Well, not exactly. Not if there won't be any hubbub. But certainly no female visitors, mind you!"

Then the youth felt constrained to explain to the brother the purpose for which he mainly wanted the room.

And, surprisingly enough, the brother burst into an uproarious fit of laughter. Tears ran down his cheeks mirth.

"Hey, you!" bellowed the youth, flushing, "what are you laughing at?"

"Well, well!" squeaked the brother struggling out of his laughter, "isn't this a funny world! You want a room so that you could meet therein a certain girl, eh?"

"Is there anything funny in that?"

"There is. That girl is here already!"

"What! you must be joking. Even if you refer to your sister, she is not in the room now! Tell me, was it your sister that corresponded with me?"

The brother burst into another round of laughter.

"Oh, no, no. How funny! Just for amusement, I tried to pull off a practical joke. It was I who advertised and who corresponded with you. Ha, ha, what a joke!"

The youth grew purple in the face and was about to explode into a torrent of invective when he caught sight of something it was the sister of the practical joker, winking at him furiously from near the tap.

That wink did the trick. As though he himself appreciated the joke as greatly as the joker, our youth joined in the laughter. Then he paid the advance and took up the room. The two became great friends—each calling the other brother.

Two months later, an event took place. Result, they call each other brother-in-law, now.

MEN AND THEIR MANIA

By K. S. Chari.

THE bright morning appeared brighter still after I had taken a loving survey of my literary register. Near on two scores of articles had been sent out to various magazines within a month—an achievement of industry indeed. Of course one fourth of them had been indulged in their homesickness by 'regretful' editors—about as regretful as policemen pinching crooks. But what did that matter? There were still thirty of them set at large and at least one or two of them were sure to be published by some editor out of sheer exasperation.

Another cheering item was that for the past week or so no rejected article had come home to roost, and even if that was no argument that they had been accepted, anyway, ignorance was bliss.

After dressing up spick and span and falling in love with myself in the mirror I set out with a subtle scheme floating in my mind to deprive my friend Dorai of a few annas in the guise of a loan to enable me to dash off a blood-chilly letter to the editor of 'Nash' painting in lurid hues what would befall him if he dared to return my recent story to him. A few doors off I saw the Postman coming with a bundle of suspicious looking packets, and to avoid all wet blankets on so bright a day, slunk past him cautiously.

Near the Ripon Buildings there was a little crowd ecstatically watching the antics of a strange looking creature. Ever on the look out for entertainment (specially when they are gratis) I sidled up to the crowd. The entertainer was a poor devil of an old man clad in rags probably filched from some Egyptian mummy. As for form and figure he inspired the impression that some wizard must have breathed life into one of Epstein's statues. He held in his hands several neatly bundled stacks of post cards, envelopes, dramatic and other hand-bills and various other abracadabraical pieces of paper, all of them so dirty and obviously picked up from the dustbins that each of the spectators had an

object lesson without the aid of any optical instruments in the various species of worms which were crawling on the packets. The strangest and most pathetically comical thing was that this uncouth individual strode up to each of the spectators, saluted smartly, took out a piece from one of the stacks, read out some proper name and delivered to him the ragged article. Then he marched up to a way-side tree, knocked on it vigorously crying aloud: 'Sir, post!' and dropped at its foot a 'letter.' After impartially distributing his 'mail' amongst the spectators, way side trees, lamp-posts and animal life, he finally caught sight of me and advanced towards me. Saluting me, he read out: 'Mr. J. S. Krishnamurthy, money-order for hundred rupees!' He insisted on my signing on a piece of Court summons and counted out ten slips of paper, each slip evidently passing current for a 'tenner.' Then he saluted me once more and stood looking expectant. I felt uncomfortable to realise he was expecting a tip and that I really had nothing to give the poor fellow; and since a receipt of a 'hundred rupees' was bound in honour to give a tip of sizable proportions, I gave him back one of his own 'tenners'. He expressed his extreme gratification by a soulful grin and proceeded to administer his duties to other citizens. I asked a neighbour what was the matter with the poor man. He replied: 'Poor fellow, he was a real postman for about fifteen years. Then one day, for some reason or other, he was dismissed. Ever since, he has gone loose and indulges himself in this fashion. In other things, he is not at all mad!' Alas, thought I, how tragically absurd and funny is the sight of this poor old man pathetically 'doing his duty'! And I moved forward, scanning abstractedly the nine 'tenners' he had given me. Judge my surprise when one of them proved to be a rejection slip from the 'Hindu'. 'Ah, thought I, rejoicing, 'there are others beside me who get rejection slips!' But when I looked closer I found that it was a rejection slip sent to me a couple

FUNNY MANIA

of months back and which I had sent off in disgust!

Within half an hour after strolling across this pitiful old mania, I encountered another individual who, though none would think of calling him such, was even madder, less pathetic and very despicable. He was sitting conversing with great skill and authority on business matters with my friend Dorai, the yarn merchant, whom I had set out to touch for a little cash. He was well-dressed and good looking. I was even admiring his fluency of language when he suddenly left a sentence in mid-career, abruptly got up, and, without a word more, hurriedly went out. My amazement was indeed great and it was only enhanced when I caught sight of the significant round of smiles that played on the faces of the several persons in

THE BOWLER'S END



the shop. I asked my friend what it was all about. He replied 'This gentleman can never resist the appeal a fair-coloured female has for him. Each time he sees a fair coloured woman, young or old, beautiful or ugly, whatever race or caste, he forgets all his other business and follows her. That's all. He just follows her to her destination and then returns. He never attempts to do anything more—to speak with her or make gestures to her or in any other way molest her. He just likes to follow her in her shadow!' 'A very unique mania, indeed,' I commented, 'I am afraid I am myself a little susceptible to the seduction of a fine complexion but hang me if I am so dashed bad as all that!' 'Why, I can tell you something very funny about another chap' continued my friend. 'He is very fond of night wandering and picking up stray women of the Town. One

October 5, 1924

night we were both returning by walk from Ellipinstone when he suddenly halted at a certain place. 'What is the matter?' I asked him. 'Sh!' replied. 'Do you see that plump round about girl in red saree there?' I looked in the direction he pointed. In the wan light I discerned a dim figure according to his description. We both neared it, and it proved to be a wayside post-box!

That day I seemed to be fated to meet maniacs galore. The mania of the next bloke I chanced across was only excusable in that it had an eminent though slight precedence in Dr. Johnson's writing. But this guy spoke just as the Dictator wrote. For instance, he greeted me with: 'My maternal salutiferous benedictions to you!' instead of with: 'Good morning'. He also inquired of me how my terraqueous avocations were succeeding and what was the 'estate of my anatomical salubrity.' With a little over-exertion I shot at him that all my sub-astral aspirations were receiving celestial vouchsafement and that I was so 'prophylactic in my constitutional condition that pharmacopologists were contemplating voluntary liquidation' and took a hurried leave of him.

The next maniac I stumbled upon specialised in ingenuity. No sooner had I told him of the men I had met and their mania, he launched off full steam on an obviously interminable catalogue of human crazes. 'You know Vichu?' he began, 'his mania is to take a pin and puncture all the cycle-tyres he happens across. He was once caught in the act but he explained he was a student of acoustics and was only trying to find out exactly what noise a punctured cycle-tube let out. His brother Kitchu is just loony over ghost-hunting. Woe unto a man of your.....er...I mean, ugly features to be seen by him in a lonely place at midnight! Kitchu will at once swear it is a ghost and pelt him with stones. Then there is Gopu the Catalogue friend who has Catalogues on every conceivable article on earth from bird seeds to locomotive spare-parts. And my cousin Nagu has collected and made use of so many free-sample coupons that he has been able to start a store of his own having as wares prospectuses of 'The Hair-growing and Bone-setting college, Ill.' as well as potsful of tooth-paste and hair dye and rejuvenation pills and what not. But the prize must be yielded to my friend

Mohan whose diary has such entries as: 'The Empress of.....has sent me a warm love-letter,' 'Lady..... Wife of Lord.....spent the night in my room,' wrote to day to Her Highness the Maharanees of.....breaking off our plans of elopement.' 'Cabled to Mr. Henry Ford two crores of rupees as loan' etc. And.....'

'Hold on, for heaven's sake! I think the prize ought to be given to you!' I yelled and fled.

Of course, there is no need to mention the several other maniacs such as: Film fans, stamps and old coin collectors, competition crackers, hen worshippers, versifiers, etc. And such widely known national maniacs as the Hollywood Divorce Mania, The American Baseball Insanity, the British Cricket, Golf and Aristocracy craze, the German Militaristic Madness, The French Love-Lunacy, and the Indian Talk-all-the-time and reach-nowhere obsession, are too well-known.

There are two specimens of mania, however, which would round off this list superbly. One is my mania to write articles and the other is the editors' equally grim mania to reject them!

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(Of
Paseela Indian)

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

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

Operation and Amputation can be avoided if Paseela is tried first in Intractable and Gangrenous sores, and Bad Legs etc. PRICE Rs. 1.

Stocked by:—

THANALAKSHMI & Co.,

Sowcarpet, Madras.

ON HIKING

— BY T. L. EDWIN —

IT is high time, or fairly high, any way, that we had an article on Hiking. For, daily we see instances of Western customs and fads taking root and flourishing in our beloved Ind, and who knows that this latest craze from England will not become popular here? I therefore propose to tell you all about hiking.



... to step on a prickly-pear bush ...

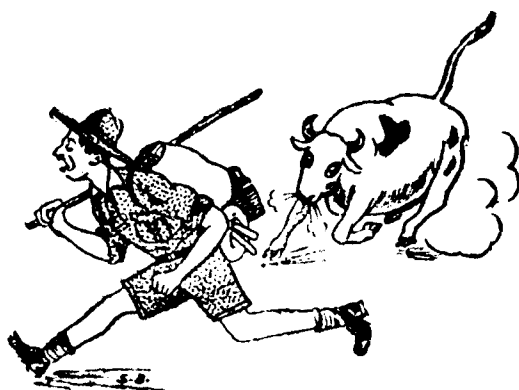
The very word 'Hiking' conjures up visions of the open road, the daisies, the lilies, the birds etc. The blue sky the fleeing clouds! Ah! For my part I love hiking because I can be away from Mrs and the M-in-law; I am free to go and ramble for miles and miles and tom-biddle to my heart's content.

Further what a treat 'hiking' affords to the eye and the ear! Sceneries that are so transcendently lovely that they make you forget all about your girlfriends! If you close your eyes for a moment you may be in Paradise, till suddenly you come to earth when you stub your toe against a prickly-pear bush. And what a treat for the ear! For away from the noise of the radio and the gramophones, you can hear the cooing of the pigeons, the twittering of the birds and the sweet dulcet notes of the cuckoo. Indeed you may find birds that can't be found anywhere else, for how could

you possibly find these birds anywhere else when they are already perched near you? No bird can be in two separate places simultaneously.

Thus a short holiday on foot has much to recommend it; personally I am no bigoted pedestrian, I believe that the proper function of feet is to convey us from the steps of the house to the nearest motor-bus and vice versa. But for the type of individuals who like early-rising and prefer water to healthy toddy and beer, hiking is the ideal form of recreation.

It is cheap. All that one needs is money and unlimited optimism. Thus equipped he may walk himself to



... eviscerated by a bull ...

death. Nor does it demand any skill. He has only to place one foot in front of the other as long as his strength holds out and when he finds it giving way, all that he has to do is to give it up and take the nearest bus home.

Hiking experts advise beginners to shun the broad high-way as far as possible, for fear of uncontrolled automobiles. Though of course there is something to be said for this theory, there is also this single-foot-track for one is liable at any moment to step on a prickly-pear bush or bitten by a venomous multi-coloured serpent or eviscerated by a bully bull.

