

FUNNY MAG.

Lucky Number 9458

and
Contest Prizes

Rs. 250.



5TH Nov., 1934

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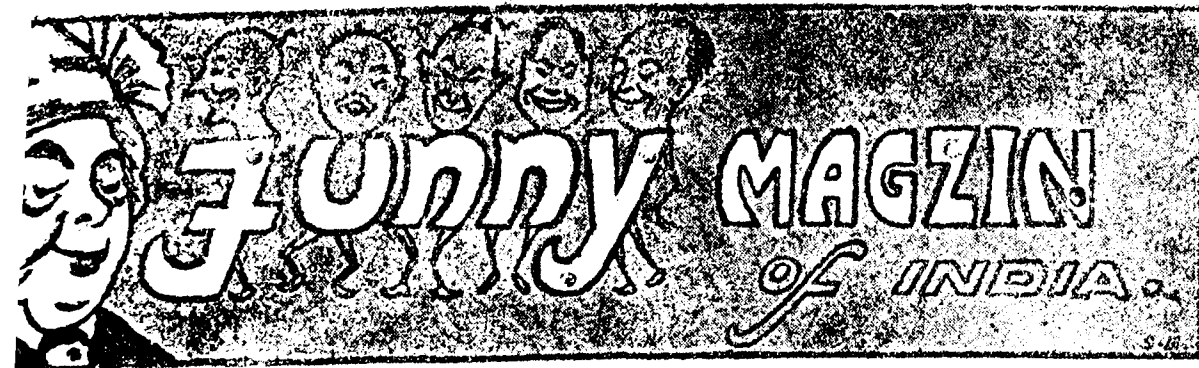
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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

II.

MADRAS, 5th NOVEMBER, 1934.

No. 7

THE SINCERE GIFT OF A DEPARTING FRIEND

E. STANLEY OF MADRAS GIVES HIS HONEST GIFT

"You needs must have Self-Government," Says H. E.



Mother India: Surely, Honest Friend, that is a Splendid gift to the Child of my loins. Sir George, methinks a discordant orie from Churchills, Lloyds and Page-Crofts."

H. E. Sir George Stanley: Maybe some have their fears, groundless withal: but men like General Smuts Sir G. Schuster who know better, would rejoice at my Gift which I bestow after five years' faithful and friendly station here, because I believe that Self-Government can and should be granted to India, as I said in my farewell sh."



A thoughtful reader points out that *De-pavali* falls on Tuesday this year.

But it doesn't really matter when Deepavali falls, for it always manages to hit poor father.

"Should women buy new sarees before or after Deepavali?" asks a fair correspondent.

Certainly not. In these hard days a man appreciates economy in a woman!

Mothers should note that Deepavali sweets and eatables keep better, if they are kept under lock and key!

"In India things remain unchanged," comments a foreign visitor.

Oh, Yeah! What about Five-Rupee Notes?

"Why are alcoholic drinks of different colours?" asks a teetotaler.

Because they are meant for interior decoration.

"Some thieves broke into a Broadway Restaurant," says a daily.

They were evidently trying a smash and grab raid.

A local Magazine is despondent, because in spite of its surprising prize awards the circulation is poor.

We suggest that it be published with round pages!

"I know a tram-conductor who has the makings of a first rate boxer.

He should know all about punch anyway!

"There are no short cuts to success"

Aint there? I know a barber who has two houses and a car!

"Everything grows smaller when contracted,"

What about debts?

"Nobody wants to be down and out."

Except the nervous man experiencing his first Aeroplane trip.

FUNNY MAGZIN

"I can get joy out of single letter," confesses a reader.

We always spell it with three.

"My husband isn't what you would call a bookworm," confesses a lady.

Just an ordinary worm, eh?

Whenever my wife and family ask me unpleasant questions I always find rest and peace in a little book, says a reader.

Probably his *Cheque book*.

"Never trust a girl who says she loves you more than anyone else in the world."

It may prove she has been experimenting.

We read of a film actor who is to remarry the wife he divorced eight months ago. Evidently he does not like the idea of having to break in a new set of relations!

A scientist attributes falling asleep over a novel, to sameness of print.

Sameness of plot also gives the same results.

"For years I have kept something to remind me of my wedding day," confesses a fair correspondent.

We know. It is your husband. Ain't it?

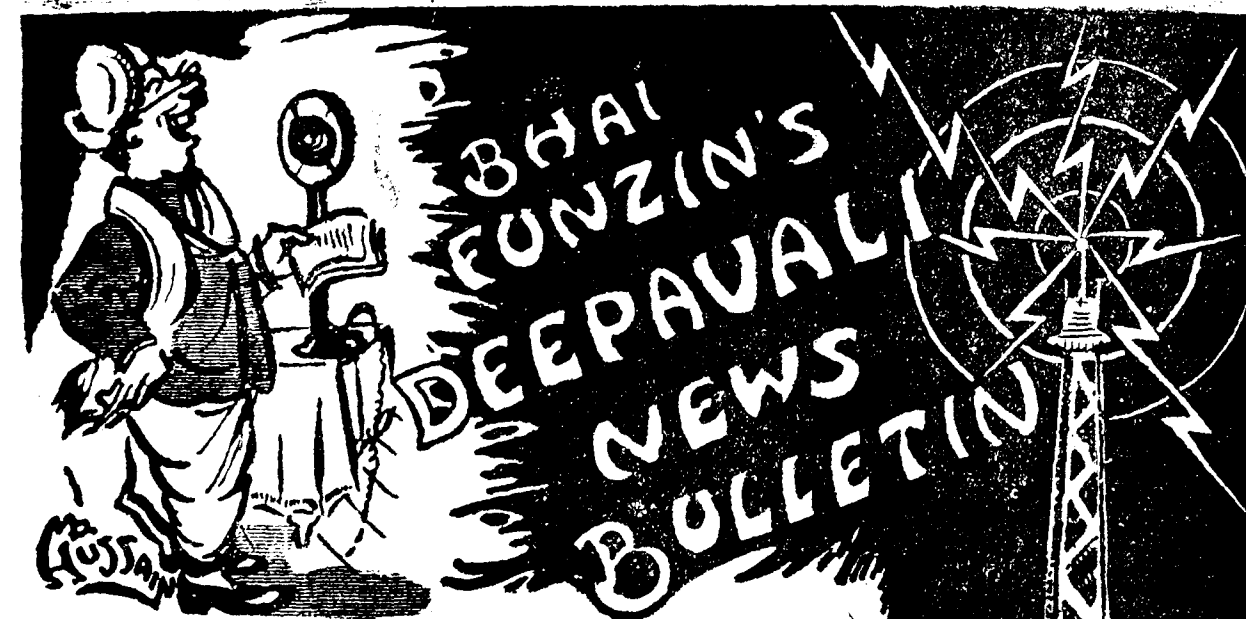
"Apparently many a young man cannot see what's right under his nose," says a politician.

Or, he would shave it off!

"Mosquitoes and bugs are quite fearless" says a scientist.

Yes. They even bite an entomologist!

NOVEMBER 5, 1984



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FOREWORD.

Having very carefully gone into the matter and discovered that the 6th is Deepavali Day, we decided that being the premier humorous Magazine of India we had to do something about it. So off we went to one of the famous local dealers in Radio Thingmajs. And while Our Circulation manager kept the dealer interested in talk about the weather and S. Satyamoorthy's chances, our office boy purloined a complete transmitting set with Transformers microphone all included. Then after wishing the dealer a merry Deepavali and asking if he sold Peppermints we came away. A lot of trouble we had installing the set in our premises. Finally we managed to set it up, thanks to the Proprietor who ran hither and also thither without doing anything. Now another difficulty arose. We had to get an announcer. A man with a perfect microphonic voice! We scoured one of our best writers but unfortunately he was suffering from a severe cold. We then went to the next best, and he said that he had an engagement with a delightful little thing in sarees which he wouldn't miss for all the Radios and Magazines of the world, ours included. Full of rage, anger, ire and a few pegs of gin, we went to yet another and got bitten by a big dog on the door-step. Sadly we returned and near the flower bazaar whom should we meet but the very devil himself namely Mr. T. L. Edwin. You know, the chap who writes such atrocious stuff in our Magazine. Suddenly an idea struck our upper-storey. Since we couldn't get any of our star writers, why not give this cad—we mean lad, a chance? And that settled it. So if you are disappointed please don't blame us for we did try to get a better announcer and failed. Well Cheer!—ho!

Editor.

HELLO, everybody! and that includes you too, you mug, this is T. L. Edwin speaking for the 'Funny Magazine'. I wish you all a merry Deepavali without any of the bad after effects etc. Well, well, don't be gloomy Pa, you have got to face Deepavali, for no matter how black the outlook may be, if behoves us to see it through. Yes, I know how difficult it is in these days of unemployment and overtaxation to allude to an outward and visible appearance of gaiety and merriment. But if you honestly try, you can tide it over. For instance you must begin walking to the office for a month before Deepavali day and thus save bus-fare. You should then on the day



have been forced off even the copper standard. For instance Mr. G of S has gone and pawned even his copper vessels! Much money has been withdrawn from banks and Post office Savings bank, and a clerk in the latter was suffering from writers cramp of having had to sign thousands of withdrawal forms!

MARKET

Chinese crackers, Bengal Matches Rubber Balls, Celluloid Toys, Clockwork toys, Silk Vesties etc., made nice progress. Turkeys and fowls are said to be progressing favourably. On the whole, the outlook is bright. It is officially announced from certain sources that the situation concerning Turkey has reached a state of crisis.

quarrel over their toys. Damp squally weather would continue when the wife finds that the saree was not bought for Rs. 70 as promised but only for Rs. 20. Later on after the Deepavali Dinner a deep depression will set in followed by acute indigestion.

TRANSPORT

Owing to the very large number of family reunions throughout this week, the Electric trains, Tramways, Taxis and even Aeroplanes and steamers are working overtime. A local scientist points out that this is one of the reasons for the new epidemic which has broken out and threatens our hitherto immune country. I refer of course to the epidemic of kissing and hugging which generally takes place at family reunions. But there is no cause for alarm as pointed out by an eminent Japanese Dentist who says that this is not unusual during this season, and that such things are carried on all over the world during festive seasons.

MIGRATION

The Ornithological society has called attention in all the daily papers to the extraordinary and wholly unexplainable migration of birds. Such a thing, they say, hasn't happened in the other months of the year. What's more surprising is that the migration has not taken place with all the members of the bird-tribe. Only Turkeys, fowls, geese, ducks etc., have been affected. The bul-bul, sparrows, parrots, minas, crows etc., have not migrated anywhere and they don't look as if they intended doing, for I saw many of them busy building nests and gobbling up the early worms!



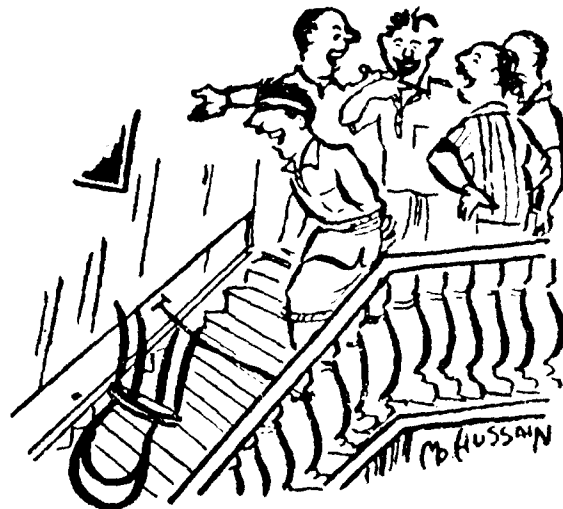
HUSSAIN.

before burgle the kiddies money-box, you should cut out all visits to Madamswami Nadar's arrack-shop. If all there are not sufficient, why, you can pawn your wedding presents, or better still if you happen to have a pa-in-law who belongs to that rare and fast dying species 'the Moneyed folk', you can wire him saying your wife's down with an unknown disease and you require a hundred bucks to see her through, with the aid of a specialist from Vienna! If after having tried all these you are still unsuccessful, the best you can do is to go and hang yourself for the world hath no need of thee!

Now let me tell you the news.

WEATHER FORECAST

The large depression centered over India will lift for a few days and bright cheerful weather may be expected, accompanied of course by a few showers just to cool up our systems. But there are signs that there will be slight disturbances as the 6th morning when the children would begin to



This game cannot be beaten.

CURRENCY

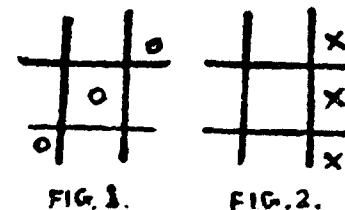
There has been a sharp set back in sterling for some days and most men

SPORTS

In the Inter-prov. no. 1 'Humpty Dumpty' game, Chandrasekharan was

the winner, and he was presented by the District Superintendent with a silver-cup. To these of you readers who do not know the game, I shall devote a few minutes and enlighten you. The rules in this game are simple and it can be played by old as well as young. To play it the competitors are first taken to the top floor of a three-storeyed building and blindfolded. They are also securely fastened with their hands behind them and also the legs. At the word go the players should try to find the stairs and get down first. A string tied in the way, and several nails with their business side up and an overturned chair on the steps at intervals, greatly add to the thrills and excitement of the game. For sheer light hearted humour this game cannot be beaten.

In the 'Nots and crosses' competition Mr. Deenadayalu Naidu of Gundurpet turned out successful. Played properly this game can be fierce and full of thrills and cross words. The winner has to get three noughts or crosses in a



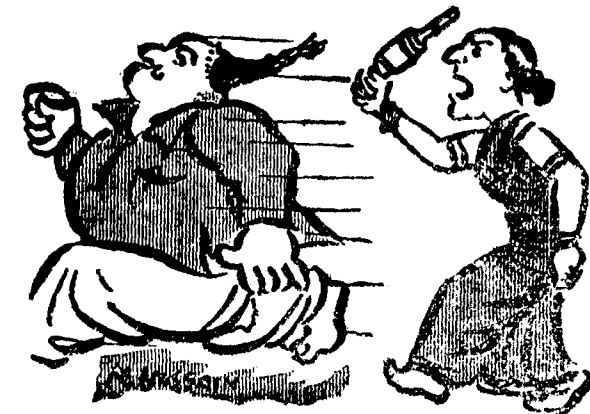
row. Something like fig. 1 & 2 etc. Mr. Deenadayalu Naidu won by his quick wit and unexpected tactics. Once when the opponent Mr. A. Sundaram was about to win, the former informed him that he was wanted on the phone, and during his absence did a quick piece of work with a bit of India-rubber and thus turned out the winner

much to Mr. Sundaram's surprise and chagrin! The next game was won by Mr. Sundaram. In the third and final game Mr. Deenadayalu Naidu gave a hefty one to Mr. Sundaram on his eyes and put him out of action and thus romped home an easy winner!

