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FUNNY MAG

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10TH NOV., 1934

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Princess, We wish you
Land of Lotus and
Bride herself!

THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

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HALF YEARLY (12 issues)	" 1-2-0	2-4-0
SINGLE COPY	" 0-1-6	0-3-0

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

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Telephone No. 3005.

Telegram: "ANANDA BOBHINI," MADRAS.

THE MANAGER,

1, Longley Chetty Street, Madras 24, Madras.

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PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II.

MADRAS, 20th NOVEMBER, 1934.

No. 8.

Empire wide Blessing on Royal Pair

All India's Felicitation to the Bridal Pair

All Joy of Life to Princes Marina & Duke of Kent



Voice of India's People: Royal Prince and Princess, We wish you all the joy of life and welcome you to our Beautiful Land of Lotus and Peacock as pure and lovely and graceful as the Royal Bride herself!



FUNNY MAGZIN

'The best thing to prevent an attack of Influenza,' says a doctor, is a dose of castor-oil every other day.

Maybe; but we would like to know what's the next best thing.

'A woman who sneers at her husband is dooming him to failure'

Or, making him think up a better excuse next time.

'One needs only plenty of nerve to drive a car.'

Also petrol, sez'me.

'We are sent into the world to help others,' opines a Padre.

'Then what are others sent into the world for?'

'A model husband,' according to a magazine, 'is an honest one who tells the truth'

Yes and a model wife is one who believes him.

'Have U room 4 this,' asks a busy contributor enclosing a M. S. S.

Yes. The W. P. B. is M. T.

'Money Talks' 'The Statesman'

And it usually says 'Good-bye'

'The world has a place for everybody'

But the trouble is there's generally somebody else in it.

'My father would not be where he is to-day but for original business methods'

And did he get a long sentence?

'It is easy to make money t home'

The difficulty is passing the tuff afterwards.

'I have always taken things asily,' confesses a reader.

And never once been caught loing it?

'It is extremely difficult for young man to get into a bank ow a days,' says 'Careers'

Unless of course he happens to be a clever locksmith!

'A magician in Allahabad laims that he can make ten- uppee notes disappear into hin air!

Ours do that quite naturally.

'The ideal community would be run entirely on the credit system.'

A sort of I. O. U.-Topia, eh?

'Many an ordinary man has a wonderful imagination'

He even gets the idea that he is the head of the house!

'I have just received my final demand for Income-tax,' confesses a contributor.

Well, you are too optimistic. In this life there is no final demand for Income-tax.

'In the old days when a man wanted to kill an enemy he took his bow and arrows, sword, mace etc. and went out after him.'

Nowadays he buys a motor-car and does the same thing.

'Speaking of examinations,' asks a Reader, 'What would I have to pass to get into the Editor's chair of a Big Magazine?'

A great big doorkeeper!

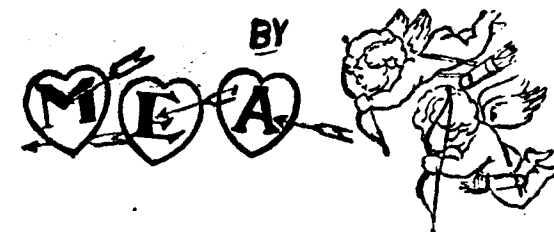
'Two politicians have recently been ordered by their doctor to make fewer speeches.'

So there's something to be said for doctors.

'I am a big gun at the office,' brags a Reader.

But mind you don't get fired!

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY



[If you are really a modern person, interested in how the other moderns live—refusing to submit to the prudish rules of those ancestors whose outward lives of mock "Morality" served only as the thin cloak for the same impulses and urges that have ruled man since the days when he shed his tail and decided henceforth to walk erect—then you would surely like Mear's articles, which features people devoid of sham and hypocrisy—Ed.]

MAJOR John Mortimer of the Royal Engineers was on special duty in connection with Landing Grounds for the Air Force on the North West Frontier. It was pleasant enough job, but it entailed leaving his beautiful young wife alone in Pindi for weeks at a time. He would certainly not have done this from choice, for his wife was exceptionally beautiful and attractive and, apart from the fact that he thoroughly enjoyed being with her, he quite realized that to leave a beautiful woman alone in an Indian Cantonment was to subject her to considerable temptation. Fortunately for his peace of mind he was a philosopher and decided that if a thing must be, it was useless to make a fuss about it. Still he hoped for the best, whatever that might be!

It was after some days in remote places that Major Mortimer found himself in the Air Force Mess in Bannu. He was going through the letters that had accumulated for him during his absence, and enjoying a cup of tea, it was a pleasant change to drink tea out of a china cup after the enamel cups that he was obliged to use in camp.

Not for long was he left to enjoy his letters and tea in solitude and peace. The door opened to admit Squadron Leader Kirk. "Hallo, Mortimer, old boy, back from the wilds, and not too sorry I'll bet. How long are you going to honour us with your company this time?"

"I should think not less than a week as I have a lot of stuff to write up."

"That's splendid. You ought to give the girls a treat after your spell of doing the strong silent man in the wide open spaces. What about running over to Peshawar? There's a fancy dress dance on there the day after to-morrow. Several of us went to one in Nowshera on Saturday. Great fun. I met a peach of a woman, staying with the Rawlins, wore a Persian costume, black, and believe me it was transparent, never saw anything quite so transparent. Wouldn't tell me her name, they called her Alice."

"I say Kirk, you do seem to have been in luck, but, of course, a good-looking fellow like you would be popular with the girls."

"Don't talk about looks. Six of us went from here and we all disguised ourselves as highwaymen. It was great fun because our partners mixed us up and couldn't tell one of us from the others. You really ought to come the day after to-morrow, we can fix you up with a kit, Smith can't go, so you can wear his, he is just about your size and the dirzie can easily make any alterations that may be necessary."

"Thanks, Kirk, I think I'll accept your invitation, a little social gaiety would be a pleasant change after the lonely life I've been living."

"That's good. I suppose you're dining in this evening so I'll see you then and give you a few more details about my Persian lady, I can tell you she's pretty hot stuff and a quick starter. I'm off for a game of golf now. See you later."

As soon as the door had closed on Kirk and he was left to himself again,

Mortimer drew a letter from his pocket, it was from his wife, and read the following passage: "I have come up to stay with the Rawlins for a week as there are one or two dances on. There was quite a good one in Nowshera the other night, a fancy dress affair. I wore a Persian costume, I shall wear it again at the fancy dress dance they are having here this week, it's the only one I have with me. What a pity you can't come for the dance, but I expect you prefer wandering round those desolate hills."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mortimer "So that's what Alice is doing!" What was it Kirk said? "A peach of a woman, staying with the Rawlins, wore a Persian costume—transparent—they called her Alice." Yes, and he also said she is pretty hot stuff and a quick starter. Well, we shall see!

On the day of the dance six merry men, of whom Mortimer, was one, flew over to Peshawar. Kirk took Mortimer in his own plane. On their arrival they drove straight to the Club, where they were going to change into their fancy dress kit and dine. As the dance was also to take place at the Club they were on the spot.

After dinner and when the guests began to arrive, Mortimer took up a position from which he could watch the ladies as they emerged from the cloak-room. It was not long before he saw his wife. He wouldn't have known that it was his wife but for Kirk's description of her costume. She was clothed in a black robe, and a black veil concealed her eyes and nose. Yes, it was true, the robe was transparent. No one could say it was indecent because no detail was notice-

able, but the flimsy material clung to her full form and showed to advantage her well developed figure. Wherever the garment touched her you could see the gleam of white flesh showing through. It is true it was not actually indecent, but to any man it was most disturbing.

Mortimer was quickly at his wife's side, and disguising his voice, requested her programme. "Hallo!" she cried "so you bad boys from Bannu are here again!" And she handed him her programme.

At first Mortimer had felt a little nervous, though he knew it would be almost impossible to penetrate his disguise, which included a mask which covered the upper portion of his face. His wife's frank reference to the "bad boys of Bannu" had put him at his ease, and he made a mark against the only four dances that were not already

booked up. He then withdrew and placed himself where he could watch his wife.

The first dance commenced and as the men claimed their partners he saw his wife glide into the arms of a man, dressed as a pirate, and they drifted on to the dance floor. The room was filling rapidly and it soon became impossible to follow the movements of any one couple, but every time his wife and her partner passed near him Mortimer took in every detail. As her glorious body swayed to the rhythm of the dance and her flowing garment clung, first to one part and then to

just how her other partners must have felt. Her supple body seemed to melt into his. It was impossible not to be conscious of the firm breasts that were pressed against his chest. The room was crowded so he had every excuse for holding her close. As he gave her an extra squeeze she smiled at him and whispered: "You are a he-man, aren't you?" To which he replied "No man could fail to be aware of his sex while you were in his arms."

When the dance was over Mortimer let his wife lead the way to a secluded "Kala Jagga", and as soon as they were seated on the comfortable sofa he



another, he caught glimpses of white thighs which plainly indicated that she was innocent of any kind of undergarment.

Was it necessary, he wondered, for her partner to hold her so close? He must feel every curve and every muscle of that lightly clad body that was pressed so close to his. When the dance was over, Mortimer watched the couple disappear into a "Kala jagga". There was nothing to be done so he retired to the bar and fortified himself for what was coming.

In due course his own turn came. How thrilling it was to dance with his wife under these circumstances! She complimented him on his dancing while he paid tributes to her figure. As he pressed her close to him he realized

placed an arm round the lady's waist and she lay unresisting in his arms as he sought and found her lips. Now he knew what Kirk meant when he said she was a quick starter. Never had she kissed him like that before. It is true that she had kissed him passionately but her tongue had taken no part in the affair. Now she just let herself go and made no secret of her feelings. Mortimer's hand began to wander, and still he found no opposition.

Hot stuff, remembered Mortimer, "I should think so" he thought, as he continued his uninterrupted exploration. He was still engaged in this fascinating occupation when the next dance commenced but as his wife was his partner for this one also they decided it would be pleasanter to remain where they were, and by the time the dance was over Mortimer knew more about his wife than he knew when it began. Before they parted they had arranged to meet at a fancy dress dance in 'Pindi the following week, where they agreed to wear the same costumes. The lady hinted that if her hubby were still away that she would be unable to resist the highwayman if he insisted on seeing her home, where she would be alone.

The next day Mortimer had to agree with Kirk that the lady in the Persian costume was indeed "hot stuff" and also that she was "some kisser". He did his best to avoid the subject, but Kirk was enthusiastic about her and spoke rather more frankly than Mortimer cared about. It was one thing knowing it, but it was another thing hearing it talked about.

The following week Mortimer motored down to 'Pindi, having first written to his wife to tell her he was afraid it would be another 10 days before he would be able to return. On arrival at 'Pindi he dined at the railway station as he was sure to meet friends at the Club who might mention that they had seen him. After dinner he changed in a waiting-room into his highwayman's attire and drove to the Club.

The evening was very similar to the one he had spent the previous week in Peshawar. He had arranged to have the last four dances with his wife. After the first of these the lady informed him that she was feeling tired and told him he might drive her home. She indicated the way to the house, and when they drew up at the door they both alighted and entered the bungalow. Mortimer had taken the precaution to borrow a car for this

(See page 8.)

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Guntakal	to	Bangalore
Bangalore	to	Arkonam
Walajah Road	to	Ranipet
Katpadi	to	Renigunta
Bowringpet	to	Marikuppam

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Madras	to	Renigunta
Tirupati	to	Gudur
Narasaraopet	to	Bezwada
Bezwada	to	Masulipatam
Guntur	to	Repalli

(See Next Page.)

Guntur	to	Macherla
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Between any two stations over 100 miles apart.	I and II classes.	At one and one-third single fares for the double journey.
	III class.	
Between any two stations 100 miles or less than 100 miles apart.	I and II class.	At one and three-fourths ordinary single fares for the double journey.
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For details, ask for pamphlets from the nearest M. S. M. Railway Station or "Town Booking Office."

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY.--(Continued from page 5.)

occasion for fear that his own might be recognised.

Mrs. Mortimer offered her husband a chair and said she would bring him a whisky & soda. In a minute she returned, carrying the whisky and soda, but innocent of all clothing. "It was rather hot," she said, "so I slipped out of my stuffy costume".

Mortimer found it easy enough to pay compliments to her physical beauty. The compliments were genuine for he had never ceased to admire her exceptional beauty.

Presently she said: "I want to see you without your fancy dress, you may take your things off in here". And she indicated his dressing-room.

Mortimer entered the room and closed the door behind him. Then tearing off his clothes he rapidly dressed in a suit of his ordinary clothes and left the room by an outer door and quietly moved round to the front of the bungalow and entered the sitting-room where he found his wife sitting in her birthday suit. She jumped up as he entered and a look of terror came to her face.

"Sorry if I frightened you, darling" exclaimed Mortimer. "I am afraid my arrival was a bit sudden and unexpected. I managed to get away early this morning and have just arrived. You're late going to bed, but you couldn't have met me in a more suitable attire." He advanced towards her, and taking her in his arms kissed her. But what a different kiss he received to those he had been enjoying a few minutes before! She was shaking and almost fainting.

"Are you cold, dear?" asked Mortimer, tenderly.

"No," replied his wife, "I think you frightened me, coming in like that. Come into the dining-room and have some supper."

"I think I'll get out of these clothes first," said Mortimer, moving towards his dressing-room.

"Oh don't go in there," Mrs. Mortimer almost shouted.

"Why ever not?" asked her husband.

"I don't know?" answered his wife, lamely, then she added: "I don't want you to leave me."

"Your nerves seem to be upset," said Mortimer. "Come along with me," and he placed his arm round her and almost carried her into his dressing-room.

"Mrs. Mortimer took a hurried and anxious look round, and when she saw that no one was in the room concluded that her highwayman had heard them talking and had escaped. She was beginning to recover herself when her husband exclaimed: "What on earth are these things?" and he picked up the fancy dress he had just discarded.

"Oh," exclaimed the lady "that is a fancy dress I got because I thought it would do for you."

"That's very kind of you, my dear," remarked Mortimer, slightly sarcastically. "Did you also get the car that is standing outside the front door, for me, and also the suitcase that is inside it? You seemed surprised to see me and yet you had just poured out a whisky and soda, although you never touch whisky yourself."

"The man who drove me home from the dance couldn't get his car to start, so went away without it, and he forgot to drink the whisky and soda I had poured out for him," lied Mrs. Mortimer.

"We have acted long enough," said Mortimer "I was the man who drove you home, so you see I know everything."

Mrs. Mortimer swayed as if she had been struck. She sank into a chair and covering her face with her hands began to sob violently. After a time she managed to stammer: "I-I suppose you—you've been collecting evidence for a divorce."