As far as possible it is advisable for a hiker to travel alone. But if he

PURRY MAGN

does want a companion he must look before choosing one. For who knows you may not be committed to the company of an unreformed burglar, a hunk or an Insurance Agent?

Of course it will add zest, pep, vim, zeal, spirit etc., if you can persuade your girl friend to accompany you, so that when you are tired and weary, she might pillow your head on her bosom and sing a lullaby.

Now comes of course the vital question of what to carry. It should be light: An umbrella, a small collapsible tent, a stove, a few vessels, two or three Thermos flasks milk, coffee etc and a few hundred cigarettes will do. But if you intend hiking in the night, you should take a torch with you. A lamp post would do as well but they are a little heavy to carry. This difficulty can be overcome by hiking round and round a lamp post until it is time to go home again.

October 8, 1934

EASY MONEY

BY
MOSUR LOGU



... by hiking round and round
a lamp-post. ...

Well, dear Readers, the wife is calling and I must stop now. I'll tell you more about hiking later on. Meanwhile to avoid a domestic upheaval and getting hit on the bean by a sancepan I must toddle off to see wife. So bye-bye!

"That was a fright of a woman I saw you with last night"

"Well, don't tell my wife!"

"She didn't know about it eh?"

"Oh, yes; she was the woman"

(Mrs.) S. Janaki Ammal.

Creditor:—"Are you going to settle your account?"

Debtor:—"Not just yet."

Creditor:—"If you don't I'll tell all your other creditors that you have lied me."

(Miss) M. D. Susila Bai,

Little Betty, watching the farm hands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, could contain her curiosity no longer. So she politely asked;

"Is it a needle you are looking for?"

(Miss) M. D. Leelavathi.



THIS is a story of that marvel of audacious cleverness, that prince of sharp-witted gentlemen, that idol of all men who live by their wits, my colleague Jambu.

Jambu's hatred for honest hard work can be equalled only by mine. But still, he has genius. That's undeniable. You may call him a crook, if that does any good to your liver. But the law can never call him that—however much it may like to. He always does things legally—though perhaps not morally. And he does them so artistically, too. His is not the amateur, mangy, unaesthetic, handiwork of the common louse crook. His craft has the splendour of Napoleonic audacity and the grace of Rafflesian aplomb.

Jambu of the nimble wit and evaporative purse. Jambu the easy-going and easy-earning, aggressively handsome, formidably strong persuasively smooth, looked across the table at me with a twinkle of mischief in his eyes, in his dark, sparkling eyes, that morn-

ing and asked, "How much filth do you have?"

"Oh! about twenty rupees," I made answer. Jambu clicked his tongue. "Tch! that's too bad. Make it fifty. Take half an hour," he instructed.

Now, I know my Jambu well. Jambu of the few words and many deeds. Jambu wanted fifty rupees and when Jambu of the deep cunning wants money from me, it is only to make it multiply. So what did I do but go to Mulchand Sowcar and bare my fingers of three rings of profuse surface gold and raise up the two scores of rupees.

Jambu of the 'quick-march' method put the cash in his pocket, yawned and snapped his fingers and reached for the telephone.

"Hullo!" he boomed, when he got connected. I took up the second receiver—there were two to our phone, for Jambu ignores no details—and heard a responding "Hullo!"

"Is that the manager of the Madras Central Theatre speaking?" queried Jambu of the metallic voice.

"Yes. Who you?"

"I am Jambulingam, of 347-B, Basin Raleigh St. G. T., please make a note of that."

"O. K. It's done. Now what can I do for you?"

"Please let me know if your theatre is free to-morrow."

"Wait a minute. Hold on till I refer and tell you.—Oh, yes, Mr. Jambulingam it is not booked for the 11th. It is free up to 12th."

"Right-o: Can you book me for the 11th?"

"Oh! sure. What Company? What play? Do you know the terms?"

"Sure, fifty rupees a night. I can't do it? And ten for tips. My Company is Jambulingam Solo Performing Co. Yes, I am a solo performer. Just pieces from Shakespeare, Shaw and

Ibsen. Shall I hop over there at 4 p.m.?"

"You are welcome."

"But meanwhile let the option be for me. Do you get me, Monsieur Le Manager?"

"I do, I shall keep it open for you till 4 p.m."

"That's right. Good-morning!"

"Good-morning."

Chick. The receiver was replaced. And Jambu of the enticing smile bestowed one on me.

"How do you like that?" he asked. "Splendid! Only I didn't know you were going on the stage to earn money!" I said, ruefully.

"All the world is a stage" he quoted facetiously, slapping me on the back.

"But what's the idea?" I enquired, not very enthusiastically, I am afraid. These rings are three rings, surface gold or otherwise.

"Ah! what's the idea?" he asked, laughing and dialled another number. I grafted the second receiver again.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"Is that the Modern Stage and Art Performing Association?"

"Yes. Who you?"

"Oh. Just...Give me the Dramatic Secretary, please."

"Buzzy, buzzy.....b-o-z.....bu... Hullo?"

"Is that the Dramatic Secretary?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Are there anymore first-class tickets left for your, 'The Profitable Loss'?"

"Oh, yes, But which day's tickets you want?"

"Ha! so you are going to put on boards the same play several days?"

"Yes, For a short week. Each day a different portion makes a small speech. The Maharaja of—on 12th. That's the first day.

"Got any tickets for that day?"

"Yes. A few reserved only."

"Thank you. Shall come over there this evening. Good morning!"

"Good morning."

And again Jambu smiled at me, a smile deep and pleasurable, a smile of self-appreciation. But alas, is said to be infectious, for I was still meandering in the labyrinth of the mystery.

"What next?" I asked. "First an actor, then an audience. What next?"

"Patience, mon ami. Le diable est mort!" he quoted by way of a reply, and dialled once more.

"Hullo! Is that you, Ramesh?"

"Yes. That you Jambu?"

"Yeah. What about the dope you gave me this morning about the Maharaja? Is that correct?"

"Of course, you refer to his being called back to his state on urgent business?"

"Yes. When does he leave?"

"On 12th morning."

"Are you absolutely certain?"

"You bet I am."

"O. K. That's all I wanted to; hold on a minute. Can he possibly return within a week?"

"No. Not by a long shot. I happen to know exactly why he is going back. He won't return for a couple of months. But what's the big idea crossing me like—"

"Thanks awfully. Tell you later."

Click.

By this time the gloom and cobwebs of mystery that filled my mind were slowly clearing up and I began to have a glimmering of the plan of Jambu the peerless. Here was the Modern Stage and Art Reforming Association putting on boards a play 'The Profitable Loss' at the Madras Central Theatre and they had obviously advertised it as opening on 12th under the patronage of his Highness the Maharaja of K... at present staying in Madras. Ramesh, the free-lance news reporter, Ramesh the bustling, meddling news reporter had informed friend Jambu that His Highness must simply leave Madras on the 12th morning and would not return for a while, which naturally would force the Association to fix the play on the 11th, wherefore my friend was booking up the theatre on that date—but still I had my doubts.

"Jambu," I said, "don't the Association chaps know His Highness is going away?"

"No. Not yet. Ramesh told me this morning that the Maharaja himself does not know yet, for he went in cog somewhere with his private Secretary this morning and Ramesh, having gone to see him and while waiting for his return, pumped out the information from the special messenger who has come with the news from the state."

"But what's the use of booking up the theatre for to-morrow? Suppose the Association knows to-day and fixes it up for to-night?"

"They can't. Lots of people have bought tickets for the opening show just because the Maharaja is famous for his public speeches and his wonderful, melodious voice. So the Association will have to advertise the change of Programme. It can fix only for to-morrow night."

"Suppose the Association decides to open as originally with a different patron!"

"They can't. If they did they would stand to lose a few thousand rupees by way of refunds. I told you the Maharaja is the big draw. Besides several other celebrities have booked seats just for this occasion."

"Or, suppose the Maharaja stays on till the 13th?"

"Oh my poor pessimistic fish! you always say die! Ramesh told me this morning His Highness has to go back and be present in his state on 13th if he wants to retain his throne. For

which purpose he will have to leave Madras on 12th morning. No use of wasting time convincing you. Let's go off and book up the theatre."

"Pardon me, Jambu, but one more question, were they to book up some other theatre?"

"Silly! Don't you know no other theatre has the special facilities which this one has? Now, come on, let's buzz off!"

Well, it all happened exactly as Jambu was sure it would. The Association paid us a cool thousand to let them have the use of the theatre on 11th night for which date Jambu had booked it for himself. Though it was a loss to the Association it accorded by a happy chance with the title of their play 'The Profitable Loss,' for they cleared over twenty thousand rupees by way of donations from the attending celebrities and the patronising Maharaja, not to speak of the box office collections.

"But Jambu," I asked, patting my share of the spoils, 'suppose something unforeseen had happened and he had not made this haul?"

"Oh," he answered, sprawling on the cot, "nothing unforeseen could have popped up. But still, if something had happened, I would have lost nothing."

"How so?"

"The fifty rupees were yours," he answered. Then he yawned and went to sleep.

That's Jambu the matchless.

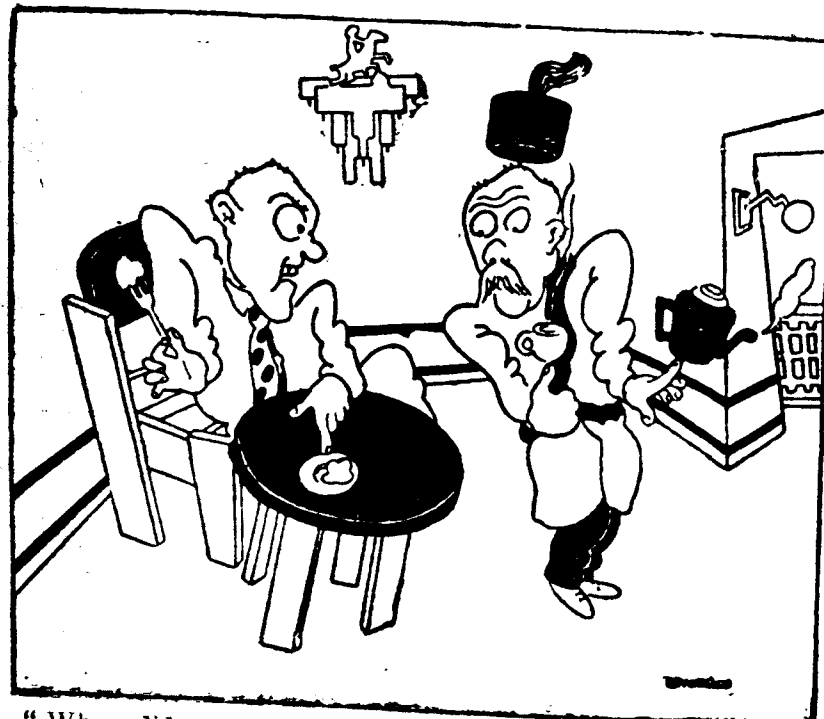
"Once three men belonging to three nations, the English, the Scotch and the Irish met and they desired to arrange for a tea-party. Each one was required to provide one thing or other for the party. They thus settled the affair,

The Englishman:—I will bring the beer necessary for the lunch.

The Irishman:—I will bring the water, the most important requisite.

The Scotchman:—Besides my own self, I will bring my brother too.

One of those Rubbers



"Where did you get this mutton?"

"I brought it from the famous Rubber & Co., Stalls."

"Is that why I have been chewing one of those rubber for a long stretch of time?"

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"CHITRAGUPTA"

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POPULAR TELUGU FORTNIGHTLY
OF THE ANDHRAS.

For particulars apply to:—

The Manager,
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SOWCARPET, MADRAS.

THE JUGGLER'S RETORT

— By G. S. RAO. —



Ramaswamy sat reclining on the sofa. He had come to the village to enjoy his holidays. By his side was Kamala, his wife, playfully making fun of him by pulling his ears. Kamala was modern to the core and so was Ramaswamy, and these two got on together famously, much to the chagrin of the village folk.

