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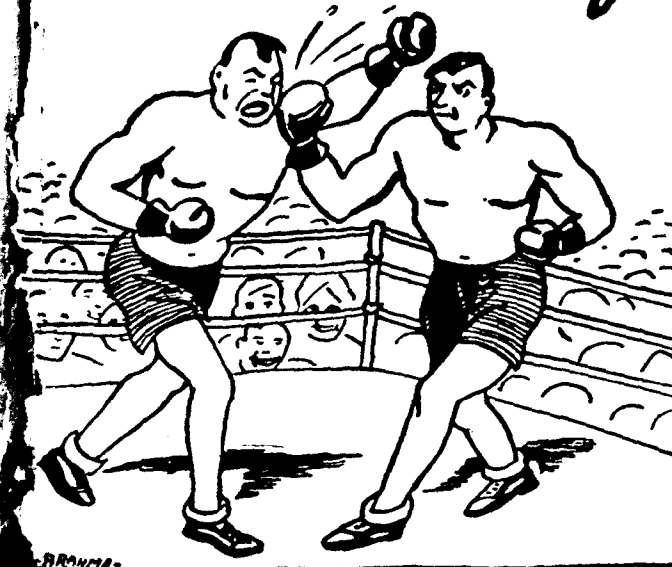
FUNNY MAG.

28343

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An Engagement
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5TH DEC., 1934

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THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

	Inland	Foreign.
ANNUAL (24 issues)	Rs. 2-0-0	4-0-0
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 manuscripts must be either typed or legibly written on one side of the paper with plenty of space between lines for editorial corrections if any. After the Editor has finished considering the articles rejected manuscripts will be returned if they are accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the loss of any articles will be paid at our usual rates. Contributions must be addressed to:—Editor, Funny Magzin

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Telephone No. 3005.

Telegrams: "ANANDA BODHINI," MADRAS.

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The FUNNY MAGZIN,
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Vol II.

MADRAS, 5th DECEMBER, 1934.

No. 9.

The Most Sturdy Optimist Alive

Even H. E. Lord Willingdon forced to believe his own eyes!



Lord Willingdon:—“What! Yet another Congress Victory! Yet another! And yet more! And every one bearing the same tale! Even my own eyes bearing witness against the Faith of my heart!”



"No game leaves me so cold as chess."

What about draughts?

What makes a person a pessimist?
Having to live with an optimist.

"I have never heard of a perfect man," confesses a reader.

Well, you should marry a widow!

"I am past forty-five," says a reader "but still hope to get married."

Looking on the *bride* side, eh?

I am eighteen, and a seventy years old man wants to marry me. He has pa's consent but mother says it's disgraceful.

We would call it *kid-napping*!

"I wonder why a skeleton is always grinning," asks a reader.

Perhaps it is thinking of the poor misguided mutes who are still struggling for an existence.

"Was there ever a husband who didn't grumble about the money his wife spent on *sarees*?" asks a lady.
Well there was Adam.

"Who started this Nudist business?"

Perhaps some husband fed up with his wife's dress bill.

FUNNY MAGZIN

"The average male spends the major portion of his life searching for the ideal perfect woman."

But in the meantime he marries!

"A Japanese died at the ripe old age of 147."

We guess he owes his longevity to the fact that he never took any interest in Politics.

"An entomologist declares that ants generate electricity by friction."

Yes. And we have a strong suspicion that we recently sat on one of their short circuits.

"Sleeplessness is caused by an ugly microbe," declares another.

In our opinion no man should talk about his neighbour's baby like that.

A scientist is of opinion, that a man who whistles never swears.

On the other hand the man who has to listen to him does!

"My body is here but my soul is ever so far away," confesses a poet.

Well, he is not the only poet who couldn't succeed in keeping body and soul together.

"There is nothing very exciting to be extracted out of the talkies," says a silent-film fan.

But the censors usually find quite a lot.

According to a statistical report '79% of the people in this country are unable to read.'

We do wish some of them would sit next to us in the train when we open our paper.

"Mr. J———has been a bill poster for 27 years," reads a foreign daily.

Well, that's what we call *sticking* to a job.

"Most mortals have a natural aptitude and instinct for *drawing*," writes Ridgewell.

We guess that's the reason for bank overdrafts.

DECEMBER 5, 1984

An Enchanting Scene in the Congress Penance Grove

Can Even Congress Sages be tempted by the Bewitching Damsel?

The Congress Disciples wonder whether Sami and Satyamurti will yield!

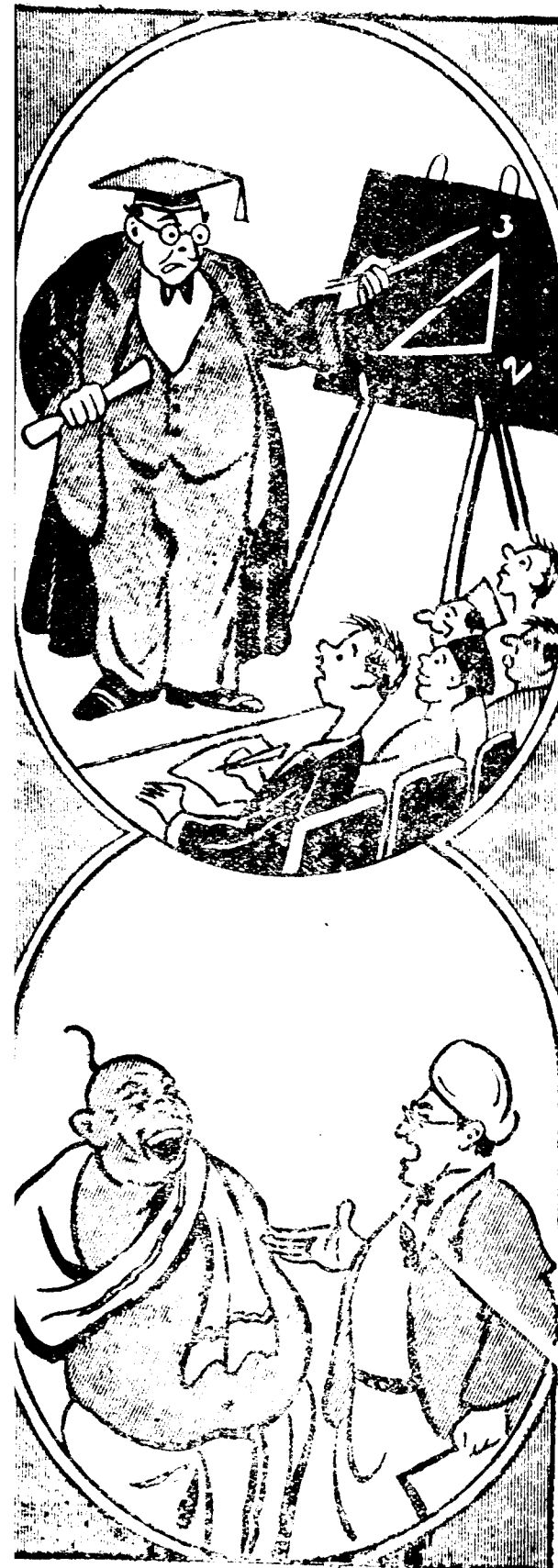


Congress Disciples: "Holy Sages, Mighty Congress Champions, does it become your pure minded patriotic selves to cast such amorous glances at that lady dancer—albeit:so well-favoured she be?"

Congress Sages Sami, Satyamurti, Nageswara Pantulu etc., "Be still, can't you? Is this discipline? Ah, what charm! What loveliness! What grace! Even our patriotic pure eyes never witnessed such loveliness?"

Congress Disciples (aside) "Let us wait and see if even our Sages succumb to charms from which they have devoted their lives to rescue others! The fair damsel threatens to overcome even our Sages. Let us see! These are strange times!"

TAL ENT



Some write Poems, and some write pages
And pages of Stories and Essays,
The only excuse they've for these outrages
Is that they're B. A's.

Anyone who labours can write,
It only needs some ink and a pen,
But to write that which the mind will delight
To most of us is foreign.

Talent does not from education spring,
Any more than love from a potion,
Neither is plain hair such a thing
That gets curly by using a lotion.

It is a fact that wisdom and inspiration,
Wit and poetical knowledge,
And a wonderful power of expression
Cannot be acquired at a College.

It is a fact that the gift of humor and muse-
A peculiar thing that I find-
And the coveted power to delight and amuse
Is bestowed on the un-tutored mind.

'Cos Talent and high education,
Great wisdom and College Degrees,
Don't seem to have a relation,
The one with the other disagrees.

But what we've written or will write
Is not our own creation,
But just a vibration of that bright
God-Sent Inspiration.

We're only the receiver of messages,
That He wishes to convey to the man-
Behind and within all the passages [kind,
God you are sure to find.

Keep your mind blank, humble and receptive,
Free from any pride of the knowledge,
That you have obtained-by a method defec-
By attending the College, [tive-

Then alone, as the dew-drops filter through
The ether to reach the earth,
God's never-ending inspiration will fill you,
And give you a mental-rebirth.



The Editor's Page

Foreword:

Well Readers here I am again, and if you think I am enjoying writing this you are quite mistaken. Which fact, being clearly understood, let me proceed. It is indeed a fairly long — "Well of all the —" Here comes the Circulation Manager panting and puffing.

"Well old chap what's the news? What? No copies to meet the demand? Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish indeed. Go and print some more."

Well, there you see folks, how popular our Mag is becoming. At this rate I'm afraid that by the time our present issue comes thundering from the press (the thundering is caused by the printer cursing at the boy who turns the handle.) it will be sold out! So folks order your copies early!

The Present Issue:

I may modestly say that this issue is the finest humorous magazine ever published in India. And its cost to you seeing that you are a friend of ours is only 1½ annas! Now a word about our writers. Mea' needs no introduction. His characters are fresh, vital, true to life and they live in the real world of flesh and blood not milk and water. He is sparkling in his 'The Gymkhana'. A. C. Peters can be confidently backed every time he is out. (Excuse me, I'm getting persons and horses all mixed up owing to the Guindy racing season, which is now upon us) Mr. Peters is truly brilliant in his 'Talent'. But wait till you read his 'Painted girls', folks which appears in the next issue! T. L. Edwin is noted for making every



body laugh. But in his 'Doctors and Germs' he makes 'em guffaw. Rubiken is ray and subtle as ever. His characters are not fictional. They are drawn from real life with all their real weak points on which Rubiken uses his rapier of wit.

Then there is Miss Saguna Bai Daniel whose 'Granny Horrid replies' will surely make the gloomiest reader scream with laughter.

Mrs. Sakuntala Gujprathi gives a vivid pen picture of Burman life, which is very interesting. Well I

guess I'd better stop now and speak about our ridiculous price offers and insurance schemes.

Bhai Funzin's Free Gift Scheme!