"No," said Mortimer "I only wanted to know just how things are. I don't blame you for anything, darling. With your beauty you were bound to come in for an extra amount of temptation, and you are only doing

what a good many of the women here are doing. It is not fair to leave a woman with your passionate nature so long alone, and I'm not surprised at what has happened. I couldn't help leaving you, dear, and I quite realise you couldn't help flirting with other men. I'm really only angry about one thing, sweetheart." Mortimer had now stooped over his wife and placed an arm round her naked shoulders.

"What is that?" sobbed his wife.

"Because, until we sat out together at the dance in Peshawar, you had never given me one of those wonderful kisses that you appear to keep for other men."

Mrs. Mortimer looked into her husband's face and saw that he was smiling. Their lips met, and this time Mortimer had nothing to complain of in his wife's kiss. It was one of the most exciting ones she had given him yet and he could not help admiring her proficiency in the art.

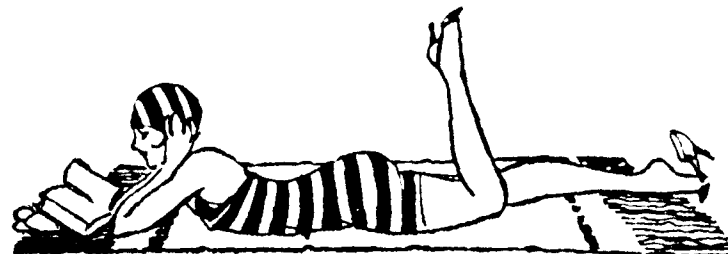
When it was over he picked her up and carried her into the sitting-room, there he seated himself in a comfortable chair and placed her on his lap. Tenderly he caressed her voluptuous curves and whispered in her ear, "Do you remember what you promised me in Peshawar, darling?"

"No, John, dear, you must tell me what it was."

"You said I should spend the night with you, and you see your promise is coming true."

Mrs. Mortimer blushed and hid her head in his shoulder. "I'm so glad it's you," she whispered. "Am I really forgiven?" she asked pathetically.

"Why, of course, little girl," answered her husband. "You needn't bother about anything that has happened. Don't you remember the old saying, 'When the cat's away the mice will play'?"



The Question of Equality.



BY MRS. DIANA CROFT. (CANADA)

MANY girls nowadays seem to have got it firmly fixed in their minds that women are superior to men. Anyway, that's how they feel over here in Canada, but girls are girls all over the world and so I am sure many Indian girls also would feel the same way.

There are of course some women who are really superior to men, but to judge fairly, we must take two of a kind and compare them. It seems to me quite possible that a mediocre woman may be slightly superior to a mediocre man just for this reason: that a woman has within her, a sort of divine spark which once it is ignited enables her to rise more quickly than a man. A

woman has more adaptability and more intuition!

Again a woman who marries a man, who is her social superior usually rises in a comparatively short time to his outward level; whereas a man in similar circumstances usually fails to rise, and quite often is inclined to sink.

Women are capable of greater sacrifices and greater self denial than men and in this respect they are certainly superior, for sacrifice always denotes character. Thus it is true that the highest type of woman, is a more noble creature than the highest type of man, but take it from me, a bad woman is infinitely lower than the worst of men.

BUT coming now to the question of equality and superiority between man and woman, I am of opinion that it should be considered on a strictly personal basis, and be subject to revision. After all it is very easy to feel superior and even to be superior to those who have not had the same advantages as ourselves—advantages of education or training may be; or social economic and caste advantages—seems hardly a thing to boast about.

Women say that all they want is equality of opportunity, and they contend that they rightly deserve it. But no law, (of course I speak about European laws, for I do not know about your Indian laws, but I guess they must be the same in this respect) can give them that, and a clever woman knows that. She also knows that a woman is the equal of anyone she is equal to! She always has been, and she always will be, in business and in social life.

I am now coming to the crucial point, the point which I want to drive home to my Indian Sisters. After all what does it matter if women are inferior or equals to men? What kind of woman wants a man who is only her equal? What stimulation could there be in that? What could a woman learn from such a man? What could one talk to him about? Precious little indeed.

So I am quite positive that socially speaking, a marriage stands the best chance of success when the man is superior mentally and the woman spiritually! There's a perfect combination for you. That's the marriage that stands the best chance of success. Thus you see dear sisters there is nothing so deadly or more deadening than equality. What Hockey player would want to go and witness a match when the players are no better than himself? What boxer would go and witness a bout of leather-pushing when the boxers are no better than himself? What girl would want to go to the pictures if the star were no more lovely than herself?

As a matter of fact, to want equality is a sign of inferiority: It means that we are content to be comfortable with but a small equipment of beauty brains and breeding! So why fight for equality? If we are really equals we needn't beat the big drum ourselves. Truth will prevail.

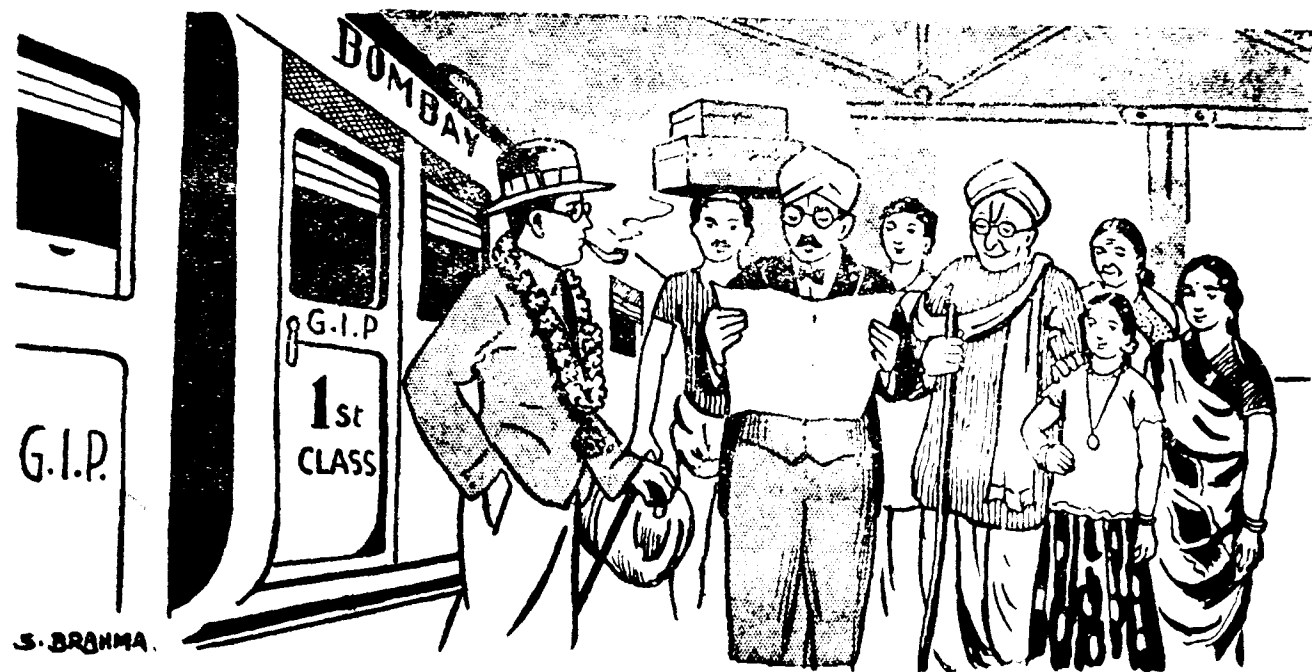
You Ne'er Can Tell

THREE years of separation—a long and tedious course to undergo in England; monthly remittances sent in rupees and spent in sterling—ever increasing demands—unforeseen items to pay like visits to the Continent or Paris and Vienna, some costly hobby to



I called on Hari, that chum of mine whom I knock up on my morning rounds. He was

lining the walk were white-washed—the central fountain had its rising tiers of plants from the centre of which pyramid the snaky jet threw out pearls in the rising sun: the curtains in the hall—the furniture and the pictures were all given changes of place and patted with dusters



pay for—some favourite tastes indulged in—not to mention the many expensive attractions that waylay a youth in luxurious towns—you have all that when your son or brother is away in Britain.

And after all the remittances sent, not without many regrets, when the son of the family comes back, no wonder if even a slow and easy-going man like Hari Doss should go bustling about.

moving about as agile as a baby monkey—never did I give him credit for all that activity.

"What is the matter, Hari," I asked.

"Matter, you ask. Well, look at the cable, my good fellow," he thrust the slip into my hands. He had hardly time or breath to speak to me: the flower-pots were laid out by the walk—the jagged bricks

to make them look cheery and prim.

And all this Hari was directing with an energy I never saw in him.

"Central Station—Saturday morning—Ranga"—that is what the cable said.

"So Ranga is coming this morning. Excellent, Hari, I am so glad."

"Glad you are, is it? But have you any idea what it means?" asked Hari Doss.

NOVEMBER 20, 1954

"I suppose you make needless fuss over it. Surely, Hari, our Ranga is not only the young chap coming out from the West."

"Just see this letter from Ranga—he wrote about a month before he left Britain—look at the medal and the rounds of lunches and dinners and parties. Surely you don't mean to say every young fellow that runs out to the West gets all that. Why, that Daman stayed five years in England, two in Germany and one in U.S.A. And he comes back—with, what shall I say—with nothing. But our Ranga. I am afraid he has had to leave behind him hundreds of friends—all so sorry to part—almost a wonder Ranga had the strength of will to leave them all and start for the land of his kith," almost sighed Hari at the thought that Ranga

"Tut, tut, I knew you wouldn't be prepared. There was no time to send you the cable—not for Guru, nor for Laxshman—Priya was here this morning and she is coming over with her friends and my daughter is bringing her friends—there are garlands for all of us."

It was eight—the train steamed in—and Ranga jumped on to the platform—a chubby, clean, prim young fellow—neat and bright as a pin.

The moment he landed, garlands one after another were showered by friends and even strangers: and that good fellow, Jayaraj, at once began reading his Address: You know Jayaraj: he has always an Address ready though on whose behalf it is got up or written, nobody knows. Generally he presents the Address on behalf of our Historic

and Ancien City—and as no protests till now have been heard from any of the Citizens of the "Historic and Ancien City", it is assumed that the Addresses he reads have the hearty approval of the Citizens. Another delightful feature about Jayaraj is that he adds a few poems in honour of the person along with the Addresses which he presents,



was causing a pang to his British friends for the sake of his people in India.

"Well, well, you seem to be so busy, Hari," I began.

"Maybe; but you cannot go away, my dear man. You see there the cars are all ready for us to go to the station. Surely, if you are not there when Ranga steps down, he will be sure to miss you ever so much. You haven't forgotten that yours was the loveliest garland that day he left us for the West," said Hari.

"But I haven't come prepared," I hesitated.

thus earning the substantial gratitude of rich Zemindars, Rajas and other wealthy folk.

Even the crowd on the platform, the mob all round, joined in the Joy of welcome to our Ranga.

There are people who talk lightly of the mob—they say it is "the mob-mentality" or they call it "mobocracy," a term of abuse for mob-rule. But the "mob" that day was something I cannot easily forget. The mob was really so nice to Ranga.

Evidently in the same train with Ranga came also some big person, may be a minister of the Government.

But the people who had gathered there to welcome the minister not knowing who Ranga was, crowded round Ranga and began to garland our Ranga. Cries of "Hon'ble Pandar Rao Ki jai" rent the air. More garlands were coming on.

Cameras were click—click—clicking away for all they were worth: reporters were taking down details of the arrival, though my friend Hari Doss and all of us could not make out why there should be such appreciation by the mob over the triumphs of our Ranga. But if a good-natured mob was going to rejoice over Ranga's victory in the West, we were not going to quarrel over it.

Two days after I called at Hari Doss's bungalow. There was unusual calm. Even the leaves on the trees and the birds in the cages hanging all round the verandah were unusually quiet and listless.

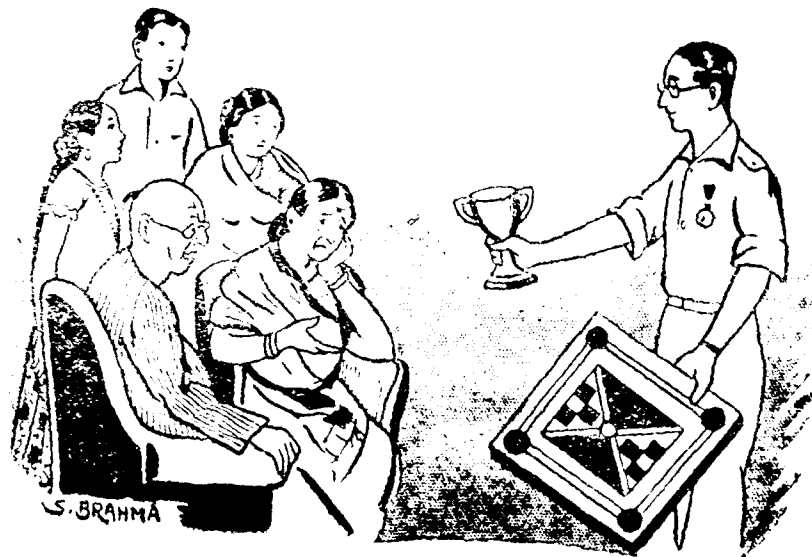
I went in. I don't stand on the visiting card conventions and the butler ushering in and all that ceremony in the bungalow of Hari.

There was Hari Doss. Mrs. Hari Doss was there too in the Hall.

"What is the matter, Hari?" I asked. "Why, you people look like a painted scene of despair. What is the matter?" I asked.

"It is the trophy of our Ranga," Hari replied in mournful tones.

"Are you joking, Hari? What is wrong with the trophy? Do you mean to say that Ranga has got into any mess? Has he pitoted a white bride or done something wrong in the Communist line or had he anything to do with Bomb factory? What is it that ails you people?"



"Why, good man, look at the Board and the Trophy Cup," Hari said.

"Yes, that Carrom board and the Trophy Cup is for his having beaten all," I said reading the Inscription on the Cup, medal and Board. "And that means that our Ranga has been keeping up his sporting habits even in England."

"And how does that help us?" asked Hari Doss.

"Why, old man, will not Britain know that we Indians can hold our own in games as well as in things which require brains?" I asked.

"Either you are a fool or I am one. True, India would be reputed for its

sport and games. But my question is where will it take Ranga to? That is my point."

"Look here, Hari. If you want to know the destination that a good hand in games will lead one to, all I can say is 'Good-Bye, I wish all luck to our Ranga.' I wish he would score away in games as successfully in our own land as he did in Britain."

"I sent Ranga to Britain not for trophies in games," cried Hari.

"True, Hari. But genius takes different forms and you never can tell in what direction it would run. Once more, good luck to your games, Ranga," I said.