A juggler of the vagabond wandering tribe came up to the portico of the house and bowed humbly before Ramaswamy.

"Come on, show us some tricks," said Ramaswamy, highly pleased with the juggler's respectful behaviour.

The juggler got down his things and exhibited the usual tricks which formed part of his profession. At the end of the show he let loose the monkey which was all the while hanging at his back.

"Hanuman, go and beg of the great master to give you something." Then

turning to the spectators the juggler said "Hanuman is wise. See he knows the great master. He knows the master will give something."

Hanuman circled round the place on his hind legs and approached Ramaswamy with his hands beseechingly held out for the tip that would come.

"Give him one anna, Kamala," said Ramaswamy addressing his wife.

"No. He hasn't shown any tricks. Moreover why should you give one anna?" asked Kamala.

The juggler resented the speech but he said nothing vindictive. He merely called back the monkey to his side.

"Does the Amma want Hanuman to show his tricks? Hanuman will oblige. Come on, Hanuman, dance before the Amma."

Hanuman danced.

"Hollow, glorious Hanuman, can you show how the girls of old moved

with their husbands and with strangers? How did they behave in those glorious olden days, Hanuman?"

Hanuman bowed low. With his head bowed low and with his hands cupped together in an attitude of prayer Hanuman slowly and gently shuffled across the room and prostrated himself at the feet of Ramaswamy.

The juggler seemed satisfied at the display. He again called the monkey to his side.

"Now, Hanuman, show how the modern girl behaves. There is an anna waiting for you. Hanuman if you are clever in making the master pleased."

The juggler waved his stick over the head of Hanuman. The monkey understood the hint and started capering joyfully about the yard mimicking to the exact detail, the haughty flaunting strides of the ladies assembled around. His head was thrown

OCTOBER 5, 1934

back and he was smiling coquettishly at every face that met his gaze.

"How does the modern girl move with her husband, Hanuman?"

Hanuman looked around him with a haughty stare. Then he skipped to where Ramaswamy was seated, in two angular strides, caught hold of Ramaswamy's hand, and tried to jerk him out of his seat.

Ramaswamy laughed at the clever display by the monkey. Kamala laughed. All the people assembled there laughed.

The juggler smiled meaningly.

"Now master will give me the anna."

Ramaswamy gave the anna. The juggler received the money.

"Thank the master for his generosity Hanuman."

Hanuman thanked the master, thanked Kamala, and bowed low before the whole assembly. The juggler gathered up his belongings and took his departure with the monkey strutting at his heels.

It was quite an hour afterwards that Ramaswamy and Kamala came to the full realization of the meaning of the juggler's tricks with the monkey.

"You kept quiet while I was being insulted in this very house" whimpered Kamala.

"You deserved it, Kamala," said Ramaswamy.

The man who sold second-hand books wanted to sell something to the villager; so he tactfully wound up things to the point.

"Sir," he asked, "hasn't your son passed third standard? Ah, I see. Why can't you buy for him an encyclopedia now that he goes regularly to school?"

"Don't you encourage little fellows, mister. In my days I walked seven miles to school. Why can't this chap walk two miles? I'm not going to buy one, anyway. Let him walk," said the father pompously.

Miss. Saguna Bai Daniel,
Danushkodi.

"Jones has had a bit of bad luck."

"How is that?"

"He spent three months trying to imitate Smith's signature and now he has succeeded, Smith has gone bankrupt."

(Miss) D. S. Indira.

"Can't we make any word long by adding one more syllable to it?"

If you add one more syllable to "short" it becomes "shorter."

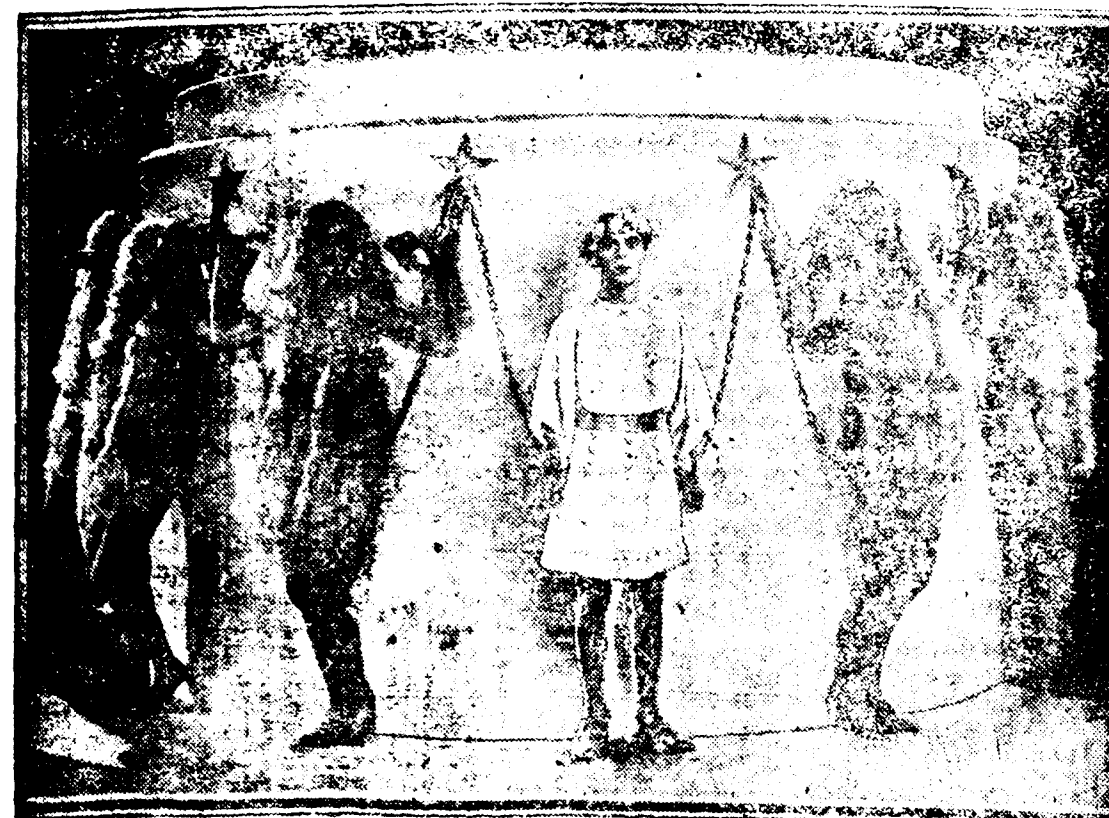
C. Nageswara Rao,
Masulipatam.

"Is it right for a girl to sit in a man's lap even if she were engaged to him?"

"Yes, if it is *our* girl and *our* lap" yes again if it is *our* lap and *somebody else's* girl—But if it is *our* girl on *somebody else's* lap, it is decidedly No No No—

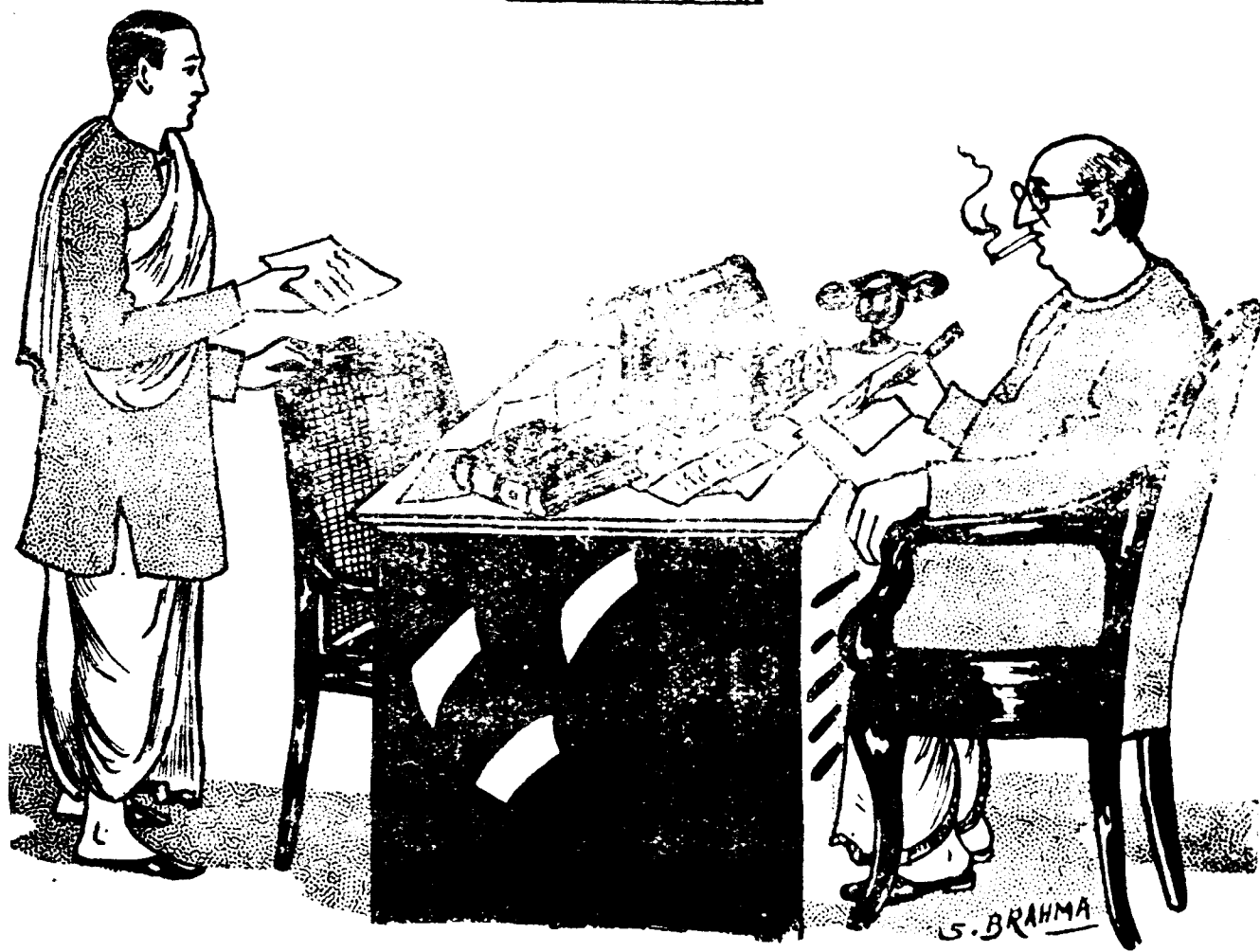
We don't encourage such frivolities."

P. A. Isaacs,
Madras.



Eddie Cantor and Goldwyn Girls in "Roman Scandals"

The Insurance Agency



—face to face with a podgy Bengali.—

YESTER-night I returned from the Roxy, undressed, and lifting the mosquito curtain, placed the bed-room light inside it, and with the closest scrutiny went completely round it. Fully satisfied that there were none of the species of winged sword-fighters inside, I put out the light and popped into bed to sleep.

I was just about to go to sleep when a clarion-call awoke me and I knew that there was a mosquito with his proboscis all well-sharpened inside the curtain.

Already she had injected her syringe into several places of my well-nourished body. But I was very tired, and drawing up the sheets over me closed my eyes.

Early next morning I awoke and being too lazy to get out of bed, lay watching a myriad of the buzzing biting marauders, each one persistently endeavouring to give me an injection of Malarial parasite into my body.

BY
"VEL."

Five minutes later the servant girl entered with a hot steaming cup of coffee and told me it was 10 A.M. and that the sun was already right over my head. But I had no desire to get up. And then suddenly I espied a motionless black speck right on the

ceiling of the curtain. With one well-aimed blow with my palm I succeeded in smashing beyond all recognition a female of the mosquito-species.