Another great and astounding piece of news is the record sprint of Mr. Gundu Subban Chetti of Mylapore. He was caught by his wife in the act of

We also with great pleasure and pride announce that a Mudaliar girl Susila Devi has broken the world's endurance record in talking. She talked unceasingly for 4 hrs. 17 minutes and 14 seconds and was still fresh when her husband promised her the Karaachi saree.

Well folks I guess that's all. And Now Cheri ho! and don't forget to send me presents on Deepavali Day!



He did the 100 yds. in 8.756 seconds!

kissing the pretty servant wench and made a run for it when wife chased him with the rolling-pin. He did the 100 yds. in 8.756 seconds thus beating the world's record to a frazzle!

CHAMPIONSHIPS

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our many readers, that a Brahmin boy of eleven years and three months has broken the Vadai record, hitherto held by a Bengali. This Brahmin boy whose name is Perumal Iyengar has set up a new record when he completed eating 83 vadais within the time of 21 minutes 4 seconds!



Address all presents C/o Funny Magazine. Ha! Ha!!

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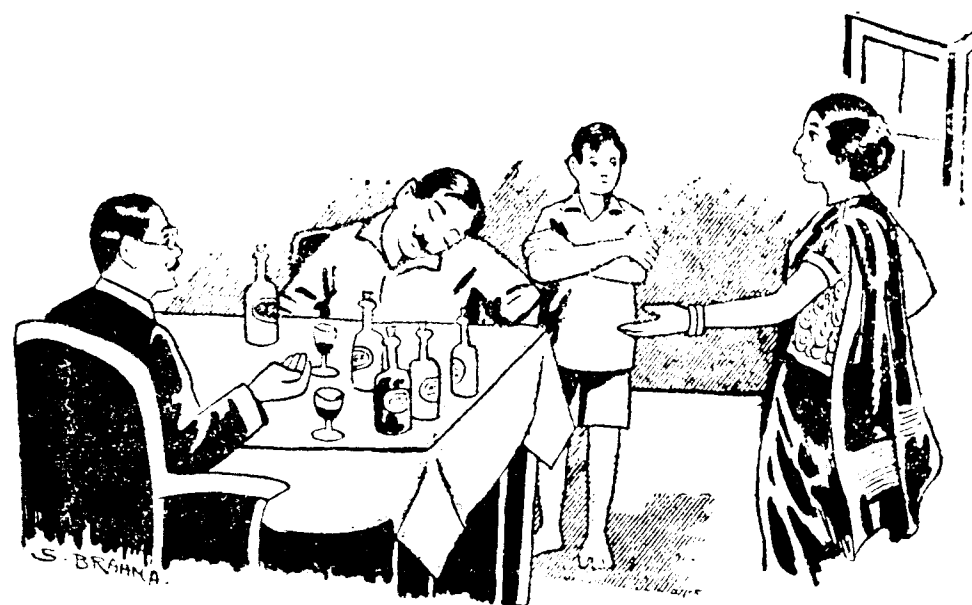
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"TRUE TO HER!"



By
"RUBIKON"

[It needs no small amount of courage to tell a story though it is against yourself. "Rubikon" does it in this story of his—and what is more—the cat is let out of the bag about that splendid story of his, "The Ghost at Dinner."—Ed.]

"**D**RINKING is bad, too bad," said the Old Pensioner, "especially when young fellows take to it and you seeing it all—without even a drop of it."

So often would the Old Pensioner keep saying that sententious idea to Sree Jaya, wife of my good old chum Amala, that she would often repeat it to her husband.

Good maxims are good, in their own way. You and I would be the last to quarrel over it.

But there is something better than the best maxims you have read or been taught by your learned school masters. That is—well, you need not bother about agreeing with me, I mean to say better than your wise saws—is a good old chum that gives you a hearty shake of hands and pulls you in to his home for a solid good dinner, with something of a whizz to wash it down.

Amala was one such. He is a nice young bear, plenty of bone and muscle

about him—quite a manly appetite within him—as I can honestly testify, having sat at the same table with him scores of times.

"Ha, Rubikon!"

I heard the call one day at the Beach with a decent blow on my neck—can't say which came sharper and quicker.

I turned round.

"Well, Amala?"

"You have become quite uppish, haven't you?"

"Amal, you talk rubbish!" I answered—with no ambition to rhyme off his "uppish."

"Or, gone to the stratosphere?" he asked with a grin of conceit that he had gone to Science for his joke.

"So, Amal, you are getting to be a reading chap and reel off about Stratosphere, the new planet and the newest element and the latest addendum to the vitamin list."

"But, Rubie, where, in the name of goodness, did you take yourself away all these days? Look here, Rubie not that I am very much bothered, about you—but I can't be inventing excuses for your sake and trotting them all out every time. Sree Jaya keeps pestering me with questions at home. I don't suppose you want a chap to waste grey cells for nothing at all but to invent lies for the wife."

"So that, Amal, what is it that you expect me to do to husband your grey cells and preserve them for the good of the world?" I asked.

"Rubie, you are wonderfully obtuse to-day. My good fellow, all I mean is that you come over this evening and explain, as they say, to Sree Jaya where you were stowing your goodness away all these days."

"And I suppose with the little sequel that I stay for a chic sup, is it?"

"Surely, Rubie, you have not become so mighty a man of writing that

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you cannot spend an evening with an old chum and his wife. Well, if you look at yourself as Rubikon the Writer and view your greatness through a generous magnifying glass, well—"

"Well me no 'walls', Amal, that will do. I shall be with you this evening."

About 7-30 evening.

Amala waited at the Club and we drove over to his neat little Quinta in the Suburbs, the frontage done in some peculiar style calling to my lay eyes the rough resemblance to the Alhambra or some structure of Barcelona or Cordova.

Jaya Sree was there at the entrance and with the smile like the flower in full bloom on her face, she greeted me.

Amal was only a repeater of the gentle railings with which greeted me as soon as I got down. Jaya Sree chided me so kindly for my runaway behaviour I thought it was worth while being absent just at least to see her so sweetly annoyed.

To be business-like.

Jaya Sree's pretty anger.

My humble apologies and excuses.

Amala's unbelief.

My proofs to convince.

Jaya Sree inclined to accept.

Amala's damning my excuses as one reel of humbug.

A good slap to Amal.

Jaya calling me to order and ordering me to march out to the dining hall.

Yes, we sat for dinner under orders from the wife of my friend.

But Amal is a nice sport.

"Jaya."

"Yes?"

"Jaya," in a cooing tone.

"Yes?" in a tone of meaning.

"What the dickens do you want?"

"Jaya," still more tenderly.

"Look here, dear, I do understand. Mr. Rubikon, you see how tender my husband grows towards me."

"Really? I wonder, sister, how Amal can be so gentle as a gazelle. Why, how has the bear learnt the tune of the dove?"

"Why, Mr. Rubie, you can easily understand that. Can't you? You will just see the meaning of it in a minute."

Saying which Jaya Sree opened a beautiful almirah in the wall, brought out tumblers and bottles.—

"Why all that whining, dear? Surely, Mr. Rubie, here is what that gentle cooing is all for. Surely, I can understand my husband," said she smiling ever so sweetly as the Whisky—wallah, Gin-wallah and other wallahs of that class were made to stand at their post of duty on the table, as steadily as I have seen our scouts do at functions.

"But you see, dear," began Sree Jaya.

"I know, Jaya," protested Amala.

"Ah, there you are! Look here, Mr. Rubie, you know that day when you sent us a letter telling us about the success of that lovely story of yours. My husband wanted to celebrate it in such a hearty fashion that the doctor had to hear about it."

"Jaya, you are always like that," protested Amala, his voice having distinctly changed its note once the bottles had been arrayed on the table, "you always treat me as if I were a baby. You must give me advice and all that."

"But what did you promise to our friend the Old Pensioner?"

"Jaya, you hardly know the old soul. Why, Jaya, the other day you thought it was I that cleared out the two bottles. But if you will only kindly recollect that you never saw our friend the Old Pensioner for a couple of days after the complete disappearance of the spirits from their glassy resting place, you will understand how far your spirituous *guru* lives up to what he teaches."

"Anyway, dear, he did not say he was against a drop for himself, so far as I have understood him. But, you will see, Mr. Rubikon, that my husband will have only a small drop of what he likes, just to give you company."

With quite an affectionate smile, and "a few minutes, I shall get ready your dinner," Sree Jaya left us. She was a sturdy lady who was not afraid of doing her own domestic duties.

It was Amal who began.

"Here is a small drop for your splendid story, Rubie."

"Thanks awfully, good boy. I don't know that my story needs so much toasting as you would give it. However, here is to your hearty good heart, my boy," said I as I charged a decent glass of whizz and drained it too,

having been a bit thirsty during the day.

"Rubie," began Amal, "it is not so much to I flatter you. I don't. It is the wife, my boy. I don't know why she likes your latest story. She has read it already a number of times to her friends; She has purchased a number of copies and sent to her sisters and friends up away in the provinces. Really, Rubie," saying which he took another "small drop" as he called it, now from another bottle and desired me to follow suit.

I couldn't help it.

Nor could you, whoever you are, if you only were in my place. We got through it.

"Not only my Jaya; Rubie, my good fellow, that old screwface Gingerayya, my grandfather's friend, comes round and tells that he read your story! And he nods his grey head and says that young fellows write now-a-days like as they didn't do in his own days. But it is all funny, and you can't help reading it, so he grumbles, poor soul. And so, Rubie, good boy, here is a small drop for what that old Gingerayya felt," so saying we went through a third set; of course Amal having only his "small drop," from a third variety.

Somehow Amala got into the mood panegyric. Nothing could stop him. "Small drop" was pressed into service.

I was only a humble follower though I can't clearly swear it was against my wishes.

Till at last, in the sweetest of voices Sree Jaya opens the door, and there she stood, like the Goddess Laxmi herself put into a picture frame!

"Ah, that is very funny," she said as she her husband set gently inclining his head on the chair.

"Only 'small drops' he had," I answered.

"But I don't blame him, Mr. Rubikon," she said.

"Surely, sister, you don't blame me," I asked somewhat alarmed.

"No, not you. But it is that ripping story of yours. 'The Ghost at Dinner.' He would never tire of praising it because we liked it, Mr. Rubikon."

That was too much for me; I couldn't stand her kind words. So, after a decent dinner, I hastened home and slept off the praises of two good friends like Amala and his wife.



STORED
BY
K. R. N.

Easy Money

Which topic, naturally, leads us on to R. B. Newham's 'The Romantic East' where he has a passage regarding matrimony in India. He writes: "In India, amongst many high-caste people, a peculiarly admirable system exists for the convenience of bachelors. Instead of a poor man shirking marriage as an expensive job, as in the

West, he looks forward to it avidly as the chance to get rich-quick. For, incredible as it may strike our eye, the parents of the girl usually pay an astounding amount in cash to the bride groom before the wedding. Easy money, this high-caste Indian matrimony, in fact!"

Yes, Mr. Newham, but the paradox is, this kind of easy money is the hardest to land, and more often than not, the matrimony is most bitterly regretted.

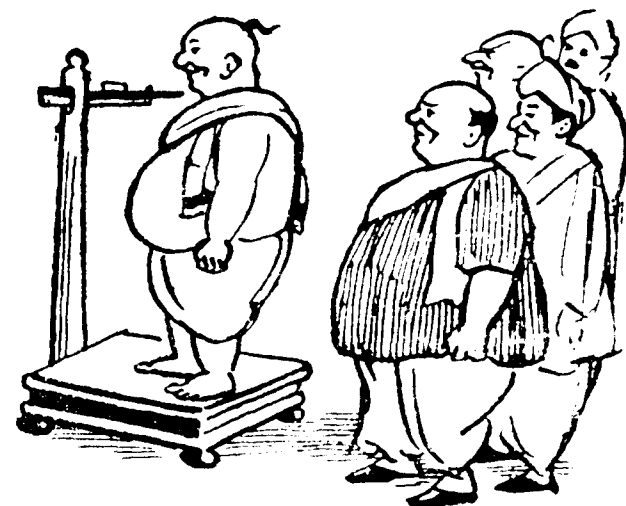
A Weighty Club

I seem to be in a grove and unable to shake off the fascination for strange clubs. Here is a para—or two, to be precise—from the 'Cablegram', that marvellous, little 'printer's mag.'

"Five massive men with an aggregate weight of more than two thousand pounds, from the back-bone, as it were, of the new Fat Men's club of Berlin, Berlin, again! The formation of this organization was given much prominence in Berlin papers.

No one weighing less than 350 pounds is eligible to membership. Two of the five forming the prize exhibit of the club tip the scale at more than 400 pounds each. All the others come close to that mark."

And contrast this with that famous 'club' of F. W. Thomas, the great humorist, of which he writes, 'the



members were so thin that three of them were needed to cast a shadow!"

"No use crying over spilt milk",

Said the cat and lapped it up.



NOVEMBER 5, 1934

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(Incorporated in England.)

With effect from 1-11-1934, 3rd class Return tickets at reduced fares are issued from stations Perambur to Trivellore to Madras and Madras stations at the fares shown below.

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	Madras Beach	...	0	2 9
Villivakkam	Madras Central, Basin Bridge, Washermenpet, Rayapuram, Madras Beach.	...	0	3 0
Korattur	Do.	...	0	4 0
Ambattur	Do.	...	0	5 0
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Pattabiram	Do.	...	0	8 0
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Sevvapet Road	Do.	...	0	12 0
Trivellore	Do.	...	0	13 0

These tickets will be issued DAILY, available by all trains carrying passengers. The return journey should be completed by midnight of the day of issue.

Half fare for children above 3 and under 12 years of age. (In cases where the adult fare is As. 2 or less, the full adult fare will be charged for child tickets.)

THE CLASSICAL DRAMA

BY

'VEL'



YESTERDAY I had been to a drama enacted by the C. M. College boys in aid of the Chapel Fund. One of those extremely posh and highbrow literature stuff, Grecian Drama they call it. I wouldn't have gone and wasted 1-2-0, entertainment tax included, on such tripe had not Venkat told me that if I hadn't seen a classical Drama, I knew next to nothing about the real beauties of emotion. And he spoke enthusiastically for fully fifteen minutes about the glories of ancient Greece, her art, her literature, her poets, her amphitheatres, her tragedies etc., that I had the promise to go and see 'The Death of Achilles' enacted by the collegians, just to put an end to his lecture.

And that is how I went to the public hall to attend the

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drama. Try as I might I couldn't see any sense in dramas. I mean to say this drama business is all rot. It just doesn't happen in actual honest-to-goodness life.

Just imagine me going to my girl's house and reciting a curious length of poetry stuff, with notions to suits, expressing my love for her and inviting her to the tokies! She would immediately conclude that I had gone nuts, turned barney, become soft etc., and phone to the Asylum! Or, imagine me asking the boss for a rise in pay in heroic verse. Fancy interviewing the wife in Grecian form. Supposing we turn on everyday affair into the Grecian Drama form, this is how it would look.

'AFTER A JOB'

Persons of the play.

The father: The mother: The son: The Selection Board: Love: Chorus of sight seers.