I am not sure I carried any conviction to the open-mouthed disappointed looking Hari and his spouse. But, that Ranga was ever so pleased with himself, I have no doubt, nor of the fact that he would acquit himself as well as he did even if he is sent again to Britain for higher studies.

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66 PONGAL, SAMI 99

BY M. L. S.

I have just got over it, which means to say, that I have just paid off the last man on the list of persons waiting for Pongal presents from me. At least I hope so. Last year, Pongal began unusually early for me. In fact it was heralded in the early part of last December itself, in the person of the cooly I had once before engaged to carry the purchases from the Kotwal Bazaar. I had just got out of bed on that otherwise fine morning, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and there was the man with a broad grin on his face. "Who are you, and what do you want?" I asked him impatiently. "Sami, don't you recognise me?" he asked me in return. "I carried your things home last month. Pongal, Sami." Pongal? And that so soon? It has been said that some coming events cast their shadows before. Well, I can foretell when Pongal is coming, without the aid of a calendar or a Panchangam.

The words 'Pongal, Sami' can mean only one thing, which is, 'Give me my Pongal present.' And why should people think that Pongal gives them a right to ask for presents with impunity is a thing which beats me. Why not the other way round? Why should not people come to me and say, "Here, sir, take this, your Pongal present."

It is incredible what little affinity suffices for touching you for a Pongal present. Looking over my list, I am conscious of having left nobody out of it, no, not even the errand boy of my neighbour who runs my neighbour's errands and runs off with any of the

odd things that may be lying about in my house while nobody is looking.

One day last week, I had a visitor, a boy about 16. "Pongal, Sami", he began in the usual way. "Who are you?" I queried, "I don't remember to have seen you before." "Not seen me before?" he asked quite surprised. "Please look at that white-washed house," he continued, pointing to the house opposite. I did look, and truth to tell it had been recently whitewashed. "There you are," continued the boy, "I was the boy who carried the chunam pots and did the odd jobs about while the house was being whitewashed. Why, Sami, from that house opposite I could distinctly see you moving about in this house." This was the limit. Did he think that he was entitled to charge me for the doubtful pleasure of witnessing some of his handiwork every time I looked across? I flatly put my foot down, and the boy left without a present from me.

Another visitor was Mr. X, a quill-driver making a decent living out of it. After a cup of coffee with me he appeared a little anxious as if to get something off his mind. "What brings you here, now. Anything urgent?" I asked him hoping to put him at ease. "Nothing urgent," he replied, "but Pongal—" Really? I was a little taken a back. "Et tu Brute?" I should have asked, but what I really did ask him was, "Why, even you Mr. X? Anyhow, not a bad idea." He duly departed somewhat richer, leaving me comparatively poorer.

Amongst the persistent callers I should not fail to mention old Perumal. Perumal thinks he has a claim upon me ever since the time, some seven years back, I had the misfortune to come across him. I don't remember exactly how and when I first made his acquaintance, but that year, Perumal had his Pongal present from me. I lost sight of him afterwards, till the next Pongal day. That year also he had his present on the strength of the Pongal present of the previous year. And after that it became a habit, so that ever since, Perumal is having his yearly presents from me.

Somebody has said that 'to-morrow never comes', and I should like to see the person who said it. I have tried this 'come to-morrow' recipe ever so many times and have found to my cost not only that 'to-morrow comes' but that it also brings in its wake the ever so many persistent seekers of Pongal presents.

After all, Pongal, like Christmas, comes but once a year. But what a year! Hardly has one got over one Pongal than another one is well on its way.

But I have an idea for the coming Pongal. I have drawn up a list of my friends and acquaintances to be touched for presents. Why not? As I was saying, Pongal is common to all. Why should I alone be blest? And confidentially, the list is expanding day by day. The last person now on the list is the one on whose corn I unwittingly trod in the traffic rush at Broadway Corner yesterday evening. The language he used! Positively disgraceful, I say. He deserves to be touched for a Pongal present.

So, if some of you receive a printed card reading: "M. L. S. presents his best compliments to you for Pongal", please don't misunderstand me. It is the presents I want, and they may be sent C/o the Editor of this magazine.

Thank you.



BACHELORS

... By P. K. Raja Raja Varma. ...

"So you've been to the museum theatre, eh?"

"How was it? Fine?"

"Splendid! Excellent! Charming! Beautiful! Ravishing! For all the gold of this earth I won't miss a single performance hereafter."

I was really surprised at the unusual enthusiasm displayed by Ramesh. So I began to question him further about the dramatic performance.

"You seem to have liked it very much. What was the story about?"

"Some blessed thing. I forget its name."

"That is wonderful" I put in "Was it one of pathos, heroism, love or what?"

"I never cared for such silly things" he answered.

"Our Govind had some part in the drama. Did he act well?" I inquired.



..... his eyes and heart were all concentrated on the

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"I don't know. I didn't notice it" was his reply.

"Was the heroine good looking?" I asked.

"You see, I hate to see men putting on the garbs of women and making all sorts of ugly gestures. I never looked at the heroine at all."

"Then, what on earth were you seeing in the theatre?" I asked. "What was that splendid beautiful charming thing you spoke of?"

Ramesh blushed. Unaware he was caught in the trap. He admitted that his eyes and heart were all concentrated on the fair audience and not on the stage. Ramesh,

you must know, is a bachelor and a grown-up bachelor too.

I don't mean to say that all bachelors, like Ramesh, go to the theatres. Obviously there are not enough theatres for all. Some go to the beach and refresh themselves with the exhilarating air by the side of motor cars, near the radio and in front of the Queen Mary's College. Some smell sweet air in the Moore Market, in the Central Station and other places. A bachelor friend of mine firmly believes in the health-giving properties of taking evening walks to Royapettah. One evening I suggested that I too would like to follow him.

"ALL RIGHT" he consented, but immediately added "It is very cloudy to-day, and if it rains, it will be awful."

"It won't rain" I assured him.

He thought for a minute and said "I want to get in at Boss Bros! Probably I may have to stay there for an hour or two, and in that case you will be bored."

"Never mind" I answered.

"But will not Raghav be waiting for you at the beach? Who knows he has not something important to tell you? You must certainly see him. Moreover, the music programme is excellent to-day" he said with emphasis on every word.

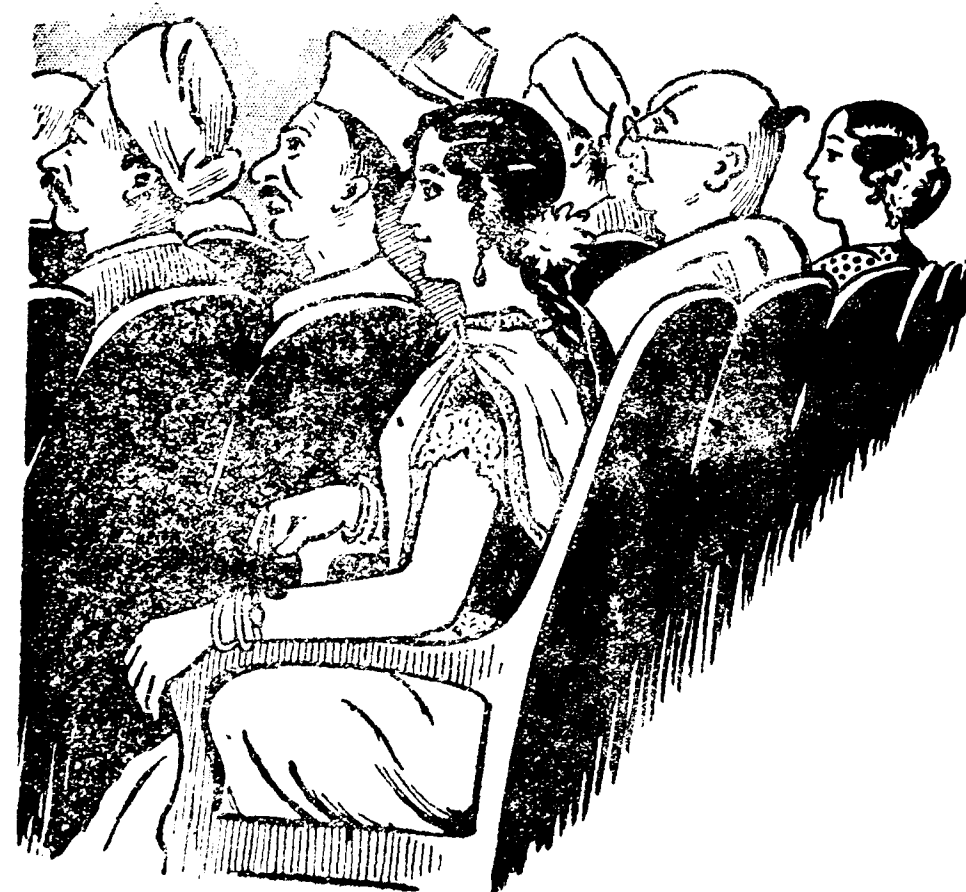
"Doesn't matter," I replied "To-day we shall go to Royapettah."

He stopped dressing, cast down his eyes, scratched his head and

said "I don't feel quite fit for walking. I may stay at home to-day. You may go if you please."

I went to the beach and he, of course, went to Royapettah. On enquiry, I came to know that in Royapettah he has got a friend who has got a fair daughter of sixteen. That explains the health giving properties of Royapettah and his desire for its monopoly.

The pity is that one cannot become a bachelor at will. Woe unto the man who enters his teens as a husband. To him is denied for ever, these privileges of bachelorship. His acquaintances never invite him to their homes, serve him with the



fair audience and not on the stage.

choicest sweets and tea, ask their daughters to bring him pansupari and praise him for his intellectual capacity and charitable disposition. He is looked upon as a bore of no practical use in the all-important problem of disposing of their daughters. Bachelorship magnifies the virtues and achievements of a young man in the eyes of all parents having unmarried daughters. And, in spite of Malthus and his followers, the number of unmarried daughters is still on the increase. But even bachelorship has its limitations. Chronic, incorrigible bachelors have no market value. The worth of a bachelor lies in the fact that he is a potential bride-groom. His is a difficult task. He has to impress on all possible fathers-in-law that, if properly approached, he may be won over. In extreme cases, he has even secretly

to tempt and cajole them to make proposals. At the same time, he cannot exhibit his innate madness for matrimony. He has to put on an air of indifference, or of even slight repugnance, to all sex matters. But he must have his daily shaves, toilet accessories, silk shirts and the like and he must very carefully create an appearance of carelessness. He must have an eye on all the fair things he meets and he must attract all eyes on himself, but at the same time, he must look as innocent as a sage. Thus it is not so easy for a bachelor to keep up his market value.

Bachelors are the spice of society. Some people welcome them with respect and love. Some wrinkle their brows and sniff at their sight. Old-

fashioned maids run away in fear and hide themselves behind the doors. Dry-as-dust married men try to elight a solitary bachelor in their company. Until afflicted with the malady of love which culminates in marriage they remain gay and happy. Their only request to the world is,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
'Wife is but an empty dream.'"

What they want to be told is,

"Wife is real, wife is earnest,
And you also shall have one soon."

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

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BLACKMAIL

BY
"VELU."

MR. Viswanathan the lawyer found that business was very dull and that if things continued like this for some time, he would have to quit. It was 11 A. M. and as yet no client had come to him. He drank off three cups of coffee to stimulate thought and decision, and had just decided to practise in some other town when a soft rap sounded on the door of his room.

He immediately pretended to be very busy taking notes from some big law book and said pleasantly 'Come on in.' He was very surprised when he saw what had come inside. It was a beautiful girl. She was dressed neatly in a Green Karachi Saree, and was a typical example of exquisite

Oriental Beauty. As she seemed nervous and shy, Viswanathan offered her a seat and said:—

"Well lady what can I do for you?"

The girl hesitated.

"Now my dear," said Mr. Viswanathan paternally, "You can safely trust me."

The girl flushed. "Oh I'm sure I can trust you," she said impulsively.

"I'm afraid I'll go crazy if some one doesn't help me soon."

"There! there! steady. Nothing is so bad that it mightn't be worse or so good that it mightn't be better."

She shook her head.

"It couldn't be any worse."

Presently she blurted out her story.

took a note and said 'Although this is a case of Blackmail, and one more for the Police to deal with, I'll do my best. Now let me check back. You travelled to Madura to your father's house for the Summer Vacation last year, from

"I could snap my fingers at the oad, for then he wouldn't dare to say anything."

"How many letters did you write?"

"Nine in all."

"Well, this looks pretty tough but as I happen to be a man of leisure I'll do my best for you. Meanwhile let your troubles be mine."

The girl thanked him profusely and left. Viswanathan gazed at the door.

"Well! I wonder how my new business would turn out" he mused.

Forty minutes later Viswanathan rapped at the offices of Narayanan Barrister-at-Law. He was admitted

inside by a boy in Khakhi Uniform.

"Now, what can I do for you," asked Narayanan.

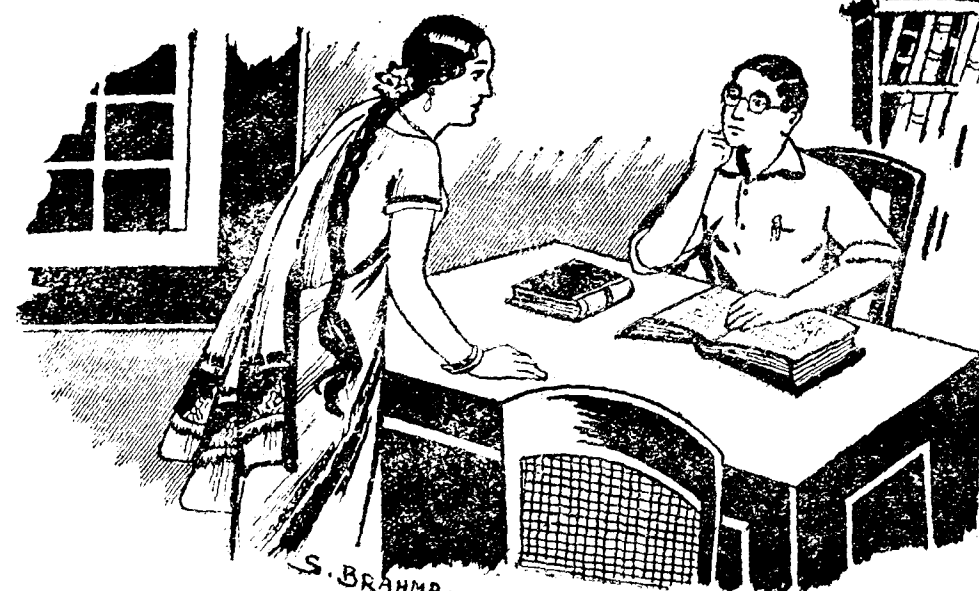
"Well, I dropped in on a matter of business. I am the agent of Mrs. Cunniah Chetty. My client sent you your letters through a certain party but you haven't returned hers. I have come to get them."