We note that there is tremendous competitions going on between our rival Magazines, to see who can give away the most free gifts. They are probably doing this because they are so sick of making so much money, and they want to give it away to the man in the street whom they have never seen. God bless 'em. Now Bhai Funzin not to be outdone has decided to offer a stupendous sensational gift offer. Every reader will be given a Bengal tiger absolutely free. While other Mags ask you for gift Coupons, we believe your word that you are regular readers. All that the readers have to do is to go and collect the tigers from the Bengal forests.

Bhai Funzin's

Free Insurance Scheme!

We have also decided to start a free Insurance scheme after the safe method followed by a contemporary Magazine. To be frank our plan is even easier. Here again there are no forms to fill, no dotted line to sign. We believe you. All the reader has to do is to send his heirs or beneficiary to us to tell us that he was a regular reader of our Magzin. Here are the conditions.



The Editor promises to pay 1000 Rs. hard cash to any person or persons who, while reading the Funny and travelling on a double humped camel (we have chosen the double humped camel, because it is a rarer animal than the single humped one) is hit by a falling planet and loses his life or is severely wounded.

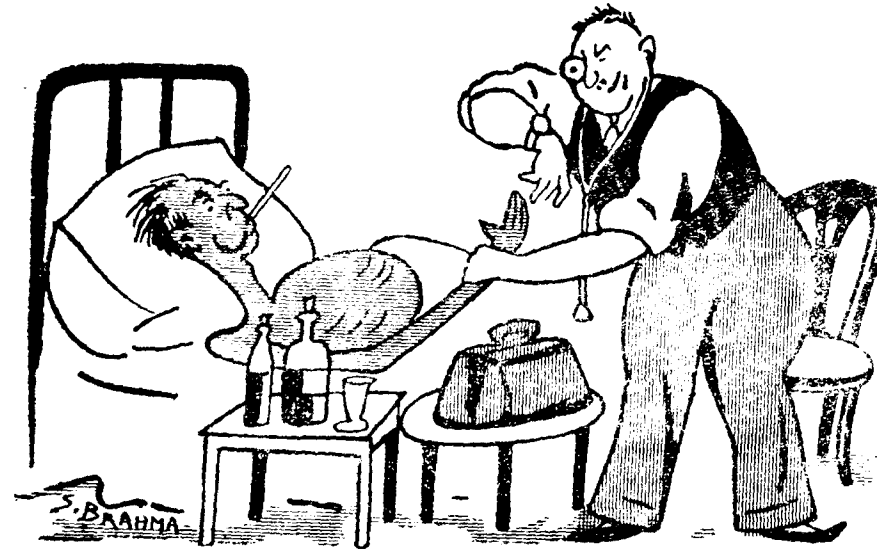
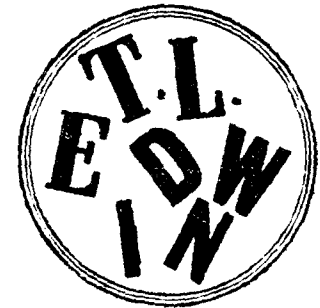
The Editor promises to pay 1000 Rs. to any person or persons, who while reading the Funny have been bewitched by malicious witches evil spirits etc. The incident must have been witnessed. The Grand Lama of Tibet, and the Medicine Man of Mumbo Mumbo, Africa!

Well cheer!—no readers. The class is now dismissed for play time in the rest of the pages of this delightful number, some of which are so good that I think I'd pop along with you.

—Bhai Funzin.

Doctors and Germs!

BY



AND only the other day I was telling my friend Venkat, how well I was feeling.

Everything was going along all right; merry and bright, and everything would have been all right had it not been for a pretty hefty slab of cold wind, which carried more influenza microbes, than the S. I. R. does passengers during the Maha Maham festival, barging into me!

Well that is what happened and just when I happened to be walking along, flower bazaar smoking my pipe and harbouring no evil thoughts and doing no harm to anybody. Then that cold slab of wind came along with an army of most vicious looking influenza germs and handed me a saucer-ful and.....Well when I looked up, there was the Doctor.

Exactly how I caught it I cannot tell, for these microbe things float about the air invisibly and you can't see it. Thus while I least suspected it, these thingmejigs entered my structure, gave a licking to my own private staff of microbes, and took possession of my interior.

And there I was in bed all wrapped up and looking like a bundle of laundry; and feeling as if somebody had been running me through the mangle. There was a covey of spots before my eyes looking like the half notes on the five lines of treble clef, and somebody told me it was the next day. The doctor looked me over, pounded, pinched and pummelled me here, there and everywhere and didn't seem a bit excited or pleased because I had decided to let him handle my influenza business. Indeed if I was a

treat for him to gaze upon, he concealed his feelings very well. Indeed I gathered from his look of utter boredom, that he had seen better things than me on leaves.

But then, I mused that that seemed to be the way with the modern doctor. In the old days before such silly things like Nudist clubs, Television, safety razors, Self-respectors Union etc. were invented, the family doctor would sit down, and chat over old times and how the local foot-ball team fared against the Bangalore team on Saturday, and how's your father's Diabetes getting on nowadays, and pretty generally do his best to make you feel at home. But Doctors have progressed since then. Why, the Modern doctor just grabs a few tools like reap-hooks and sickles, and has you all apart in half the time that your tailor takes to decide whether the coat shall be double breasted or single.

In the old days before the doctors invented those up-to-date and expensive complaints; more attention

was paid to the home made remedies
...and they tasted home made too,
and doctors were none too popular at
home. In those days the doctor was
always associated with the little black
bag and every time he was seen walk-
ing down the street people used
to tremble. And in those days people
were treated with home made
medicines, and if there is anything in
this great wide world that tastes
more home made, than ginger extract,
I should like to hear about it.

And in those days germs had not
been discovered and were allowed to
run loose about the place, and they
could go in peace without fear of
doctors chasing them up side streets.
In those old palmy days many a germ
should have saved up enough to keep
it in comparative comfort.

But now this modern doctor has all
the germs classified in a book together
with their time for the course the last
time out like "Original Vel racing
guide"; I know my doctor has and the
way he talks about germs anybody
would think these germs used to run
errands for his people away back in
his village.

However in order to have his
temper out on my flu germ he decided

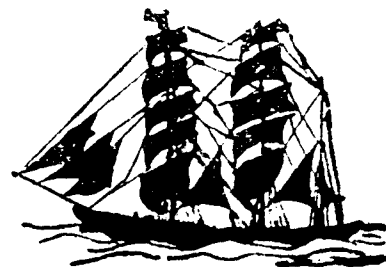


The modern doctor grabs a.....saw, sickle etc.

to inject something with a syringe.
He injected some thousands of other
germs calculated to go after the "Flu"
germ, whose telegraphic address from
then on was "Hustle". I believe that
these germs are trained in the hospi-
tals for this job and I do hope that no

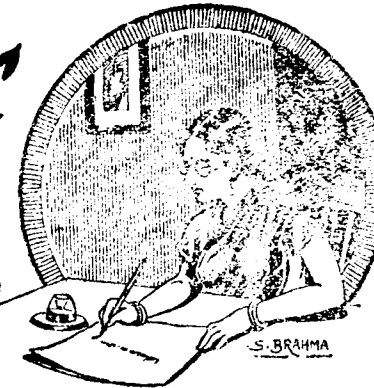
cruelty is necessary. In any case
every one of these germs he injected
has been taught from early germhood
to strangle the very life out of "flu,"
germs.

Therefore as I lay back thinking I
began to feel sorry for the "flu" germs
within me, who all unsuspecting were
walking up and down inside me just
as if the place belonged to them. I
could imagine the silly little things
swaggering down one of my arteries
and what a row there would be when
those other germs popped out off a
side vein and banded them a wallop
.....and all because of that hefty
slab of cold wind.



Mother (entering room unexpectedly)—"Well, I never!"
Daughter—"Oh, mother, you must have"

Ladies' Page



JEALOUSY



BY MRS. DIANA CROFT. (CANADA)

The next essential is self-sacrifice.
Jealousy is based on fear and nothing
else. If there be jealousy it stands to
reason that there is no perfect love
between the pair, for perfect love
casteth out fear. Thus if a wife is
jealous of her husband, it means that
her love for him is imperfect, and *vice*
versa. Their love is not heart-whole;
it has made reservations; it lacks
something.

Wives, here is a word of advice from
me, a sister from beyond the seas. Never
entertain jealousy and suspicion. A
man of integrity, a man who has not
done his wife any injury, and who
moreover has no intention of doing
her any; such a man and husband
would be wounded by his wife's
unjust accusations and insinuations.
He would find the situation extremely
uncomfortable.

The fact is that the husband in
most cases pays slight attention to
some other woman out of courtesy.
Sometimes the husband comes home
from office fifteen or twenty minutes
late, and most wives draw inferences
from such cases. Her vanity is
wounded. Rightly or wrongly she
considers that she is being slighted.

Now if such is the wife's attitude I
think she should at once do her best
to change it. Too many men get their
joy of life knocked out of them by their
wives, as it is equally true that too
many women are afraid to exert their
charm and social grace to the full,
because of their too possessive
husbands.

A wife has such advantage over all
other women that she can afford to be
generous. She should not take these
little things too seriously. And surely
it's nice to have a husband that other
women like to look at—that
the sort of husband I would always
choose.

After all the best way to hold on to
those we love is probably to let go
a little!

Jealousy is a terrible thing: it is, of
course, a disease.

Can this disease be cured, even if it
is inherited, or at any rate of long
standing?

Of course it can, on one condition.
And that condition is, that you both

(husband and wife) are willing to pay
the price! Both of you, for to drive
away the horrible monster of jealousy
from a peaceful home, is a hard task
and one that needs hearty co-operation
at the rate of cent per cent on both
sides.

News and Views.

Mighty All-Conquering Satyamurti Stands astonished!

Sami Vencatachelam Chetty snatches the Seat from Sir C. K. Chetty.

People remembered the Police excesses; and people remembered Sami's fearless speeches.

Sami stood for the Assembly. True, Sami stood as a rival to Sir R. K. Shunmugam Chetty himself—the President of the Assembly—the man who had the authority of the Speaker himself.

What if?



The voters voted for Sami. To-day Sami Vencatachelam Chetty goes to the Assembly.

Yet, Sami and Sir R. K. are good old friends. And says Sami, "Now, old man, Sir R. K., you were as good as I. You were an old Congressman yourself. Better luck next time."

And they smile and shake off the dust and din of mob shout.

But Satyamurti!

Ah, who dare stand before the mighty Satyamurti? Who has done more than he for the Motherland?

Is there a more finished article for the Political Fair than himself? Has he not gone to jail—thrice?



"And yet"—roars Satyamurti—"how dare three thousand people give their votes to my rival? What an ungrateful generation? Fancy my rival getting 3000 votes! Shame!" cries the mighty man.

And the citizens stand dumb, for Satya speaks like one having authority—aye—audacity!

FUNNY MAGZIN

DECEMBER 5, 1934

News and Views.

Madras Government House.

H. E. Lord Erskine, the New Governor devours records

Devotes Days and Nights to cram himself with Facts.