Scene (The Collector's office, where the candidate has been interviewed and rejected as not fit.)

Father (furious at his sons disqualification by the Board.)

None, by Alas! pthy Hermes this is too bad!

The job which I had designed for my son

Is given to another, a worthless cad.

And unless the board has this wrong undone,

I'm going to write my tale of woes

About this board when I now consider foes.

CHORUS

This in truth, is a very violent and angry man, unduly moved as it appears to us, by such an ordinary and every-day occurrence, he being not the only

NOVEMBER 3, 1934

11

sufferer, but rather one among many similarly affected, and rearing themselves with greater humility under the blow of the gods. And yet he is but rightly indignant. We sincerely feel for him.

But misery, misery! Woe! Woe! Woe!

We know the event must happen so,

For, lo! with a face devoid of fear

And thou hast disqualified my son.

S. BOARD.

It all depends on chance. Full four thousand have been likewise treated. Thou hadst better go. We have no room for foolish brawlers here.

FATHER.

This is the limit! Strip thy garments,

Put up thy guard and let us test and know.

Which is the better man thyself or I.

(THEY FIGHT.)

CHORUS.

Now the battle is begun and the blood is flowing

Whom shall we support? Now the Commission,

Strikes a blow, fearful indeed but not accurately delivered and now the father rushes forward like unto a wounded tiger. Yea, he his down, his glory is overshadowed and his course is run.

THE FATHER.

Offer sympathy unto those that he in need of it; but me only blood will satisfy.

THE MOTHER.

Oh, dearest husband moderate thine anger, for there are many that smile, concealing their faces.

THE FATHER.

Let the man who disqualified my son be summoned, for I would that I exchange a few hot words with him.

CHORUS.

Now whether he will come or stay away

Is very much more than we can say:

But whatever he does, some great disaster

Is sure to fall on the unhappy master.

So, we like bees, will buzz along cheerfully singing our honey song,

And ready to creep into our lives

With a view to save our well-loved lives.

The Selection-Master is coming here!

THE SELECTION BOARD.

"What means this brawl, and wherefore dost thou shout,

Thou black-browed man who hast no business here?"



THE FATHER.

No business here? I have spent three-thousand,

THE SELECTION BOARD.

Carry me hence, for I have had my fill

(He dies, the crowd seize the father, when suddenly Almighty Jove appears.)

JOVE.

Now stay your hands and let the father free

Him and his spouse and his son too

Since he has duly worshipped at my shrine,

He has my favour and besides shall have

For his son an honourable post in the Government.

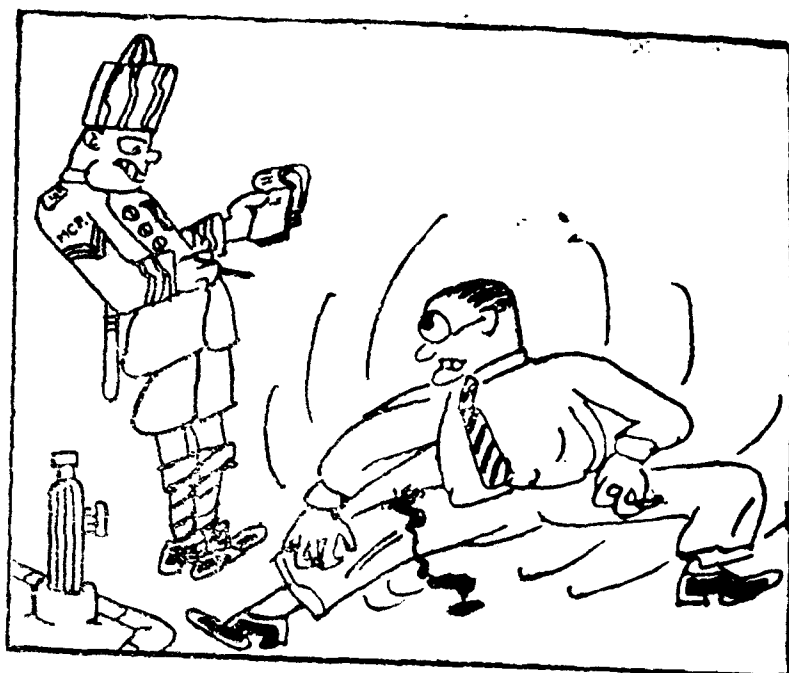
As for the Selection master who is dead,

I myself shall conduct him to the Shades.

CHORUS.

Great indeed is Jove and worthy of all reverence.

(Curtain.)



Policeman: You say the car knocked you down. Can you tell me what kind of car it was?

Victim: I can tell you, if a victim from a gun shot can tell you what kind of bullet killed him.

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THE MANAGER,

"Prachanda Vikatan" Office, Madras.

SAY IT THROUGH NOVELS



"Do you have 'Lovely Lips and Heaving Hearts'?"

The shop-man rose from his seat and whispered his reply in my ears.

"I got a copy only this morning, Sir, but the lady over there is now buying it."

As if I hadn't noticed it already while I passed her! When a sweet girl of, say, seventeen summers was bargaining for a book with a title like that, over counter of a secondhand book-shop in the Moore Market, one could not very well fail to take interest in that book.

'Lovely lips and heaving hearts'—the first were there

and as for the second, there was one under my shirt-front too, only it did not appear to be heaving at that moment. However, I decided at once to bid for the book against her at any cost.

BY

'DEVACROSAM.'

"What price?" I asked the shop-man in stage-whisper.

"Six annas, Sir. The lady seems to be asking my assistant to give it for five."

"All right, double it—ten annas!" I said.

The shop-man walked towards the second-counter and bowed slightly to the girl. "A gentleman desires to have that book for ten annas, Madam," he said, "Excuse me, Madam."

"Of all the rightful impudence," the girl exclaimed but suddenly stopped as she sighted me. "Oh," she said briefly, "Never mind, take that!"

She threw the book vehemently across the counter and prepared to walk off with her head held high up in the air.

"Wait a minute, please, Lady!" I cried.

"Wait a moment, Madam!" the shop-man repeated after

me, though, I bet, he had no idea then what for she should.

The girl turned round and looked at us questioningly but with a certain amount of embarrassment ill-concealed by her pretentious mask of disdain in her eyes.

"When I wanted that book I meant all of it including its contents whether loose or stitched to it," I explained. "I beg your pardon, lady, but will you kindly return to that book what you a moment ago took out of its inside."

She tried to give one of those looks which are known to freeze the souls of husbands at home. But being a hard-boiled egg, so to say, I survived it.

"I mean," I continued calmly, "the folded piece of paper you removed from between the leaves of the book."

Curiously enough, as it appeared to me then, she blushed.

"It is not a currency-note," she said with a forced smile and so all the more wane.

"Whatever it may be," I replied. "I insist upon its being returned."

"It is just a newspaper-cutting of a cross-word puzzle," she explained. "Only I was a bit curious to take it and solve it. I love solving cross-word puzzles."

"Do you?" I said brutally. "I don't. However, I insist upon"

"You seem to be an obstinate impudent fellow," she remarked without trying to hide her confusion and anger any longer.

So saying, she extracted from out of the folds of her hand-kerchief a neatly-folded piece of paper and threw it at me with a vehemence only charming girls are capable of putting into their little actions.

Down in my house that night, I read the bit of paper, needless to say it was a love-note—but it was completely original and entirely new in the line;—not the ordinary sentimental thing repeating: 'I love you; oh, I love you' etc, but a billet-doux that any Medical college-student-lover might well be proud of.

It was neither addressed to anybody nor signed by anybody. "Please see page 23," the note ran, "only it is a billion times more sincere than what Cecil Larwood felt for Pristine Angelina."

I turned over the pages of the novel "Lovely Lips and Heaving Hearts" and read in its 23rd page an account of how the hero Larwood's golden heaving heart beat longingly ever and anon for the lovely lips of the heroine, Angelina.

The whole love-note had been drafted in that code-form by the lover-author and the lady of his heart had only to first read the novel before she understood the letter and read all what

FUNNY MAGZIN

her romantic lover had got to say to her in plain lover's language.

And there was also a small P. S. to the note. "The next novel is 'The Girl from the East.'"

The next morning found me before the second-hand book-shop.

"Have you any idea," I asked the shop-man "who sold you the book that I got from you yesterday evening?"

"Yes, Sir! It was a young man," he replied. "He comes here every morning for the last one week with a different novel every time....."

"And the girl I encountered yesterday," I suggested, "buys that book from you in the evening, I believe?"

"I didn't note it, Sir," he replied, "But she comes, I think, regularly."

He lowered his voice as he saw a young man approach us. "That is the gentleman, Sir!"

I got a shock. For in the young man, I recognized my friend and play-mate, Ramanath.

"Hello," I accosted him warmly. "Buying novels?"

"Selling rather!" he said innocently.



Master: What is the fun of your typing when the sheet is on the floor?

Pupil: Master, you strictly ordered that I should be booking up when working at the machine.

NOVEMBER 5, 1934

"By any chance," I asked, "the novel entitled: The girl from the East? I want a copy urgently but the shop-man hasn't got one."

My friend tried to conceal a novel he had in his hand, under the lapels of his coat. Like the perfect gentleman I was, I pretended not to see it or his confusion.

"Isn't it funny," he asked presently, "that he hasn't got exactly those books we want?"

"Rather, but not always," I remarked. "For instance, yesterday I wanted a copy of 'Lovely Lips and Heaving Hearts' by Lee-O.K.-Dey....."

"Did you get one?" Ramanath asked anxiously beads of perspiration beginning to appear on his forehead and the tip of his nose.

"Oh, well, no!" I said. "I mean, yes, but with some difficulty, you know. You see there was only one copy with him. And what was funny was, that by a curious coincidence, a girl By the way, she was really a stunner, if you will believe me."

"Who got the book in the end?" he interrupted.

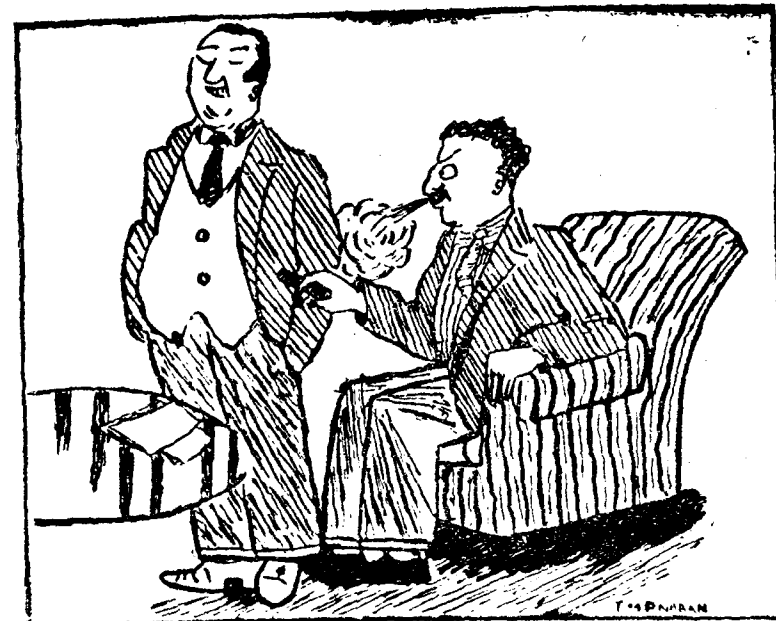
"The book? Of course, I," I said. "But to return to the subject proper, the girl who by the way was dressed smartly in a....."

My friend heard me no more. In fact, he collapsed into a state of stupefied daze, and when he came back to his senses, he confided in me the root of the whole trouble.

Sugirtha, he said, was the girl's name. It was at once a question of 'she loves me and I love her'. But the fly in the ointment, he blubbered tearfully, was this old orthodox Indian social life. What with her suspicious old parents breaking open all her letters, he could not send his love-words through His Majesty's Postal Department. As the matters stood, she could write letters to him, but he could not in the ordinary way.

"What about the Lover's path and My Lady's Garden?" I asked. "Why write letters; you can easily tryste there under the moonlight or the electric light exactly as you fancy; and nobody will be the wiser for it, don't you know?"

"No good," he explained. "Her father happens to be the Superintendent of the City Corporation gardens



"A friend in trade sent me this cigar."

"Which trade, is it the undertaker's?"

and what with his daily tours of inspections around the gardens....."

"And so with your silly head, you thought of this kind of communication through second-hand novels?" I observed.

"We relish the whole scheme," Ramanath said. "We live through the novels one by one in the romantic splendour of the characters therein. Only we never thought that our chain of novels would be broken by an idiotic nosey-parker like you!"

"The idea is all right in a way," I consoled him. "Only the shop is too risky a medium for passing your billet-doux. If you insist on living the parts of the heroes and heroines, why not take recourse to a better and safer medium?"

"Namely?" he questioned hopefully.

I strained my old beam. "I have got it," I cried, a minute later, "why not the Circulating library?"

Ramanath jumped for mere joy. "Why not? Indeed, yes!" he exclaimed delightedly.

There is a Circulating Library in Madras which had on its roll sometime back two members bearing numbers

4491 and 4492. If the present Librarian cares to go through the lists of books those two members had taken out to read, he would notice that the lists are entirely identical. He can also see that those two members ceased to be so, on and from 14th May, 1934.

But it is I who should inform him and my readers (if any) that exactly on the morning of 16th May 1934, two young creatures stood blushing before the Civil Registrar of Marriages in Vepery.

I also take pleasure in setting down that Mr. Ramanath and Miss Sugirtha had already realised all what the life of Cecil Larwood and Pristine Angelina of "Lovely Lips and Heaving Hearts" held out for them—excepting, of course, that dramatic moment (in page 347) when Cecil waited nervously for the nurse to appear on the top of the stairs with the news.

But why put in an 'excepting' here? Hasn't everything its due time and season?

I mean, for the appearance of a little Ramanath or Sugirtha (or both).

SCREEN HISTORIES

Stan Laurel

This thin but nevertheless comic actor was born in Elverston in England on 16th June 1895. At birth he was christened Arthur Stanley Jaffer-son. His parents were working on the stage in London and naturally a worthy son of a worthy father, was attracted towards it. He joined a company in which Charlie Chaplin was working and had his tuition from him. It was quite obvious that the grim trainer was not going to teach his pupil the art of smiling while on the screen, and hence, the serious mood. When the company sailed to New York he went with them. While on the stage Hal Roach saw him and tempted him to join the screen. Till now Laurel has played in more than 50 comic films.

Oliver Hardy has joined him since these last ten years, and the fat and thin pair have gained universal fame through their partnership.

In 1932 they travelled to Europe together. Laurel stands 5 ft. 9 in. and has brown hair and brown eyes and weighs 150 lbs. He is married to Louis Nilson and is the father of a beautiful girl.

Oliver Hardy

This fat comedian was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on 18th Jan 1892. He was christened Oliver Norvelie Hardy. He was educated at the Georgia 'Varsity.'

He is an expert golfer, and it is said of him that had he left off the screen and taken to golfing he would have become a champion. Yet his pastime is golfing and has won 24 cups, and as many medals.