Narayan laughed unpleasantly.

"Do I look, such a fool?" he asked with a sneer.

"Yes", said Viswanathan courtly, "but let that pass. Now, are you going to give me those letters, or am I to use my methods to get them?"

"Don't be silly. I am not a sap to give them to you for the asking, and now get out."



"Oh I'm sure I can trust you"

college. On the train you met and got friendly with a young man named Narayanan of the Law College. The flirtation started as a joke, and as time went on, got a bit out of hand.

Narayanan like everybody else these hard days needs money and a oad will do anything to get it. So when you marry a rich Zemindar who has money to fling, Narayanan sees a chance to get something of it. So he begins blackmailing you, for you had foolishly written a few letters to him. Well, I guess that's all. Isn't it?"

"Yes"

"Is your husband very jealous?"

"Terribly!"

"Don't you get those letters back?"

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ENTER—LALITA



He gave it a vicious upper-cut

"Well I am going now, but believe me I'll get them from you within four days, even if I have to murder you." So saying Viswanathan left.

Three days later Narayanan received a 'wire' from Mrs. Cunniah Chetty asking him to meet her with the letter for which she was willing to pay Two thousand hard cash.

Narayan felt shaky as he read the wire. Two thousand cash! This was better than he had ever hoped or dreamed! He went to the safe and got out a packet of letters. His fingers twitched to get hold of that money. But why should she want him to meet her on the beach at 8 P.M.? Perhaps she was afraid to be seen about with him.

Viswanathan meanwhile was waiting patiently near the beach. Soon he saw the twin head-lights of a car coming towards him. His pulse beat a little faster as he saw it was the woman, who got down from it. She gave a few directions to the driver and he drove off leaving her. She walked up to a secluded place and sat down.

Soon Narayana Menon came toward her and Viswanathan saw that he put his arm around the woman's waist in a familiar manner, and cursed his

cheek. Meanwhile he crept up cautiously near. He was dressed in rags and had a false beard. Coming as near as possible he begged the lady to give him a quarter-anna. Suddenly his hands fastened in an iron grip on the man's neck. Shifting his face towards him he gave it a vicious uppercut, and the next minute Narayanan was seeing countless new stars and planets. Hastily fishing in his pocket, he found the bundle of letters, which he gave to the frightened woman who had stood motionless.

When he saw her get into the car, which had come for her again, he left Narayanan to wake up by himself and went straight to the Gaiety Talkies and enjoyed the film 'Kovalan.'

Next day precisely at 10 A.M. a car drew up near his rooms and the exquisite Mrs. Chetty alighted.

"Well your plan worked all-right. I am greatly indebted to you" said she with a smile.

"If I were you, I'd have burnt all the letters yesterday night. Have you?" enquired Viswanathan.

"Of course," she replied. "But I came here to repay you. Here you

are," so saying she threw down an envelope, and went away before he could utter a word.

Mechanically he opened the envelope and he was surprised to see a letter and a cheque for two thousand rupees. The letter informed him that she could have paid a thousand and got them back from the blackmailer, but that she did not like the idea of such a cad enjoying her money, and that was why she had sought help!

"Well! Well! Women are indeed queer folks" muttered Viswanathan to himself as he lit a cigarette.

Golfer: "You must be the worst caddie in the world."

Caddie: "Hardly. That would be too much of a coincidence."

It is now possible to have printing done with ink-scented to suit one's requirements. A rumour is abroad that the Inland Revenue authorities are experimenting with Income Tax demands having a faint odour of forget-me-nots.



BY
K. S. V. Ammal.

AND one day Lalita's aunt croaked—long after the due date, too long.

And Lalita felt as sorry at her sixty year old aunt's demise, as the cat whose mistress went blind.

Of course, I must tell you all about Lalita before you proceed. Lalita's parents had orphaned her when she was five, and a childless maternal uncle had brought her up with the grudging help of a heartless wife. But he too went the way of all flesh just the year Lalita had come out with flying colours in the School final Exam. And then, of course, she had to discontinue studies and take up the

harder study of methods of pleasing a fastidious and orthodox aunt who regarded her as the direct influence that brought about her widowhood. The aunt never attempted to get Lalita married though she was past eighteen and of the Brahmin caste, in a way. In a way, because only Lalita's father was a Brahmin, not her mother. Neither were there any Brahmin families who could regard a match with caste-deficient and purse-deficient Lalita as

highly desirable. Even her aunt would have disclaimed her, had she had anyone to look after her in her old age. But having none else, she suffered Lalita to dwell with her in the small cottage in her village to which she had retired from Madras on her husband's death, and to administer to all her needs. Lalita never grudged being useful to her aunt, but she did resent bitterly the cruel, scorpion tongue with which her aunt incessantly stung her.

So, when her aunt died suddenly of typhoid, Lalita did not feel greatly grieved. She got through all the funeral ceremonies with the little cash she discovered tied up securely in her

aunt's saree, sold the cottage and the trashy furniture and articles it contained, put the money within her bodice and came over to Madras, shaking off the village and its memories for ever from her young life.

Lalita, it will bear repetition, was eighteen—enchanted, enslaving eighteen. But she was herself 'fancy-free'. She was as lovely as they make them. Indeed, the beauty and grace of her face, and the tugging appeal of her robust and bold body could have been used as the best argument to coax back an anchorite to the interests of the world. Add to these assets a stunning knowledge of English, a cool, level, matter-of-fact brain, boldness, initiative, an inclination towards adventure and unbounded self-confidence—and you know Lalita pretty well.

Lalita experienced some difficulty in procuring lodgings, for people were suspicious of her loneliness, but at last she secured a spacious but cheap room in Egmore. She purchased a stove and some utensils, hired some furniture and thus fixed herself up. She deposited the remaining cash—about three hundred rupees—in the post office, and then thought about her future.

First, she must get a job, just to keep going. In her spare-time, she resolved, she would engage upon a novel in English that would put her name in capitals in all the papers. Of course, that would bring money—and

meanwhile, surely she could pick up some rich Adonis for a hubby.

It took nearly a fortnight for Lalita to learn that a job was no easy thing to land—no, not even for a lively, lovely, Jassie. Of course, she could have got one or two jobs at certain firms. But she knew the caresses of the bosses were the implied part of her job—and she had not cared to take up those jobs.

And it is thus that Lalita resolved to earn her livelihood independently, all by her own wits which ushered into existence the Domestic Advice Club. The word 'club' was only an euphemism for 'company'.

The D. A. C. offered, through the columns of newspapers, to assist, for a little monetary consideration, in straightening up all kinds of domestic entanglements—to adjust, in short, all strained relations between fathers and offsprings, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters.

One full week after Lalita created the D. A. C., she had her first client. A tall, lean young man of about thirty, vaguely good-looking but very richly dressed, came nervously into her room and enquired as nervously, "Er—are you Miss Lalita, the Domestic Adjustor?" Lalita nodded in assent and asked him to sit down. She seated herself in another chair. Her office was in her own which was screened off in the centre to conceal

the kitchen. The nervous young man was obviously surprised at her extreme youth; but he made no remark about it. He subsided into a chair and mopped his brow, shyly. "I am er—er—here is my card," he said and handed it to her.

She read: "C. Ramanath, Automobile Engineer, 2 Kilpadi St, Mylapore. Phone No. 289290."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Ramanath?" Lalitha cooed.

"I have been—er—er, I am very, er, I am not very happy. I saw your 'ad' but I felt shy to come to a lady for assistance. But I thought finally I might have a try and here I am."

"Go ahead and tell me your troubles. I may be helpful. Further, I don't charge consulting fees," encouraged Lalitha with an adorable smile.

The young man nearly blushed. "But, Miss Lalita, am I to understand—er—what I mean is—all this is confidential, isn't it?"

"As if you never disclosed anything," she reassured him.

"Well then. The cause of my unhappiness is my wife. I love her very much. But she just doesn't care for me. Not that she loves anyone else—no indeed, she is too pure and noble to do so—but she doesn't love me. Of course, she never insults me or despises me or disobeys me or anything like that—but—well, I can't exactly put it to you. You see, I love her passionately, I show her my love in every little thing. But she never seems to realise my love, much less return it. She fulfils all the duties of a wife punctiliously but beyond that—nothing. She is more like an automaton, an infallible automaton. "Coffee, dear!" "Time you went to office, dear." "Thank you dear, what a lovely bracelet!" Just like that. Not spoken with warmth or any spark of animation, but as though she were a robot instructed scientifically to echo correct phrases at the right time. So I continually torture myself that she has no love for me, just doesn't care for me and continues to be my wife only because she thinks that is right. I can't bear it any longer—not because I am unhappy but because there is something monstrous, I feel about a woman whose face never either lights up with a smile of joy or is clouded

with a tinge of sadness. Pardon me, miss er—er—miss Lalita, if I am a bit poetic but I am carried away, you see."

Lalita nodded sympathetically in understanding.

"When were you married?" she enquired after a little silent cogitation.

"About two years back."

"A love marriage?"

"Of course."

"Was she different, then?"

"Greatly. She could hardly let me out of her sight in those days. For three months after our marriage, she was so jealous that I used to select my magazines with great care so that they might not contain the pictures of any beauties. But after the third month, she suddenly froze up into the ice—block she now is."

"What were you then?"

"The same automobile engineer."

"Were you physically different then?"

"No!"

"Was there nothing different then? Something like, say, some other person living with you or something like that?"

"Oh, yes, now you speak of it. She had an elder sister with her, staying temporarily."

"Does she visit you now?"

"No. She lives with her husband at Simla."

"Have you any children?"

Mr Ramanath blushed again. "No," he answered, shyly.

Lalita closed her eyes for a few minutes and pondered deeply. Then she emerged out of her deliberation, and announced briskly: "Mr. Ramanath, I can handle this successfully. Within a week she will be making such a fuss over you, that you will again consult me in order to moderate her effusive love. But I'm afraid my price is a bit tall—you'll have to pay me half—a—thou for this. Is it a go?"

"A thousand, if you succeed!" proclaimed Mr. Ramanath enthusiastically.

"All right. I will be at the aquarium this evening at five. Please come there with your wife. I will come up to and smile but just ignore me. That's all!"

Four days later Lalita had a surprise. Mrs. Ramanath burst into her room, her beautiful face tear-marked. She sat down at the young Adjustor's request and began in this fashion:

"My dear young woman, I don't know who you are, though I think I have seen you somewhere before. But I saw your advertisement and decided to see you. I first fell in love with my husband because I thought he was so gay and romantic and because he had the reputation of being one. But after our marriage—well, I was disappointed. He was far from being gay or romantic—he was just a visionary, an idealist. He evidently thought his wife was a goddess, an angel, and expected me to behave like one. But I kept myself cool all the time, trying to make him think of me just as an ordinary wife. Of course, I believed he would never look at another girl—I thought no girl would dare to like him. But alas, men were deceivers ever! For the last three days, three different women have called for him. Several telephone calls were made by different women. And he swears he knows about none of them. Alas, in my attempt to make him saner and more practical in his view of me, and in the blind belief that he was incapable of arousing interest in other women, I have totally lost him, for I'm afraid he is unfaithful to me! Oh, Miss Lalitha, if only you can help me wean back my husband's love, I'll leave the price to you!" And she began to sob.

"Calm yourself!" said Lalita, touched. There's nothing at all to suspect your husband about. He came to consult me under the impression

that you really did not care for him. The moment I saw you at the Aquarium I diagnosed your nature. You flared up at me when I smiled on your husband and I knew then and there that you really loved your husband and were only keeping up a pose. I knew you could be stirred out of your pose if shocked by jealousy. I spoke through the telephone in several voices on different occasions. The three women who came asking for your husband in his absence were all—myself!"

Mrs. Ramanath smiled through her tears.

"Ha!" she exclaimed. "That's why your face appeared so familiar to me. But still I should say you are a very clever dissembler and ventriloquist. How shall I show my gratitude to you? You have set at rest all my recent misgivings."

"There's one way. Please listen to me. It is a common fault of wives—and of husbands, too—sure of their consort's love and fidelity, instead of keeping it ever fed and glowing, they just begin to take the love for granted and cease all show of interest in the continuation of that love which is so essential to their happiness. You also fell into that error. Believe me, it is a grave, a suicidal error. Please promise to drop out of your pose hereafter, and show your real love to your worthy spouse. Endeavour to make your married life a perpetual honeymoon!" Mrs. Ramanath promised exuberantly and left.

Lalita whistled and set out to cash the cheque for a thousand that grateful Mr. Ramanath had sent in the previous evening.



"That animal nearly made me a cripple."

"Did you shoot the beast?"

"No, but I slipped on the rug and sprained my ankle."

KEEP THIS COPY OF THE
"FUNNY" Magzin.

IT MAY BRING YOU A MONEY PRIZE.

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen HORROR FILMS

— BY 'WAYFARER.' —

AS an ardent Cinema fan, I think it is high time that films based on sordid sex interest and those which portray the shameless disrobing of characters were suppressed. That the Cinema has an influence on public morals few will deny. When such is the case I wonder how censors pass on for exhibition films like 'Dancing Lady' 'I'm no Angel' and 'Rip Tide.' I mention these few, because they were all recently exhibited at the local picture-houses. The stars concerned in these films are all Artists of exceptional ability, and it is really a pity that such talent should be utilised for portraying such depraved characterizations.

The majority of films to-day (I mean, the 'Western' of course) are highly offensive to those who look for clean entertainment, and most harmful to those who regard them as a more or less true portrayal of life. And the morals these films teach! My! The very title of 'I'm no Angel' tells you the story. According to Rip-tide in which the alluring and Sophisticated Norma Shearer acts, Matrimony is no sacred bond at all, but just a niche for 'free love.'

What takes the Bath Oliver is the fact that many gangster films are pruned and censored. It is argued that such films might tend to make the youngsters criminally-beat. But I am of opinion that a so-called gangster film is a Billion times better fitted for exhibition than a sordid sex story. Every Gangster story has a moral behind it. The ruthless Gangster eventually meets his end and even during

his career commits such crimes as takes the audience's sympathy away from him.

According to the Hollywood and Ellstree producers there seem to be only four classes of films. They are (1) Sex films (2) Sex and crime films (3) Crime and sex films (4) Crime films!

There are some classes of people, censors included, who abhor horror films. I am writing this article just to show readers how beneficial 'Horror films' are to the cinema-goer. Don't you for a minute think that I am pulling your leg, because I happen to be a humorist! I assure you I am serious. As serious as the village schoolmaster while administering the rod to the boy who hid the prickly-pear in his chair!

An appetite for stage horror is "a sign of a vigorous and healthy outlook on life."