Does not care for Meat or Bread or Wine or Water.

Lady Erskine alarmed at His desperate study.

Lady Erskine herself leads the Army of Supply and Port.

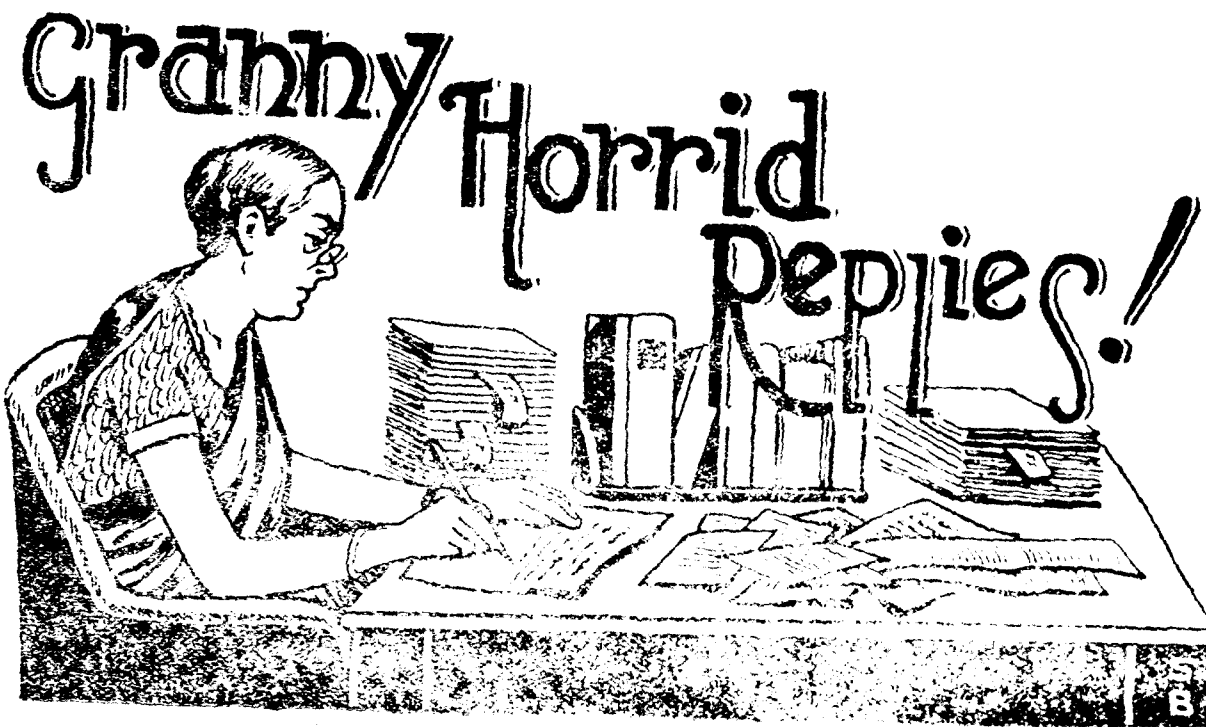


H. E. Lord Erskine: "Ah, Marjorie, good woman, can't you leave a man alone to do his duty by God, King and Country—I mean—India? What for all this fuss and food and wine and waiters?"

Lady Erskine: "Ah, surely, you haven't much to do with India as yet. It is only Madras."

H. E. Lord Erskine: "Well, well, I mean this Presidency. But we are in India—I mean."

Lady Erskine: "If for a Presidency, you have denied yourself thus, I wonder whether you will not outdo even Mr. Gandhi and fast away!"



There was a ladies' page in last month's 'Whim-wham' that attracted my special attention. 'Men strictly prohibited' ran the notice in full round capitals. When I write here, the contents of that page, please don't include me in that indecent crowd of 'plagiarists.' Well, with apologies to 'Granny Horrid' the writer of that page, I'll quote the following.

To Granny Horrid.

'My mother says that according to fashion I should put on high-heeled shoes. I find it very awkward to walk and I take finicking little steps fearing I'll topple over. When my feet turn in, the high heels turn over. Once I actually fell on the steps of the church and then my grace and ease of movement were lost in an ugly acrobatic feat. Can you advise me as to what I should do please?'

—Miss Sushila-Lahore.

'The only thing you should do is, to steady yourself with a strong stick. Take a walking stick with you whenever you go out with high heels. I pity you and can strongly say that there isn't another sight more funny and pitiable than the

BY
MISS. S. D.

spectacle of a charming young girl joy-trotting along on a pair of high heels, hung out of the perpendicular as some one said, and shyly struggling to preserve her equilibrium.

Dear, 'Granny Horrid,'—

For the past three years years I have suspected my husband of an intrigue with my servant maid. What shall I do?

—Worried wife.

Don't do anything rash dear. Wait for forty years or so and one of them may die.

Mrs. Prama of Bangalore writes:—My friend Mrs. N—comes to my house once a day and unless I give her coffee or tea she doesn't step out of my house. It's a great nuisance to me and my family. How could I avoid her? What's your idea, granny?

Simply place powdered alum or table salt in the sugar bowl instead

of sugar. That'll see her off your door. A. Rangaswami.

I weigh 253 lbs. and am equipt with partially bald and my face is full of small-pox marks. What make-up do you suggest?

—Vanity, Patna.

It is not a make up that you need dear Vanity. What you need is to be sent back to the makers with a strong complaint, and money back!

Dear Granny.

I am a respectable College girl. Every morning when I go to College, a strange man accosts me who says "Will I do? dear?" What am I to do?

—Leelavathi, Goa.

Well this is indeed a poser! Will I do? seem to be a cryptic question. What does he mean by it? wonder? Will he do what and where and why? Unless you enlighten me I'm afraid your case is beyond me. The best you can do is to ask him next time he accosts you "Will you do what?"

DECEMBER 5, 1934

and let me know what he says whereupon I'll wire you instructions.

My Dear Granny.

'I'm a modern business woman. I've a second class pass and I travel mostly in the night. Generally I don't fear travelling alone but sometimes I feel frightfully lonely and time seems to hang heavily on me. I tried reading and sleeping to no use. Is there any other way to divert the mind?'

—Miss Salma, Calcutta.

'You can talk to yourself or argue with your enemies and roll them triumphantly on the floor without fear of a counterstroke. Go on opening and shutting the window without provoking a protest. Sit in any corner you like and try all the corners. Lastly I advise you to lie at full length on the soft cushions and enjoy luxury until the train stops at your station. See how it works.'

Miss Kanaka of Ellore writes:—

'I'm studying in the fifth class. My mother and father and teacher gives me impossibilities to write whenever I does mistakes in them lessons. I am a slow writer girl, what shall I do granny?'

'Little one, I don't wonder at the impositions. With such awful English you deserve them. First of all, improve your English and then you can escape impositions a good deal. If you feel it difficult to write 100 times or so, simply write the imposition once and put x 100 by its side. Isn't it quite easy? Your mother, father and teacher will think that you are very clever.'

Some time ago I went to a 'talkie' with a young man, to whom I had not

been properly introduced. Did I do that as the lights went out everything just went black before your eyes!

College girl.

I bet you did, you young rascal, you! But surely can't you remember? Apparently you can't and we assure

Farewell! Shall meet you soon my dears.

Yours,
'Granny' Horrid.

OUR NEXT
NUMBER

Grand XMAS
BUMPER NUMBER!

Glazed Paper
Photoes of Contributors.

Contributions By
'Mea,' A. C. Peters,
T. L. Edwin, Rubicon,
Kairen, Nadirshah etc.

Numerous Cartoons, Jokes
and increased Prize amounts!
ORDER YOUR COPIES EARLY.

The First Victim!

BY

UMA BAI, M. T.

Kitta was in trouble. The good chap taken to drinks had squandered all his earnings with the paltry savings of his wife at the shop. And his wife Somu, poor soul, had to toil hard from morn till eve to make both ends meet.

The car festival was looming ahead and the children needed new dress. Somu did not wish to have all the luxuries the neighbours enjoyed but only wanted to look decent. All that she desired was a new saree for her and some frocks for the kiddies; these with her much treasured gold chain, the only ornament that Kitta never set his eyes on, would serve them very well for the occasion. She now wanted to tackle her husband; but how was she to do this? He seemed as tough as a tortoise shell and even if he did agree where was the money to come from? Yet better to try him once more, she decided and awaited his return from his usual nightly bouts at the toddy shop.

Kitta was approaching at last, trudging along with unsteady steps which were getting more and more beyond his control.

"Ha! Ha! How many houses! All revolving one behind the other!" he observed.

"Come here, Doggo" he called his dog; but Doggos came to him in twos and threes barking at with joy.

"Tut, Tut. How many dogs barking at a time!" he cried, corking his ears with his fingers.

Coming into his courtyard he slowly sat down bolt upright facing the opposite direction; he then began to view things in general.

"I think the earth has begun to rotate with double the speed now" he

went on, "hence we shall have an extra number of days and nights. How funny, now that I come to think of that! Ha! Ha! Ha!" He laughed loud and long with a medley of tunes in his voice. This irritated Somu beyond endurance; she thought that the children suffered while he enjoyed himself with drinks forced her tongue to pour forth a volley of abuses.

"You lazy bug! clear off this moment!" she cried out aloud, "don't pollute the house, you drunkard!"

"She must have taken me for her child to speak out like that!" he muttered between his teeth and gravely rose from his seat. A frantic urge to be at a safe distance was his immediate thought—not that he was afraid. Pah! He would not care for

fifty Somus—but just to avoid remarks like "Well hit! Excellent! Served him right" or words to that effect from the neighbours who had now gathered into a pretty large crowd. With a neck stiff and erect, he marched forward not daring to look behind.

"Just see the next-door neighbours. How happy they are!" she began to plead, "we do not want any luxuries, but should we not live decently?"

But he was quite deaf to her words. Arriving at a safe distance he began to bawl out at her, shaking his fists.

"Now speak! You devil! You dare-dare dare to insult me, your own husband!"

"You will not get into the house unless you get us fine clothes and



Unemployed Husband—"Good Heavens! Triplets! And me not having any work!"

DECEMBER 5, 1934

15

sweet meats for the festival, mind you wretch," the wife threatened.

He seemed a bit thoughtful.

"Enough of your luxury. You want to look better than what your means could afford, don't you? Well, where is the money for all the rubbish?" he asked.

"What? Haven't you an income? Stop your drinks a little and we can live comfortably."

"But dash it! Where is the money for all this? Your father did not leave us any, you know that. That miserly beggar squandered it on—"

"Now that will do; don't alarm the neighbours."

"Who—who began first? Who wanted the money? I had but to speak the truth."

"But anyhow you shall not enter the house." And she banged the door on his face. Kitta seeing that he was not wanted there just at present wandered away aimlessly without the slightest thought as to where to go next.

The next day passed but no Kitta turned up—not even to take his meals.

"Thank Heavens! He has run away for good," Somu would say to her neighbours; yet her heart ached with anxiety as to his whereabouts.