For the sake of enjoyment he once acted with Lubin in a comedy of two parts. The film brought him luck for Hal Roach gave him a contract.

He has black hair and brown eyes, stands 6 ft. 1 in. and weighs 184 lbs.

Some of his films are "Night Owls", "Blotto", "Bean Chumps", "Chimp", "Help Mates", "Our wife", "The Laurel and Hardy Murder Case", "One Good Turn", "Be Big", and "Their First Mistake."



— Courtesy: Cinema Critic. —

Their latest film "Parlor U.S." was credited throughout the world, while "Pack Up Your Troubles" was four times as good as the other. H. R. H. Prince of Wales was so amused with the film that he saw it twice and the Crown Prince Michael of Roumania sent them his photo with the autograph on it, which they have kept as a precious gem.

Their most latest films are "Twice two" and "Towed in a Hole."

SCREEN NOTES

Maurice Chevalier swamped with "Get-rich-quick" officers

Maurice Chevalier, during his four years in Hollywood, has turned down officers that together would have exceeded by at least £ 25,000 his total income as a motion-picture and stage star. But he has refused these officers.

Hat manufacturers, soap makers, tobacconists, other commercial staples and novelties have offered him at least £ 100,000 in the aggregate for his endorsement of their wares. He has turned down another £ 100,000 offered to

him from various stage, concert, radio, and motion-pictures engagements.

Offers of money for use of his name, and offers for his services as an entertainer, are but two extra highways to financial gain offered a celebrity.

Several steamship companies offered him a de luxe quarters and free passage to and from Europe, just for the privilege of having his name appear on the passenger list. Many hotels in many cities would give him his choice of suite free just to have him listed as a guest. At least three automobile manufacturers have offered his choice of any of their different models, just for the privilege of announcing him as an owner. The strangest offer of all made to him recently was from a maker of beds and mattresses, who wished to give him a bed in return for an endorsement in connection with his new Paramount picture, "A Bed Time Story."

M. V. V.

"John, dear, I hope it did not inconvenience you, my sharpening my penoil with your razor."

"Only twice, dear. First when I tried to shave and then when I tried to use your penoil."

Beneath the Burmese Bells!

BY

Mrs. Sakuntala Gajapathy.



PART 1 - MI MI'S WEDDING.

A wide stretch of paddy fields lay bathed in the moonlight. The cool breeze from the river-shore blew across the fields, playing merrily with the paddy-shoots, which nodded their heads gleefully. The huge branches of the trees here and there rustled and tussled. The lamps in the huts in the centre of each square field gleamed and glinted. The frogs yonder in the bushes croaked. The birds in their nests were awakened by the breeze, which at times blew mightily and brought crashing down some of the twigs of the banyan trees. The grasshoppers,

startled, chirped. The glow-worms went hopping from one *kazin* to the other enjoying the stillness of the place to their hearts' content. Far away from the village came the strains of a rustic song. In accompaniment to it, the pagoda bells mingled and tinkled with the wind. And the glimmering golden rays of the pagoda illuminated the neighbourhood, producing a magnificent spectacle. Now the searchlight from a passing ship flashed across the blue expanse, and nature smiled in all its glory.

Just then wrapped up in a pink *loongyi* and satin *aingyi*, her face smeared with *tha-naka*, her long, shiny hair untied and dishevelled about her shoulder, Mi Mi ran past the fields. She ran so hastily that she narrowly escaped from falling into a pit. She kept on running without turning either to the right or left but straight towards the winding path, leading to the village tank. Reaching the path, she halted a little, under a giant banyan tree and gasped for breath. A hearty smile flickered across Mi Mi's dimpled cheeks. She then walked slowly but gracefully towards the village tank.

Having the other day met a charming youngster, who had given his name as Maung Tun Hla, at the market place, she had fallen in love with him at first sight. As he was then in the company of some elders, he could not have a long talk with her, but, however, he had managed to whisper into her ears, "Meet me on Saturday at the village tank at midnight." With strange love swelling in her heart and coursing through her veins since then, she had waited for that appointed hour. Now, the hour had come and she left her home, when her parents were fast asleep, to

(1) * *Shirt*—dress wrapt around her waist.

(2) † *Jacket*.

(3) ‡ *Sandal-paste*.

meet the youth at the trysting place—her head filled with romantic ideas, but not of seasoned love. She walked in all her charm of virgin hood, her face shining in the moonlight and her heart filled with exquisite joy.



Reaching the tank, she looked around. There was no one—no, not even Maung Tun Hla! A vague fear at once overwhelmed her and tears stood on her eye-lids. The wind blew pleasantly, kissing her cheeks, nose and rosy lips, and sang a loud chorus.—'Smile on, smile on, darling!'—tinkling the pagoda bells. She was now more wedded to Nature than to any mortal. Her heart was drawn in utter sanctity towards Lord Buddha, the soul of the huge mass of the golden pagoda, whose *htee* (golden spire) sparkled with the studied precious stones. She knelt and prayed with her fingers interlaced together to that mighty Preacher of *Ahimsa* for help and compassion.

From yonder came a whistling sound. Mi Mi got frightened as to whether it was made by a *lusoe* (bad lad). Now suspicion after suspicion harassed her mind—whether Maung Tun Hla was respectable or an ordinary lounge about the bazaar. (But, in fact, he was a junior clerk in a Township Office). So confused she became that she took her seat on a mile stone brooding over her future. Now, her sweet home called her back, but she could not return, as everything on her homeward path appeared ghostly—in her distracted mind and she imagined every tree to be a mighty *nat* (evil spirit).

The whistling sound had subsequently died away and Mi Mi was left all alone with her rambling thoughts. She stood on the top-most stair of the tank and looked into the mirror-like water. The moon above her head, and

her slim and beautiful person reflected majestically in it. She smiled away her unshed tears, and her polished teeth shone like pearls without price. Suddenly, from behind, some one closed her eyes, and she felt the whole world vanishing into the dimness of her eyes-balls. She pulled away the fingers that closed her eyes with all her strength; and saw face to face the hazy figure of Maung Tun Hla. Rubbing her eyes, she again looked at the youth, who was all joyful, symptoms of love brimming over his face. Dumb with surprise, but elated with joy, Mi Mi heaved a sigh of comfort.

With outstretched hands, Maung Tun Hla clasped Mi Mi to his breast. Their heart beat together and fast; and in the embrace of a man for the first time in her life, she shivered with joy. She held up her head and flashed across a triumphant smile, when Maung Tun Hla, like a hero in a film story, sealed her quivering lips with a passionate kiss. The moon in utter shame hid itself behind the patches of clouds. "Spring love" swelled in the lovers' heart like the *Irrawaddy* at high tide, and they remained with their cheeks together for some time. Then, their hands across each other's hips, they stood facing the moon, which now came out of the clouds and smiled at them.

"Come let's go. I have already rented a house for us to live in," said Maung Tun Hla.

"No, I am going back to my place before my parents wake up in the morning."

"Why? Now, we shall be married, and let us from to-day onward live like man and wife."

"I'm possible! My brothers and sisters—parents and grand-mother—how can I part with them?"

"My darling, don't think of them until our marriage has been accepted as valid by our parents."

If you go away

now, your parents will find out your absence from home and beat you black and blue like a dog. Thereafter, they won't even allow you to stir out. Thereby this marriage of ours will naturally be foiled. You can, of course, go to your parents later on after they have solemnised our wedding. If you leave me now, all alone to my miserable fate, you cannot meet me nor see me at any other time. Much moved and taken up with a sudden thrill of joy, her heart once again yearned for a similar kiss—yes, like the first kiss—that sealed her virgin lips. She clung to her lover, when he kissed her all over her face—yes, even on her hair and ears.

A couple of days later, at dead of night, stones after stones rang merrily on the door of Mi Mi's house, just to indicate that their daughter was engaged to be married shortly. The anxious parents of the bride, who were all the while worried about her safety, now felt a little peace of mind.

Two weeks afterwards, the marriage of Mi Mi with Maung Tun Hla was recognised as valid. The bride took her husband to her home, when a feast was held according to the circumstance of her parents. Just to commemorate the wedding the *phongyies* (Buddhist monks) were also fed and offerings made to them. Then the Burmese music deafened the audience, who subsequently blessed the young couple with long life, prosperity and a dozen and a half children!

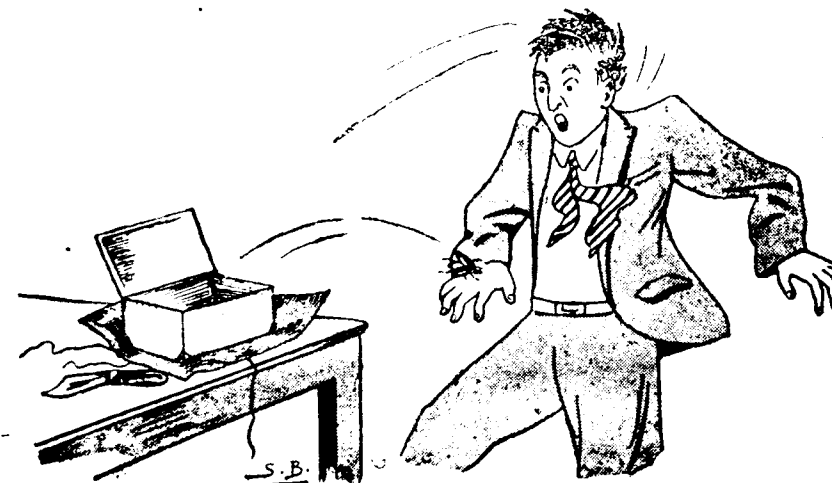
This is the typical Burmese wedding such has been continued.

NOVEMBER 5, 1934

Practical Jokes

BY

Devendra Pratap Lahoti.



OF all the nefarious pastimes that have descended to the present civilized generation, the practical-joke-vogue has been the most welcome legacy. A further proof, truth to tell, of the growing subtlety of modern intellect and conception.

There are jokes and there are practical jokes. While the former admit of advance advertisement and can descend on paper, the latter—easy to inflict, difficult to take; pleasant to administer and irksome when administered—stand in

immemorial, and the Burmese Buddhist law also recognises it as perfectly valid. In a very few cases, the parents of both the parties after consulting each other bring about their children's marriage like the Indians. In such cases, the girl or bride submits herself to her parents' decision in the choice of her husband. But, this sort of marriage is not so very popular as the previous one, which the majority of the Burmese race embrace!

a class of their own. They are the gauge on which to measure the intellectual equipment of society and individuals.

But why is it that people have to be made the butt of practical jokes? I suppose it is because of a consciousness of self-importance (or is it self-conceit?). I knew a fellow at college who was ever game for any nocturnal excursion which had for its aim the kidnapping of one of the pair of shoes of every innocently sleeping boarder, but when, *vide* Newton's third law, a reaction from the grieved side manifested itself on the next night in the form of a pillow-soaking-campaign, the said gentleman fretted and fumed the whole day long, saying that he simply hated practical jokes and winded up by confessing publicly, that he was a shade too good to live in this rotten practical-joke-ridden world.

In any case, practical jokes are, more often than not, a dangerously annoying form of amusement. Their scope is unlimited and there is no telling when and where one may have them facing him. They have a very flexible nature and can take almost any form.

There is, for example, the case of a gentleman who awoke one fine morning to the tinkling of the front door bell. The post man who had done it—had a small parcel for him. Wondering who could have been so kind as to send an early morning gift, the gentleman in question opened the parcel. Lo! his surprise, therefore, when from the recesses of the packing straw, an oversized cockroach hopped up and disappeared into his sleeve—there to give him some of the most trying seconds of his life. For the rest, the parcel was empty. Both these circumstances were, however, admirably explained as his eyes fell on the wall-calendar. It was the first of April.

Then again there is the rather notorious case of Mr. Henry Voo-Doo—a pleasant young man from Wales—who, on a Monday morning, received an envelope purporting to be from his sweetheart, Mabel of West End. The envelope bore no stamps—a fact which to the love-smitten Mr. Voo Doo appeared to be only a well-thought-of precaution on the part of his 'honey'. And he paid for it. It is excusable if a trifle regrettable—that on reading its contents his jaw dropped. The letter read thus:

H. S. R. A.
Head Office, Hell.

You pestilential idiot.

As you see, I have joined this revolutionary organisation to be avenged on the abductor of my girl. Should you wish to avoid an one-point-two shell penetrating your intestines and sending you post haste to our head office, meet me at the Hyde Park corner to discuss details.

Yours furiously.

Rin-Tin-Tin.

P. S.—The organisation referred to is an Indian body consisting of hoary, vulture-eyed men from the Himalayas—a fact which should be enough to give you the creeps. Do you or do you not know that they use bombs?

—Rin-Tin-Tin.

The letter did give Mr. Voo Doo the 'creeps', and for a fortnight he busied

himself reading all the available literature on H. S. R. A. which proceeding only served to intensify his horror. In the end, he taxied to the India office and showed the red-leaflet to the Secretary of State in Council. All he could get however was one solid laugh out of that famous establishment.

By far the funniest and yet the saddest case, however, is that of the parents whose son studied at a distant college. One day, they received a letter signed by 'a well meaning friend' of their son—also at the same college. It ran thus:

Dear sir,

Considering the slight nature of our acquaintance I feel it is almost bordering on impertinence to thrust myself on you thus. But when you know the nature of this letter, you will not regret having heard from a perfect stranger—concerning as it does, the welfare of your son, a bosom friend of mine.

But the better and the more stoically that you may bear the sad news, I have in mind to give you, I quote the following verses from authors whose literary integrity is beyond dispute. I will begin with Shakespeare, that immortal penman and poet, who in one of his wellknown works wrote:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity... ..", and Tennyson, and Keats, and Shelley who wrote respectively.

[Here followed a wealth of poetry.]

Now, I think, I have sufficiently prepared you for the news I am about to break upon you. But as I cannot be sure that you are in a position to bear the shock, I think I'd better reserve the actual news until I hear from you that such is the case. Any enquiry addressed to the "Fir-tree No. 2, Garden of Allah," will find me.

The distressed parents were just prevented from taking a dose of *dhatara* by kindly neighbours, who wired the sender of the above letter requesting him to tell them the worst. On the fourth day, a letter arrived from this gentleman telling them that the 'worst' had indeed happened—the son, his friend, had missed a second division in the terminal examination by a matter of twenty marks only.

What a joke! And so nearly fatal too! The author of this epistle proved to be a confirmed practical-joker!

Their Error!

A type of humour that always appeals to me strongly, is the schoolboy howler.

Here are three gems from Cecil Hunt's new book, "Latest Horrors" (Harrap).

"A career is the seat on the back of a man's bicycle."

"The King's mother is Britannia, so is his yacht."

"A spa is a place where people go to drink hot water."

Scant dress was denounced recently by a newspaper writer. It is not so much a matter of scant as won't.

Documents found in Genoa show that Columbus received £1,195 for discovering America. Apparently nobody thought of offering him a larger sum to hush the matter up.