Some advanced thinkers regard such films as a much more elevating place than the 'Legislative Council'! Some psychologists hold, that an excessive interest in corpses and graveyards, in passion, poison and putrefaction, is evidence of morbidity, but this is all moonshine.

Horror skillfully administered with the aid of faint light and shiver music synchronisation, accelerates the pulsation of a lazy heart, affects the spinal chord like a shock from 220 Volts live wire, strengthens the hair, opens the pores, stimulates the liver and is a certain cure for that feeling of boredom. Further, the girl whom you've taken with you will nestle close to you out of sheer fright. See what I mean?

FUNNY MAGZIN

For sufferers from claustrophobia, or fear of a confined space I can imagine nothing more beneficial than a visit to a cinema, billing a horror play with Bela Lugosi or Boris Karloff as star.

People who don't like these films must be poor, puny, puny pusillanimous citizens of the kind, who turn pale at the sight of an income-tax demand note and crumple up in the presence of a determined Ma-in-law!

I can only feel sorry for such cowards and their childish inability to appreciate the beauty of ugliness!

And now attention while I spill you a bright little dirge. Or call it blank verse if you like.

I

*Some people to the play house go
Searching for fun and frolic,
While others seek a tale of woe,
Some melo-drama melancholic;
From daily cares they find relief,
By wallowing in others grief.*

II

*Sadness is all right in its way,
And if you wish to frolic,
By all means choose the sort of
play
That's chokeful of silly drivel.
But if your system you'd tone up,
On horror you must choose to sup.*

III

*There's charm in murder well
planned
Attended by a steady flow of
gore!
A lot of pep is in it canned
In scenes that shiver to the core,
Thus if we look upon them
rightly,
Horror films are good and
sprightly.*

IV

*When from locked doors comes
piercing screams,
The boldest heart to shatter,
And on a mummy, pale moonlight
streams,
And your teeth begin to chatter,
Sit tight, and if your nerves
survive,
The strain, your health is bound
to thrive!*

NOVEMBER 20, 1934

HOLLYWOD NEWS

Scotland Yard gets its man.

Not for naught was Harold Cheevers a successful operative of England's world-famous Scotland yard.

Now to be sure, he is in the personal service of Hugh Walpole the celebrated British author who has joined David O. Selznick at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios to collaborate in the adaptation of David Copperfield to the screen.

But Cheevers has not forgotten his Scotland Yard tricks.

Recently Walpole sent for him to come to Hollywood. Cheevers arrived unexpectedly on an early morning train. Nobody met him. He had never been in America before, much less in California. Yet he found his way unerringly to the M. G. M. studios arriving long before Walpole.

First instance of his detective ability was persuading the studio to give him Walpole's home address—a feat never before performed by living man in Hollywood.



Benita Hume, Merle Oberon, Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Gardner and Eisa Lanchester (Mrs. Charles Laughton) appearing in "The Private Life of Don Juan." A. United Artists Release.

— "Courtesy Cinema Critic." —

He went to the house, and Walpole had gone. The house was empty. Knocking on the door of a neighbour's house, Cheevers respectfully asked the names of the two largest book-stores in Hollywood. He received them.

At the first store he found Walpole: The story is being told with many chuckles around the M. G. M. studios where Walpole seems to be a fixture. He has been persuaded to stay in Hollywood to adapt his own novel, VANESSA, for the screen.

Two stories acquired for films by Metro Goldwyn Mayer.

A short story by Damon Runyon, and an original screen story by Byron Morgan and J. Robert Bren were acquired for pictures recently by M. G. M.

The Runyon story, THREE WISE GUYS, was published originally in an American magazine, and afterward reprinted in the collection of Runyon tales, BLUE PLATE SPECIAL.

Backfield, an original story for the screen by Byron Morgan and J. Robert Bren has a foot-ball background. No players have yet been selected for any of the new properties.

Candidates for "Bounty cruise" besiege M. G. M.

Perhaps H. M. S. Bounty was built too small after all.

At any rate, if all the applicants seeking a berth on the trim eighteen century merchantman, which will sail into the South Seas for Metro Goldwyn Mayer's MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, were crowded upon one ship it would have to be a leviathan.

The Bounty is now receiving her finishing touches. Meanwhile the officers of Producer Thalberg and Director Frank Lloyd are being besieged by candidates for the cruise—not so much by outsiders, but by employees from every rank within the studio.

The crew of the Bounty will total forty-four. For instance it contains two cooks—yet most of the cooks at the M. G. M. studio restaurant are begging for the jobs. It will have—believe it or not—a gardener, a choice

berth that is being sought be every gardener at M. G. M.

It will have a butcher, for which job other studio employees are angling. There will be a hair dresser, and many of the make-up men at the studio have put in their applications for this task.

A cameraman who prides himself in his horticultural accomplishments in bidding for the role of ship's botanist. Employees of the carpenter shops have asked to become ship's carpenters.

And even a star or two have expressed a desire to take minor roles in the crew just for the privilege of making the cruise.

Huge Pageant for the New Garbo Picture, "Painted Veil."

A spectacular Chinese Festival, in the form of a gorgeous ballet, was produced under direction of Chester Hale, Broadway dance creator, for Greta Garbo's new Metro Goldwyn Mayer picture the Painted Veil. Hale directed five hundred dancers and actors in fantastic costumes, designed by Adrian, in the big number.

The settings, by Cedric Gibbons, depicting a mountain terraced in myriad steps swooping down from an ancient temple, occupied the largest sound stage at the studio. Conceived by producer Hunt Stromberg and Director Richard Boleslawski, the pageant serves as one of the climatic scenes between Miss Garbo and George Brent.

Hubert Stowitts, former partner of Pavlova, dances a solo dance amid the throng in the role of the sun God, Yi.

Joan Crawford and William Powell to Co-star in Musical.

Joan Crawford and William Powell will be co-starred in a musical picture by Metro Goldwyn Mayer, according to announcement from Hollywood. The film as yet untitled, is an original story for the screen by Oliver Jeffries, with dialogue by P. J. Wolfson and Joseph Mankiewicz. David Selznick will supervise production of the film. Both stars are now working in the M.G.M. pictures, Miss Crawford in FORSAKING ALL OTHERS, and Powell in EVELYN PRENTICE.

Carole Lombard Assigned leading role in "Repeal".

Carole Lombard will have the leading role in "Repeal" the novel by Charles Francis Coe, which Jack Conway will direct for Metro Goldwyn Mayer. Sam and Bella Spewack adapted the book for the screen. Miss Lombard has been seen recently in twentieth century and Bing Crosby's "WE'RE NOT DRESSING." John Considine will supervise the production of "Repeal."

William Henry signs new contract with M. G. M.

William Henry who appeared in the Thin Man, has signed a new contract with Metro Goldwyn Mayer. He is currently working in WICKED WOMAN featuring Mady Christians.

Huge Walpole turn actor for "David Copperfield."

Huge Walpole, who came to America for his first try at scenario work, has now turned actor. Decision to give the noted British novelist the role of the Vicar in David Copperfield was made by David O. Selznick, producer of the picture and Mr. Walpole who has acted as editorial supervisor for the script of David Copperfield, will now step before the cameras. The new picture is in production at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios with a cast including Charles Loughton, Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore, Frank Lawton, Edna May Oliver, Lewis Stone, Roland Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Allan, Midge Evans, Jessie Ralph, Basil Rathbone, Violet Kemble Cooper, John Buckler, Hugh Williams, Elsa Lanchester and Lennox Pawls.

Victor Fleming Assigned Direction of Crawford-Powell Film.

Victor Fleming has been assigned direction of the new untitled Joan Crawford-William Powell musical, which David O. Selznick is to produce at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios. Franchot Tone, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton are additions to the cast of this, picture, for which Gus Kahn and

Walter Donaldson are preparing the musical score.

J. Walter Ruben assigned direction of "Piccadilly Jim"

J. Walter Ruben will direct Metro Goldwyn Mayer's film version of Piccadilly Jim comedy by P. G. Wodehouse. Robert Montgomery will be starred in this photoplay and David O. Selznick will act as production supervisor.

Freddie Bartholomew plays David Copperfield as boy.

As a result of the vast number of tests taken at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios, Freddie Bartholomew has been selected to play the part of David Copperfield as a boy in Metro Goldwyn Mayer's film version of the famous Charles Dickens novel.

Elsa Lanchester joins cast of "David Copperfield."

Elsa Lanchester, who played Anne of Cleves in Henry the Eighth, has been assigned the role of Chicket in David Copperfield now in production at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios. Miss Lanchester is, in private life, the wife of Charles Loughton, who will appear as Micawber in the film version of the Dickens classic.

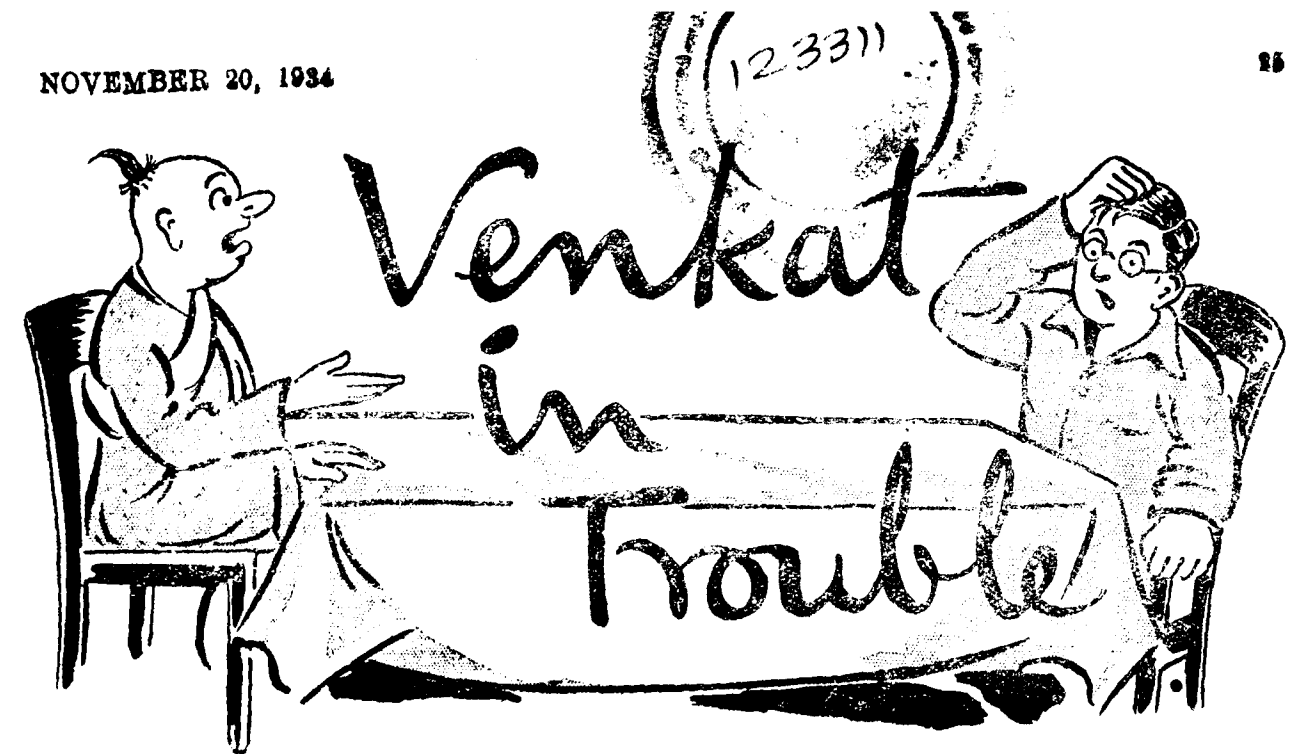
M.G.M. plan new "Tarzan" film

Following their successful appearance together in TARZAN, the Apeman and Tarzan and his mate, Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan will be featured by Metro Goldwyn Mayer in another story based on the adventures of Edgar Rice Burroughs' fictional hero. The story is still untitled, and no announcement has been made as yet as to cast and director.

M. V. V.

NOVEMBER 20, 1934

25



THIS, I said as I looked around me at the wide big world with its *Fauna* and *Flora*, is going to be a nice day, and it behoves me to do something about it. So I waved my hands at the firmament, the *flora*, the myriads of butterflies and sparrows, and at the dragon flies flitting hither and also thither, and said "Open did! I like it. It has my approval. So go ahead!"

And they went ahead. And I being filled with an uncontrollable desire to do my wee bit to polish up the world, intended to go forth and pat the jolly old world on her back. Just then my conscience said to me in a loud and peremptory voice, "There's that article on 'Indian films' to write, and there's a dozen letters to answer and lots of other highly interesting odd jobs to be done about the house, such as helping wifey tidy up the hall, and move the furniture, cut a few logs for the kitchen etc."

Whereupon without more ado and to show my independence, I put on a new coat, and was just about to go out, when a familiar greeting fell upon my tympanum.

"Hello! Old Yegg! Quo Vadis?"

To which I replied that I wanted to think of something

BY
T. L. EDWIN.

frightfully silly to write to the 'Mag', and I intended to go out into the wide world to get ideas. I also told him in the 'Kings English' to fade, vamoose, scram, hop it and lively. As usual it was of no use, for he begged me to shut up and to be quiet and cut it out, and dragged me indoors again.

"Well what's it now?" I asked him.

"You see I'm in a bit of hot water," he began, "am

afraid I'm in the soup. Thick soup, with the dark doings at the bottom, like Dr. Muthuranayagam's mixtures. I'm in a mess if you understand what I mean. Opened my jolly old mouth as it were, and jumped right into it with both feet."

THUS in a few words my ohum made me understand that he was in some sort of trouble.

"Tell me all about it," I said settling comfortably for a snooze in the comely easy-chair, "as long as it's anything which doesn't require the thing that makes the world go round." I'm at your service." "Oh, no. It ain't money. It's worse. You see it all happened like this. But tell me first, what do Zebras eat?"

"Why! What a question? Surely you haven't gone and bought a Zebra. Have you?"