Flushed with victory I got up, dressed and came into the hall just in time to get a letter from the Post-man. The imposing letter was from the manager of the K. S. Insurance Co., of Madras. It would be convenient here to explain that, I had applied for the post of an insurance agent on commission-basis, for I rather fancied myself in this role, having collected the insurance due on the decease of several unwanted distant relatives. To come to the point, my application had been accepted and I was requested to report at the office at 2 P.M. the next noon.

OCTOBER 5, 1934

Exactly at 2 P.M. I knocked on the doors of the Insurance Co. A baritone voice bid me enter and soon I was face to face with a podgy multiple-shinned Bengali. A few papers scattered here and there, a battered-old typewriter and a tin of cigarettes were visible on his writing-table.

"Well", he beamed, "So you want a job as an insurance agent, eh?"

"Yes sir," I said meekly.

"What qualifications have you?"

"If you please I could talk till B.B.C. closing time, if I once get going. Further I have a persuasive tongue that would even make a stone move."

"Well, you are just the man I want. Before long if you are sufficiently clever, you may rise to be the Asst. Manager," he said.

He then commenced to initiate me into the intricacies and mysteries of Insurance. He went on to say that an energetic salesman could do almost anything—even to making a *Marwari* buy a pair of silk stockings for his wife! I was empowered to insure anything under the Sun. Hindoos, Harijans, birth, marriages, deaths, loss of husbands, wives, twins, sisters and sanity. I could also insure Policemen and safe-crackers, lawyers and liars. Income tax payers and Collectors upheavels and downfalls, mothers-in-law and stray cats, scholar and ignoramuses.

I felt like a veritable encyclopaedia by the time he had finished his discourse. The whole of Southern India was allotted to me as my happy insurance ground. Thus it was with a light heart and a heavy portmanteau bursting with blank policies that I left his office.

I broke the great news to my better-half—She sniffed despondently and remarked that we should soon starve on commission basis. I bridled at the implied insult to my business capabilities, and determined 'to do or die' in my efforts to insure the population of S. India.

My first two attempts were dismal failures. A fat Chettiar requested me to insure his life for 5,000 on Saturday. I completed the arrangements and the policy was signed on Sunday. The blinking blighter went and died on Monday. I am positive he died on purpose! Anyway the company paid.

My next attempt was an insurance for a Brahmin teacher who asked me to insure him against the chances of being bitten by his neighbour's dog. I complied with his request. Believe it or not, he was duly bitten less than 3 days later. I am sure that he encouraged the dog to taste his dirty hide. I expect he was in league with this canine species and probably bought it a few bones from the proceeds. Anyhow the company paid again.

The next day a letter from the office ordered me to be more careful. My commission amounted to roughly Rs. 35 and visions of an opulent existence faded into obscurity. My wife tittered and hinted that she expected as much from me.



... he was duly bitten ...

I resolved to be more careful in my future dealings. I then obtained an order to insure a brand new A.J.S. Motor-cycle for Rs. 1,000. My commission was Rs. 25. A month later, you could have knocked me down with a feather when a claim for insurance was put forward. The motor cycle had caught fire and was now a mass of twisted wreckage!

"Once more.....", as what name in Shakespeare said, the company paid, and my prestige as an Agent was considerably lowered.

My greatest *faux-pas*, however, was still to come. One day a rich *Sait* invited me to estimate the premium for a policy for his burglar-proof safe. The safe he said contained many valuables. The safe, as far as I could see, seemed impregnable and as safe as the vaults of the Bank-of-England. A week later the safe was forced open

the valuables stolen, and the Police unable to recover the same. I was dumb-founded and suspected a conspiracy on the part of the policy-holder. But as nothing could be proved once more the company paid. The next day I received a letter to the effect, that my services were dispensed with.

I am now on the look-out for a job and if any kind reader knows of some suitable vacant situation keep it yourself, and don't send it to me!

"Is there anything which will not be damaged when cracked?"

A Joke.

"I have got one hundred mangoes with me. If I distribute them among ten pupils how many does each get?" asks a pedagogue.

"We are sure that each will get stomach-ache."

What is a drama?

If four people cry "once more! once more!!" in a combined tone, then, it must be a drama.

"To which part of speech does 'married' belong in the sentence 'Rama married Sita?'" asked a schoolmaster.

It is a conjunction joining Rama and Sita.

"These volcanoes are producing unbearable heat" remarks an American tourist.

Why not turn your Niagara into it for a few minutes for the fun of it?

"Yesterday, I narrowly escaped from a motor danger."

Then, you must have a red flag or a danger light on your back.

A lady enquires her friend, "Are you not leading a happy life after you are married?"

Everything is so pleasant in the new life except the husband.

"If a man loses control of his car does it mean absent-mindedness?"

No; it means he did not pay all the instalments.

C. N. Rao,
Masulipatam.

DEVIL TIGER

There are more tigers in the Asiatic jungle to-day than ever before, in the opinion of Clyde E. Elliot who is back in Hollywood after a year in India, Siam and Indo-China. With a lowering of the price of raw rubber many rubber plantations have been turned back to the jungle wherein tigers pro-pagate with ease and celerity of house cats. They kill from 20,000 to 25,000 natives yearly.

Elliot who previously directed 'Bring 'Em Back Alive' feels that the year spent in the jungle to make 'Devil Tiger' has been well worth while. He has just completed the task of selecting the best thrill shots from 700,000 feet of film he exposed.

It is the first time a dramatic pic-ture with a Hollywood cast has been made entirely in the virgin jungles.

The crew included 150 natives, five cameramen and two sound units. Marion Burns, Kane Richmond and Harry Woods are the principal players.

Among the battles recorded are those between a tiger and crocodile, a python and a leopard, a Malayan bear and a hyena, a tiger and a lion, a man and a python, a black panther and a crocodile and a number of others. Elliot spent three weeks recording an elephant stampede in northern Siam as part of the story.

No one of the party escaped constant exposure and attacks of the myriad insects that infect the jungle. Some of these were so large and of such miraculous power that they could drop from a tree on to a lunch table below and walk off with the food supply.

Fortunately no fever or other serious sicknesses was contracted by any of the members of the expedition despite the perpetual dangers to which they exposed themselves. Tramping through

the pounding rain for months, no one suffered so much as a minor cold.

At one moment they find themselves the helpless centre of a crashing stampede of wild elephants panic-stricken by the approach of the dreaded DEVIL TIGER. But the final stroke comes with the appearance of the Terror of the Jungle—DEVIL TIGER. Man-eater and merciless, he trails the group waiting to spring poised for the attack. The Jungle seethes with the fear of this super beast. The group of three are now two, for one of them has fallen before the onslaught. These two famished, fatigued, ready for nothing but surrender, came face to face with the DEVIL TIGER. They must not be hasty; they must not be slow. They must measure their moment to the split second. The tensely climactic instant comes in a crash, Man has once again conquered beast!—M.V.V.

FUNNY MAGAZIN



HE STOOD ALONE AGAINST MILLIONS!

He was the one man between
destruction and ruin... a pillar of
truth in a crumbling world.
True to his father's creed—
his mother's faith... he defied
his enemies to save a nation!

GEORGE ARLISS
in "The HOUSE of ROTHSCHILD"
with LORITA YOUNG, ROBERT JOHNSON, HELEN WESTER

OCTOBER 16, 1934

25



Dear Children,

I see by the number of entries to the Children's Puzzle that many of you are very much interested in the Children's page. How do you like the story this time? I'm sure you would love it. Please remember that I am always glad to hear from you all. Suggestions for improvements etc., may be sent, for, remember this is Your Own Page. Those of you who want pen friends etc., send in your names and addresses please.

I forgot to inform you about the last date for the puzzles, so I am continuing the same one this week. All puzzles must be sent in the coupon before the 20th of October.

Address all entries and correspondence to:—

COUSIN 'EDDIE.'
C/o. THE FUNNY MAGZIN,
No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathamby Mudaly St.,
Sowcarpet, Madras.

THE Valiant Prince.

The prince felt moved when he saw the beautiful princess and asked her,

Many years ago there lived a Prince, whose father ruled over a mighty kingdom. One day this prince while out hunting, saw a beautiful deer. Riding his horse he overtook it and was about to shoot it with his bow, when to his surprise, the deer changed into a beautiful princess.

"Do not kill me for I am no deer but an unfortunate princess whom a witch has thus transformed. Every day at 12 noon I regain my original form for 10 minutes."



"How can you retain your original form, oh fair princess?"

That is almost impossible. First you must kill the witch who lives a hundred miles away in a cave. Then you must burn one of her hairs. But these are not easy to accomplish. The cave of the witch is guarded by a three headed Lion. First you have got to kill it and sprinkle its blood on your head. Then you too will have magical powers which will enable you to overcome the witch."



By this time the ten minutes elapsed and the princess became a deer once more. Leading it to his palace he left it in his room and set out on his noble task. After four days he sighted the cave. Suddenly he heard a roar which echoed throughout the wood. Dis-mounting, he approached it. The three-headed lion immediately sprang upon him but the prince stopped aside nimbly, and with his sword cut off all the three heads at one stroke. Then sprinkling the blood on his head according to the princess's directions he entered the cave.

The witch by her magic turned herself into a bird and tried to escape. But the prince, who now possessed magical powers, turned himself into an eagle and was about to catch her, when she became a fish. Immediately the prince became a King-fisher and caught her and was about to kill her, when she regained her form. At once the prince cut off her head and kindling a fire burnt one of her hairs.

Immediately the deer in the prince's room became a princess. When the prince returned, there was great rejoicing and he married the princess.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

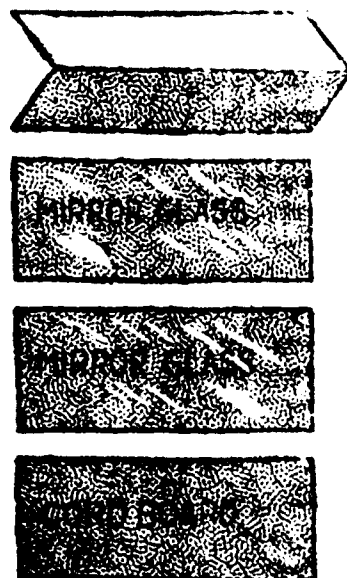
You can have endless fun with a home-made Kaleidoscope, for this scientific toy produces thousands of pretty designs and patterns and every one is different.

To begin with, you must have two pieces of mirror-glass, each measuring about five inches long, by an inch and a half wide. These can be bought for $\frac{1}{2}$ an anna at any picture-framing shop.

The next step is to cut a thick card-board strip to the exact size of the glass strips. See Fig. Glass

and card-board are now placed together to make a three sided tube. The reflecting surfaces must face inside, and the three pieces can be fixed by gumming strips of tape.

Now place four or five coloured beads several small circles of coloured paper and pieces of twisted wire, in the lid of a cigarette-tin and look through the tube. You will see a beautiful and perfectly arranged pattern and as you shake the lid, the pattern will keep changing.



Kiddies Puzzle No. II (Coupon.)

1. Gold Stream

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

Address.....

Age.....

PUNNY MACHINE



I think I'll be an airplane driver.

As soon as I leave school.

The air should be quite fresh up there.

And certainly most cool.

Again I have many ambitions.

In my work I want to climb.

And then of course I'd surely have.

A really high old time.

OCTOBER 5, 1934

27

Mr. DHOTHI GOES

TO

TATTERS

By

"FENCER."



"You are after all a silly old-fashioned muddle-head" said Mr. Trousers.

"And you are a scare-crow" retorted Mr. Dhothi.

"What if I lead the fashion to-day, while you are relegated for the sole use of fossils as foggy as yourself" said Mr. Trousers.