The two biggest problems of the day seem to be finding jobs for the unemployed and keeping those who have jobs from striking.

NOVEMBER 5, 1934

"THE MANSION MYSTERY"

... BY T. V. NAGARAJ ...

THE rain was crashing down in torrents, the thunder rumbled on threateningly in the far distance; the trees looked weird in the fitful flashes of lightning, looking like huge giants stretching their arms to grab at anything that came within their reach. A shudder passed through me. Indeed it was a dreadful night. I walked cautiously, stretching my hands before me, never knowing when I would collide with any tree or human being. Fido, my faithful dog followed closely on my heels. Both of us were wet to the skin and our teeth were chattering. I tried to light a cigarette but in that down-pour it went off, the moment I lighted it.

We were passing the 'Mansions' of Mohanlal, the millionaire-merchant of diamonds. Suddenly Fido gave a low growl and to me who was used to all his ways so long, it had a definite meaning; Fido had sensed danger somewhere. I looked at him questioning, though I much doubt whether he understood

me at all. But be that as it may, without a word he turned towards the Mansions and jumped over the compound wall and disappeared in the darkness. I followed him over the wall and raced after him in the direction of the house. Suddenly the window in the left wing of the house opened and a heavy object fell on the ground nearly 200 yards from where I stood. Then followed the figure of a man who

that I saw the man, the spell was broken and a sense of understanding dawned upon me. It was nearly one o'clock then, and no man with a good intention would venture out at that time of the night and that too in such a dreadful weather. After all the schooling the Police department had done me, it did not take me much time to arrive at my conclusion. The man must be a burglar.

Convinced of this in my mind I made a quick dart at him but I was totally unprepared for the reception that awaited me and before I knew what was happening to me, a heavy object caught me between the eyes and my head began to swim and I sank to the ground.

When I opened my eyes I found myself in a strange house, looking into the kindly eyes of an elderly lady. The lady smiled and brought me a cup of steaming coffee. I gulped it down most thankfully and sat up on my bed. I had almost forgotten what had happened to me, but when I put my hand to my head I



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was surprised to find it swathed in bandages. Then I remembered everything. It was then nearly 8 o'clock in the morning. I had to hurry up to report the happenings of last night to the chief. My clothes were dreadfully soiled on account of my fall but as there was no help for it I put them on and thanking the lady for her kindness and promising to call later, I hurried off to my house to change. I was surprised to see the whole household gathered round the table reading the morning news with exclamations of horror and astonishment. I went over to see what it was they were reading. There splashed across the front page in bold headlines were these lines:—

Mansion Murder Mystery.

"Night watchman killed; jewels worth 15 lakhs stolen!"

"Millionaire offers Rs. 5,000 reward for capture of the murderer!"

I didn't wait to read more. What I had thought was a case of mere burglary, had turned out to be more than that; murder in addition to robbery. I hastily changed my clothes and in answer to the many questions raised about my head I told them that I had met with an accident. I had almost forgotten my faithful dog Fido amidst the buzzle of the events following my fall in the rain but now that I remembered I asked the servant whether Fido had come home. No, nobody had seen him since I took him away with me. I was puzzled as to what had become of him and was a little anxious too about him. I knew very well that Fido

would take care of himself but he was dealing with a murderer—a desperate murderer at that, who would not hesitate to shoot him down, for it was quite evident to me that Fido seeing me fall must naturally have followed the murderer. Cold fear gripped me for a moment but as I had to deal with the matter in hand first, I hurried off to the office to see the chief.

Everything was in a bustle at the office and the chief was sitting in conference discussing



Papa: Do you know the benefit of rainfall?

Son: Yes. We get a holiday.

the latest crime of the Mansion Mystery. The chief's greeting when he saw me was anything but cordial.

"Come on! Hurry up there! we have been waiting for you long enough" was his welcome and seeing the bandage round my head "what the hell is the matter with your blooming head?" he bellowed.

I told him the whole story but it did not improve matters. In fact it made it worse.

"I have never seen such a fool as you are in all my life sir," he burst out "you see the murderer come out of the house, he is almost within your grasp, then like a fool you bungle the whole thing and here you come with your blooming head cracked like a nut—" he dashed on, "and you deserve it too" he added by way of consolation. "I am sorry sir, but I did not intend to bungle matters." I retorted.

The chief somewhat softened.

"True my boy, true but now there is no use wasting time and words over the past. Get going on that case, and do it double quick time for you have a double score to settle with the crook," and he dismissed me with a few more hints.

I did not know where to begin. But for my head I would have caught the fellow then and there. Hang it. I wish I had put my head into my pocket before I tried to collar that fellow. But now it was too late. In dogged irresolution I turned my steps towards the Mansions, the scene of the murder.

The night watchman had been shot clean through the heart evidently with an automatic—for nobody had heard the shot and death must have been instantaneous. The bullet had passed clean through the heart.

As I came out of the chamber of death I was met by Mr. Mohanlal, the diamond magnate who shook hands with me and led me to his private apartment. So far he was outwardly very calm but the moment the door of the

chamber was closed he showed his real self.

"It is not so much that I mind my personal loss but it is the foul murder of my faithful servant," he said. "I must blame the police sir, for such an inefficient protection of the people. I deplore to say their activities are sadly neglected."

"I am sorry sir," I retorted "but the police are no prophets to foresee your servant's murder. But be it as it may it won't help us to talk of it now and so let us get to the business in hand. Your servant has been foully murdered and is beyond reach of human aid but your money may be recovered; and that means the capture of the murderer and thus your servant's death can be avenged."

"Certainly, I agree with you sir" he replied "what do you want me to do now?" he asked.

"First of all I want to see the chamber and safe where you had kept your valuables which have been stolen now," I answered.

"Let us go" he said and led me to his bed-room. It was exquisitely and beautifully furnished with good taste and costly things. Into the wall was let a strong iron safe and evidently the burglar had experienced considerable difficulty in opening it, that is, if one may judge from the numerous scratches on the safe.

I tried in vain for any finger prints, for the burglar knew how to proceed with his job and so had come well provided with the necessary implements. I surveyed the whole apartment from top to bottom and was giving up the search as hopeless when I noticed a calendar which I had not hitherto noticed, lying on the floor.

I turned to Mr. Mohan Lal.

"Where was this before?" I asked.

"It was hung up there on that nail" he pointed.

I took up the calendar and for the first time noticed that it had no string with which it could be hung. I drew my companion's attention to it. He was surprised and could not afford me any explanation.

Nobody had come into the room since the tragedy. So, where could



He: Where is your son now?

Father: He is in jail.

He: What for?

Father: He is a clerk there.

the piece of string have gone? There was only one explanation that presented itself to me. The burglar!

I went over to the safe and examined it carefully and there sure enough, was the string sticking in the key-hole as I had expected. Evidently, the burglar, had required it to aid him in opening the safe. I took out the thread and surveyed it. Suddenly an idea struck me. I went over to the table and picked up the Calendar and carrying it to the sunlight was overjoyed to find faint traces of finger-prints. I knew that the burglar would be sure to take off his gloves to undo the string and my guess had not proved wrong. I also knew that some of them were ours for we had been very careless in handling the calendar never knowing the help it would render us. But this defect was easily remedied by taking both our finger-prints and comparing them with that on the calendar. Those that did not coincide with our finger prints I marked as belonging to the burglar. There were two prints, that of his thumb and forefinger.

Promising to let him know further developments I took leave of the

millionaire and with the calendar safely lodged in my pocket I left for the office. Arrived there, I handed over the calendar to the finger-print expert telling him to take photos of it and went to report to the chief.

"Very good, my boy, very good" he commented when he had heard my report "not bad for a beginning. You must feel done up with that cracked head of yours; so better get along home and have a bite before you go any farther."

I thanked him and ran home. There I was overjoyed to find my Fido but he was hurt badly in his left fore-leg. Picking it up I noticed that it was hit by a stone. I dressed him and after a while he was his own self once again.

He whined and frisked over me when I had finished my dish, and knowing by previous experience that he wanted me to follow him somewhere I followed him. He led me to the corner of the room and stooping down picked up a piece of cloth in his mouth. I took it from him and looking at it in the bright light of the window I saw that it was a piece of black tweed, evidently torn off from the trousers or coat of a man. Once

again Fido tugged at me and I followed him this time outside. I thought he was going to the Mansions but he struck off in quite the opposite direction. He led me through winding lanes and narrow subways until at last we stood before an unimpressive-looking building. Fido came to a stop in front of the house and looked at me. I understood him perfectly. This must be the house of the person from whose trousers he (Fido) had torn off the piece of cloth.

The brass plate on the door informed me that the house was occupied by Dr. Kisor. I knocked and the door was opened by a deformed boy whose head was the prominent part of his whole body. Fido uttered a low growl. I silenced him with a gesture and turning to the boy I asked "Is your master in?"

"Yes sir, what name shall I give?" he asked.

I gave him my card and he left me outside while he went to his master to deliver my card.

Meantime I scribbled a hasty note and giving it to Fido told him to go straight to the head office. Off he ran with the precious note in his mouth. Fido was my indispensable servant. I don't know what would have happened to me if I hadn't Fido to help me.

A few minutes later the door was opened again by a venerable old man—too venerable to be true—who came towards me with outstretched hand and a smile of welcome.

"I am delighted to meet you sir," he said "It is the first time I have the honour of welcoming a gentleman of your profession; come in, come in" and he led me into his study.

It was well-furnished with volumes of various sizes and colours lined on the shelves and in the centre of the room stood a massive table surrounded by numerous chairs of various descriptions. The room was not expensive looking but it was quaint. I turned to the doctor.

"Do you like my apartment?" he asked.

"Splendid" I returned.

"Take a chair" said he and himself sank into a chair.

"Now, may I ask what brought you here?" he demanded bending forward.

His eyes though mild outwardly were capable of expressing the utmost fierceness and hatred. His hands were, I noticed rather too rough to belong to such a man of delicate build as he looked. A gleam of suspicion shot through my mind. Could this man, to whom my unerring Fido had led me, be the murderer?

"Oh! yes, of course" I replied boldly "there was a crime committed in the Mansions of Mr. Mohanlal and the police have reason to believe that the murderer is somewhere within this house."

"Indeed! you surprise me sir," he exclaimed, his eyes looking genuinely astonished "it is most preposterous—a



Editor (to the proprietor): "Could you prefer an one-eyed editor?"

Proprietor: "No."

Editor: "Then you might carry your umbrella on the other side."

murderer within the walls of my house. Impossible sir. You must be mistaken."

"No sir, I am not" I persisted, "we are sure he is here."

"What are your reasons to believe so?" he asked.

"I am afraid I can't tell you" I answered pertly.

The Doctor saw that he could not put me off so easily as he thought he might.

"Well, what do you want me to do now?"

"Nothing, but I want your permission to search the whole house."

"And if I refuse to give it?"

"I will obtain a search-warrant."

"Oh! well you may search the house" he said resignedly.

My clue lay in the tweed trousers from which Fido had torn off the bit. I knew that the doctor was very clever and I had already suspected that he was the murderer. The coarseness of his hands, the fierceness and malicious glint of his eyes, the attitude he maintained, all tended towards one conclusion only, that he must be the murderer. So I spared myself no pains and searched the house inch by inch. If I could lay my hands on the doctor it must be only after I discovered the torn trousers but I must wait until then. The doctor followed me from room to room and was making ironical remarks when the search of each room ended in my utter disappointment. My mind worked rapidly. At this rate I could not unravel the mystery: I would be only wasting time and energy. If at all I wanted to succeed I should make the doctor betray himself. If not I would end in a blank.

I had searched thoroughly all the rooms but one in the house and as my search had been so thorough that the trousers would not have escaped me if they had really been in any of those rooms.

So my success or failure lay in finding the trousers in that one room. I promised myself that not an inch of the room would be left until I was done with it thoroughly. With this determination I bade the doctor open the room and entered. I thought I saw the doctor's hand tremble a little as he opened the door. It gave me some hope. To observe the movements of the doctor more closely I took out of my pocket a small mirror which I always carried for that purpose—and held it concealed in the palm of my left hand. Whenever my back was turned to the doctor I saw his movements by means of the mirror in my hand.

There was nothing incriminating in the room. It was an extra room which could be converted to a bedroom or sitting room as the occasion arose. There was a hat hung on a peg on the wall. I went towards it to see what it was like. As my back was turned to the doctor I consulted my mirror the while I stretched out my right hand to take up the hat. As I looked I saw

the doctor give a violent start and a look of apprehension in his eyes but he was quite calm and collected when I returned to him with the hat. I examined the hat carefully but finding nothing curious or otherwise suspicious about it I returned it to the doctor who hung it on the peg and as there was nothing more to be examined in that room we came out and locked the door. So my last hope—the hope on which I had so much relied upon—was blasted. There was nothing but the garden to be examined now which but gave me a faint ray of hope. The doctor was too clever to hide the evidence of his guilt in the first place where a detective would look for evidence. My hopes were not high in consequence and I was in no way disappointed when I drew a blank. On the whole my search had proved a miserable failure. There was one last hope for me and that to find out the reason why the doctor started so violently when I went to take the hat. Perhaps there might be something in the hat after all. Why should I not see it once more. No harm in that.

"I want to see the last room once more" I said curtly. I saw him turn pale at the mention of the room but quickly recovering himself he replied "Certainly, if you like."

He led me to it and by the time we reached the door he was still more nervous and his hands trembled visibly while he opened the door for me. I went straight to the hat and taking it down examined it minutely as if it were a strange specimen of something unnatural but found nothing extraordinary about it. A flash of suspicion dawned upon me. Why was that hat in that room at all? The room was not used—for no guests were staying in that house. Then how could the hat come there except through the owner of the house? Yes, he must have put it there but with what intention?

Slowly an explanation dawned upon me. Of course the peg. How stupid of me not to think of it before. The hat was placed there to make the peg look quite innocent. I turned to the doctor, whose discomfiture had grown with every moment that passed.

"Can you explain why this hat is here?" I asked.

"Er-I don't know-Er, Er-some one of my guests must have left it there," he stammered.



"So, you like living in the country?"

"Undoubtedly"

"But may I know how you will spend the evenings."

"Oh, I will just run up to town."

"Don't bother to explain doctor; I can show you why it was placed there" and going to the peg I turned it and as I had expected a panel in the innocent looking wall opened as if by magic. I thrust my hand in and pulled out the much wanted trousers.

"Here you are Doctor!" I turned to him with the trousers.

"Damn you" and he catapulted through the door, banged it after him and locked it. I made a sudden dash for the door but it was too late. It all happened in a flash. I was mad with frenzy and throwing my full weight on the door I banged it for all I was worth. One or two minutes after, it gave way and I rushed headlong in pursuit but I could have spared myself the trouble for as I reached the front door I saw Fido and the two men I had sent for bringing along the doctor safely handcuffed between them.

"The man was running rather too fast to be innocent; So we just

thought we would bring him along" Ady said.

"You did right, Ady. I said" he is the murderer of Mr. Mohanlal's servant."