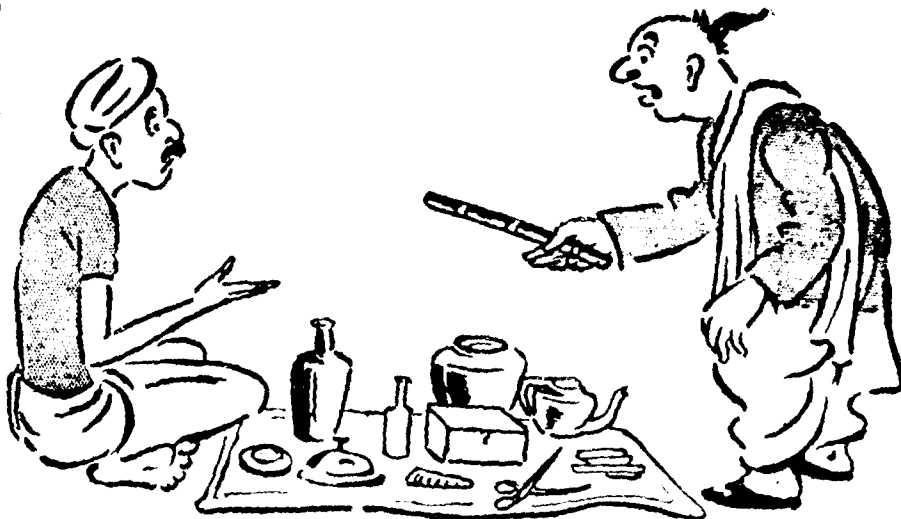
"No," Venkat sighed, "it's a deal worse than that. But I think I'd better tell you all about it."

"Yesterday I was strolling about the Moore-Market and having nothing to do, I asked the price of a small stick, you know one of those wands with coloured bands around it. The freckle-faced chappie who was selling it demanded four annas for it. As I had only one and a half anna

and a half-smoked scissors Cigarette with me. I offered him an anna and the stick was mine for keeps. When I came home there was my Ma-in-law, who had dropped in to borrow a fiver off me, sitting in the sofa chatting with wifey who was engaged in the teary business of peeling onions. With a bright smile and a 'Cheeri-ho' and 'how-dy-do', I sat down toying with the stick, when a dreadful thing happened. For, suddenly there was a flash, a splutter, some smoke and a scream, and Ma-in-law disappeared.

Absolutely vanished. Not a trace of her anywhere. Except in the sofa, where she had been sitting stood a two-year old Zebra, neighing and whinnying.

After the first shock and surprise had worn off, I knew or at least guessed what the cause for this miraculous bit of change was due to. I think it was the stick which must have caused this. It must have been a real, honest-to-goodness magical wand!



... demanded four annas for it.

state and wifey's is nearly crying her eyes out. What am I to do?"

"Why not take the Magic Wand and see if you could by repeating some other combination of words undo the mischief?" I put in. That's too risky. Supposing it changes me or wifey! I don't mind Ma-in-law being a Zebra. You see I was never fond of her, but there are certain

"Then, I'd like to know what happened to her *Surge Jacket* petticoat etc. which she happened to be wearing at the time of her transfiguration?"

"And can a last will and testament made by a Zebra be considered a legal one?"

"Well, well," I said "this is indeed a poser. More difficult than a crossword puzzle. But wait let me see. Ah yes. Give her chopped hay and leaves. A variety of leaves, mind you, so that she might choose for herself. As to accommodation, I think you'd better tell her to a 'circular' or the 'Zoo'. This will solve your trouble, of cost of up-keep accommodation etc. and also get you some ready-money. As to the will I think as it was made when she was a real woman, it will hold good at any court. Only don't mention that she is now a Zebra to your solicitor."

"And now, could you please lend me the wand, for you see my Ma-in-law is coming here to-morrow!"



... a two-year old Zebra, neighing and whinnying.

"Quite a near shave, it was. What if it had been myself? Imagine me being changed into a Bat or something equally horrid! I think the words 'Cheeri-ho' or 'How-dy-do' must have been some charm which made the wand act. Now I'm in quite a

difficulties which with your help I want to clear.

"First I'd like to know what to give to her?"

"And how to accommodate her?"

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

Hen-Pecked & Chicken-Pecked



THE other day my uncle delivered a lecture on 'the hen-pecked and chicken-pecked'. That wasn't a public lecture; for people in this highly advanced age of television and nudism don't lecture on petty subjects as these in public when every Tom, Dick and Harry is a M.A., B.A. or U.E. (unemployed). What's more, nearly all of them are either hen-pecked or chicken-pecked and they'd certainly feel ashamed to lecture on such a subject. Well, my uncle's lecture was just a private one exclusively for our family circle which on that particular day consisted of Ma, Pa, Sis, the servant wench, brother, baby, who was sucking his thumb and Tiger the dog looking awfully bored. Women," said uncle with the intense bitterness of a man who knows all about them. "have no respect for a man. Before you are married they pretend to be afraid of a cock-roach, so that a man could pretend he is not.

But once they've got you, they've no use for the lion-hearted stuff.

"Indeed, it's true," admitted ma with a smile.

"Fangh! ten out of twenty men are hen-pecked. But I can't understand chicken-pecked, said my mother.

BY
MISS S. D.

"Ah, I'm coming to that. But don't mistake this for 'chicken-hearted'. The pre-ent day children who ought to be under leading strings, take after their hen-pecking mothers, like that old proverb 'Like the thread so the woven cloth,' and naturally there comes into being a new species of chicken-pecked fathers. Isn't it a sad position for a husband and a father—

worried on this side and also on that, by the whole household gangs,—wife and children? Even a strong-willed barrister or a lion among the official circles becomes as weak as ginger bread in the presence of a seedy-looking paralytic little wife or lean lily-hearted daughters and crazy high-handed sons" lectured my uncle.

My mother interrupted again. "Well, why should you men fear your own wives and children? It's really a wonder to see you Hectors and Hotspurs beaten and cowed in your own houses. Maybe, you give too much indulgence to the weaklings but then where is your manliness? Fie, shame on you, brother" teased my mother.

"A good lecture" agreed my mischievous brother. "But uncle, shall we have instances of these peckings?" asked Sis, ever alert for gossip.

Then followed some domestic anecdotes which I fear if aunt Neela had

heard would surely mean trouble for poor old uncle. So this is confined only to the shrine of this magazine and the family of its fellow readers.

'You see' began uncle, 'Neela is asthmatic and do you think the over-packed theatre a fit place for her constitution? Well, whenever she asks me to take her, I refuse to take her, mind, only thinking of her own good. But then she calls me stingy and tells me amidst a tempest of tears that I'm ashamed of her bad looks, as if she was beautiful when I married her in her teens. Then, hadn't we been going together?'

'Poor dear uncle' we pitied him.

'Then again' continued uncle. 'Whenever I go home a little past 8, my God' what a tongue Neela has! You ought to hear her talk. A volley of questions direct and indirect spiced with venom, gush forth from her mouth and I really imagine on such occasions that I'm facing the cannon's mouth. Do you want anything better than these for heckling?'

"But what do you mean by chicken pecked? Asked my mother

"That's what I don't understand?"
ooooed sis.

'Oh, I'm coming to that' said uncle in disgust, 'Chicken-recking indeed! To think of my own flesh, bone and blood turning out against me in petty things! Do you know that I'm expected to give the whole of my pay to my eldest daughter? Oh yes, I get 3 Rs. a month for my expenses. Whenever I demand more, my I like thunder and lightning the chcks come against me for detailed explanation. What a position for a father drawing 300 Rs a month! I can even bear their 'no' gladly if only they don't grumble or say things unfair. They don't know that one day I'll break loose from their grips. Yes, I'll see an iron grip by myself.'

'What a pity!' remarked someone. Uncle was encouraged. 'Now Kamala' he addressed my mother. 'What's there, if I offer my umbrella to the next door girl? My daughter Sarala and that girl are classmates. One day, it was raining cats and dogs and also alligators and crocodiles and what else could a chivalrous man do when he sees a girl getting drenched on the road? Well, I gave her my umbrella and got into the watchmakers' shop. The next day she brought back the umbrella and then my children got so

angry and concluded that there was something between us. Again, I had very often enquired after her Grandmother's health from my garden. Now they have taken that as an evidence against me. Suspicion grew among them in my absence fed by the memory of countless such trifles all fitting in with their new cursed idea. My position is wretched, but I'll teach them a lesson before long. These chiefta hardly out of their shells - these Jackson pro, these whipper-snappers, these stoney - uncle stopped. A carriage stopped in front of our house.

'Some men are wise and some other-wise' quoted my mother half in jest and half in earnest like Yorkshire pudding 'Why don't you, who profess yourself strong He-man-like, and that, learn

Yashraj and family in stead of letting "hen" run" continued mother deliberately. But further conversation was cut short by the sudden entry of my aunt and children, the hen and chickens.

"Well, well!" he says meeting you here!
And what are you doing, idling away
your time? There's that Hen House to
be built and the furniture removed to
the hall and you sit here chatting!"

"Well, evidently you see I was telling
 Sis what a helpful and understanding
 wife I need and er er about our obedi-
 ent children." So saying he sneaked
 away, a typical example of the Hon-
 oh-ok-pecked species of humanity!



... offer my umbrella to the next door neighbor



'Mixed Ads'

Here's one some months old but good. Two small ads got mixed up with nice results in the Evening Telegraph:—

"Lady musical wishing to augment income, 35/- almost new, not large enough for seller.' and "For sale, Gent's dress suit good quality, offers Companimshp; would assist in secretarial or other duties."

INTERVAL OF 1 MINUTE FOR
LAUGHTER.

Now that we have finished with the accidental awkwardness of the mixed 'ad' we will pass on to a few types of women.

" A certain young boy wanted to introduce a friend of his to some College girls he knew. The following is the conversation which ensued

Boy: "I've a friend I'd like
you girls to meet".

Athletic girl: "What can he do?"

Chorus girl: "How much has he?"

Literary girl: "What does he read?"

Society girl: "What are his family?"

Religious girl: "What church does he belong to?"

Vamp: Where is he?"

This Fortnight's Short story.

"If not, you walk," said uncle Michael.

*To the Pillion girl on his Motor-
Michael.*

Now here's something for clever readers. Can you make any sense out of these four lines?

D H L N G S T N T H S W L D T W L
 G H T D M, W H L S T B R D S N W L D
 S W F T V G L O R L N G S K V, L G H
 T W N D S S G H N G S N K T L L R S
 N G B R G H T, N G H T S V R G N P L G
 R M S W V S N V V D L G H T.

If only needs the addition of one letter to make sense. Give it up, eh!

The answer is I. Just try and put it in the proper places.

Having thus improved your intellect, with the above brain teaser let me now try and give you some real good news entitled :—

Don't Worry.

Lean men and clean men
Wild men and mild men,
Wise men and he men
Numb men and dumb men
Tailor men and sailor men,

STORED
BY
WAYFARER.

*Pinch hitters and steam fitters
Golf players, man slayers
Jobbers and robbers
Get Married.
Tall girls and small girls,
Big girls and trig girls,
Neat girls and sweet girls
Cash girls and rash girls
Bad girls and sad girls
Circus riders and Home abiders,
Opera singers, hash singers
Crooks and cooks
Marry them.*

So why worry reader?

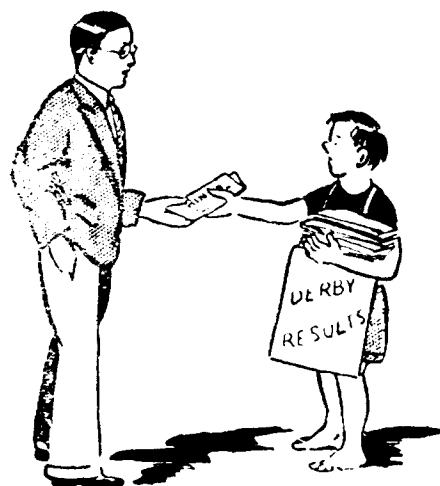
And now for some more information. Do you know dear readers, the patron saint of the pedestrian, the insurance man and the Traffic Policeman. You don't?, Thought so. Well then here you are.

The pedestrian's—Diogenes; for he carried a lantern when he walked around.

The Insurance Man's—Methusalem; No risk at all

The Traffic Policeman's - Horaticus The first one to hold up traffic, on the bridge.

STROKE OF FORTUNE.



"Dhailav Ekansra, Calcutta Dharbi Result, One Anna" with this gruff voice the newspaper boys were selling the morning edition of "Daily Ekansra" announcing the result of the Calcutta Sweep. The vociferation woke me up from my slumber. I peeped out of my window called the newspaper boy, paid an anna and purchased one. With eager eyes I scanned the columns and also pulled out my ticket from the purse. My heart was humming with avidity. Carefully I searched if my number was there. "Ah!" I uttered an exclamation and dropped on my bed senseless for sometime.

Slowly I regained my consciousness. True, on the front page of the paper was the announcement of the "Derby Result" and there was the ticket No. L 2093 in bold types which had drawn the first prize thus entitling the holder to a fortune of nearly Rs 1,50,000. I gazed at the newspaper and at my ticket. There was no doubt about it. Dame Fortune had smiled on me. I was off my feet. One Lakh! I leapt out of joy, since I never expected such a stroke of fortune in my life at all. Imagine this should fall on me a poor typist rotting on Rs 30 a month in spite of my degree of distinction!

I reflected for a moment, and reviewed my past career as a typist in Dull & Co. A jack-of-all-trade firm, situated in a dingy building, leading a prosaic life on a monotonous job, dancing to the tune of, and always at the mercy of my boss threatening me

with a "sack" off and on. But now, what a sudden change had come over me! I need not now stand before him crossed hands and in all humiliation. I smiled and fancied a while I could rot no more, nor cling to this drudgery. I could chuck off my good-for-nothing job in a wink of an eye for could I not now employ half a dozen horses on double his salary? What could I not do with a lakh of rupees? I drew a mental picture of the congregation of my friends and relatives, pouring in to congratulate me on my coup de main.

"Do you understand me, sir?" said a gruff voice disturbing my sweet reverie.

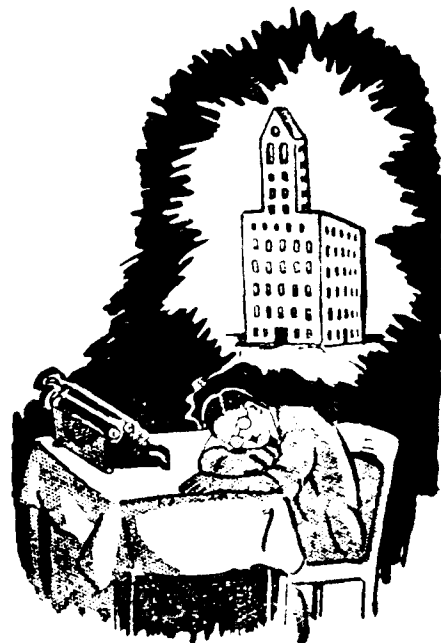
"Last time a client of mine hauled the big fish of the first prize of £ 10,000 in the sweep and his investment was after all only Rs 6 "con-

BY "YEJIYAR"

tinued the canvasser standing close to me exhibiting the Calcutta Sweep-stake Tickets. "Why not you also entitle yourself for this by investing a small capital? Maybe this time the dame of fortune will smile on you. Here's the sure chance. Even if you are not lucky to net the first-prize, you stand to gain thousand and one chances of other cash prizes varying from £ 500 to 5," he concluded.