In the meantime Kitta was wandering undecidedly as to where he was to have his meal. His pockets were lifeless—the toddy-keeper had turned them inside out. Damn the hotels! None could give him a meal though there was one at every step.

Standing there in the cold his past came vividly before him. He had been a brute and was too cruel to his family; if only he had curtailed his expenses they would have enjoyed

life on a modest scale. What a fool he had been! Now at least he would make up for the past. They must enjoy the festival. But how? He thought a bit. The only idea that seemed possible for him was to burgle. Yes, he would sacrifice his morals for a good cause. After that he would lead a clean and happy life.

The next morning found him at his own house, sober but famished.

"I have nearly starved you all these years and now I am going to make amends for my past behaviour," he told his wife after finishing his meal. Somu was quite astonished at seeing this great change that had come over him.

"But how will you manage it now?" she asked him anxiously.

"Manage? Burgle some body's house" was his calm reply.

"Burgle? You will not do such a thing? I would rather starve than allow you stoop to such a low deed."

"But I will!" he said determinedly. "I have starved you all these two days and it is a disgrace if I do not make you comfortable. Of course, burgling is a mean thing, yet this is for a good cause."

Somu tried her best to dissuade him from his new decision but burgle he would.

The next morning he marched off on his self-sacrificing job. A two hours lapse found him returning—the self same old object. His steps as usual were unsteady but a broad smile of triumph played upon his lips. A shudder passed through Somu's heart; she trembled from head to foot.

Clink, clink, clink, went the coins down on the floor and Somu hurriedly gathered them lest some inquisitive neighbour should come in and see them. She counted not the coins and cared not to hear how he got them, but deposited them safely in her box. But the source from which the money came remained a mystery.

At last the eventful day dawned. The ceremony in the temple would come off at 4-30 p.m. Somu was all haste and bustle. She dressed her children in fine new clothes. She finished her own toilet and to put the finishing touch went to her cupboard to wear precious gold chain. But a dismal sight met her gaze. The cupboard was as bare as Mr. Hubbard's.

"Oh! Where! Where!" she gasped.

Gone was the chain, her only jewel. The mystery was clear at day light. She was the first victim of Kitta's burglary.

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





Safety first!

"Hey, there," shouted the signal man from his box, "it is forbidden to walk on the rail road."

"Pardon, me," said the man, raising his hat, "I have come here to escape motors."

Snarks Annual.

More religious.

The pretty actress was contending with a critic, that her sex was more religious than the male, and the critic said in answer: "Oh, you only go to church to see what the women have got on." "Well," said the pretty actress, "You men only go to the theatre to see what we haven't got on."

Epworth Herald.

Dizzy.

John: "Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged two months ago, and now—"

Joan: "Jove makes the world go round."

John: "Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to make me lose my balance."

Tit Bits.

No Annoyance Intended.

"Are you sure you did nothing to annoy your husband?" asked the

magistrate of the woman who was charging her husband with assault. "Nothing at all," she returned decidedly. "Nothing at all?" demanded the husband's lawyer. "I never in my life did anything to annoy my husband," she retorted firmly.

"Now listen here: Did you not hit him on the head with the frying-pan?"

"Yes; but—"

"And pour boiling water over him and push him down the back stairs?"

"Yes; I did."

"And you said you did nothing to annoy him?" exclaimed the lawyer triumphantly.

"That wasn't done to annoy him," returned the lady hotly. "That was done because he looked at the woman next-door!"

Smiths Weekly.

Antique, eh!

Antique dealer: "This is a very interesting old piece, sir—a William and Mary chair."



FUNNY MAGAZIN

American customer: "It's a bit small. Looks as though Mary must have sat on William's knee."

Pearsons.

What did the guard say?

The Scottish express thundered northwards through the night. Suddenly there was a grinding of brakes, and the train came to a standstill. Windows were dropped and inquiring faces appeared. The guard left his van, and, flashing his lamp before him, went down the length of the train, inquiring who had pulled the emergency chain. He came at length to a compartment where a dear old lady sat benignly.

"Thank you so much," she said; "you need not have stopped the train. What I want is a nice hot cup of tea, with two lumps of sugar, please."

Stenos who stick to their stenography.

Never have a naughty biography.

Two is company. Three is usually a mistake.

The Girls who resist

Don't know what they've missed.

You can fill some girls full of spirits and still never have a ghost of a chance.

A knock at the door often spoils many an opportunity.

NOTICE

(FOR CHILDREN ONLY)

Owing to an error in some of the copies, in the Childrens Page Competition Coupon, the first word which has been solved has been printed as *Time piece*. It ought to be *Waves*.

Cousin Eddie.

DECEMBER 5, 1934



"I was so sorry, Maureen dear, you couldn't come to the Gymkhana yesterday. It was quite the best they have had this season. Everyone was there, and I met Major Cavenish who has just exchanged into Bertie's regiment; he is quite a gay old spark, said he liked ladies in India because they were so much more open, looking pointedly at my blouse while he was speaking, and you know, my dear, it was. I can't think how it happened, and of course it would happen on a day when I wasn't wearing a brassiere. I must have blushed because he burred something about 'dear little pink rosebuds'. I do hope he was referring to my blushes."

"Why, of course, Denise dear, what else could he have been referring to? I'm sure he must have enjoyed seeing them, the blushes I mean. Do tell me more about the Gymkhana, I'm frightfully keen to hear all about it."

"Well, dear, Archie Dalwood said he was so sorry you weren't there, and hoped your ankle would soon be better. He is such a sweet boy and so devoted to you. What a pity you are married! He would have been so

suitable. Alas! we always find these things out when it is too late. However, my dear, you know my two mottoes: 'Never put all your eggs in one basket' and 'It's a poor mouse that relies on one hole'. Bertie taught me the last one. By the way, you simply must get him to tell you the one about the man in the Air Force who discovered a stranger in his cockpit. It's too torrid."

BY "M.E.A."

"It must be pretty lurid if you can't tell it to me yourself, or have you turned suddenly pi?"

"Not a bit, darling, but you see I feel I must draw the line somewhere, and this one is really the outside edge. It makes me all hot and bothered even when I think of it."

"All right, Denise, I'll spare your maidenly blushes. One would think you hadn't got a husband some husband too!—not to mention a host of admirers. Tell me more about the Gymkhana, dear."

"Well, the first event was the shoe race. You know the sort of thing, all we women sit in a row while our shoes were mixed up in a basket a hundred yards away; the men had to ride up to the basket, pick out their partner's shoes, ride back to us and put them on."

"Captain Keystone was my partner in this event and as I was in riding kit I'm afraid I couldn't provide him with any thrills. However, as he's been a correspondent five times in four years, I don't suppose it would be so easy to thrill him as it is with some of the less experienced boys."

"That horrid Mrs. Fitzmorris of course took advantage of this opportunity. Young Dawson was her partner, the poor kid didn't know which way to look, though I fancy he discovered all right, it wasn't her fault if he didn't. They'd have been easy winners if he hadn't taken so long over putting her shoes on, I'm afraid he wasn't concentrating on her foot! I don't suppose the poor kid ever saw so much of blond charms before. Quite a sudden education! If Mrs. Fitzmorris takes him in tow he'll learn quite a lot before he's much older. Denise tells me they call her

the governess because she's always teaching the young, and I'll bet she does teach 'em things too!

"Of course Colonel Vandeleur was taking care of that J. ck-on woman. I hear he has sent Jackson out to the detachment again although it was *not* his turn. It must be nice to be able to order your best girl's husband out of the way. They say the Colonel hardly ever dines in Mess now, and Mrs. Glover told me that when she asked the price of a sofa in Abdul Karim's shop the other day, she was informed that the Colonel sahib had bought it and it was to be sent round

she's so pig-headed and refuses to take tips from others about anything.

"Major Oldfield, who keeps the supper with cocktails and other tales during the intervals, told me they were going to have a moon-ship picnic as soon as this moon became a bit less in evidence, and asked me if I would drive out with him, but I had to tell him there was nothing doing. He really is a bit too hectic. I can stick a bit on the way home, but the last time I placed myself under his wing—otherwise I am—I arrived with my frock crushed, my hat on the back of my head, my lipstick all

that was some kiss, no lack of experience about that. I soon knew he'd got his hand in all right.

I go with the men could shave and the go to moon light picnics; and we will be a lobster after the last one.

"So sorry I can't stop any longer, but George Peacock said he would drop round this evening and take me for a ride after tea.

You had better repose yourself before Archie comes or he will think he is in a high art studio. However, I expect the dear boy has seen it all before and, after all, you can't be



The poor kid didn't know which way to look.

to Jackson memsahib. Keep your eyes and ears open, put two and two together, and there isn't much left for the imagination, my dear.

"Mrs. Goldthorpe was looking wonderfully young. I can't think how she manages it. You know her fourth child was christened only a few months ago and her ayah told me she already—"

"No, surely she must be mistaken. I can't believe that, she couldn't be such a fool."

"Well, I'm not so sure, and I'm not so sorry for her either if it is true."

gone and my powder all over his coat. Picture me. Even the promise of a pair of Swiss garters failed to inveigle me because he offered them on condition that he should put the n on. Said he hadn't got much experience with women and wanted to get his hand in. I told him he'd better get his hand in somewhere else and come to me when he was more experienced. He had the cheek to call round this morning and said he had taken my advice and had acquired further experience at the dance last night and was ready to show me how beautiful he had become. I foolishly agreed to his bid and now here he is, looking like

expected to know that you are showing a trifle more than he thinks he is supposed to see.

"Take care of your ankle, and if you can't rub it yourself, I'm sure you will find willing hands to do it for you."

"Sorry I had no scandal to tell you but there's absolutely none going. We all seem to be becoming little white rats. I hate rats, don't you, dear? They're so uninteresting."

"How do you like this hat? George calls it 'de trop' because, he says, it's always in the way."

"Ours?"

Beneath the Burmese Bells

Part II

MONASTIC LIFE IN BURMA



EVERY stranger, who sees the clean shaven yellow robed monks daily with their lacquerware bowls in their hands, seeking alms from door to door in the early hours of the morning cannot but be intensely interested in them and their monastic life. It has been so in my case, and after exploring into the avenues of their life, I am giving below an account of them.

Anybody irrespective of caste or creed, who is a Buddhist, can become a *phongyi* (monk). And in Burma there are innumerable Burmese *phongyies*, ranging from twelve years to seventy-five years of age, while Indian European and Chinese monks from the minority. But these monks are not regarded as ordinary priests, but as those belonging to a higher order of beings, for the Buddhists see in

each and every one of them a part and parcel of Lord Buddha.

The *phongyikyaung* (monastery) is the permanent abode of *phongyies* and their *kyaungthas* (students). Sometimes young men, who undergo the *Shinlyu* ceremony and become monks for at least a week according to their traditional custom—which has a permanent influence over them—and other visitors from the districts are also allowed to live here temporarily. Hence there are innumerable *phongyikyaungs* all over Burma, and in Rangoon alone there are hundreds of them. So not a single village is devoid of it for, wherever a village is found, it is the *phongyikyaung* that is found first and then only other residential quarters are built around it. These monasteries are after the ancient type, and they differ completely from European structures. A few yards away from them, there are some bamboo huts, where the *kuppiyas* (servants) live.