"Gesh! who would have thought it" Ady exclaimed.

"All right boys, let us get going" and locking the door the Doctor was whirled away to the station to meet his just reward.

I need not tell you that the worthy Doctor is no more and that I got the Rs. 5,000 reward which Mr. Mohanlal had offered for the recovery of his jewels and the capture of the murderer. Fido was not forgotten either. I bought him a beautiful brand new collar.

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THE SANDS OF TIME

BY G. S. RAO.



"Wake up King of Jericho."

TIME is flying fast. The years have unconsciously and inevitably rolled on leaving their tell-tale imprints on my person. Yes, I am growing old and my days here amidst the life which confronts me at every turn, are numbered. The dentist regularly expends his skill on my edentulous jaws hoping to bring them into youthful lines, by means of his artificial dentures, but I think his labour is wasted on me. The lapse of years put an unsurmountable barrier for anyone trying to pervert the natural course of a man's destiny. Life is short, life is fleeting, and perhaps to a few, life is sweet. To me, it has seemed all these, but the time has come when my soul-less body will soon march to the grave. I don't wish it otherwise. It is a privilege for a man to fulfill his destiny and no amount of regret will alter the path, a man is destined to travel.

As I sit in sober contemplation of the life which has been mine, scenes from my early life, scenes as varied as the ever-changing bellows of the sea, come up before my mind's eyes; the way in which I was rushing through the youth and prime of my life with the young hot blood roaring inside me, the calm, dignified life which I pass through in this my old age. Numerous are the scenes which thus rise up before my eyes, but of them all, one scene comes up ever and anon pushing into obscurity all others; a scene so trivial, so common, yet so pregnant with a meaning which embodies within itself, the philosophy of Life and Destiny. The hopes and fears and expectations of man, and the great-unforseen reality which take their place as life drifts along in its heaven-ordained path.

I see before me the old venerable College hall wherein

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I had sweated and toiled along with many an anguished brother, bowing to the rod of authority the professors swayed so jauntily over us. I can see the old and venerable History Professor repeating time after time the rise and fall of Rome and Carthage and of many other nation, and the vanity of human might and human brains. Mr. Bumfer the English Professor still floats before me thundering out his platitudes on Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson, and Byron and Shelly; and still comes the imperial order from his lips, not to use Jhonsonian diction, uttered in a ponderous, thundering, Jhonsonian sentence. And then comes, eclipsing all others by his overpowering overwhelming personality, my excellent and adorable favourite, our lecturer in Logic.

A short, rotund man was our logic lecturer and his projecting abdomen increased the appearance of rotundity in a figure which was already rotund enough without it. He had passed the third form standing at the bottom end of the list. Half a dozen attempts to negotiate the remaining stretches of his high school career failed miserably and then he found out in an unfortunate moment, that he had a good head for logic; the very next year a rough and tumble examination floated him up as an unrivalled genius in logic and the same eccentric destiny pitched him into our midst as our logic lecturer. He was good enough at his subject, as we students will testify, but his third form English did not quite enable him to carry on the class with any amount of success. The poor man keenly felt this handicap and strove to hide this gap by making what use he could of the words which happened to be in his vocabulary.

"Go, hang on that topmost tree" he would shout at a student who happened to rouse his ire, but, for the life of him, he could not get any suitable epithets to couple along with the above glorious benediction. We stu-

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lents congratulated ourselves on this happy ignorance of our lecturer, and tried our best to hide from his knowledge all the upstart words in the dictionary such as 'Idiot' and 'Dunce', or we dearly loved our logic class which served as a sort of contrast to the other classes where we got these miserable words dinned into our ears. And to our immense satisfaction, the lecturer got never a word, never a single word of all those undesirable thousands. Life continued calm and peaceful in this elysium of all classes.

And then came the nick-names. Quite accidentally the lecturer got hold of a weapon which he could use against us with far more effect than my phrase in the English language. The lecturer was talking amongst other things, of Jericho, when his eyes chanced to alight on one impudent sufferer in the back-benches who was snoring peacefully, stretched at full length, quite unconscious of the fact that he was in a lecture hall and not in a dormitory. The lecturer stared at the offender speechless with indignation, and struggled within himself to get at some epithet to hurl at the ogre who thus slighted him. His face went red, and foam flew from his mouth as a result of that terrific struggle, but no word was forth coming to suit the occasion. Then suddenly a light dawned on his benumbed consciousness and for an instant he breathed deeply in preparation of the success he felt within his grasp. He looked at the offending student, his countenance wreathed in smiles; and then from his lips came the sentence which swept the whole class like an earthquake.

"Hello, King of Jericho! your Majesty can get up".

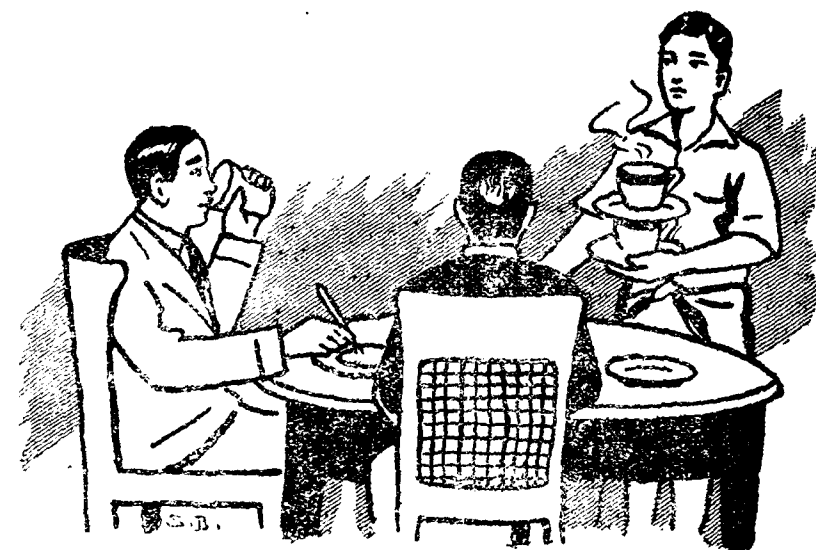
The King of Jericho got up with a start and stared blankly at the sea of upturned faces. The whole class rocked to and fro in the throes of convulsive laughter and grand indeed was the reception which the king of the dead city received from his compeers on waking up from his deep sleep.

The mighty monarch paused but an instant to receive this mark of homage. The next instant he had hidden his face with his hands and bolted from the class, overpowered beyond redemption by the intensity of the feeling, his friends showed for his royal welfare. And incidentally, that was the last day, that the king of Jericho ever scored in the logic class.

The next day, the Marquis of Madagascar condescended to accompany us to the class to relieve the ennui which the king of Jericho would perhaps have felt if he was the only august personage to grace our plebian crowd. Ramaswamy, we used to call him, till he was introduced to us by our lecturer as 'His inestimable Grace the Marquis of Madagascar'. Probably, the lecturer had pitched upon the title because Ramaswamy was a clever student with a clever head, and had in addition, the advantage of a well-filled purse and a fair estate. The 'Marquis' was the logic lecturer's pet and would often be loaded up to the skies, to the utter disgrace of his more august contemporary.

ling, scintillating career out before him. And then came in a bunch, a host of distinguished people dukes and lords and belted earls, whose imaginary escutcheons flashed and glinted before our fondly expectant eyes as sure fore-runners of the brilliant career, each would carve out for himself in the near future. None, none amongst us, ever expected that our logic lecturer's titles would crumble to naught in the fierce noon-day glare, none, none amongst us, ever-thought that the great personages would belie their august names under the crucial, crushing, acid test the path of human life.

And now, after the lapse of years, these great personages re-awaken to



Confined within the four walls of the...Coffee Hotel.

"The Marquis of Madagascar will go far," the lecturer would say, "But his majesty the king of Jericho would do well as a butcher".

As days went by, more and more royal personages sprouted up inside the four walls of our humble lecture hall, in response to the craving, inside our logic lecturer's heart, which he would not resist. Moody melancholy Madhusudhan, whose never-ending talks about religion and God and the sins of this world, would often bore us to tears, was promptly raised up from his lowly position of a student, to the enviable status of 'Cardinal of Kanohi'. Somehow the lecturer showed a remarkable skill in giving each of his creations, the name most suited to him.

After the inauguration of the cardinal, came monsieur de Mount Everest, another of our gems who had a spark-

life in my memory, and bring to mind the sad adage—"In greatness is no trust." There's nothing to stand against the dictates of Fate. Nothing to alter by a tithe, the path of Destiny. The tale of human hopes and human glory is but the flimsy, lifeless vaunt of puppets, who dance in rhythm to the tunes of unalterable, unsurmountable path of human Destiny.

The 'King of Jericho' drags his life in the midst of stuffy, rotten China Bazar, as an unkempt and ill-mannered hotel-shop keeper. The 'Marquis of Madagascar,' the man upon whom every one vied in heaping up fond expectations, stands daily scorning himself in the fierce noon-day glare of the Madras Sun, for the paltry recompense of twenty rupees a month. He is a police constable. Flashing, scintillating monsieur de Mount Everest, still flashes and scintillates but the whole sphere of his activities, is confined

within the four walls of the dirtiest coffee hotel in the City. Still more sad and deplorable is the fate of that pious and god-fearing 'Cardinal of Kanachi' who does humble duty at his own toddy shop, and daily inculcates into his ruffianly customers, the art of imbibing even the strongest liquor without getting drunk.

Of all those great glorious personages who held their Court in our College hall, only I who was styled the 'Duke of Dodabetta' still retain some spark of my college education, only I, of all that goodly bunch, still have some pretensions to decency; and that too, is but the reflected glory from that doctor whose humble compounder I happen to be. Tragical, tragic, is the tale of human Destiny.

"As a young man," said the tanned veteran in the hotel lounge, "I took part in the Zulu war."

"Really?" said his young and fair companion. "On which side?"

"Here, young man, you shouldn't hit that boy when he's down."

"G'way! What do you think I got him down for?"

"What's a joint account, pop?"

"It's an account where one person does the depositing and the other the withdrawing."

"If you eat any more, Billy, you'll burst!"

"Okay, auntie, Pahas th' oakes an' stand clear."

The wife of a small farmer sold her surplus butter to a grocer in a near-by town. On one occasion the grocer said: "Your butter was underweight last week."

"Now, fancy that," said Mrs. Farmer. "Baby mislaid my weight that day, so I just used the pound of sugar you sold me."

"Haven't I seen you before?" asked the judge.

"Maybe," replied the tailor. "So many men owe me money I can't remember their faces."

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

— BY T. L. EDWIN —

THERE are many things in this little world of ours which I don't understand. Mosquitoes for instance, and

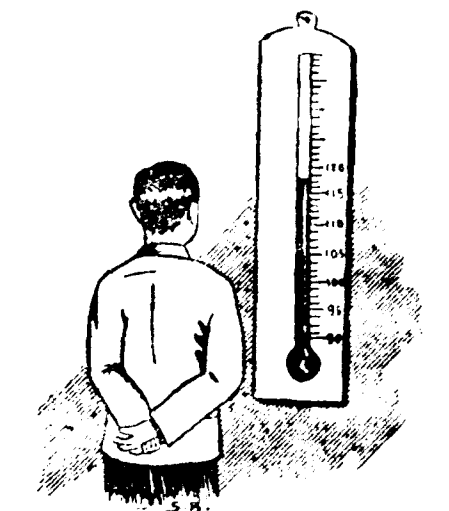
curse your Motherland, they know as much as can be written on the back of a ½ anna postage stamp. So I intend to enlighten such of those who are ignorant.

The sun, or as some humorists or fond of saying 'Good-old-Sol,' gives us heat. In some places he is so niggardly with this heat stuff, that people shiver with cold. But in places like Madras he is so liberal, that many die of sunstroke and more go soft in their upper-storey, and farmers go crazy with anger.



I don't understand... Prickly pears!

Prickly Pears, tooth-ache and this sweltering heat.—But perhaps I had better make myself clear. To many of my readers who live high up in the Hills in such places like Simla, Ooty etc., looking down on us lowland folks, heat may not mean anything. They may only have heard of it via the Daily News, and occasionally seen it on the films, where the hero is about to die in the midst of a desert, while the sun is blazing away in all its glory, and the temperature is a hundred and twenty four in the shade! But of the real honest-to-goodness heat, which shrivels you up, and makes you



A hundred and twenty-four in the Shade!

Heat is also very useful. The rich folks use it as an excuse to go away to Ooty and the Govt. carries away all the chairs and tables and sit at Simla smoking and doing nothing. It also helps Newspapers to fill half a page with a long

list of names of Towns with the temperature recorded there. To many of us it can also be used as an alibi or an excuse such as:—

Boss

"Eddie why didn't you attend office yesterday?"



It's the heat Sir.

Eddie

(who has been to the Races at Gundy).

"It's the heat, sir."

Wife

"Darling I want to go a-shopping to-day. Yesterday Mrs. Ramanathan bought a dream of a Saree all green and gold and flower baskets and it was simply adorable and the cost, a paltry seventy chips."

Hubby

"I should love to, darling, but what with the heat, and one thing and another, it would be simply too swelter-making."

Thus all over Southern India "The heat" is in circulation as an alibi, an excuse, or an extenuating circumstance. In many cases it is a godsend, for it is such a triumphantly legitimate change from the old stock of excuses like 'head-aches' 'Tummy-aches' etc.

Consider my servant-girl. (She doesn't deserve it) Every other day she absents herself and begs to be excused as she couldn't help it, what with the thermometer kissing the 118th mark etc. etc.

Thus coming to think of it everything in this universe seems to have some use.

So when next you see a cactus or prickly pear, or suffer from a head-ache, or when there is a heavy down-pour of rain, don't be disheartened because you don't understand them, for neither do I, but remember that all things have their uses and that there is a bright side for everything.

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

Stocked by:—

THANALAKSHMI & Co.,

Sowcarpet, Madras.

HIS OWN SNUFF BOX

By N. V. Iyer.



"SNUFF again! So you have taken to that abominable thing again?" exclaimed Sarada as she entered her lord's room and found him inhaling a pinch of that odoriferous substance. Only the last night Venkataraman has solemnly averred to give up the "abominable" habit and he was at a loss to offer a suitable explanation. On the other hand, Sarada's face bore an expression of deep regret and anxiety, such as would certainly unbecome the innocent charming girl she was. "The deuce take it. Unhappy creature that I am God knows how I put up with that foul odour and now to be trifled thus by my own dear one....." She began to weep and left the room. And threw herself too she did in her bed. Venkataraman turned back and saw what was amiss. Sarada certainly believed in his honour and was

really shocked to find him in the light of vain clodpate character he disclosed himself. To apologise to her and soften her feelings he must; else something terrible supervenes. He ran up behind her. "Sarada, my dear, here, take this box. No more of it, to be sure. Upon my honour I promise never more to resort to it."

"Never more till tomorrow morn and then....."

"No, that is certain," interposed he.

"But didn't you promise the very thing last night too?"