"Bunkum, my dear fellow. all bunkum" murmured Mr. Dhothi. "Fashion counts for nothing. It is the use to which we can be put to, that counts."

"How? Am I not useful?" asked Mr. Trousers just a bit hotly.

"Of course for a time. After that limited period you go straight to the municipal dust-bin."

"And you?"

"My abilities are varied. Firstly as Mr. Dhothi, pure and simple, I give complete satisfaction to my boss and give him an appearance of dignity you can never give."

"Dignity?"

"Yes. Can you imagine the count less thousands of our Vakils and Doctors going about in anything else than a dhoti around their person? If they all made use of you, Mr. Trousers, what a shocking scene there will be to meet our eyes every day!"

"That point can be argued from both sides. But pass on. Anything else you have got to say for yourself, bar the doubtful dignity you count so much about?"

"Yes, more important comes the ability. I can be put to various uses after active service. You, Mr. Trousers, when once you are pensioned off, you are off for ever."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, Mr. Trousers, you invariably require other useless paraphernalia such as shoes & socks to accompany you on your jobs. I am not particular in my company and hence give more ease and comfort to persons who choose me."

"W H A T? Ease and comfort?"

"Yes, you cramp the style of people who go along with you. I give them perfect facilities to display all their skill."

"How? Can you give me any proof of your assertion?" "Of course, Mr. Trousers. I am going to tell you a true story. After hearing that, you judge if I am not far superior to you."

"All right, Mr. Dhothi, proceed."

"Well, Mr. Trousers, there was a fellow named Chandran who fell in love with a girl named Kamala. Chandran saw her first in the tram and fell in love with her off hand. The girl was not much impressed and preferred another young man named Muthu to our poor Chandran, who felt deeply disappointed at this act of indifference on her part and went about from place to place in such moody spirits that every one began to remark upon his unusual behaviour; and that made Chandran even more miserable."

"And then what happened?" asked Mr. Trousers.

"And then one day Chandran started for the house of his beloved to stake all on a desperate endeavour."

"What was the idea?" asked Mr. Trousers.

"Muthu was a debauched bounder and Chandran thought he could win over Kamala if he let her know of Muthu's character. An interesting point in this connection is that Chandran

wore a dhoti when he started on his last desperate venture."

"How does that effect the issue?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Trousers. Chandran reached the house but was refused admittance, since Muthu was already inside the place, and Kamala didn't want to be disturbed."

"Yes."

"So Chandran waited outside in the road hoping to get at least a glimpse of his beloved, but he could not see her since she was inside her room with Muthu. The windows were of ground glass and were closed, completely hiding everything inside from Chandran's gaze."

"Then what happened?"

"As Chandran waited, a stray mongrel came near him and felt a curious desire to taste a bit of his lower extremities. Chandran chased it away once or twice, but it returned to the charge undaunted, driving our hero beside himself with fury."

"What did Chandran do?"

"Chandran was a good foot-baller and he let fly his foot at the unhappy mongrel. Another point, Mr. Trousers, Chandran wore slippers. You know slippers and dhoti go hand in hand?"

"Yes, proceed."

"When Chandran let fly his foot, the slipper came off and went crashing inside the room where Kamala and her sweetheart were carrying on. The dog evaded the foot, You see, and that is why the slipper got loose."

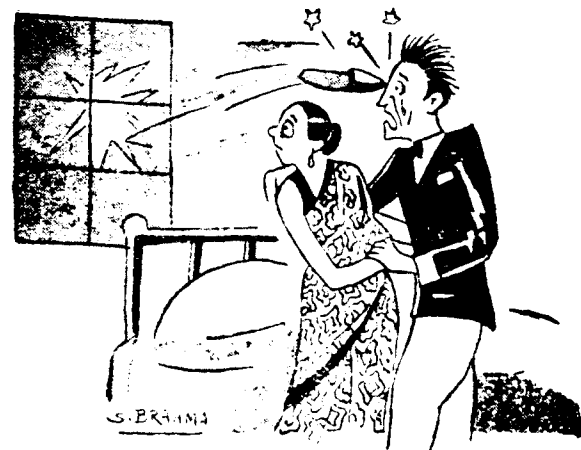
"Then what happened?"

"While Chandran was waiting outside, that chap Muthu was showing off his capacities to Kamala. Kamala

was a clever girl and after about half an hour of Muthu's empty talk, she had come to the conclusion that he was a dud. She was getting bored. Muthu did not observe this and was attempting to catch hold of Kamala and kiss her. Kamala resisted, but Muthu was beyond control and was violently pulling her towards him. When, something happened!

"What?"

"Chandran's slipper crashed through the glass windows and struck Muthu full on the face putting one of his eyes temporarily out of action; and since the day was wet and the roads were muddy, Muthu's face was generously plastered with red. Alto-



gether, Muthu's face underwent a highly grotesque alteration."

"And then what happened?"

"Kamala coolly picked up a mirror and passed it on to Muthu. 'You look beautiful' she said. That was the last that was seen of Muthu near Kamala's house."

"Then Chandran?" suggested Mr. Trousers.

"Yes. Then, Chandran was installed firm favourite and a gratefully exuberant Kamala hugged him to her heart for his timely aid."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, really Mr Trousers, you are getting too bad. Once they hugged one another, you can be pretty sure that they repeated it to their hearts' desire; and you want me to go into the details. That is really too shameful of you."

"Let that pass. Now, what is the point you wanted to impress upon me by your story?"

"This: Chandran wore a dhoti and hence wore slippers; because of that he got a bride and a fortune, Mr. Trousers, if he was in suit he would not have succeeded in his endeavour."

"So you say, Mr. Dhoti."

"That, I am in every way your superior, Mr. Trousers."

"Might be, might be, I don't want to argue with you, Mr. Dhoti. But before you wax eloquent on your graces, just remember, friend, that we fellows rule the world with our

Too much for him.

Two men were seated together in a crowded tram. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Whassamatter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

Husband:—To-day one of my friends will come for meals to our house. So you should not talk anything about jewellery.

Wife:—I have nothing valuable. So thank you for your warning.

Teacher:—What sort of a boy is said to be a sinner?

Student:—The boy who knows mathematics very well is said to be a sinner.

Teacher:—How is it?

Student:—Because he did not show me his answer in the examination.

Officer:—How old are you?

Servant:—I am twenty years old, Sir.

Officer:—Before that?

Servant:—I was younger than my father and mother.

Old man asked his son, how much it will cost to see George V. The son replied "Nothing will it cost, we shall see him in the copper coin pie."

T. V. Subbaraya Gupta.
Pakala.

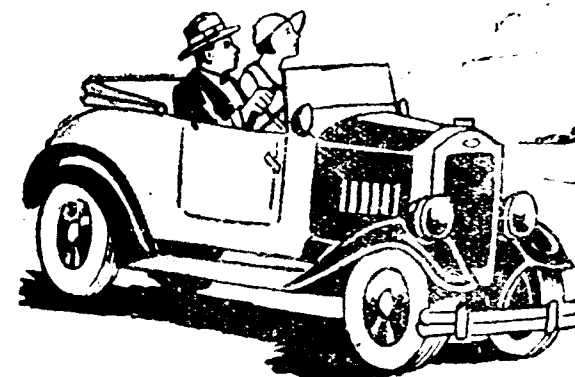
"What do the majority of people do with their railway season ticket when it expires?" asks a correspondent. Give it up.

"Trapezists marry," a heading tells us. Life should go with a swing for them.

"Was Shakespeare a speculator?" asks a writer. Anyway, it can't be denied that his works contain a large number of stock quotations.

Whatever the scientists may say, there are many film actresses who have discovered the secret of perpetual emotion

FORBIDDEN PLEASURE



A Story of Unselfish Love.

Large sombre dark eyes and raven-black hair, perfect physique, and as I studied the young man, my boy-friend Hendon Smith had just introduced to me, I was thrilled.

There was that certain something about him, that marked him as different from the other young men at the house party. I knew he was exceedingly young and unsophisticated, for he was polite to me.....me, "Hot-Stuff" Merlin, whom many men had loved, and many could. Me, whom every man assembled, knew as one who had long since strayed from the path of Virtue!

The party was held in honour of Miss J's twenty-first birth day. Of course I hadn't received an invitation to attend, but I knew I would be admitted. There were too many present whom I knew intimately for them to bar me, and I knew something about Miss J. too. The reason for my going there was because I believed in judicious advertising.....and I had to live!

The food was good, the music lovely, and though some of the girls gave me the cold shoulder, I enjoyed myself immensely. And then I met him. Roger De Silva was what my boy-friend Hendon Smith called him. I think Hendon made the introduction

merely for the sake of having a little fun with the boy, for it was obvious that women of my sort were strangers to him.

I had a few dances with him, and when the last piece was played and the guests were about to depart he spoke to me. Would you care to let me drive you home?" he asked seriously, "I have my car."

It was an old invitation.....I had heard, and accepted it many times

BY
'NADARSHAH.'

before. But there was something different in the way he said it. The ride was delicious, and he was speaking about the beauty of moon-swathed fields and the soft, gentle breezes.

I had never thought such a person as De Silva existed, and even when he spoke so soft and pleasantly, I still expected him to take kisses without asking for them. He would have been welcome to them...and also to the other liberties which young men generally took with me.

The moonlight and the light breeze affected me and I wantonly allowed my right shoulder strap to slip away and fall down half way to my arm, pretending not to notice it, and thus revealing vast expanses of soft white flesh and just the faintest hint of a rounded breast. Every minute I expected, and to be candid wanted, that his hand would stray round my shoulder.

But he made no requests and did not even touch me. And somehow I was glad of it. He was the sort of boy who had many illusions about life, women and religion and I knew that a close contact with any of them would quickly disillusionise him, for they would never be able to live up to his conceptions.

It was that difference in him from the other boasting and crudely spoken youths of our City Cantonment that drew me towards him. I felt as though I wanted to protect him from them and other women like me who abounded there. It was rather strange that I.....who from early life had followed men, should feel that way. But as I sat beside him in the automobile I suddenly realised that although my life had been crowded with men, I had always been lonely. "De Silva", I said suddenly "let's not go home yet, let's stop somewhere

and gaze at the moon." He seemed delighted with the idea and drove into a Maidan. I nestled a bit closer to his side, and found a real joy in the contact.

The car stopped and for some time we were silent. Words seemed unnecessary as we gazed out at a night which seemed to have been made especially for us.

Then for the first time he saw me, I mean of course he saw my half nudity, and a strange light came into his eyes.

"Merlin!" he whispered.

I quivered involuntarily, knowing fully well what was coming next. It was not a new game to me but it had never before been played in this manner. Reason told me to draw back, but the moonlight and the close proximity of De Silva, with the tender virgin love he was ready to offer, made me draw nearer to him, "Yes?" I asked.

"Merlin, I love you?", he whispered. I did not have to be told that for I had already read the message in his eyes.

And then with all the passionate abandon of unbridled youth, I offered my damp parted lips, ripe as luscious cherries. Eagerly, almost frantically his mouth settled down upon the carmine offering, drinking deep of the nectar offered by my pink tipped tongue.

Once more he kissed me.

Cuddling, fondling, tilting his fingers dug deep into my flesh; and it was then I knew what pleasurable pain meant. Giving way under his ministrations, my lithe body curling and straining against his, my lips a veritable succulence and all the while the tips of an experienced tongue teaching him wordless lessons in love. I was for a brief time in my life in an earthy paradise;

But I felt myself suddenly torn between my sudden love for him and a knowledge of what I had been. He was so virginal while I—
—the whole thing was not fair. I knew I'd have to tell him and it would hurt him damnably. Of course I might go on without telling him, but there is always some one ready to whisper the word 'scandal.'

A little later he drove me to my apartments, with promises to return early next morning. The next morning I opened my door in response to a knock and found myself staring at a dignified man, well past middle age.