I was at my "Remington" busy typing my letters when the agent put in his appearance and beguiled me with all sorts of fluke chances, and eulogizing the unexpected smiles of the Dame of Fortune. It was while allowing him to continue his harangue that I dreamt as above.

I could not overcome the temptation. He passed on a ticket and I had not



I drew a mental picture

the courage to let go the chance. Finally I paid him Rs 6 and purchased a ticket. He rose and wished me a "Good luck." Before I could reply him, a stern voice shot out. "Typist!" I knew what it meant. It was the signal of my boss asking for the typed letters for his perusal and signature. I realised my predicament; I had not even typed a single letter. But I was already on the accelerator, operating the "key board" of the "Remington" at a tremendous speed, lest I would meet with the same "Sack" for the one hundred and fiftieth time. I bit my lips and cursed myself. I returned home in the evening, loosing six precious chips and replacing by a bit of artistic paper neatly decorated on which hung my future fate.

I awaited the result of the Sweep. Did I say "result"? Yes, the result is that I am still drudging along in the same old "Dull & Co."

RATNAM'S FIRST CASE

— BY P. E. CONSIGHERE. —

I, Ratnam Iyer, Probationary detective attached to the police force of this fair town am feeling very depressed over the alleged mishandling of my first case.

Personally, I do not think that I mishandled it at all, but what the magistrate and my inspector thought, and said to me, about it, still rattles my nerves and brings a blush of shame to my cheeks, whenever I think of it.

However, to convince you all of how right I really was, I am going to tell you of it.

Two and a half months ago, failing to obtain other and more remunerative employment, I struggled bitterly with my conscience before I allowed it to persuade me into taking my present post, pending something better to come along.

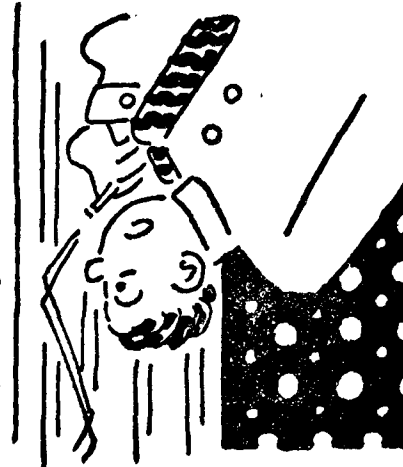
For a whole month thereafter, I proudly strutted along the streets of this town, self-conscious that I was a guardian of its peace.

During all this while, not the slightest sign of the smallest crime did I see happen. The Inspector told me that the reason why was, because I was a somnambulist. You know, walking with my eyes shut. Nevertheless, to me, all was peace and contentment wherever I strolled.

At the beginning of the next and second month, with still no case or arrest to report, I was called and spoken to by the Inspector.

Gently, and—now that I come to think of it, it was a very sarcastic tone he used—he reminded me that I was not engaged as a street-walking, stargazer. Further that according to the rules, I had to make at the very least one arrest during my apprenticeship, to show cause why I should be kept on the force.

Now all this troubled me greatly, for with the world all peaceful and quiet, whom could I possibly arrest? As the month drew towards its close, I kept up until very late at nights, racking my brains for a solution to the problem facing me.



..... returned to the bicycle and mounted it.

A possible solution eventually did flash upon my mind at the very last hour and I hurried to put it into execution. I got up rather earlier than usual the next morning and rode into town on my brand-new, three-speed Raleigh bicycle. I deposited it temporarily just outside one of the big general stores. Then, waiting to see that no one was observing me, I went across the road and hid myself behind a pillar.

My blood simply tingled with excitement and I hoped that there would be a big crowd to witness my triumph.

Keeping my bicycle under close surveillance, I presently detected a man gazing longingly at it. His gaze strayed up and down the road. Noticing one or two passers-by, he turned and pretended to look into the shop windows. He fidgetted a while looking at these but eventually returned to the bicycle and mounted it.

At this precise and psychological moment, I sprinted across the road barely missing, as I did so, one or two cars that came hurtling by.

Racing after my bicycle I grabbed hold of the man who rode it and pulled him to a stop. After I got him to dismount, I arrested him in the name of the law for stealing the bicycle and handcuffed him. He appeared very flustered but obeyed me meekly enough, when I told him that I was taking him to the police station.



Whilst thus walking along, I suddenly became seized with the humour of the situation and burst out laughing. This seemed to irritate my prisoner for he demanded rudely to know what had caused this sudden mirth on my part.

Unthinkingly, I pointed to him and said that he was the cause of it. Would you believe it, he became almost inarticulate in his anger. His looks were so threatening, that I became nervous and hastened to enlighten him.

Begging him to calm himself, I told him that it was imperative for me to make an arrest or else get the sack; that, not knowing what else to do, I had planted my bicycle so that someone would steal it and thus afford me my chance of making an arrest; that, unfortunately for him, he had thought fit to do the stealing and by so doing had left me no option but to arrest him.

After telling him this, I carefully explained that I was not exactly laughing at him but rather at the humour of the thing.

Now, I thought, all would be clear to him. But no, there seemed to be no earthly way of pleasing this man. As soon as I had finished talking, he waded in and abused me soundly for inducing an honest man to steal.

This was positively the last straw and I got thoroughly fed-up with him.

Crossly I told him to shut up and tell that to the magistrate. Thereafter, we walked along in silence.

Arrived at the station, I handed the man over and proceeded to write out the charge. In this, my very first report, I stated how, whilst in the execution of my lawful duties, in such-and-such a street and at such-and-such a time, I had left my bicycle by the road-side; that when I returned I saw a man, the prisoner, attempting to steal it and had arrested him.

I then thought that, having achieved this arrest, all would be plain sailing thereafter. But alas! a cruel fate ordained otherwise.

The first stumbling block came when the charge was read out to the prisoner. Without hesitation, he pleaded "not guilty" and demanded trial. As if this was not enough, he asked to be allowed bail. I opposed this strenuously but was over-ruled and he was allowed bail.

Using the station telephone, he got in touch with his friends and soon after, someone arrived with the sum asked and he was allowed to go away.

The next and final blow fell on the morning on which the case was to have been brought up for trial. I was very excited that day, what with revising my statement and so on. I was on pins and needles waiting for the court to sit for the day.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when the Inspector came along and informed me that the magistrate wanted to see me in his waiting room. Wondering what could possibly have happened, I followed him into the room.

In this room, I saw the magistrate, the man I had arrested, and several other persons quite unknown to me. I was still wondering what it was all about, when the magistrate spoke.

"You are Ratnam Iyer, the probationary detective who arrested this gentleman—he pointed here at the

accused—for the alleged theft of your bicycle?" he asked me.

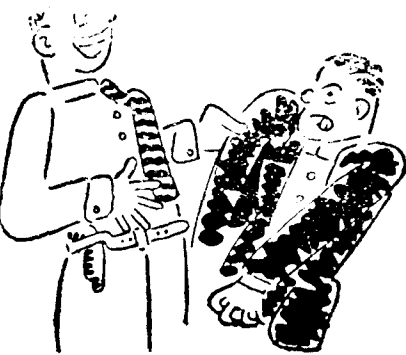
"Yes, your honour," I replied. "Did you, or did you not see a similar bicycle to yours standing near-by at the time?"

Quickly I replied, "I did not notice anything your honour, save that the man was taking off with my bicycle."

Pointing to the other, and strange men present, he asked me "Do you remember seeing these gentlemen at the time?"

Carefully I scrutinized them. Then, sure of myself, I replied "No, your honour. They were not there."

"Come, come," said the magistrate testily, "are you sure of what you are



.....burst out laughing

saying? These gentlemen say that they saw the other bicycle and had, in fact, pointed out to you that it was all a mistake because the man you arrested is very absent minded and had mistaken your bicycle for his. They also state that, when they had told you all this, you got very angry with them and had told them to mind their own business. These men are prominent in the commercial life of our town. Do you, for a moment, think that they would come here and deliberately lie for so small a matter?"

"Certainly not, your honour. But still, with all due respect to them, I

insist that they were absent from the scene of the arrest."

I could see by then, that the magistrate did not believe me. I was sure of this when he questioned me again.

He said, "They say that they were there. Have you any witnesses to substantiate your statement that they were not?"

I replied, "No, your honour. I regret to say that I haven't. There was hardly a soul present at the time."

He then asked the Inspector, "Can you vouch for this man?"

The Inspector replied, "That's very hard to say, your honour. The man is new, and so far, has brought in no other case except this one. I have no reason to doubt his word but, on the other hand, neither have I any reason to believe him."

"That will do," said the magistrate. "So far as I am concerned, this case will not be brought forward."

To the accused he said, "I am afraid, sir, that you have been the victim of mistaken zeal on the part of the detective. I apologize to you, on behalf of the police, for the trouble given you. There will be no case. You are free to go as soon as you please." And to the witnesses he said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for coming forward with your evidence. You have been of great assistance to me."

With one accord they then arose, thanked the magistrate, and left.

As I got ready to follow them, thinking to myself the waste of time unjust the magistrate was, he noticed me leaving and called out, "Don't leave as yet, I have something yet to say to you."

I, therefore, perforce had to stay. What they said to me then, I have already hinted at. I feel too sensitive as yet to give it, verbatim, to you.

And now, with all this before you, do you not agree with me that my superiors were too drastic in the way they dealt with me?



WHEN I mention about Zemindar's bull, I do not refer to any papal bull which a rich Zemindar was blessed enough to get from the vatican nor to the good marksmanship of a sporting rifleman among the Zemindar ilk. I allude to a real live bull of the most militant type which once belonged to a Zemindar and which plays a very beefy part in this delightful episode.

The Zemindar concerned is the usual kind—a pompous individual blessed with an excess of worlds goods and more of—adipose tissues. His delight in the gamble for pot-luck, day in day out had made him what he was—a rotund man, alarmingly stout of body and almost spherical in shape. That was the senior Zemindar of Kelankandy.

He divided his life's attention between his food and his cattle. He loved his cattle and spared neither pains nor money to breed the best. His ambition was to collar the medal for the best bull at the annual Aohambath Cattle Show. But so far he had failed and failed, in spite of renewed attempts year after year. His rival the Junior Zemindar of Payyambalam, though not of even half his girth always managed to do one better at the show and walked away with the coveted prize. However high Kalankandy's hopes for the year may have been, junior Payyambalam sported a beefier bull at the last moment as a conjuror produces rabbits out of a hat. His attempts so far were, in short as futile as trying to start a car with the ignition out off.

The last cattle show was the limit. Kelankandy had got down a special bull from Nellore paying good money for it. He had tended it for about a year and at the time of the fair gave promise of winning the prize at least that year. But when the Judges came down to the stalls, Payyambalam



pointed out to an enclosure at the farther end and lo! when it was opened, out marched a big hulking brute with all the bovine grace which a prize-bull ought to have. Kalankandy was once again a loser.

In spite of continued defeats the loser never squealed. He met Payyambalam at the local Sathram with simulated goo will and sheepishly congratulated his rival. At the same time he challenged him that the medal would be his, next year, however much Payyambalam might try. The latter accepted the challenge with the invulnerably superior smile of the maroi-

ful victor and a non-chalant air suggestive of the attitude which David might have taken up when he vanquished Goliath.

"You have been saying so, every year. You are welcome to express your wish," laughed Payyambalam teasingly.

"No. I repeat next year, I take the prize," returned Kelankandy.

"Try. But you will not win."

"You say I shall not get the prize?"

"No, you will not," asserted the junior Zemindar.

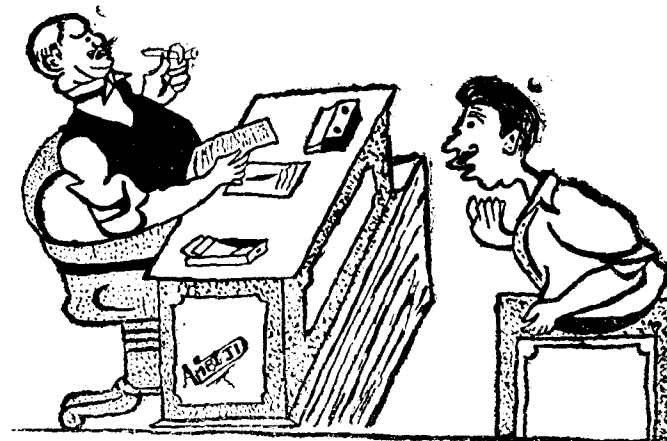
"The medal is your monopoly?"

"It has been and will continue to be."

"Why are you so sure?"

Payyambalam was getting bored.

"Because, you fat man, you cannot fight your betters," he replied disgusted.



Magistrate: "What were you doing with your hand in the Gentleman's watch pocket?"

Prisoner: "I was only anxious to find out the time."

Magistrate: "The time is 6 weeks."

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This got Kelankandy's goat. It was then that the buttons really came off the foils. The usual bowling became body-line.

"You borrow bulls from others and palm them off as your own" growled the senior Zem untruthfully.

"I do not borrow. They are mine. Your bulls cannot get the prize as all the food given to them only go to add bovine grace to your august personage" taunted the rival cantankerously.

The words came at Kallankandy like a kick in the face. He turned bluish-black with rage and his fleshy bulk quivered with indignation. A plane mange placed on the bonnet of a running motor lorry could not have quivered more. He gulped.

"It is true" continued Payyambalam making the home-thrust "Do not I see a hump on your back and is not your billowy chain like the dewlap of a fat bull?"

Kellankandy's already protruding eyes, protruded further out.

"You shall suffer for this insult. I bet you a thousand rupees. Next year my bull shall take the medal" he snarled with almost epileptic spasms be gotten of seething ire.

"I accept the bet. You can double it for the gun will be mine" agreed Payyambalam coolly.

"It is a bet then?"

"It is a bet."

"No backing out?"

"No backing out."

"A thousand rupees?"

"A thousand rupees."

"To be paid on the nail?"

"To be paid immediately after the decision next year." So they parted, these beefy rivals.

Next year. On the morning of the cattle show day Junior Zemindar of Payyambalam was a brown study. He had seen his rival's bull in the Kellankandy camp and was fully aware that the tap of his unbroken luck was to be turned off this year. The Kelankandy bull was a corker and Payyambalam's puny entry if not scratched from this cattle show stakes would be only a despicable "also ran." So he was in for it—humiliating defeat and a cool thousand to be paid to Kelankandy.

But this bump of surprise did not put him out of business. He stared at

the floor and thought hard. Acute planning caused wavy movements of the cob-webbed grey matter on his brain and rubbing against the skull sent out a message of hope. It came to him in a vivid overpowering flash as if a score of militant bulls were pawing his brain. He saw light. A high powered arc lamp was switched on within his head. He must arrange to dope the Kelankandy beast so that it cannot be led to the judge's enclosure.