BY

SAKUNTALA GAJAPATHY.

With the first grey of dawn at 3 or 3.30 a. m. when nature is fresh and brimful of peace and serenity, free from head-splitting noises, but rich with the music of the wind combined with the rustling of the leaves and tinkling of the pagoda bells nearby, the *phongyies* get up from their beds. After having their bath, they utter their morning prayers:—The Ten Precepts, which are:—

1. Abstaining from killing.
2. Abstaining from stealing.
3. Abstaining from shameful deeds.
4. Abstaining from uttering falsehood.
5. Abstaining from intoxicating drinks.
6. Abstaining from eating in the afternoon and night.
7. Abstaining from dancing, singing and music.
8. Abstaining from the use of showy things.
9. Abstaining from sitting in a comfortable or high place.
10. Abstaining from the use of coins—silver or gold.

Thereafter, at about 5 a.m., a party at *phongyies* go out in a row with their *thabais* (bowls) to take alms. While taking alms, they do not look either sideways or backwards, but straight in the front, and they also do not make use of their umbrellas, however foul the weather may be. They accept anything and everything the laymen offer to them. Each and every *phongyi* has his own people to attend to his needs—dress etc. Generally, it is a custom from time immemorial amongst the Burmese to offer the first portion of their meals to the *phongyies* in the mornings and the first portion of it to their husbands in the evenings for *phongyi* is considered great, next to Lord Buddha, and husband next to *phongyi*. Therefore, these *phongyies* do get daily rice and curry for their alms. In 95 out of 100 cases each house has got its own favourite *phongyi* who is taken inside before the offering is made, asked to sit on a carpet or chair and worshipped with great reverence. Then alone the offering is made to him. The *phongyi* does not take up his bowl himself but waits until an inmate gives it to him with the offerings, otherwise, in his opinion, it becomes the alms taken by force and not given with the free-will of the offerer.

After collecting the alms, they return to their respective *kyungs* and break their fast in a body sharing with each others curry and rice. The remainder is given to their *kyungthas*, whose duty is to fan them, carry their umbrellas and accompany them wherever they go. After breakfast, the *phongyies* themselves clear their respective bowls, while in a few other cases they are cleaned by their *kyungthas*.

In some monasteries, the *phongyies* do not go for taking alms in the mornings. They have their own food cooked by their *kuppiyas*. But they go out for that purpose after 8 or 9 a.m. and return by 10 or 11 a.m., for it is essential that every *phongyi* should take alms and live on it.

From 12 to 4 p.m. they study their daily lessons with their *kyungthas* under the able assistance of their respective head monks. (Here let me state that the first lesson that a *phongyi* learns is *Mingala Thit* or the song of Great Blessing:—Once Lord Buddha was at Jetavanar in *anathapindika's* park. A *deva* came

up to him and addressed him in the following verse:—

What many men and deities,
Desiring Bliss, have sought to find
Come tell me, Master, what it is
That brings most blessing to man-kind

To whom the Blessed one made answer:—

To quit the fools, and count the wise,

This is the highest Paradise.



Giving alms to a *Phongyi*.

Chorus:

That is the greatest blessing,
To pay respect where it is due,
So shall true blessing wait on you.

Ch:—

Such a fit place and there remain,
And self-knowledge to attain.

Ch:—

If in past lines you have stored up merit,

The fruits thereof you'll now inherit.

Let wisdom skill and discipline

And gracious kindly words be thine

Tend parents, cherish wife and child.

Pure a blameless life and mild

Live thou devout, give ample alms,
Protect thy kin from life's alarms.
Do good, shun ill and ever shrink
From snare of spirituous drink
So do thou persevere in good.
This is the true Bestitude
Be humble with thy lot content
Grateful and ever reverent
Study the law of Righteousness.
This is the path that leads to Bliss.
The noble truths austerity
Nirvana here, and chastity.

This is true happiness.
To live from all attachment free
From sorrow and impunity,
This is true security
This is the Highest Bliss.

They study a portion of *Tripitaka* (*Winiya Pitaka*).

(a) *Thota Pitaka*—Three books, for the lay men, dealing with the transitory of life.

(b) *Winiya Pitaka*—Five books, rules for the *phongyies*—Life is all suffering.

(c) *Abhiyana Pitaka* (The deepest of all the *Pitakas*)—Seven books, dealing with subjugation of self or Egotism.

Four main truths in life.

(a) Life is suffering.

(b) Birth is the cause of life i.e., suffering.

(c) Nirvana is the only place free from suffering.

(d) Mental uprightness, right aim, good speech, good conduct and honest livelihood are the only means to attain Nirvana.

From 4 they are free up to 7 p.m. They do not take any meal in the nights.

At 7, they utter their evening prayers, which is the repetition of the Ten Precepts shown elsewhere, and spend some time on absolute meditation. Then they read the holy beads, repeating and stamping in their heart of hearts the essence of (a) Life is transient (b) Life is suffering and (c) All is without abiding reality.

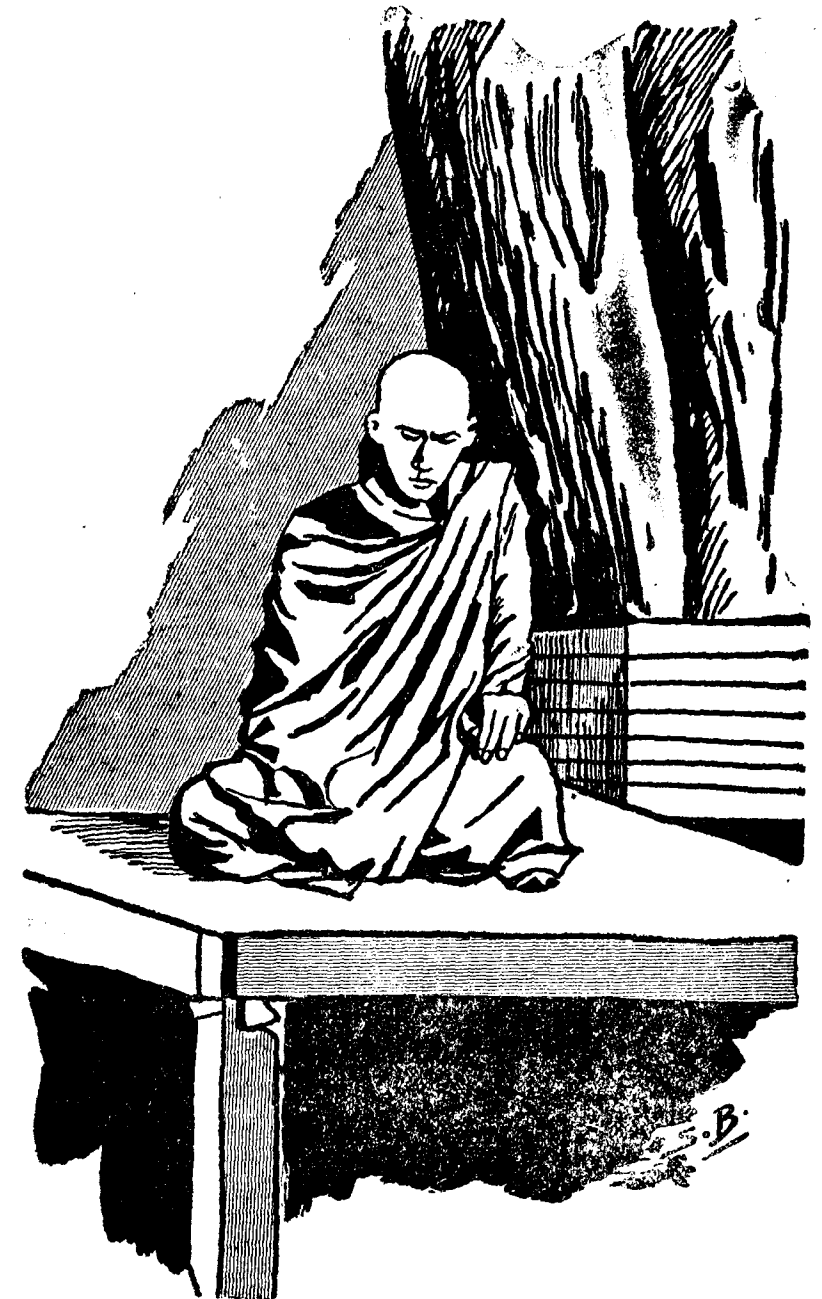
Error of thought is an ever recurring evil in the haphazard of humanity.

When a man is free from the attachments of life, joy and sorrow, wealth and poverty, gain and loss, fame and contumacy, he attains Nirvana.

These *phongyies* sit for religious examinations, *Pattamagan*, every year, according to their grades, conducted by a board of examiners, the head and learned *phongyies* of the leading monasteries in Burma.

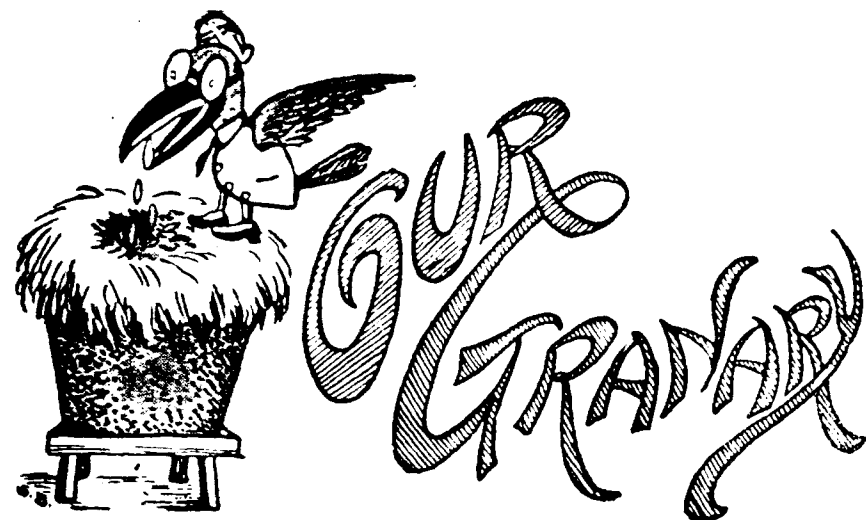
During Sabbath days, i.e. Full Moon Day, Eighth Day of the Waxing Moon, Eighth Day of the Waning Moon and for four days in the lunar month, the laymen visit the monasteries to hear the head *phongyies* reciting to them *Upawatha Thila* (The Eight Precepts). This is same as the Ten Precepts with the exception of the 9th and 10th ones, but the ninth one is commingled with the eighth one. Those who are unable to attend the monasteries, request the *phongyies* to go to their places and recite to them there, the Eight Precepts. During these days, the monks fast from evening till the following noon. They also meditate upon the soul of Buddha every now and then.