"Miss Merlin?" he asked.

"Yes", I admitted.

"Might I come in for a few moments? I have a matter of importance to both of us which I'd like to discuss with you." I admitted him wondering what he would want. But I was not kept long in suspense. "I am Roger De Silva's father," he announced. "Roger came to me this morning quite enthused about you, and I realised that my efforts to shield him from the world had failed. I had already arranged for him to marry a girl as innocent and unsophisticated as he had been. Therefore, I have called to ask you when you intend to tell him."

"When I intend to tell him? I am afraid I do not understand you," "Pardon, but I think you do," he answered crisply, "to be frank, I mean how soon do you intend to tell him that about yourself which one more accustomed to the world would know at a glance?"

"Oh God! I love him—how I love him and I want to save him even from me, but I will have to hurt him, and I do not know a way to do it without telling him," I said.

"I know a way," he answered quickly. "Roger will call on you at eleven O'clock. Be here and have a man with you. Let the boy's eyes be opened, and of course I will see that you are properly reimbursed." "I don't want your filthy money. Keep it but—but I shall do it just for his sake" Roger's father stood for a moment undecided and then went away.

And I sat down and cried. Then I thought. After all, perhaps, it was best. So I sent my servant to call up one of my regulars. His greeting as usual were crude, and his attempts to kiss me were repugnant. Many times he attempted a caress which went beyond the ordinary bounds. But I managed to keep him from me until Roger came. As soon as I heard his steps, and the door opened, I let my bodice down and entering the 'regulars' arms, permitted him to find my lips.

Roger found us in that pose and for several minutes with a pained and surprised look. "Pardon; I fear I have made a mistake" he said and closed the door.

At once with his name on my lips, I broke away from the 'regular' and was about to call him and explain. But I checked myself. The regular who appeared bewildered by my actions started to follow me to the sofa, but I turned upon him with all the hatred I felt for myself.

"Get out, you beast!" I commanded.

"But, darling—" he started.

"Get out, before I do you some harm," I said picking up the knife from the table. Though he could not comprehend what had caused the sudden change in me, he backed out of the room with a vulgar remark.

But I hardly heard him, for I had given way to the tears that I had wanted to shed all day. Roger was gone, my heart kept saying—gone to a girl who was worthy of him. And as for me—Ah God, I shall always love him.

I'd like to see.

BY R. S. KURUP.

1. Mahatma Gandhi in a silent film.
2. Bernard Shaw contributing a short detective story to the Funny Magazin.
3. Rabindra Nath Tagore writing a humorous sketch.
4. Churchill advocating for the liberty of the Indians.
5. A present day graduate talking pure vernacular.
6. A detective in a novel or short story failing to catch hold of the murderer or thief.
7. A detective in a novel who doesn't smoke tins of cigarettes.
8. A M.S.S. going to the press without the so called editorial corrections.
9. The office of an editor without a W. P. B.
10. A doctor without a thermometer.
11. A novel without a lover.
12. An editor without a pen.
13. Lastly, I'd like to see this article accepted.

WHAT A SPINSTER!

BY

Mrs. Sakuntala Gajapathy.



"YOU don't seem to understand....." put in Sarasa, her cheeks flushed with colour.

"It is not that, astrologer. I quite follow you. But, I don't like to be married and be a slave of my husband all my life-time," spoke Manoranjitham decisively.

"Look, here! Your stars definitely say that you are going to be married next year.

"Till then, Sarasa, can't I avoid it? Am I not more powerful than my stars?"

"It's really absurd to think like that, my girl. What's destined to happen will happen at any cost. I tell you, there's no armour against fate!"

"Why? Marriage takes place only when one has a desire for it. Well, I don't have any such craving. Besides, what necessity is there for me to get myself married when I am self-supporting?"

"Oh, you don't seem to understand what marriage exactly means, my friend."

"I well understand it, madam. But don't you think it ridiculous to be still under servitude to men even in these days of culture?"

"Then, you mean to discard the ideals of womanhood?"

"I don't exactly say that. What I mean is that I hate marriage. Leaving this, I am prepared to listen to you on any other topic."

"Marriage is the turning point in your life. And I assure you that you will be married next year. So, be careful in your choice of a good husband, who will stick to you through thick and thin."

Quite disgusted, Manoranjitham walked out of the Fortune-teller's apartment, annoyance stamped on her countenance. She knew perfectly well that if she remained there any longer, something untoward would happen.

II

"Oh, shut up! Five rupees gone for nothing. After all she is not an expert astrologer! I say she is a great bunkum," said Manoranjitham in the course of her conversation with Pankajam.

"You are mistaken, Mano. I assure you that she is by far better than any of our local fortune-tellers," pleaded Pankajam.

"In my opinion, she is good for nothing. She is very fond of 'match-making'.....Well, after all what happiness do these married people enjoy now? Or, what benefit has the world derived from these tens of thousands of marriages taking place every minute all over the globe? Look at the horrid result!—over-population, unemployment, starvation, crimes of unimaginable nature and whatnot! I dare say that men alone are responsible for the failure of modern civilization. Let all of us remain single as we first came into the world for a quarter century and watch the progress. You will then find this 'world-depression' totally disappearing."

"Ah! Ah!! I think you are off your head."

"You call me, mad? Nonsense! I know that people of your type won't listen to good advice. Let us now take up your case. You are married and you have got two kids to look after. Unfortunately, your husband is without a billet. Besides, you are so weak that you can't work to support your family. So, what do you say for all this?"

"It's my fate!"

"Fate be da—d! say, it's all due to your silly mistake. If you had been a spinster like me, you could do whatever you like. Now, you can't.....Oh! how I hate people of your type!"

"But Mano....."

"I am quite fed up with all this nonsense; I don't want to hear anything more from you. Let's get out of this place, as I feel very sultry here."

III

Manoranjitham was one of those lady teachers, who believed in complete franchise for women and thereby discarded marriage. Besides, she had also learnt bitter experiences of married life from the lives of her late lamented sisters, Narasa and Srimala. Her sisters were well-educated and were married to very wealthy husbands. A few years after their marriage, Narasa's husband fell in love with an actress and deserted his wife. Thereafter, Narasa disappeared from the city. Srimala was also not happy while she had lived. She was very ill-treated by her husband, who was a terrible drunkard. He had squandered

away all his patrimony in evil ways and made his wife and children starve for days together. Shortly afterwards, Srimala and her children died of cholera. Therefore, Manoranjitham had determined to remain a spinster all her life time. But she was really upset over Narasa's prediction. Yet, she prayed to God to keep her pure in body and soul.

In the following year, Manoranjitham had orders to go to Bombay and take up charge of a local Girls' High School. After her arrival, she carried on her work very satisfactorily. Besides, her subordinates also helped her very sincerely, not minding the low salaries they were paid. Knitting, spinning, weaving, sweet-making, carpentry and many other technical subjects were taught in the classes, in addition to their regular lessons. Articles produced daily in the school were sold to local merchants for cash; and every student went home with a few annas in her pocket. Thus Manoranjitham helped not only the children with good education and money, but also their unfortunate parents, who solely depended upon the earnings of their little ones. Besides, she was a great philanthropist, who gave away all her savings to charitable institutions. Therefore she was held in high esteem by the residents of her quarter.

IV

Children of all communities had come from various quarters around the school to present a farewell address to Manoranjitham, who was going on a transfer to Hyderabad. Their parents had also come to offer their humble presents to her for the meritorious services she had rendered to them and their children.

Manoranjitham appeared immensely grief-stricken for parting with her beloved pupils. She had moved with them very intimately, and to leave them all so suddenly appeared very heart-rending to her. "Thank you...and...I wish you all success in life" were her only parting words.

Manoranjitham did not go to Hyderabad. She went to Madras instead, and sent in her resignation. Ever since that memorable meeting in Bombay, something strange had been worrying her. She had kept herself always indoors and remained remorseful.

"Oh, it's all rubbish! I must go back to work," so saying the lady teacher pushed open the window and looked down. A little girl was playing with her mother. Manoranjitham watched her play and every time being hugged and kissed by her dear mother. The teacher now felt some strange desire creeping into her heart. She subsequently perspired heavily from top to toe. She then ran down the stairs and rushed into the garden. Snatching the pariah child from her mother's embrace, she kissed her again and again. Victoria Ammal, for that was the name of the woman, was dumb with surprise. Manoranjitham clung to her and said, "You are indeed fortunate, because you are a darling mother! Now, I understand the essence of MOTHER-HOOD!"

"Miss Sarasa, the fortune-teller tells me that Manoranjitham is married and is an enviable mother of three daughters and four sons," wrote Pankajam in the course of her letter to a friend of hers in Bombay, a few years later.

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

RUPALEKHA

There lived in the reign of Ashoke the great, in a small village, far away from the troubles and turmoils of the city and civilisation, an old woman who had a beautiful daughter named Sulekha. In the same village lived a boy—shepherd—by the name Arup. And Sulekha loved Arup.

Ambitious and calculating Sulekha's mother got a job in the palace of King Ashoke and wanted to take away Sulekha there and hoped for the best, for Sulekha's beauty was remarkable

door. A brahmin—an ascetic—came out and answered the call. Ashoke prayed for shelter. He gave out that he was Ashoke's officer and the brahmin, Maheshwar by name—refused admittance. For wasn't the kingdom of Ashoke, said the brahmin, a reign of vice and corruption?

A few days later the royal court of Ashoke saw Maheshwar being brought in chains before the mighty king, but a miracle happened. The truth of the brahmin's accusation of Ashoke's



The day of departure came and in spite of protest of Arup, Sulekha had to go—bound for the capital where wine and women, pomp and luxury drowned everything else. Into the mad revelry Sulekha knew she was going and after repeated appeals Arup agreed to follow.

Arup managed to secure a job in the Palace and soon he became the favourite servant of Ashoke.

Ashoke went out hunting one day accompanied by that fierce Captain of the Guards—Ushinar. They all lost their way and Ashoke wandering aimlessly at night came upon a cottage. Thither he went and knocked at the

tyranny struck home and for the first time in his life Ashoke was in doubt—perhaps the brahmin was right—perhaps Ashoke had been too steeped in the orgies of wine and women to notice the injustice that was being done by his corrupted government. He offered the throne to Maheshwar for a year on one condition and it was that if within this year there was a single complaint of vice or injustice Maheshwar would pay the penalty—penalty of death.

The brahmin agreed and Maheshwar became the king for a year.

And Maheshwar brought peace and tranquillity in the country but within

the walls of the palace there brooded conspiracy and vice. Ushinar, the captain of the guards, wanted to get rid of Ashoke and conspired against his life. Ashoke, repentant of his past, led a sober life and found in his favourite servant Arup—a friend. Sulekha's mother found Ushinar an easy victim to her daughter's charms and secretly arranged his marriage with Sulekha. And Sulekha hated with all her heart—that vicious scowling demon of a man—Ushinar.

Then one night..... Ashoke was dressing up to go incognito amidst the people and sent Arup to call Ushinar to accompany him. A mad revelry was on in Ushinar's apartment. Wine flowed and women danced and Ushinar sat on the dais with a group of friends and occasionally cheered. And when Arup came to call Ushinar, he heard Ushinar plotting and planning to murder his master Ashoke. He hurried back to warn Ashoke.

In the meantime, Ushinar had sent for his would-be bride Sulekha and Sulekha was forced to sing and dance before Ushinar. Arup found his beloved singing and dancing in front of Ushinar and he misunderstood. His lover's heart got a rude shock and he ran to Ashoke and prayed for his permission to go away far, far away—back to his mountains and forests.

Ashoke understood. He undertook to fix up things and asked Arup to give him a day or two.

Arup was returning to his quarters through the palace garden and found Sulekha lying in a heap under a tree. He ran up to her and helped her to regain consciousness. And Sulekha asked Arup to take her away. She told him how she was forced to sing and dance before Ushinar and how her ambitious mother had secretly arranged a marriage.