"Yes, but this was my last pinch. Won't you forgive me once, dear?"

Sarada took a firm grasp of the box in her hand "Clank. No more of that dirty thing to stand between me and my dear one" so saying she threw the box with great vehemence

against the wall and fixed her eyes on Venkataraman. A modest smile lit up her countenance and Venkataraman gradually gained confidence. "After all, my sweet, aye, sweetest....." Some such words escaped his lips whilst he found himself automatically drawn closer to her irresistible lips. It was the work of a few minutes and he heaved a sigh of relief having been restored in her favour once again.

From that moment Venkataraman took care to discreetly avoid all contact with the snuff box. An easy thing? No certainly not. But Venkataraman was firm of resolve and it cost him no little martyrdom and will-power before he was entirely out of its clutches. His hours seemed to weigh heavily with him at the office. He seemed to have lost his usual alertness and in all his accustomed avocations a certain sense of bereavement tied him down. Some thing must take the place of snuff. He seriously considered what it should be. Occasionally Sarada used to offer him a roll of *betel* and arecanut (scented of course); *Panusupari*, however, lacked the stimulant he longed for. Soon he tried tobacco and indeed this did well with him.

Scarcely a month had passed since the unhappy incident of the snuff box before a great revolution had taken place in Venkataraman's life. His office chums noticed with great astonishment his presence at the office minus the snuff box and what was more Venkataraman exhibited a decided aversion for the snuffy odour. And one day suddenly he fell down in a faint.

"Marvellous, this mishap" swore Mr. Kannan who had been standing beside the Manager "whilst he hasten-

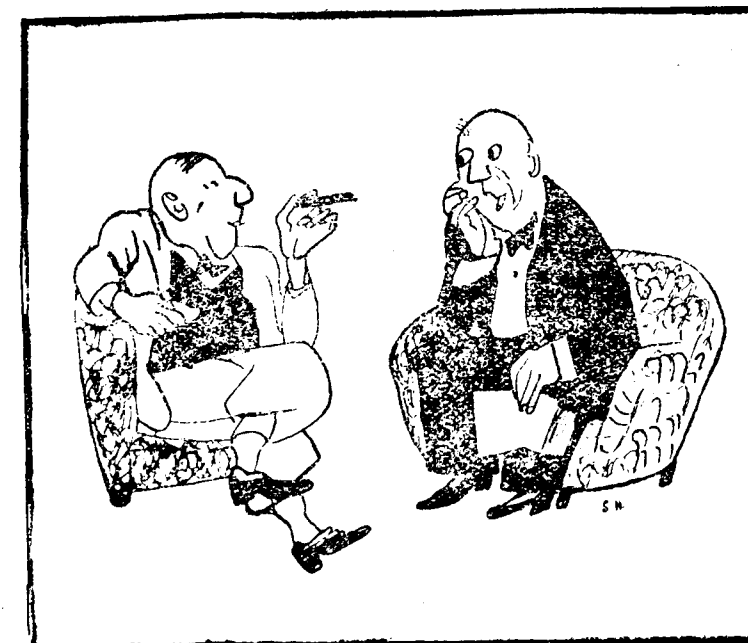
ed to ring up the doctor. The Manager himself was dumbfounded with anxiety and bewilderment at the unexpected event. One by one the whole staff of the Devavaram Mills crowded into the Manager's room, and all eyes were fixed on Venkataraman. There he lay on the floor as senseless as an inert votary of Morpheus. Meanwhile the news was carried to Sarada sitting her on fire. Consternation was written on every one's face when in a few minutes the doctor appeared. "A simple case of swooning" he murmured as he commenced to administer aid. Lifting up the patient's head he sprinkled some water over it. The cool shower had the desired effect, for, instantly to the amazement of all present Venkataraman opened his eyes. He inhaled a deep breath and cast his eyes around.

The sense of reality came heavy upon him causing no little embarrassment at his awkward situation. The next moment he found himself safely carried home and laid in bed. "No need for anxiety. That rest will do him much good" were the doctor's words and certainly the Manager was greatly consoled. That day was declared a holiday for the mills and as the employees left for their homes each explained the event of the day as best suited his imagination. Some said that Venkataraman was suffering from insomnia. Others attributed it to *jauchue* and still others were certain that he was under the influence of an evil spirit. But no explanation, however cogent, seemed to satisfy Mr. Kannan, whom Venkataraman's sudden unconsciousness remained still a mystery.

As for Sarada, poor girl, she had been married to Venkataraman scarcely three months and dearly she loved him. He was to her the very gist and entire piece of God's creation and the cause of his unhappy plight at the office set her on fire. In the half hour that elapsed before Venkataraman was carried home she stood on hell fire and took a thousand pious oaths invoking heaven's mercy upon her and her lord.

She threw herself beside him and with a hundred questions began to assail him. There appeared no reason or anxiety, for Venkataraman was now all right. His swooning at the office and all that, appeared to have been nothing but a passing dream. It was imply marvellous.

As for the mystery of the swoon, one knew the exact truth except



John: It is too bad of you, you said you wouldn't give away the secret I told you.

Simon: Surely, I didn't give it away; I am no fool. I only exchanged it for another.

Venkataraman himself and now Sarada too. But she was not to let it out for shame. Nevertheless, as the old adage goes, a woman is by no means the best receptacle of a secret and so it happens that to-day some of us are aware of the truth of this mystery. On that day of the unhappy incident, Venkataraman was standing along with Mr. Kannan beside the Manager and discussing some important matters relating to the affairs of the mills. They had talked away one full hour and Venkataraman began to feel uneasy. He pined for his stimulant—the tobacco. This he had ready in his pocket; but the difficulty was his boss's presence. It was likely that the Manager would continue the discussion for another one hour and Venkataraman came to a decision. His hand stole into his side pockets and in the next moment Venkataraman had mouthed a good quantity of his tobacco. He was now in his usual elements but the difficulty came a few minutes later when his mouth was filled. He, however, had recourse to a method of answering by ayes and nos. Soon this too proved futile when at a certain point of the discussion the Manager insisted on Venkataraman giving his views in full relating to the point. Venkataraman was now in a fix. He looked this side and that. But there

was no window near through which he could spit. Further he was particular to keep this off the Manager's notice. He had the easiest recourse under the circumstances: he gulped down the whole quantity.

"And you swooned at once, my dear?" Sarada intervened whilst Venkataraman was narrating.

"Of course not at once. But tobacco has such a very strong effect although not so spasmodic."

"Thank god, my dear, you have been saved this time. Certainly you shall not have anything to do with tobacco hereafter."

"To be sure. But hark, dear, don't you punish me with your looks. Oh my delicious pinch, how happy it were to have felt for this tiny receptacle in my pocket then!" So saying Venkataraman produced a small ivory case. Sarada was too discreet to deter him now. "Why not let him have his own snuff box?" she argued within herself whilst the two embraced each other.

ON THE STAGE

Ramadosa.

That the South Indian Stage has sunk to abyssal depths is after all an experience for any one who has followed its life for the past half a century. Stage stars have more often than not, converted dramatic performances into costumed musical operas, and these later performances now pass on for dramatic shows. Quite different from these pseudo dramatic performances a juvenile dramatic company offers the Madras dramatic patrons an opportu-



M. K. Radha as Nawab in
"Ramadosa."

nity to witness, something that is worthy of witnessing and truly dramatic.

"Ramadosa" a dramatic version of this noble saint's life is the theme. The story deals about the early boyhood of Gopanna (father of Ramadosa), his pious manhood when he wills over devotion to God. Thus the coffers of the Nawab dry for which he suffers torture and imprisonment and the final succour from God which he but rightly deserves. As I have already pointed out the actors are all juveniles and as such they have the advantage of an age when the twig can be bent. From the point of view of talent it is no ex-

aggeration if I say, even the adult actors should envy.

When one of the Sorecars asks Ramadosa why should he go about begging and not seek a nobler profession the boy replies in one of the most melodious tunes that his profession was the best, because it keeps him free from anxiety of the morrow and to think for a while about God. No body could sit unmoved at this. The climax reaches when Gopanna is being brought before the Nawab on a charge of having misappropriated the state treasury. The part of the Nawab is being portrayed by Mr. M. K. Radha who has already become famous in Madras as 'Rajasekaran' in 'Pandi Bakthi' a drama which can boast of having a non stop run of 70 performances in the city.

The make up of the Nawab has been attended to with care and his court has got the truly Mughal air. The gaudy paraphernalia of a Muslim court has been convincingly shown



M. K. Radha as Judge in
"Rajambal."

and no pains to make a spectacular scene of the Nawab's durbar has been spared. The nawab himself acts with the fire and anger of a Mohammedan, commanding Ramadosa to repay the money back, at the point of the sword.

In a latter scene when the Nawab sees the two young beautiful lads as Ram Singh and Lakshman Singh we see the moselm's softer side. He raves for a Darshan of the two lads, gets mad as it were and does not rest content till he gets a glimpse of them at

FUNNY MAGZIN

the temple. His action of the Nawab really portends that one day or other Mr. Radha will adorn the South Indian stage and the screen as the foremost star.

Considering the enormous histrionic talents of these boy actors the enlightened audiences of Mysore had a performance staged on their Basika Rajini Sabha and all the elite of Madras attended. The performance was



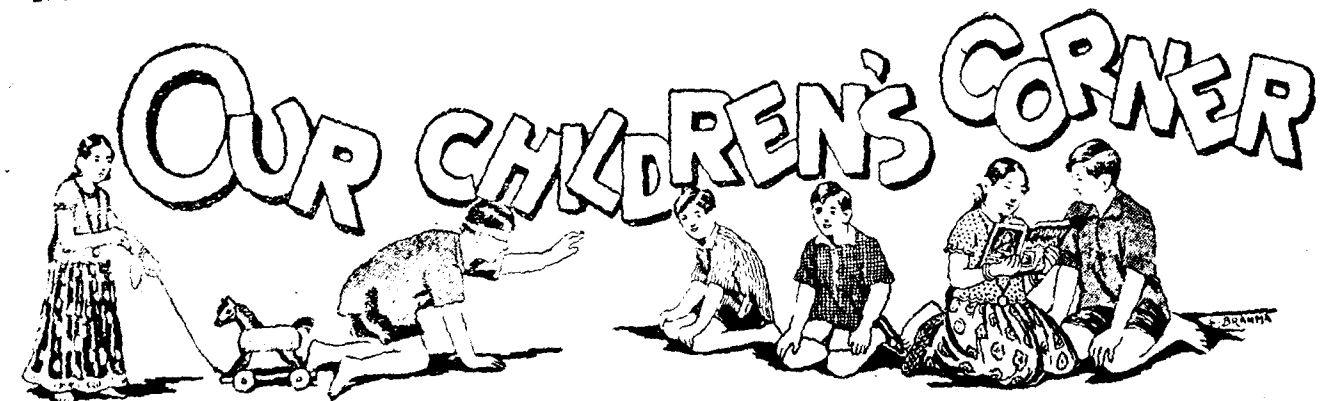
M. K. Radha as "Rajendra."

"Rajendra". The story deals in short about the evils of the dowry system in South India. Being a social drama the plot included bank robberies, detection trial in the court, acquittal of the alleged accused and the final sentence on the real criminal. The boys acquitted themselves very well and the acting honours really go to Radha who appeared quite alive on the stage. Perhaps owing to incompatibility of the stage or otherwise an important court scene was omitted which the audience was anxiously awaiting. The performance by master Mani who acted as Lakshmi was highly commended and her action when insane, is one that cannot but be characterised as superb.

M. V. V.

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-1/4 with a self addressed envelope for the SECRET. **Steno House Agency, Amritsar.**

NOVEMBER 5, 1934



Dear Children,

I am sure you are all very anxious to know the results of Competition No. 1. You will find the correct list and the prize winners names on the next page. This time also I've given an easy picture puzzle, for you to solve. Remember any number of entries may be sent but only in the printed coupons! Some kiddies want me to give them some pen friends. Those of you who want pen friends please send in your name and address and age. Do please write and tell me what other features you would like to have. I am always glad to hear from you all.

Address all Entries and Correspondence to:—

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

THE MONGOOSE

Many years ago, there lived in the big forest near the Vindya Hills, a hermit, named Siva Rishi. So famed was he, that he had disciples all over India. One day while the Rishi was in deep meditation a little mongoose came running towards him in fear. One of the disciples a valiant prince was about to shoot it with his bow, when the Rishi stopped him.

"Do not harm it. It hasn't harmed you, has it? Love all life" said he. So the Prince unwillingly left it free. From that day the creature used to

stay near the huts and soon became very friendly with the Rishi and all his disciples.

One day while the Prince was gathering some brush-wood for the fire



a King-cobra disturbed from its sleep hissed and reared up its hood. The Prince was rooted to the spot and became hypnotised. Just as the cobra

was about to plunge its fangs on the luckless Prince, the young mongoose who had followed him, fell upon the reptile.

The contest seemed unequal, for the cobra was nearly six feet in length and the mongoose was but a young animal barely two feet long. The snake coiled round the animal and tried to crush it. But the mongoose had a firm hold on the snakes neck and hung on in spite of all its turning and twisting. At length after half-an-hour of fighting the mongoose snapped the snake into two pieces.

The Prince who was watching this fight fascinated, was very glad and petting the animal fondly, vowed thenceforth never to harm bird or beast, and broke his bow to pieces.



I've got a little tortoise
Who at present's rather slow,
But with a little training,
He'd be quite fast I know,
And in a week or two I hope,
If I can catch a hare,
I mean to try another race,
Like the old historic pair!

1. A. KAWORACHEBI,
2, Kandy Road, Wattegama,
Ceylon.
- 2 & 3. T. S. K. MURTHY,
C/o N. K. Iyer,
Gulampuri, Amroati,
Berar.
4. N. T. N. KANTHAN,
694, Daskutir, Old Agrabar,
Mysore.
5. R. CHAMUNDEESWARY,
C/o Rajavel Mudaliar,
No. 40, Mukhathal St.
Puraswalkum, Madras.
6. S. A. PERARA,
'The Grove' Wattegama,
Ceylon.
- Here is one who wants a pen friend.
- FRANK MICTICH,
C/o Mrs. W. P. Scott (Esq.),
Driver S. I. R., Calicut

**Results of Children's
COMPETITION No. 1.**
Correct List.

1. Cold Stream.
2. Boy Scout.
3. Slapping.
4. Winselone.
5. Notice Board.
6. Sunny Land.

As there were more than 250 entries with one error, I have decided to amalgamate the 1st and 2nd prizes and award it to the following six correct entries. I have also increased the prize amount to Rs. 18.