Planning paused and action followed. He called Gopan the most trusted among his followers who appeared before him immediately like a genie and stood in meek subservience.

"Gopan, can you get opium, about ten tolas of it?" asked the master.

"Yes, sir. I can manage that" replied Gopan perplexed.

"Will it mix with jaggery?"

"Oh! very well."

"Will the mixture go into a big loaf of bread with the crust intact?" came the next puzzling question.

"Yes sir. A bigish loaf will contain the mixture referred to" answered the dependent.

"Well then, make such a loaf and give it to that brute in Kelankandy's stall. Quick" laconically ordered the Zemindar with the air of Napoleon before Waterloo.

"Certainly sir and none shall know about this" whispered Gopan with perfect understanding. Quick witted Gopan knew the ropes of his master's mental plane and with a glitter of admiration in his eyes, he withdrew.

In the afternoon that day, a loaf suspended from a long stick dangled before the Kelankandy bull and it ate the tasty morsel with great relish.

Meanwhile senior Zemindar of Kelankandy was very busy. He was to achieve his life's aim that day. He had seen his rival's bull and he blessed the creature for its puny size compared to his divine exhibit. He was all buster and pomp. The afternoon found him impatiently restless and so he bedecked himself in his fineries to go to the fair.

His rig-out was of the multi-chromatic variety. A scarlet turban, purple coat, green sash with black tassels and lace dhoti gave him the

pearance of an explosion in a paint op. The loudness of his apparel was most audible. He waddled to the ill before time and stood at the entrance of the shed where his bull was tethered. He looked at it in mute and oring admiration. The bull was ally a bullification of bovine grace. could have lent points to the mate divine Kamadhenu if ever she had a ate. Yama on his soul gathering lids would surely have discarded his punt for this terrestrial specimen if

only he had seen it. So Kelankandy gloated.

The dope in the bull was taking effect. At first he was feeling as happy as if he was chewing the cud in a cool shady lawn after a heavy feed. His eyes were seeing unusual things and somnolence was slowly overtaking him. He saw the green sash which girdled Payyambalam's pot belly and took it for a rich pasture full of toothsome grass. Just then the black tassel

waved in the breeze and bull's opium fuddled head pictured a rival bull trespassing on his new found land of forage. In his brain something cracked. All the hereditary fierceness of his ancestors welled up in his system. He snorted as Jason's bulls did and lowered his head for the attack. One jerk and this bovine Houdini was free from his bonds. He charged. But Kelankandy was not a matador. He saw the danger and ran for dear life. His brain cells impressed by the on rushing peril worked his legs with urging messages and the Zemindar ran so fast that even Atlanta could not have beaten him. He scrambled up a tree with the easy agility of a monkey trained in gymnastics. The bull stopped under the tree and looked up breathing fire. Kelankandy climbed higher but the branch broke and he slipped down. The stump of a lopped branch caught him under the coat and he dangled by his coat in the mid air, all hands and legs sprawling for some hold, like a spider hanging on its own web. Instead of being hung on the horns of the fury below, like a coat on a clothes peg, he was perilously suspended on the branch. Kelankandy blinked.

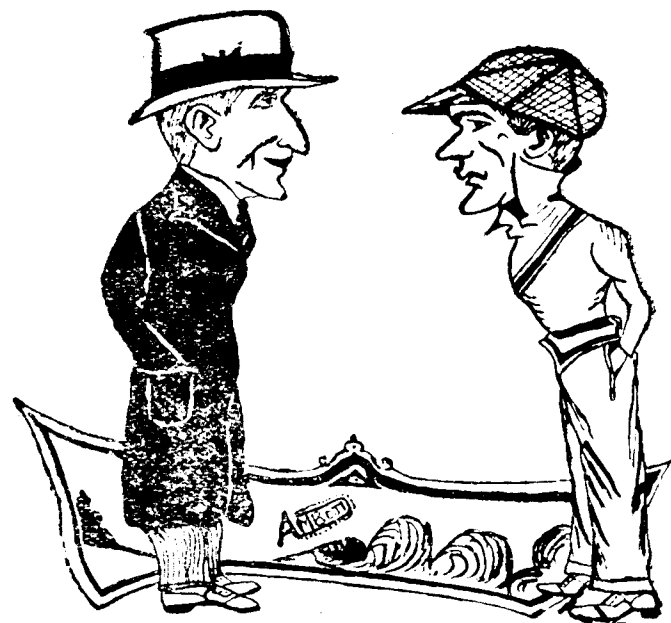
The opium worked further up the bull's brain. He tottered on his legs and dropped down. He bellowed plaintively, made a squealing, gurgling gulp and lay down as dead.

Succour came to dangling Kelankandy from his followers. He was helped down. Explanations followed.

The bull was as good as carrion. The overdose of opium had killed it. Kelankandy swore not being able to make out the reason for this queer happening. Suspicion overtook him.

Payyambalam won the prize once again and Kelankandy went back to his village nursing his injured vanity and mental anguish.

Kelankandy has a grievance against Payyambalam. He accused him of witchcraft. Payyambalam has a greater grievance as Kelankandy did not pay the amount of bet.



Bachelor: "If I were a poet I would write a poem on marriage."
Benedict: "There is one already."
Bachelor: "What is that?"
Benedict: "Paradise Lost."



MEA

at his naughtiest in
'The Gymkhana'

A. C. PETERS

at his Wittiest in
'Talent'

T. L. EDWIN

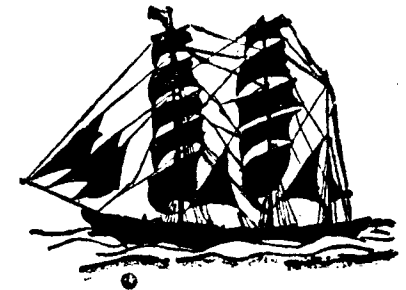
at his Snappiest in
'Racing Guide'

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'The Moustache!'

Also pages and pages of delightful
reading, in articles by,

Rubikon, Dhalo, Velu, Mrs. Sakunthala
Gajapathy, Kailash, Nadirshah etc.





Dear Children,

This week I have given you a very easy Puzzle. I have also announced the Prize winners names, of our Puzzle No. 2. Meanwhile here are three children who want pen friends. Children please write to them. Ram Lakhan Prasad Srivasta H. E. School class IX Khagoul, Patna. Dullip Singh (B) class IX H. E. School, Khagoul, Patna. S. Ramachandran, 64, Krishnappan Naicken Tank St., G. T. Madras.

Well kiddies cheeriho!

Address all Correspondence & Puzzles to:—

COUSIN 'EDDIE.'

C/o. THE FUNNY MAGZIN,

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathamby Mudaly St.,

Sowcarpet, Madras.

THE WOLF.

A cruel wolf which had become aged decided to live on good terms with the shepherds. So it went to a shepherd and said:—

"I know you all hate me as being a cruel and blood-thirsty robber. But I am really tame and amiable.

Of course I occasionally attack your sheep, but that is because hunger is painful. If you but feed me you shall have nothing to complain of."

"Your hunger will never be satisfied—Go away", said the shepherd.

So the wolf came to a second shepherd and said.

"You are aware I kill a lot of your sheep. Now if you give me five sheep a year, you may sleep in safety without care."

"Oh, no", said the shepherd, it would be a foolish act to become your friend. I will protect myself by keeping a sharp look-out. So be off."

The wolf went to a third shepherd. "Shepherd, I have quarrelled with my brethren in the forest. Henceforth I'll protect you from them"

"Yes. You will protect me from other wolves, but who will protect my sheep from you?" said the shepherd and chased the wolf away.

Finding that it was of no use trying to cheat the shepherds, the wolf went away and thenceforth lived on dead sheep etc. The moral of this story is "Never take a thief into the house"

*I've got a little doggie
And he never makes a noise,
Or chews up daddy's slippers
Or tries to bite my toy.
And if you left your dinner out
He wouldn't touch a thing,
In fact he never moves unless
I pull him on a string.*

CHILDREN'S COMPETITION No. 2 RESULT.

Correct List:—1. FOX 2. CAT 3. SHACK 4. LOVE 5. ARMSTRONG 6. KNOCK

The following sent all correct entries and divide the first prize of 15 Rs, each getting 3-12-0 each.

1. Miss. B. M. Dharmawardhane, The Grove Wattigama, Ceylon.
2. T. S. K. Murthy, C/o N. K. Iyer, Gulumpuri, Amroati Berar.
3. K. Ganesa Iyer, No. 21, Periana Maistry St., G. Town, Madras.
4. B. S. Prahalad 180, 11th Cross Road, Malleswaram, Bangalore.

The Second prize has to be distributed between as many as 41 entries. As the sum of 15 Rs. has to be divided between 41 entries, each gets only 6 annas and as it is too small an amount to be sent by M. J. I have decided to send copies of the Mag. free commencing from this issue. To those who get more than one prize the amount will be sent.

- 1—3. A. V. C. Da Silva, Ceylon. 4. Santosh, Benares city. 5. Venugopal, Madras. 6. Khader Baa
7. N. Rangaswamy, Salem. 8. Md. Obaidullah, Benares. 9. T. A. Nalaxmi, Trichy. 10. K. Ganesa Iyer
- 11—21. T. S. K. Murthy, Berar. 22—25. B. M. Dharmawardhane, Ceylon. 26. M. Rengiah, Worit

N. T. C. Nathan, Mysore. 37. Ram Ratan Lal Gupta, Patna. 38—39. P. M. Kamalam, Madura. 40—41. T. V. Rangaiyer Madura.

Here are two more who want pen-friends:—(1) Miss. K. Mahesvari, c/o K. T. Kandiah Esq. Post Master, Matale, Ceylon. Hobby (Nestle's stamp collecting) (2) Miss. Mercy Charis, No. 30, Trincomalee St., Matale, Ceylon.

COMPETITION No. 4

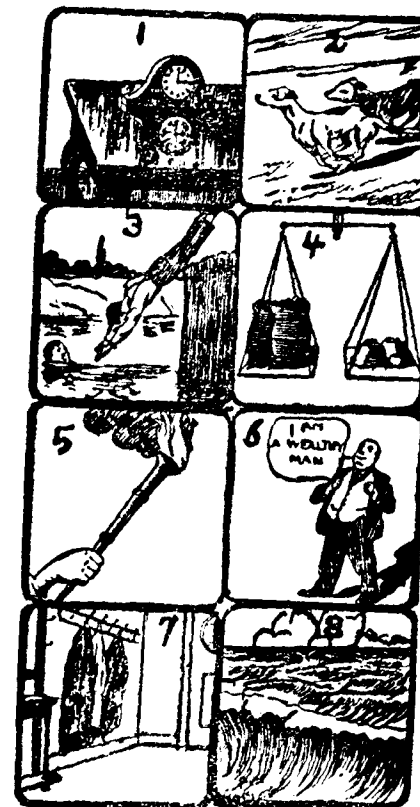
Closing Date 10-12-34

(Only for Children below 16 years)

1st Prize Rs. 15

2nd Prize Rs. 10

Below you see eight 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 Time-piece. Now proceed with the other seven. Remember only answers in the printed coupons are valid.



List of Clues

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. TIME PIECE | 9. HALL |
| 2. BALANCE | 10. ROUNDS |
| 3. OCEAN | 11. PRIDE |
| 4. COATS | 12. SPEED |
| 5. FLAME | 13. TORCH |
| 6. PROMPTITUDE | 14. RICH |
| 7. EVEN SCALES | 15. BRAVERY |
| 8. CRESTED WAVE | 16. RACE |

Children's Puzzle No. 4 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 10TH DECEMBER 1934

1. TIME PIECE

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

Age.....

Address.....

Results of the 'Misprints' Competition

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

- | | | | | |
|------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| 1. SUPERB. | 3. JEST. | 5. DETER. | 7. IDEA | 9. ZEST. |
| 2. WILD. | 4. BRISK. | 6. BOY. | 8. SPLINT | 10. TAG |

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

Mr K. NARAYANA PRASAD,
7, Clive Lane, Bombay.

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

1. Mr. K. NARAYANA PRASAD,
7, Clive Lane, Bombay.

2. M. N. KRISHNASAMY,
Tanjore Road, Trichy.

3, 4. R. L. EDWARD,
Teacher,
Muthu Mudaly St.,
Washermanpet, Madras.

The additional Prizes has been won by the following competitors.

1. M. K. NARAYANA PRASAD,
Bombay.

2. M. N. KRISHNASAMY,
Trichy.

3. P. VENKATASAMY NAIDU, Guntur.

62 entries—Rs. 15.

60 entries—Rs. 6.

55 entries—Rs. 4

All prizes will be sent on 4-12-34.

Rs. 100 Given Away

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Rs. 200 MUST BE WON

In 'Clue Words' Competition.

Closing date: 20-12-'34.

Result on 5-1-'35.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 100.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 75.

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

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below you are given 9 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. 1. SU—E are given. The clue for No. 1. is certain and the answer for that is SURE. So the letter R is missing between U and E. Putting that letter R in the place of the dash the word SURE is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved. For other rules and conditions see next page.

Words.

1. SU—E.
2. ALLO—
3. —AT
4. FOL—
5. LA—
6. — — RE
7. LOC—
8. — — OT.
9. —O—

Clues.

1. Certain.
2. To permit.
3. Head protector.
4. People.
5. Slack.
6. Unmixed.
7. Tuft of hair.
8. Piece of ground.
9. Animal with hooves.

Rules & Conditions.

1. The First Prize of Rs. 100 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize of Rs. 75 to the next best in merit. Additional 3 prizes of Rs. 15, 6 & 4 will be awarded to the senders of largest number of entries (whether correct or incorrect). In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

2. The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry sent in the Funny Magzin coupon. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available, entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address clearly filled up. Each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. (1½ as. the price of the coupon + 1 anna the entrance fee.)

3. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, "Clue Words" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th December 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.

5. Employees of FUNNY Magzin, and other allied publications, are not allowed to compete.

6. The results of the "Clue Words" competition will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 6th January 1935.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN ENTRY COUPON.

"CLUE WORDS COMPETITION."

Closing date 20th December 1934.

- | | | |
|----------|---------|---------|
| 1. SURE. | 4. | 7. |
| 2. | 5. | 8. |
| 3. | 6. | 9. |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature

Name Mr.
Miss or Mrs.

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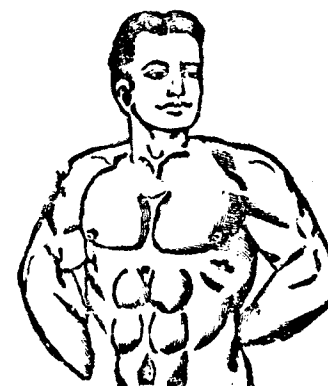
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