The *phongyies* attend pagodas, marriage and funerals, when customary offerings are made to them.



After all these *phongyies* are found very useful in the propagation of virtue, humility, patience, reverence, purity and contentment amongst the masses. Some of them are also conversant with astrology, palmistry and other allied subjects. Besides, they drive away evil spirits from residential quarters and from persons afflicted by them. The talisman they give to the unfortunate people are supposed to produce good effects in all cases. Of all these, the most laudable fact is their tremendous interest in politics. They hold an enviable sway over the masses, who follow their advice in every respect. The success of the

anti-separationists in the last council election was mainly due to the learned *phongyies* who asked the people to support the anti-separationists at any cost. In their activities is seen the national spirit that Ottama had imparted to the children of this land of golden pagodas. They are, of course, following on the right track, for one's own salvation—be he a monk or a layman—lies first in the salvation of his country. Hence these *Phongyies* will be always remembered not only as holy men but also as champions of liberty!



Speaking - About Cars

BY
"WAYFARER."

The Jumping Car.

The other day I heard of one of these small cars speeding fifty miles an hour on one of our main highways. And every fifty feet the little triquet would hop right up in the air about five feet. A Sergeant on a motor cycle overtook the nidget motor finally and brought it to a stop.

"What's the big idea of that car jumpin' like that?" asked the Sergeant.

The driver answered: "Why, officer, there's nothing wrong with the car. You see, I've got—hic—the hiccup."

Speaking about the reminds me of a little verse I read some time ago in the Christian Science Monitor. Here goes:

SILENCE

*The car chugged on mile after mile
The moon seemed to beckon and smile
She was dainty, demure
He, in love to be sure—
The car didn't chug for a while*

And now don't ask me what happened next. I wasn't at the scene. But one can guess. It is indeed lucky for a young man about town to have a smart two-seater. But motors are very expensive. And so are wives. Every one knows that. Take me for instance

I have a car and I have a wife. They both cost me a great deal for upkeep. But here is a great difference. Every year I trade off my old car put some more with it and get a new one. But I can't do that in the case of my new wife— I not only cannot trade and get a new wife every year, but I cannot trade at all. In short I have to keep on paying the upkeep for the same old runabout!

And that reminds me. Have you, dear reader ever purchased a second-hand car, and showed it to your friend? Well once I did and here's the result.

1st Pal:—"Doesn't look so bad, but it's the insides that tell the story. Start her up and let's hear how she sounds."

2nd Friend:—"Pretty sweet. But you can't tell, at first. They fill up the cylinders and joints with extra heavy oil you know so you can't tell whether or not the cylinders are scored till it's worked out."

A neighbour:—"How much has she done? Six thousand miles? Well, I wouldn't bank on any dealer's word. After six thousand they simply disconnect the speedometer. The car might have charred out fifty thousand, for all you can tell."

3rd Chum:—"You didn't look into the differential housing or inspect the bearings? Teh toh toh. That is where these cars begin to crack on you, old man. Apt to cost you plenty in the long run"—etc. etc.

DECEMBER 5, 1924

23

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

Ronald
Colman

Though one of the foremost screen stars of to-day Ronald Colman rose from very humble beginnings. He was licking stamps in a steamship office in England prior to his



being raised to the position of a book-keeper. Even from the start he had a mania for drama and he himself labored in some amateur theatricals all the year 1914 when the Great War demanded his services. He

belonged to the Kitchner "Contemptibles." On the field he got himself wounded and hence discharged. From now onwards his period of unemployment started. All roads lead to Rome. Every unemployed man and woman sought either the stage or the screen thinking that he or she could outshine a Sarah Bernhardt or a Maurice Chevalier. Ronald Colman also attempted the stage and the test of the pudding showed that it was worth eating. With a magnificent amount of eight pounds in his purse Ronald landed in New York in the year 1920. He was so thrifty and economical to live with that amount till he began to earn his own living. The theatrical managers welcomed him with open arms. As soon as his name began to be sufficiently known the ever alert screen scouts nested him for the films. Henry King the then famous film producer gave Ronald his first chance along with Lillian Gish in the picture entitled "White Sister." His next picture is "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Few stars survive the sudden onslaught of the Talkies and Ronald is amongst those that stood the test. His "Marquise" and "Cynara" are perhaps his best talkies. He is often rated down as a high hat most ungenerously. We can answer this question by asking whether Garbo is a high hat?

Ronald's latest talkie is "Bull Dog Drummond Strikes Back Again" a

Hollywood News

An Interview with the Merry Widow

Jeanette Mac Donald the Merry Widow herself, is back in New York again hoping to be able to remain there until the Broadway premiere of the 1934 version of Franz Lehár's renowned operetta, scheduled for the Astor Theatre in the near future. It all depends on plans at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios concerning "Naughty Marietta," her next starring picture.

Interviewed at her hotel, the actress, although she had nothing but praise for Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Maurice Chevalier, who plays Danilo, would say nothing about the film except "I think you'll like it." This

is equal to a film with similar name already produced.

Birth place ... Richmond—Surrey.
Date of Birth ... 9th September 1891.
Features ... Brown Hair and Eyes.
Height ... 5ft 5 inches.
Married ... Thelma Raye.
Separated ... 1920.

M V V

SADVAIDYASALA NANJANGUD
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despite the fact that Mr. Lubitsch has been enthusiastic of his praise for the "New Macdonald." She did say, however, that "the present Merry Widow" is not in the least like the former silent version Lubitsch's conception and is far different from the old Viennese operetta.

All of Lehar's glorious music has been retained but new lyrics have been written by Lorenz Hart. The famous Merry Widow Waltz is of course danced by Miss Mac Donald and Chevalier; and Miss Macdonald sings the Villa song. The Merry Widow mark the fourth appearance together of the two stars, the others having been the "Love Parade," "Love me Tonight" and "One Hour with you." It will be Miss Mac Donald's first screen appearance since the "Cat and the Fiddle" and Chevalier's since "Bed-time Story."

Do you know that

Edward Arnold has a set of pictures of himself taken at yearly intervals since his birth?

In line with an old superstition, Una Merkel, born in an upstairs room of the family home, was carried to the attic before she was brought to the lower floor for her father's inspection?

Isabel Jewell once taught French and Latin in an American school.

Brian Aherne's fellow class mates in drama school in London were Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence?

Wallace Beery assists in the technical advising of every air picture made at Metro Goldwyn Mayer?

Greta Meyer who is German, is going to teach Virginia Bruce Swedish for her next picture?

Jean Harlow never wears red, or has anything in her home of that colour.

Evelyn Laye, who will co-star with Ramon Novarro in the "Night is young" started a trend towards Grecian fashions in Hollywood by wearing a white satin robe with Grecian lines to a screen colony party?

Charles Brabin, director of "Wicked Woman" at the Metro Goldwyn Mayer Studios first studied theology, then grand opera singing before he became an actor, then a director.

Maurice Schwartz, famous Shakespearean actor now at the Metro



Wallace Beery in a Scene from "Viva Villa!"

Goldwyn Mayer studios is an expert chess player, and says that analysing Shakespeare is mental training for the game?

Tod Browning, Metro Goldwyn Mayer director has a library of 2000 mystery, horror, demonology, vampire, and occult stories, textbooks and reference books?

Herbert Marshall once taught dramatics?

Charles Richman, stage actor brought to the MGM studios for a role in "BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL," was an outstanding star in the silent days and played in some of the first motion pictures ever made in Hollywood?

Madge Evans is the only child star who grew up to surpass her early popularity?

While Robert Montgomery was rushing two people in a motor accident to a hospital at Lake Arrowhead recently, his wife Betty saved four people from drowning when their boat overturned.

Edward Everett Horton's hobby is directing amateur theatrical groups?

The new buildings on Edward Everett Horton's branch are constructed entirely from lumber salvaged from buildings ravaged in the California earthquake.

Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable are the two best sheet shooters at the MGM studios?

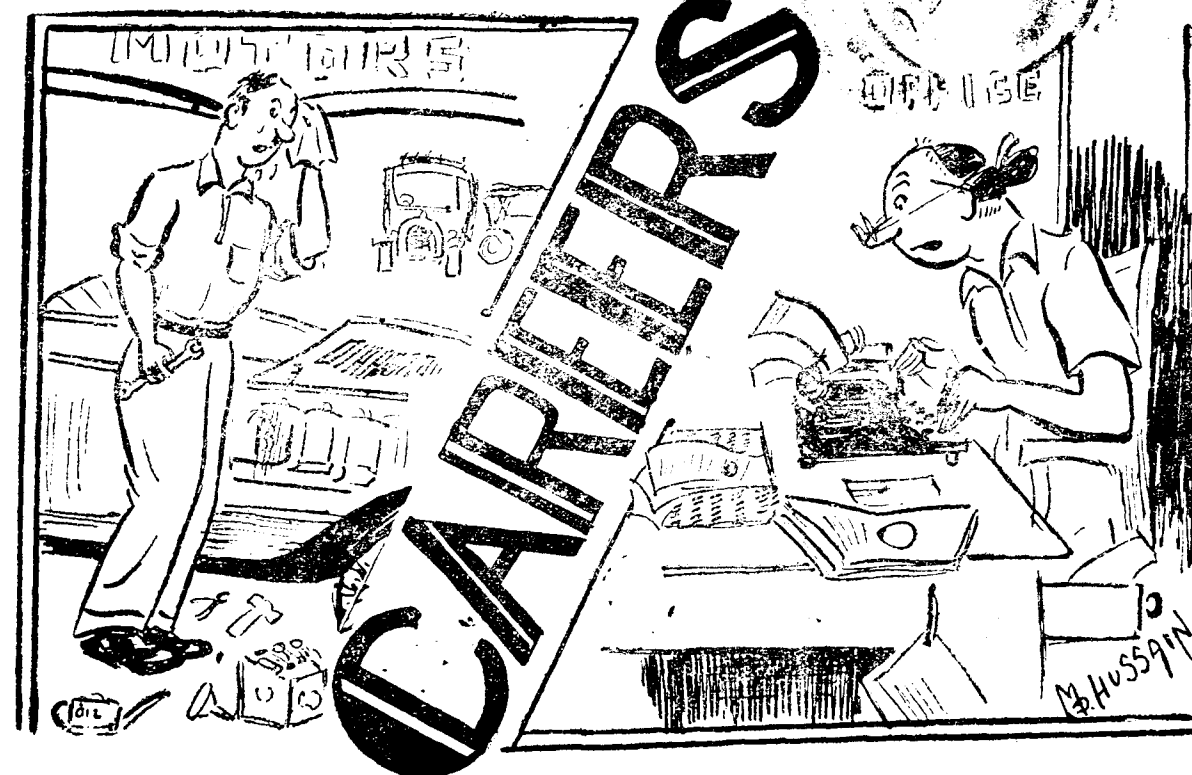
Horse learns to laugh and dance for Novarro-Laye musical.