COMPETITION No. 3

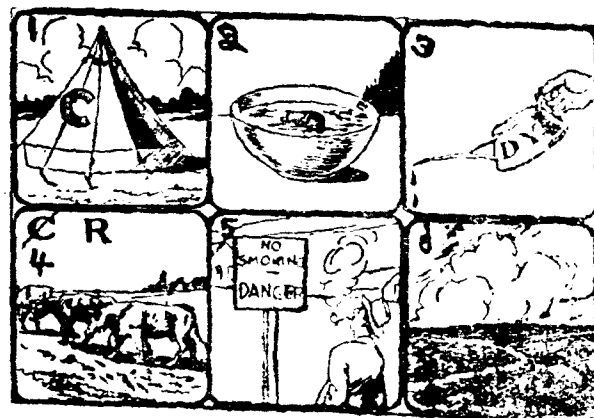
Closing Date 25-11-34

(Only for Children below 16 years)

1st Prize Rs. 15

2nd Prize Rs. 10

Below you see six pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of these find the correct clue to the pictures. For example No. 1. Shows a Tent and on it there is C. Looking at the list of clues you find that there is content (C, on Tent.) Now proceed with the other five. Remember only answers in the printed coupons are valid.



List of Clues

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. CONTENT | 8. LONE-PATH |
| 2. CANDY | 9. FLOATING |
| 3. WARNING | 10. ROWS |
| 4. CLOUDS | 11. DOILY |
| 5. CORK | 12. RATTLE |
| 6. BOWL | 13. SKY-LINE |
| 7. IGNORE | 14. OIL-CAN |

Children's Puzzle No. 3 (Coupon)

CLOSING DATE 25TH NOVEMBER 1934

1. CONTENT

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

Age.....

Address.....

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

Producing a Mickey Mouse Cartoon

Mickey Mouse short features are produced by the same solemn process as other feature pictures except that artists and an art-process take the place of the actors. First, in the Walt Disney studios in Hollywood, a "gag" meeting is held, ideas talked over, roughly outlined. Scenario writers compose a regulation script; adapters break it down into sequences, scenes, shots. The scenic department designs the background. Then three kinds of artists begin to work.

The first group are the "animators" who sit at long rows of specially made desks and work by light that stream through a central glass. They develop the gags, draw only the beginning and the end of an action. Their sketches are passed to the second group, the "in-betweeners," who draw the small delicately graded changes that make the motion kinetic. Then the third group, the "inkers," place a transparent square of celluloid on the drawing and outline boldly in ink on the celluloid. Action is photographed by superimposing these transparent drawings over the painted backgrounds which have been placed under a camera.

Walt Disney is the originator and old creator of Mickey Mouse's doings. Twelve years ago he was working on mid-western newspaper in the United States, drifted to Hollywood, where he produced pictures combining people and cartoons. When the sound device was invented he originated his famous silent, devising a method to make the

are null. He can reach inside a bull's mouth, pull out his teeth and use them for castanets. He can lead a band or play violin solos; his ingenuity is limitless: he never fails.

Elaborate Jewel set created for Garbo in new film "The Painted Veil"

One of the most elaborate jewel sets ever to be especially designed and created for a star, will be worn by Greta Garbo in her new Metro Goldwyn Mayer starring production, THE PAINTED VEIL.

The set, which consists of a matching belt and clip is worn with a white crepe afternoon gown, and has created no small sensation among those who have seen it.

The belt is fashioned of inch squares of silver, hand engraved in Chinese motifs. Each square is made up of three layers of the silver one smaller than the other and fastened together in pyramid fashion.

The original pattern for the belt, clip and hat ornament was created entirely in felt before being sent to the jeweller to be hand wrought of silver and jade. The motif on each square is different—and each of these was carefully created in layers of felt to insure



Constance Bennett. "Courtesy Cinema Critic."

a perfect reproduction of original design.

There is more than a slight possibility that, following the release of the picture, there will be a decided vogue for the matching of jewelled clip and felt beet.

M. G. M. Wins Blue Ribbon Magazine award five times in year!

Winning the blue Ribbon award given monthly by the American trade publication, Box Office, for the fifth time in the past year is the feat of Metro Goldwyn Mayer with **TREASURE ISLAND**.

This new Wallace Beery Jackie Cooper film, given a similar award from Parent's Magazine, was termed by Box Office the best all-round family entertainment for August.

Other new MGM productions which have captured the same award during the past year comprise King Vidor's **THE STRANGER'S RETURN**, **THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE**, **TARZON AND HIS MATE** and **VIVAVILLS!**

TREASURE ISLAND has been establishing new grosses for the year at many theatres throughout America. It is a Hunt Stromber, picture directed by Victor Fleming.

Leo, the M. G. M. Lion
Filmed in Tricolour

Leo, Metro Goldwyn Mayer's famous lion seen at the beginning of each production, was photographed today for the first time in triple-colour Technicolour.

He has been filmed innumerable times in black and white and in two colours

but his screen doubt in three colours was made necessary because his two short subjects, *My Grandfather's clock* and *the Spectacle Makers* are the first of a series to be filmed in the new three-tone natural colour process. And, of course, Leo wants to match

If Leo's growl seems stronger than usual, it's because he is so proud in his natural colour coat.

The greatest joy that Helen Hayes has had since she arrived back in Hollywood was contained in a collection of small photographs brought to her by Charles Mac Arthur on the set of *What Every Woman Knows* at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios. They were snapshots of her daughter Mary aged four and a half at play in the back yard of Miss Hayes' home in New York.

M. V. V.

THE FUNNY MAGZIN

OCTOBER LUCKY NUMBERS

ARE YOU A PRIZE WINNER?

RS. 5 WILL BE PAID

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

91301	94859	96901	589	7777
91603	95205	99222	6753	8000
93000	96000	100000	6989	8005
93444	96459	244	7111	8222

Copies of the **FUNNY MAGZIN** bearing the October Lucky Numbers must be sent to the Manager, **FUNNY MAGZIN** Office by Registered post. The copies must reach the office not later than 30th Nov. 1934. Copies must be intact. Mere forwarding of the wrapper containing the number alone or the copies received in the **FUNNY MAGZIN** office after 30th Nov. 1934, will not bring a prize.

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

FUNNY'S FILM STORY

SINHASAN

(An Himalaya Production)

She was Queen-Sumati! Every inch of her being throbbed for the safety and welfare of her people. And she loved Dilip—loved him madly who was the King of her nation and the ruler of her heart. But there was Nagadatta—the Royal Priest. He had powers and he had ambition. He wanted Sumati and he knew that if he was not charming enough, he knew of some charms that no mortal could resist.

And that is why the story started.

The throne of SANGHADESH was left unoccupied for years. Nagadatta himself could not decide as to whom the honour should pass. Buddhishekhar—the elder brother was half-witted. Dilip was younger and therefore not the rightful heir to the throne. Yet Nagadatta, decided in favour of Dilip—favour, to please Sumati.

A certain Sadhu had given Sumati a Rudraksha—a talisman that was to save her from every calamity. It was this that saved her from the biggest calamity—Nagadatta. Amidst pomp and cheer Nagadatta was putting the crown on the head of Dilip when suddenly there entered a woman crying out for justice—a woman wronged by the passionate priest. It was evident in the open court that Nagadatta was the criminal. And when justice was demanded of Dilip—he gave it and declared Nagadatta to be guilty and unworthy of his office.

Nagadatta was the last man to take things lying down. With the aid of Chandraketu he arranged a revolt. This Chandraketu was the hen-pecked husband of Maya—the jealous sister of Sumati who loved Dilip but could not succeed in marrying him. With his black magic to aid him, Nagadatta made Buddhishekhar claim the throne as his, and Dilip, without the least remorse, renounced the throne to honour the wishes of his people, and started towards the forest.

Sumati followed him—to share hardship with the same joy as she

shared his glories. Her delicate body could hardly bear the strain—she collapsed once, twice, and yet again. Dilip lost all hope. Frantically he ran through the forest for a drop of water but he could not find it. But like a saviour came the voice of a sadhu ringing through the rugged trees. "Cast away the Shackles of Illusion, O, Man! Break away the fetters of love." To him Dilip rushed, and prayed on his knees for the life of his beloved Sumati. The Sadhu was none other but the one who had given her Rudraksha.

Though Sumati is saved, her troubles are not to end there. She and Dilip are wanted by the black magician Nagadatta. He and Chandraketu make a plan of attacking Dilip in the jungles where he is staying in a lovely Ashram.

In the meanwhile Maya, on learning that Dilip has left for the jungles and that her husband is planning to kill him there, rushes on horse-back to warn him.

Sumati, while all this is going on, sent away her Rudraksha with her maid to Buddhishekhar. She feared that Nagadatta might do mischief, taking advantage of Buddhishekhar's weak-mindedness.

So Sumati is alone by a brook, unprotected by the Rudraksha, unconscious of the calamity to come.

Brave Dilip takes no heed of Maya's advice to run away from the Ashram. He could not leave Sumati alone, nor could he see the necessity of running away like a coward.

Nagadatta and Chandraketu arrive on the spot and Chandraketu makes short work of Maya, seeing her there and suspecting her of treachery.

In the meanwhile Buddhishekhar got the Rudraksha and is cured of his madness. He gets the news that Nagadatta and Chandraketu have started to murder his younger brother.

He starts himself on a horseback to save Dilip. But is he in time?

Down comes the sword of Chandraketu, under the promptings of the evil priest and the unarmed unsuspecting Dilip is killed. His hut is set fire to, and Nagadatta laughs in sheer joy.

Seeing the surging flames of the hut, Sumati is alarmed and rushes towards it. That is what Nagadatta wanted, "Dilip! Dilip," she cries on seeing her husband's corpse. "I am Dilip—your beloved"—Says Nagadatta; and behold she nestles near him under his mesmeric influence. They all start to the place where their horses are waiting for them.

But before they could start, Buddhishekhar has reached there and with his Rudraksha in his neck he is able to fight Nagadatta his magic and all. He kills Chandraketu and runs after Nagadatta who is playing for his life.

The Nagadatta's power reduced. Sumati comes to her senses and makes a mad search for Dilip. She becomes crazy for him and she runs about, but he is dead!

Buddhishekhar kills Nagadatta. Sumati sees the dead body of Dilip. She is desperate—the light of her life is gone. She raises the dagger to kill herself when again the same voice of the Sadhu is heard. He brings Dilip to life.

Dilip and Buddhishekhar meet. With all honour due to a king Dilip is restored to the throne with Sumati beside him as his worthy Queen.

M. V. V.



Husband: What a splendid present this would make for a gentleman?

Wife (angrily): Are you raving? What ever is the matter with you?

Husband: Yes, he could give it to his wife.

Results of the 'Jumbled Words' Competition

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

- | | | | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. QUIET. | 3. PARE. | 5. BABE. | 7. PIE. | 9. COKE. |
| 2. IDOL. | 4. FIG. | 6. PELL. | 8. TRAM. | 10. WAP. |

The first Prize of Rs. 75 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

1. C L GOKUL DAS,
C/o, P. K. Periana & Co.
Calcutta.
2. RATHINAM,
Railway Contractor,
Chitavadigai, Hospet.

EACH GETS Rs. 37-8-0.

The Second Prize of Rs. 50 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

- 1 & 2. MRS. JANAKAMMA,
C/o, N. Sambamoorthy,
Post Office, Mysore.
3. K. SIVASUBRAMANIAM,
20-A, Napier Road,
Tanjore
4. EYUNNI VENKATA BESHAVATHARAM,
Pleader,
Kovvur (West Godavary Dt.)
- 5 & 6. S. K. RAMASAMY IYENGAR,
Posts & Telegraphs Mysore.
- 7 & 8. K. R. GOPALA PILLAI,
V Form A Section,
B. H. School Chittoor.
- 9 & 10. M. S. LOGANATHA MUDALIAR,
'Sivandale' Vepery,
Madras.
11. H. D. JESUDAS,
Headmaster Vembar,
(via) Vilatikulam.
- 12 & 13. N. K. IYER,
Gulampuri, Amraoti Berar.
- 15 & 16. C. L. GOKUL DAS,
C/o, P. K. Periana & Co.
Calcutta.
- 17 & 18. N. RATHINAM,
Ry. Contractor, Chitavadigai, Hospet.
- 20 & 21. C. VEERIAH,
'Kamma House'
Thondiarpet Madras.

The additional Prizes of Rs. 25 has been awarded to the following competitors.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| N. RATHINAM,
Ry. Contractor, Hospet. | 185 entries—Rs. 15. |
| L. V. ALLHPETTY,
The Grove Wattigama Ceylon, | 182 entries—Rs. 6. |
| N. K. IYER,
Amraoti. | 171 entries—Rs. 4. |

All prizes will be sent in due course.

Rs. 150 MUST BE WON

—100+000—

In Our extremely easy 'Apt Titles' No. 1.

Closing date: 25-11-'34.

Result on 5-12-'34.

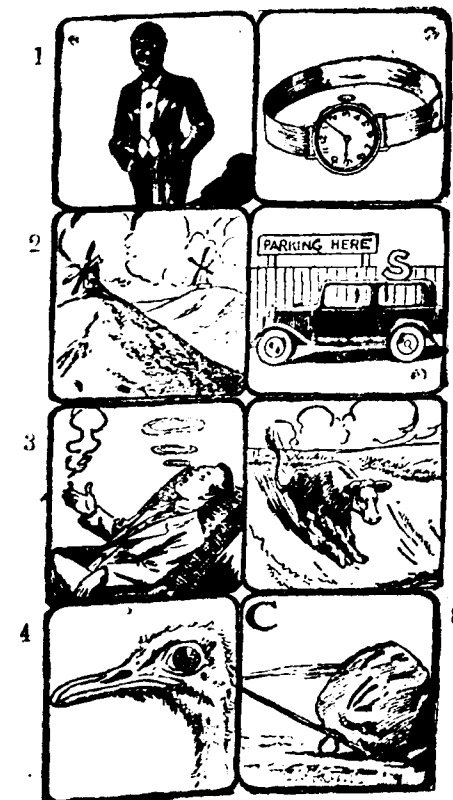
FIRST PRIZE Rs. 75.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 50.

Also 3 prize of Rs. 15, 6 and 4 to Senders of largest No. of entries.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Here is an extremely easy Picture puzzle. All you have to do is to find out what Apt Title the following Pictures represent. For easier reference all the complete list from which the Puzzle is compiled is also given. For example Picture 1 is Negro Now go ahead and solve the rest. For rules and conditions see next page.



List of Clues.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Negro | 9. Time-keeper |
| 2. Wind Mills | 10. Parks |
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3. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, "Apt Titles No. 1" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 25th November 1934. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or entries received after the closing date will be disqualified.

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

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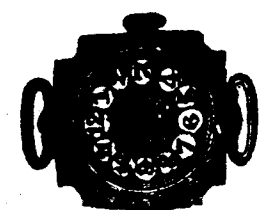
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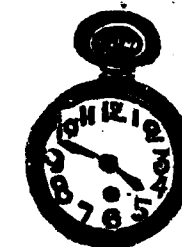
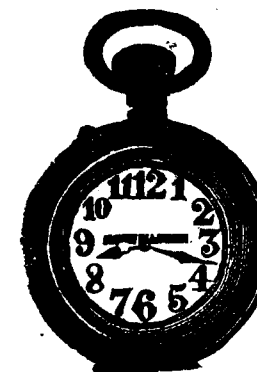


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