A rude push of rough hand separated the two and Arup found himself looking into the blazing eyes of Ushinar.

"Get out—you are dismissed—" hissed Ushinar and slapped Arup on the cheek. Arup stood for a time speechless and then gave back. Then a fight—and Ushinar was a giant. Providence intervened in the shape of Maheshwar and prevented the flashing dagger of Ushinar falling on Arup.

Maheshwar ordered a trial next morning for breach of discipline and

ordered both Ushinar and Arup to go to their respective quarters.

But when morning dawned—the dead body of Ushinar was found near the palace gate with a gaping wound on his chest stabbed in the heart. And Arup's clothes were found smeared with blood.

Trial—Arup was condemned to die. Arup never spoke a word during the trial and heard the order calmly—to be burnt alive in the morning.

Next morning came and saw Ashoke pacing in his room—after a sleepless night.

It was Sulekha imprisoned in her quarters by her mother feverishly trying to get out and go to Maheshwar because she knew who Ushinar's murderer was and how innocent Arup was.



Arup was being led to the burning pillar outside the prison. Arup faced death boldly and calmly.

Sulekha got free and ran for Maheshwar. Is she too late.....?

The fire started burning and Ashoke came on the scene. He jumped into the fire and rescued Arup and laid him on the ground. Sulekha also came with Maheshwar.

Ashoke said to Maheshwar—"Brahmin! Just a mistake of mine; a cowardice for which I must pay—"

And he confessed—

That night Ushinar tried to murder Ashoke but failed. Later when Ashoke went to Sulekha's to fix up Arup's marriage with Sulekha, Ushinar heavily drunk entered the room and

insulted Ashoke. Enraged Ashoke pushed him away and Ushinar fell heavily and cut his brow. Mad with anger Ushinar attacked Ashoke, but Ashoke stabbed him before he could do him any harm. Arup took charge of clearing the body and the rest is simple.

Maheshwar heard the story. Ashoke begged for a punishment and suggested the same punishment as had been meted out to Arup.

Maheshwar ordered the execution of Ashoke in public after a week. The news spread like wild fire throughout the length and breadth of the vast kingdom and people flocked to the capital.

The fateful morning dawned and people gathered behind the barred gates and awaited with bated breath.

As Ashoke was being led to the burning pillar, Maheshwar stopped the proceedings. Then, addressing the people he said "Here to-day ends my reign—Ashoke is once more your king. My year has ended this moment and the king cannot be tried and punished."

A wave of relief....." Long live Ashoke" rent the skies and Ashoke fell on his knees before the brahmin. Ashoke declared that a new Ashoke will rule the country and Ashoke the tyrant would be a thing of the past.

People cheered and whole of the kingdom was given to rejoicing.

FUNNY MAGN

Easy!

"I can spot the villain in a mystery novel after reading the first chapter," states a correspondent. That's easy—it's usually the author.

There ran to a station, a Scotchman and got a ticket for the next station. Again at the next station, he got another ticket to the subsequent station. Amused and perplexed at this, a man asked him the reason for his strange behaviour. The Scotchman readily replied as follows:—Sir, the doctor told me I would die of heart failure at any time. In order that I should not lose much by buying a ticket direct to my destination, I am buying a ticket at each station.

Once an one-eyed husband enquired from his miser wife if he should get an artificial eye for himself.

Wife:—How much would it cost?

Husband:—Nearly two rupees, but it would serve me for ever.

Wife:—No objection, if it carries the same value after your death.

Teacher:—When did your father become lame.

Student:—In a recent quarrel with my mother.

New Comer:—Are all those your children?

Mr. Ram:—Just wait; my wife is coming, she would satisfy you about this.

Owner:—Who the devil gave you entrance in my garden?

Comer:—It was the wall from which I jumped down.

"Man arrested for staring at a woman," reads a newspaper report. He evidently made a glaring mistake.

A Canadian educational authority thinks thirteen hundred words are enough for any language. He's evidently never played golf!

They live on and on!

It is said that politicians live longer than other men. At least, it seems longer to other people.

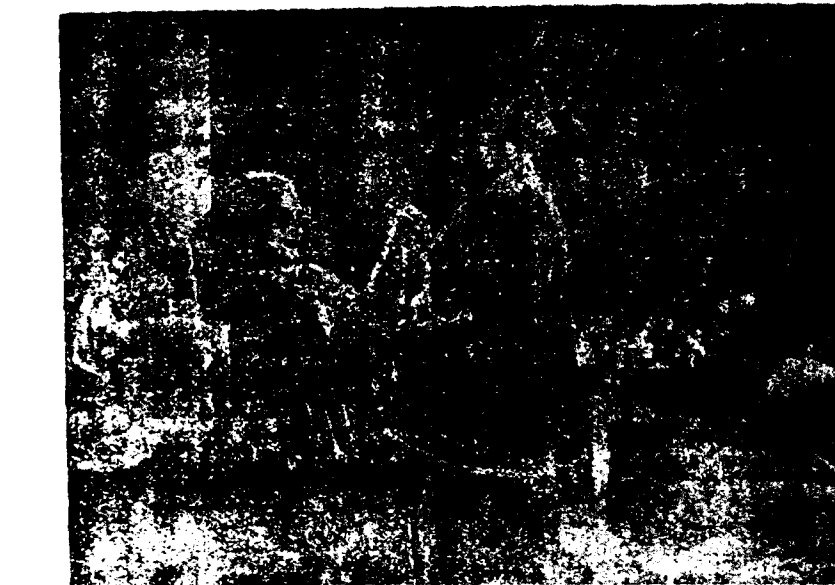
OCTOBER 5, 1934

Sati Sulochana

That the Tamil talkie is day by day advancing towards the musical is a well known fact to the theatre-going public of Tamil Nad. Between pictures and pictures we can find improvement in that field and songs are introduced in scores. First of all we had in VALLIS WEDDING a kind of alluring music that catered to the masses and it was a pucca success. The second film that attracted the public was SITA KALYANAM, a high grade picture of Prabath which also contained songs but not of a variety that would appeal to the pit. The one remarkable feature about this picture is its excellence in its technique. Finding the tremendous success of VALLIS WEDDING Messrs. Pioneer Film Co. of Calcutta produced another picture KRISHNA DEELA with very many folk songs similar to VALLI. But somehow this did not prove as much a success as its predecessor, perhaps because the public were already fed up with such productions which could not boast of any acting talents.

However, in the latter pictures like LAVA KUSA of Tamil Nadu Talkies and the SAKUNTHALA of Pioneer Films, we find a slight improvement in the quality of music. It is of a type that would have an all-class appeal. Now the Bharat Luxmi production SATI SULOCHANA marks a still further development in the field of music which is not only perfect in the matter of technique as in the case of some previous productions but also enchantingly melodious which characteristic was rarely present in any of the previous Tamil Talkies. To Miss Sundarambal who appears as the heroine in this picture goes the credit of giving the best music. The tunes for the songs have been selected suiting to the occasions. Sundarambal's voice is best suited to the mike and at any pitch no distortion in voice is found. Her action is also good and not of a noteworthy character that needs special mention as hersinging, the melody of which mere language fails to describe.

Mr. M. G. Nataraja Pillay appears in the role of Indrajit, the son of Ravana. His actions are quick and agile and he possesses majestic stature that is the *sine qua non* of a warrior-prince. His love making looks very arti-



ficial and lacks in that always go with such incidents. He proves that he is capable of subtle acting in the scene where he meets his father, whom he advises to restore Seeta to her lord. The other actors that need mention are Ravana, his devoted wife, Mandodari and Lakshmana. He has got to do some agile and brisk actions in the latter half of the picture and his part has been over acted. Mandodari and Seeta have got those serene and sorrowful mien to perfection which they are expected to have.

Coming to the technical side of the picture the photography is very near to giving satisfaction and sound recording is perfection itself. As far as the settings are concerned this picture supplies the best we have seen till now in the Tamil Talkies, why, it can stand comparison favourably with some of the best talkies of India itself.

The direction was in the hands of no less a veteran than Rao Bahadur P. Sambanda Mudaliar whose experience of the South Indian stage is as old as a quarter of a century. With due deference to the learned director we may point out here that we are all sadly disappointed in failing to find flashes of directorial genius in this picture, which we may naturally expect in any picture which is handled by a veteran with a first-hand knowledge of the stage. Perhaps it is because of his maiden attempt and we only hope that his further pictures are better than this Bharat Luxmi musical,

the music of which is first rate—nothing short of it.

M. V. V.

The Borrower and the Lender.

"I say, old man," began Ramu tentatively "I was just wondering if you could manage to....." Now then, none of this wondering business with me, let me guess, old man" interrupted Kittu, playfully poking the other in the ribs. "You want the loan of my gramophone for this evening, am I right?" "Nearly" admitted Kittu laughing merrily.

"As a matter of fact, I was going to say a gramophone, some records and a box of needles."

"Now let me see," said Ramu dragging Kittu inside the house.

"I have several good records. Only yesterday I bought some new 'Kittapas' and 'Dhanam's.' Hope you will like them, old man, and is a fresh box of needles" "A pleasant evening to you, old chap! cheerio!"

Doing Fine.

"Remember, my boy," said the practical man, "that in order to succeed you must teach people to trust you."

"I have done that," answered the gloomy youngster, "and as a result I have succeeded in getting into debt beyond my wildest expectations."

Hollywood News

Ramon Novarro returns to Hollywood.

His concert tour of South America completed, Ramon Novarro is back in Hollywood where two new vehicles await.

Novarro is to be co-starred with Evelyn Laye, distinguished English actor in a musical romance of the Imperial Ballet, temporarily titled *Tiptoes* which is being prepared by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg. It is based on an Old Vienna story by Vicki Baum. It is to be produced on a lavish scale with spectacular ballets and a full musical score and directed by Dudley Murphy.

Also in store for Novarro is her Excellency's Tobacco shop, based on the successful play by Leslo Bus Fekete.

Details that went into the making of the "Merry Widow."

Sixty gallons of drinking water daily.

Two hundred bottles of coloured soda water.

A hundred sandwiches and plates of hors-d'oeuvres.

These are some of the little details that go into the making of a big picture scene. They are just a few items the property man had to attend to in the filming of the great Maxim's scene at the Merry Widow at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer lot.

The drinking water supplied the drinking fountains on the set for the crowd of extras and principals present. The soda water was used to represent the wines drunk by revellers in the Paris resort and despite the soda water the water was a necessary thirst quencher under the lights. The food decked the festive tables.

Six wardrobe attendants were present steadily working to repair gowns and costumes disarranged in the brisk polka danced by the crowd on the floor of the set. A dozen make-up men with tables alongside the big

sound stage ministered to disarrayed facial adornment.

Fifty pounds of crepe hair went into moustaches and whiskers applied as make-up.

More than a thousand gas-lamps lit and extinguished daily on the set.

Ernst Lubitsch directed the new new picture with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

Beautiful Girls bid Ernst Lubitsch a Fond Farewell.

A prize fighter issuing from a conflict couldn't look any worse than did Lubitsch, genius of the megaphone, when he emerged from the flurry of silken gowns, beautiful girls and adulation that greeted him on finishing the Maxim's sequence in his production of the Merry Widow.

The girls playing the charmers in the famous Paris resort and figuring in numerous sequences with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, planned a real good-bye for their director when they finished their engagement at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

First they applied lipstick liberally. Then they gathered around the amazed director showering him with kisses. Each left a red mark. It took Lubitsch twenty minutes afterwards to remove the marks of their esteem.

George Brent's Polo skill results in Big Garbo role.

If George Brent had never learned to play polo he wouldn't have a broken nose.

But the broken nose was worth it for now.....as he is a seasoned veteran in the sport.....his skill in polo has pleased him in the most important screen role of his career.