Making a horse laugh is proverbially difficult. Trainers, however, are not only going to accomplish that wonder, but they will also make a horse dance for the production of the "NIGHT IS YOUNG," Metro Goldwyn Mayer's glamorous new Viennese musical romance.

"Mitzi," the trained cab horse who acts innumerable comedy scenes with Charles Butterworth in the picture is now being educated for her role. There are dozens of comedy interludes where she has to look coy, laugh, look incredulous or sneer at remarks made by the frozen-faced Butterworth in a series of original laughmaking devices. The dance is the most difficult. Mitzi is supposed to execute a few drunken steps after Butterworth has supposedly given her a bottle of wine.

The picture wise horse was first trained by her trainer who took a small stick with which he gently touched the feet until she learned that this was a cue. Now she does the steps without "cuing." According to Jack Hinde who is in charge of horses used at the studio the horse, being used to picture work, learned the trick in a week.

DECEMBER 5, 1934



HAVING nothing to do and with twenty-four hours to do it, I thought it might do me some good if I hiked to the Public library. Opening the previous day's paper, I was browsing within its pages, when a startling advertisement fell on my retina.

"Are you," it asked "wasting your time earning a mere pittance, when you possess the energy and brain which properly applied, would lead you to fortune? For further particulars read our 'Careers,' which will show you the way to make good" "price as 4. postage extra.

I felt hurt that it should be left to strangers to discover a fact to which my friends and relatives have been blind so long, but the knowledge that there was some one who believes in me, that is to say confirms my own opinion of

my abilities, was undoubtedly encouraging.

So without further ado, I hurried out, leaving my umbrella behind and stepping on the corns of a retired Subadar. Straight to the news agent I went and bought

BY 'BOBBY'

a copy and sitting down under a shady tree feverishly opened its pages.

The magazine was full of brilliant careers and employments to be had for the mere asking. The difficulty was what shall I be?

First I began by crossing off the careers that I could possibly do without. Actuary, Antique, Furniture-dealer, Actor, Actress, Aero-expert etc. So on I went until I came to

the last few pages which Geographer, Yachtsman and zoologist.

Then with a sigh I closed the book still I couldn't decide what career was suitable for me.

To be an antique-furniture dealer one needed antiques. So that was out of the question.

Then there was of course the bar (not the one with which many of you are familiar, and which is attached to theatres and restaurants). The legal profession of course, offers many opportunities to young men of steady character and sound digestion. You need not submit your chest measurement and height. Such things don't count. And a lawyer can easily become a judge on reaching his ninety-fifth year.

Actress is out of the question for the term is used only to the female of the species who adorn the stage.

Then of course there is Agriculture. But one of my uncles is in the profession at Tanjore, and the way he speaks about it, gives one the shivers and creeps. So that too was out.



— Stepping on the corns of a retired Subaltern. —

Then there is the coveted 'Civil Service', the magic goal which every school boy dreams to get into. But the parents and examiners don't see eye to eye with the youngsters and thus spoil their chances. As for me I was twenty-nine and so that was out, for after twenty-three, a man becomes soft in the head according to Government and so is debarred from entering the service.

There are some excellent openings for doctors in this world, but unfortunately one has to study for five and a half years in the Medical College and get a degree before one could get up a brass-board on the gate. So that was out.

Then of course there is the films. Since the advent of Vernacular Talkies this industry offers employment to a lot of people who could invest something in it. But a film career does not appeal to everybody and I am one of them. So I crossed that out. Further with a map like mine there wasn't the faintest chance of any stray producer picking me up except to act in a horror film, which hasn't been exploited as yet in India.

Politics, or what the newspapers are full of, is an old established institution, dating back to the stone age. This profession has been followed by great men like Mir Jaffer, Suraj-ud-

Thus I went through all the careers and I found that there was nothing in it for me except the most open of open professions, namely Journalism. This is one of the privileged jobs which needs nothing in the head and requires only pen, paper and a bottle of ink. Thus armed all you have got to do is to write something sensational. Truth need not be a handicap, and all that you should know is public taste, and how to cater for it.

By sensational news is meant things like a man biting a dog etc. Recently readers might remember having read about an Egyptian or an Arab biting a snake! Well, that news made you sit up didn't it? The better known fact of journalism include, not sales, free gifts, knowledge that 'Kamala' of the lady's page is a multiple chinless Johnnie, with a bird's beak who smokes cheap cigars, which emit atrocious fumes, that cousin Eddie of the children's page in only the proprietor etc.



— Requires only pen, paper and a bottle of ink. —

Dowla. Henry the VIII and Lord Wellesly. But to get into this age-old profession isn't easy though when once you have stepped in, you have got to do nothing but talk through your turban for hours, look wise, or sleep!

So folks I decided in favour of Journalism and do you blame me? Should you be in the same fix as to what career to choose for your young hopeles (son) all you've got to do is to buy a copy of this Magazine.

THE TEST

BY
"KAIREN."



IN the year 10 B. C. you don't happen to know much about that period of Indian History, do you? No? Thanks! Neither do I. So I can proceed with the story safely, what?

As you were being instructed, in the year 10 B. C. there reigned over some portion of India or other, a wise and beneficent monarch whose name was the only grievance his subjects had. For tell me honestly, mister, would you or would you not order for a 'double' strong, if you were introduced to a guy with the name 'Sathrumartha' Astadhigvijaya Babruvahana Prabhu?

It now transpires that the latest of his queens—the three hundred and sixty sixth?—had other grievances, too. One was that the great king had given her the chance of contributing to the perpetuation of his line with only one child, and the other that he withheld the sunshine of his favour from being basked in by her brother.

"Lord of my life," she cooed one night, curving daintily into his presence, "What sin have my ances-

tors been unwittingly guilty of, that thou shouldst subject me to this humiliation? I would, my lord, that thou hadst as lief slain me, as done this to me." And forthwith she contrived to shed a few tears.

"By the blue throat of Shiva," exclaimed the mighty sovereign, "What meaneth this, my sweetheart? Have not I bestowed on you jewels, sarees and other luxuries thrice as much as your co-queens possess? By Parvathi, the sage was right who said there are no banks to the river of woman's desire!" And he forthwith clasped her to his broad bosom and tenderly wiped away her dewy tears.

She also gallantly pretended that his beard brushed her chin softly like silk, the while it really made her feel that she was being vigorously rubbed by an extra-tough boot-brush. And this time there was no effort in the production of tears.

"Stop the flow of your pearls, my sweet young queen," entreated his august Majesty, "for I grant you beforehand whatever you shall ask."

The lovely queen obeyed instantly. The tears stopped.

"Then grant me, god of my soul, that my brother be minister instead of the Hon. Mr. Chamatkar!"

Of a sudden, the king was wroth. He dropped the audacious queen from his loving embrace, as if she were a too hot cake. His eyes riveted her with an ireful glare, fearful to behold.

"By the great goddess Kali!" he thundered, "Knowest thou what thou askest, O thou daughter of Kaikeyi? Ask me instead to out off my right hand, and I will be none the worse for it. Where would my kingdom, myself and you all be, but for the wisdom and intelligence of Chamatkar, hey?"

The youthful queen opened the flood-gates once more.

"Ah, but you promised," she sobbed, "and methought you ever kept your word. And now you speak of Mr. Chamatkar's wisdom! As if, by Brahma, my brother hath not enough of it to dole out a few table-spoonfuls to each one of your Majesty's subjects! Ah! well was it said by the Old Woman of Prophecy, 'Write ye the promise of princes on the sands before the rain.' Ah, sun of my sky, I can but now hang myself." And straightway she hung down her head and sobbed the more.

He softened, did his Majesty, for just then the young queen's child embarked on a chorus to his mamma's wail. The autocrat played with his miniature self for a time and mollified him. Then he promised the tearful mother that he would test, the first thing in the morning, in her own presence, the wisdom of both Chamatkar and her brother, and award the ministership to whomsoever deserved it. This conciliated the beautiful queen to such extent that she pleased her royal master to the best of her ability that night as became her duty.

* Dawn broke out red and golden, and the queen sent for her brother and Mr. (or Sjt.?) Chamatkar. She roused her lord the moment they came, and reminded him of his promise.

"Let them come in," fawned the potentate, patiently.

They came in and bowed low thrice to his august Majesty.

"Gunavada! I want to ask of you a little advice," proceeded the king, addressing the queen's brother with a gracious smile.

"I am your ever at your command," stammered that youth, overcome by a sense of exaltation, and added hastily, "Your Majesty!"

"It is like this. Last night a fellow dared to kick me with his legs, slap me on the cheeks, spit me in the face, and even, here his Majesty appeared to choke with rage at the mere recollection of it—" Sully my robes with his urine. What shall be done to this wretch?"

Gunavada, Esq., did not hesitate even for a brief second.

"Behold him at once, your Majesty," he advised promptly.

The king turned towards his minister. "And what do you suggest?" he asked him.

"As it please your Majesty, you must bedeck with golden anklets the legs that kicked you, bedew with rings the fingers that smote you on the cheeks, give sweets to the tongue that spat on you, and present robes of velvet for him who sullied your robes. For I am sure your Majesty referred to your little son yonder, playing in the cradle." And he bowed.

Gunavada turned pale. His sister, the young queen, learning it was her darling baby the king had in mind, grew crimson with indignation at the thought of what her brother had advocated should be done to the child. The king was radiant with triumph.

"What sayest thou, my queen?" he asked.

"Avaunt!" she ordered her brother in response to the question.

The king and his minister were alone.

"How knewest thou?" questioned the king.

"It was simple, your Majesty. Who dare do all that to you but your babe, sire? And who could do all that in the night but your child, sire? And who, having done so, would have been left unpunished, waiting for your Majesty to act on our advice, save your infant, my lord? So I concluded it was your baby son, your Majesty."

"Is that all?" asked the king with a little smile.

"Well, sire, to tell the truth, Majesty, there was another reason. It was obvious to me from your countenance that you were ill pleased

with Gunavada's counsel. So I gave advice that was just the contrary."

"By the snake-garland of Lord Shiva, but is that all?" once more asked the king, with a large smile of indulgence.

"As it please your Majesty—but—er—to be honest, sire, I caught you, sire, looking tenderly at the infant all the time, and—here Sja. Chamatkar seemed to be overcome with confusion, methought your Majesty—er—winked at the child significantly to me."

"By the thunderbolt of Indra, I did," proclaimed his Majesty, rearing and holding his sides with laughter, the while tears of mirth rolled down his ample cheeks.

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

December Lucky Number Scheme

**CASH
PRIZE
RS. 100**

Rs. 25 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the two 1st Lucky numbers.

Rs. 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

Rs. 5 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the four 3rd Lucky numbers.

The list of Lucky numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magzin dated 5-1-35.



DECEMBER 5, 1934

MY SPEECH

— BY 'NADARSHAH.' —

"OF COURSE, old chap, Badamshah and I would be delighted if you would preside at our Annual Dinner," said Ramu and before I could think of a lie worthy of the occasion, he added, "Oh, you must. Now do be a sport."