He plays Greta Garbo's lover in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture the Painted Veil. Fully a dozen of the most handsome and the most noted actors in the industry had been considered for the important part of Townsend.....and then the collection simmered down to the problem:—

Which of the most handsome is the best polo player?

Next to the role of Dr. Fane Garbo's husband in the screen story played by Herbert Marshall Brent's is the most important masculine part in the picture.

Townsend meets Garbo at a Hong-kong polo club after a spirited game, whence begins a tensely dramatic triangle of a glamorous woman and two men—one her husband and the other her clandestine lover.

News items.

For a ship's swimming pool sequence in *Chained*, his new MGM co-starring picture with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable learned to dive and swim the full length of the pool four times without stopping in exactly two days.

Of all the former baby stars Madge Evans is the only ranking screen player who has grown up to surpass her early popularity.

Ernst Lubitsch directing the Merry Widow was in his youth a Cello player in an orchestra. Between scenes he often borrows a cello from the orchestra and plays his favourite cello number *Berceuse* from Jocelyn.

Robert Montgomery will be co-starred in with Helen Hayes in MGM's adaptation of Hugh Walpole's novel *Vanessa*. This will go into production after Miss Hayes completes work in her first new season vehicle *Sir James Barrie's*, *What every woman knows*, with Brian Aherne as her leading man. William K. Howard has been assigned the direction of *Vanessa*.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have acquired the talking picture right of the *Student Prince*. This was produced even seven years ago as a silent film by the same company with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro in the principal roles.

M. V. V.

Astrology.

Astrologers they all did say,

Prison life on my twentieth age.

Sure on the appointed day

My wife took me into bondage.

N. Janakiraman.

OCTOBER 5, 1934

Matchless Misery

THE paunch, that any man forms for himself is a very good credit for his well-developed being and bears testimony to his easy-going and luxurious life. Mr. Chettiar was not backward in allowing an unlimited growth of this superstructure over his mortal frame. Nor was there a tincture of misery in all his sweet sixty years of happy life, until one fine morning when he felt all of a sudden that the whole world was an empty show without a pleasing partner in life. But he never thought that this was a question too late to be tackled in his stage of life.

Still, with an air of a President of All India Widows' Conference and their Homes, feeling a sympathy for the widowed sisters, an anxiety for their happiness and pleasure, he was earnestly bent upon remedying their cause of which he thought he would be the champion one of these days.

On the morning of the following Monday he led a campaign with these blubbing ideas in his bulky head. After many exhaustive glances over all the girls, he selected a charming girl, not knowing that he would be committing as much degree of blunder, a suicidal blunder, as the degree of beauty in his selection.

He thereby thought that he was helping miseried humanity in general and a sorrowed sister in particular to whom he thought he would be a pleasing angel.

Though some of our sisters laughed at our Chettiar in a sense of ridicule, he thought that they were only pleased to see one of their sisters enjoying their long-lost smile and cheerfulness.

Hardly imagining the ludicrous, he proposed to marry his pretty selection. The marriage was celebrated in a few seconds. There was no rumbling of priest, their mumbling of manthrams; no drum; no fire.

But there were invisible guests to wish the couple their 'conjugal bliss' and sounds of unheard music. After the snappy marriage, Mr. Chettiar took his new bride to his palace of pleasure in a big car, which, had it not been for the chauffeur's seat, could have been

easily converted into a small bedroom of a 'Moving Mansion' in the fairy fables.

Overjoyed at his great success in bringing the 'Empty Show' full to the brim of happiness and help the homes of these homeless woman, he never, never doubted for a moment his patriotic services to Motherland and his generosity towards the fatherless daughters and sorrowed sisters.

The bungalow smiled from every corner as the servants bowed their head to welcome the eager couple. The servants inside the compound that enclosed a spacious bugh and loafers outside which was enclosed by heaven alone, gazed in wonder and amazement at Mr. Chettiar's bride.

Mr. Chettiar's newly staged romantic style and manners were the topic

BY
"A H A."

of the day in servant quarters as well as in the street corners. These servants who had served him for many a decade were certainly acquainted with all the follies of his romantic youth and with all the dishonest means he had developed his fat round paunch which was always like a Mariner's compass, showing the enormous wealth he possessed. They who know how often he had stingily paid for love that was bought for a short time in his bachelor's life, knew also how he would in future grudge his new bride, the wealth he largely possessed.

As days passed on, there was no change in Mr. Chettiar's attitude and his lips were always compressed with a bachelor's decision much to the misery of lips of feminine delicacy. Oh! What a wide gulf between sweet sixteen and sixty!

After completely exhausting all the advertisements that are likely to restore his vim, vigour and vitality, he embarked on a superstitious idea that all this disgraceful and impending

danger, this multitude of matchless misery was the monstrous offspring of his failure to feed fat priests to their hearts full content.

With all his soft heart, cordial manners, smiling appearances, yet there was a weakness of passion in Mr. Chettiar which was likely break the bond of so-called Union. Though Mr. Chettiar was causing unhappiness to his young bride, yet he posed himself by her slender figure as an all-mighty, all-powerful Omnipotent.

It was such a fun to see himself adorned with his water proof coat, grinning himself before the mirror just behind the bride's apartment. As he had not any intellectual attainments.....Bachelor's gown and rolled diploma.....he coolly consoled himself by wearing a water proof coat which was designed after Bachelor's gown even in the showery rain and smiling sun-shine. At the same time he would not even allow his wife to go apart from him, a wife on whom he had spent so much of his wealth in anticipation of some mocking pleasure.

One dull evening Mr. Chettiar feeling the unworthiness of his frame, the beautiful gorgeous and glorified girl, he called the chauffeur of his limousine and asked him to take his bride for a ride.

The chauffeur, who was loyal to our Chettiar in leading him safely in the journey of his life, so too he led Mrs. Chettiar in the black tar road of the dark Marina.

The evening grew into night; and man and woman, car and cycle, all fast disappeared. Yet, Chettiar did not come.

Poor girl!

She looked at the driver; and the driver no not what to do. Till in the still hours of the morning, the poor lovely girl ordered the care home where she mourned in uncertain widowhood.

Not to this day has she solved Did Chettiar who so fondly loved her meet a watery grave and did he vanish out of remorse?

NOTICE.

TO OUR

"CLUE WORDS" COMPETITORS

The correct solution for No. 4 in the 'Clue Words' Competition is KINEMA and not KUREMA. Our Competitors are requested to correct and Read No. 4 as KINEMA.

Baccy-Dust

BY

Y. BALARAM.

I AM a votary of baccy in its atomic form. Get me? I take snuff, that is to say. There is nothing epoch-making in this fact, I agree with you. But, though I fail to interest the reader by that announcement, I promise him enough ginger and pep in the forthcoming volume of my "Confessions". I am now working upon it, De Quincey-like, aided by innumerable pinches of that adorable stuff which has undoubtedly made an author of me. I am not sure if De Quincey owes his inspirations entirely to that narcotic which he has immortalised, but I owe mine to powdered baccy,—well, well, that's neither here nor there. I see the reader's face screw up. Vexing?

Well, I am a connoisseur of snuff. And does that interest you, dear reader? I can directly tell where a man is hailing from, by just inhaling a pinch of his snuff. I can also tell him how many days old the atoms are.—pardon, dear reader, I shall cease boasting. Do you know that for the sake of a quarter-anna worth of snuff I had on many occasions spent two full annas for tram fare? For once you are interested?

Yes. I spent two full annas and a quarter to fill up my snuff-box. The Vopery "Singam" brand is my favourite snuff and a friend of mine used daily to supply me with a packet thereof. One fine morning my friend stopped away from the office. Usually, he got an extra packet on the previous day whenever he anticipated absence on the morrow. But this time he had to stop away all of a sudden. That meant no Vopery snuff. And I don't use any other brand. I would rather remain without any pinch than spoil my olfactory passages by any other inferior snuff.

While at office I managed to thrive on the bounties of other Vopery inhalers and at 5 p.m. sharp, I boarded the tram at Broadway that was winding majestically along towards the west. I had a fill-the interval pinch in my right hand and with the other I held the dangling handle at the red above and kept standing with about twenty others without pinches of snuff in their other hands. The burly conductor in pushing through the standing crew with his unwieldy satchel pushed me, a bag of bones, on to the row of seated passengers. My right hand involuntarily went up and in the act, the valuable fill-the interval pinch was gone. Many a slip, I thought, 'twixt the pinch and the nose. Having released the pinch to waste, my right hand, still acting on the impact given by the burly bloke, smote right against the electric button

at the window. There was a three-second ring abrupt and peremptory in its resonance which made the motorman apply the brakes with an alertness which would have done better justice to an impending collision. This sent a dozen more of the "Standers" off their balance, including the burly conductor to my secret satisfaction.

"Why the hell did you stop?" he yelled.

The motorman turned his body corkscrew-like and faced us. His eyes showed hell fire. Our hearts quailed beneath them. He pounded at the bell as a preliminary to starting and dashed away, ringing like the fire brigade, till at last he was faced with a down car on the same line and had to back along to the loop line which was just where the abrupt stop was made.

In another fifteen minutes I had purchased quite enough snuff,—the Vopery "Singam" brand,—to last me for another twenty-four hours.

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

ENTRANCE FEE ANNA 1.

Rs. 150 Cash Prizes

In 'Misprints' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 75.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 50.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES. Rs. 25.

Closing date: 3rd November, 1934.

HOW TO WIN

Below you are given 10 rows of misprinted words with clues against each row. In each row either one letter or more than one letter has been wrongly printed. You have to find out the correct words with the aid of the clues given against each row and correct these wrong letters. For example in No. 1. the word SUPERT is given. The clue for that is MAGNIFICENT. The correct word which conforms with the clue Magnificent is SUPERB. So in No. 1, the letter T has been wrongly printed instead of B. Correcting the letter T to B you get the word SUPERB as the solution. Similarly the others also can be corrected.

As you find the correct words 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 3rd November 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. Additional attempts can be sent on plain pieces of paper. 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.

Words.

1. SUPERT
2. WILF
3. JEPT
4. BRISY
5. DEBER
6. BAD
7. IDOA
8. SPLINQ
9. GEST
10. PAN

Clues.

1. Magnificent
2. Not Tamed
3. Fun
4. Active
5. To Hinder
6. Boy
7. Image
8. Piece of wood
9. Relish
10. Found in offices

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 3rd November 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, "Misprints" 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 "Misprints" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag dated 20th November 1934.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN ENTRY COUPON.

"MISPRINTS" COMPETITION.

Closing date 3rd November 1934.

ENTRANCE FEE ONE ANNA

1. SUPERB

6

2.

7.

3.

8.

4.

9.

5.

10.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature

Name Mr.
Miss or Mrs.

Address

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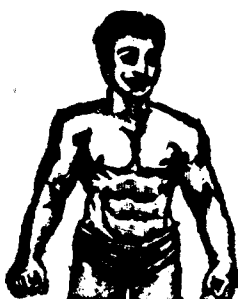
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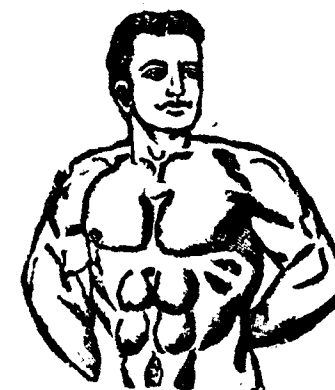
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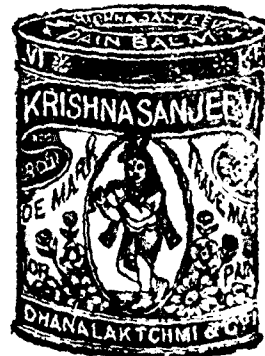
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