There are, I admit men—though chiefly in fiction—who wouldn't be so appallingly weak in such circumstances, and who would say, "Not on your life! I'd rather go to the harbour and shovel coals!"—but I haven't the heart and the neck. So, "Certainly," I gasped. "I shall only be too delighted and I really feel honoured." And I tried to look as though giving an after-dinner speech was next door to being picked as a player to represent the All-India Hockey team! And all the time I wanted to kick myself.

Thus it happened that I was the guest of honour at the dinner given by the Mambalam Grey beards to the most distinguished of their clean shaven fellow citizens. And it was with pardonable pride, much preliminary table, thumping, fiddling with my tie, ha—ing and hum—ming that I rose to address the august assembly.

"Well gentleman," I began, but was immediately interrupted by our flattering chairman.

"Mr. Vithal can speak," he declared enthusiastically. "Some so-called after-dinner speeches bore you still. Some speakers send you to byes or leave you as wise when they finish as when they began. To-night fortunately we are able to listen to an incomparable lucidity, judge-like conciseness and compelling common-sense."

"Thank you," I said deeply gratified. "Now, gentlemen—"

"The treat in store for us," interrupted another gentleman a Mr. Appala-swamy, "will be reported in the newspapers throughout the world, and translated into umpteen different languages, with such elfin wit and

irresistible drollery, as that with which we shall shortly be convulsed, Mr. Vithal has placed after-dinner speaking high above the classic arts."

"I was going to say—"

"What Mr. Vithal is going to say," interposed Mr. Badamshah rapturously, "Will to-morrow be quoted by the wits of the press, stage and screen."

"Now if you will hear me—"

I began, getting annoyed.

"If", burst out Mr. Ramu, in fevered adoration. "How many of us a year ago dared to dream that we should ever have the honour, the joy, the unforgettable pride of sitting as we are to-night, at the feet of the illustrious Mr. Vithal and be ravished as we have been by his eloquence, ennobled, as I, for one, am, by his ideality, and made clear-eyed and almost clairvoyant by his crystal sanity and masterly exposition of his subject?"

"Gentlemen, I am greatly indebted. Now if you will permit me—"

Our distinguished guest," cried Mr. Ramu warmly, "Cannot deceive us by



Wife: Sheep are foolish are they not?
Hubby (a Midedly) Yes of course my lamb.

his modesty. We know a great speaker when we hear one, and by our rapt and undivided attention and unstinted applause, we have shown I think, that we feel our incalculable obligation to him for this red-letter-night of our lives."

"If I may please have—er—your attention—"

"Nothing," thundered Mr. Roberts impressively, "nothing Mr. Vithal can say in self deprecation can mute the throbbing music of the words with which he has bewitched our ears to-night, or prevent us from taking this, our first opportunity of moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Vithal!"

I suppose that vote of thanks was carried. I only know that amid the tumultuous applause, I spied a door behind Mr. Ramu and I fled! My only consolation is that there were no reporters present. For if there had been, this is the only true account of my speech they could possibly write.

"The guest of the evening rose, and after messing about with his tie and dipping his hand inadvertently we were informed later—in a plate of gravy, made a few inaudible and incoherent remarks, and then fled!"



MY MAGIC MOUSTACHE

By
"DEVACROSAM."

ONLY the other day, as I was pondering over a cup of tea in my favourite hotel what the subject of my next prattle in the Magazine might be, an impertinent fellow had the audacity, the cool effrontery and the devilish what-do-you-call-it, to remark to his companion about the extreme smoothness of my face.

"My point is this," he was saying quite audibly, "The present generation of young-men are born like that—thus they cannot grow a beard or a moustache even if they want to. For instance, look at the fellow over there—no facial fungus of any sort but, perhaps, for an almost disappearing pair of eye-brows."

Now, now, if that fellow had only been a little smaller in build, a bit thinner round his chest and a trifle weaker in appearance, I would have certainly given him a piece of

my mind, not, to speak anything of a stiff upper one on his jaw. But as the fact was, all that I could safely do was to leave the place in white rage, in high dudgeon, as you might call it.

Not that I was indignant at his insulting observation, but, you see, it was not logic to say that just because a man had no moustache at the moment, he could have never grown one or could grow one in future. To oppose his ruthless statement, I should confess rather proudly to having had once, Sir, in truth, a moustache all bushy and excited-looking one as could have ever seen on the face of earth—I mean on the face of a human being.

Yes, Sirs, a moustache that took a thousand people by surprise and swept them off their feet; a facial adornment my sweeties, that made that ripping girl, Vasantha get charmed at its very magical

propensity; a bushy affair, boys, that at the same time, funnily enough, caused Mr. Kothandaraman to fly into a towering tantrum.

The scene was a large hall with a dozen pillars all leading towards a small door at the farthest end. The hall was devoid of furniture but for a single tri-legged table, with a flower vase full of beautiful flowers standing on it. There was one marked peculiarity about the hall, namely, the word "Iswaran" was written right across a corner of the hall, almost at a tangent to one of the pillars. Though this had nothing to do with the incident of My Magic Moustache, its mention will give an intelligent reader an idea of what exactly I am talking about.

Thereum an blots on the scenery were a young gentleman (of course, I) and, a bit naturally, of course, a young lady (namely, Vasantha). From the following conversation that was flowing between them, one would rightly

DECEMBER 5, 1934

guess that they were representing a husband and wife.

Myself—Oh, Fatima, believe me, I have been ever faithful to you.

Vasantha—I may believe you, Kemal, later. But what I ask you now is where were you the whole of last evening?

Myself—Last evening? Fatima, the Delight of my Eyes, I was with you in the garden. Don't you remember our pleasant time together in the Nawab's garden under Allah's sky?

Vasantha—what, my beloved lord Kemal, are you confusing me with Bee Bi or Kajaan?

Myself—affecting ignorance to establish innocence—where are they Fatima? I have never heard of them.

Vasantha—Then I have made a mistake, lord! Forgive me, my beloved Kemal, for suspecting you of infidelity. (Suddenly assuming a sweet tone) You look tired, Kemal, shall we have a drink?

Myself—Yes, Fatima, let us celebrate the happy understanding between us.

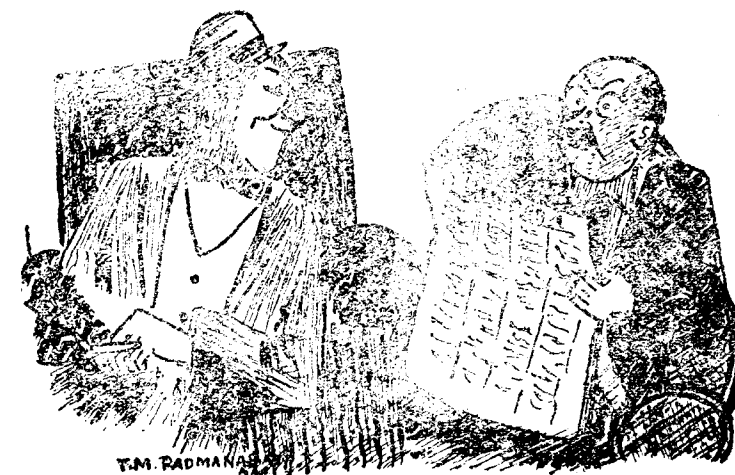
Vasantha—Boy,—bring two cups of tea.

The boy having brought them, Fatima took one and before handing the other over to Kemal, her husband, threw some powder into it—the double-faced wench.

Vasantha—Drink, my lord—it ensures happiness for us both. (Aside) The scoundrel will die of poison and I can marry Shamsuddin.

I drank the cup of tea at a gulp—all as laid down. But when I began to continue my speech, I could not.

For, at the wings of the stage, I could see Mr. Kothandaram wildly gesticulating, his eyes bulging out in sheer anger and embarrassment, and I heard the whole audience roaring with laughter. I looked mystified at Vasantha.



"And so you pray daily do you?"

"Yes to my wife."

"Your moustache," whispered Vasantha "it has disappeared—look into the tumbler!"

And, believe me, right there at the bottom of the tumbler, was my artificial moustache, the handiwork of a hopeless make-up assistant.

Suddenly I had a brain-wave to save the situation. When the roar of the house subsided and when the spectators were just beginning to wonder what the next move would be, I continued my speech.

Myself—(jumping and dancing like a two-year old)—What, Fatima, somebody should have put Dr. Hug Sahib's Ever-youth Powder into the tea. You see, I have become a boy—a boy, a boy—And I FEEL A BOY!!

Vasantha (exclaiming aloud)—So have you, my lord! Even the hairy appearance on your face has completely gone!

(Aside) So the chemist has sent me the wrong powder—the quack!

Curtain

Thus, you see, our amateur drama became a huge success—thanks to the magic disappearance of my moustache just at the right time to give the plot of the play a comical anti-climax. My remarkable presence of mind too endeared Vasantha to me for ever from that day.

The only person who felt, and still feels, peeved and chagrined is our Mr. Kothandaraman. For it was he who wrote the play and intended it all along to end as a "tragedy"—Poor chap!

Don't Use widely advertised Hair Destroying POWDERS. Most of them are worse than useless. Prepare one of your own. Rs. 1000/- given if it fails. Send As-4/- with a self addressed envelope for the SECRET. **House Agency, Amritsar.**



THE M. & S. M. RAILWAY CO., LTD.
(INCORPORATED IN ENGLAND.)

SPECIAL XMAS CONCESSIONS.

Special third class Xmas season tickets are available from the 20th December 1934 to the 15th January 1935 for unlimited travel on certain areas of the M. & S. M. Railway for the sum of Rs. 10/- per ticket plus a small Pilgrim Tax at a few stations.

There are three series of such tickets each available over a separate section, each of which is over 900 miles in length. These tickets can be bought at any station on the section to which they refer.

Series 'A' Western Section :—

Bangalore	to	Poona
Miraj	to	Kolhapur
Miraj	to	Sangli
Londa	to	Mormugao Harbour
Hubli	to	Hospet
Gadag	to	Sholapur (M. S. M.)

Series 'B' Central Section :—

Madras	to	Raichur
Dronachellam	to	Hospet
Bellary	to	Rayadrug
Guntakal	to	Bangalore
Bangalore	to	Arkonam
Walajah Road	to	Ranipet
Katpadi	to	Renigunta
Bowringpet	to	Marikuppam

Series 'C' Eastern Section :—

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

(See Next Page.)

Guntur	to	Macherla
Nidadavolu	to	Narasapur
Gudivada	to	Bhimavaram
Samalkot	to	Cocanada
Cocanada	to	Kotipalli

These tickets are available by all trains carrying passengers and journey can be broken at any station on the section to which the ticket refers for any length of time during the period of availability. The holder of such a ticket can travel as often as he pleases over the area to which it refers FROM THE 20th DECEMBER 1934 UP TO MIDNIGHT OF 15th JANUARY 1935.

If all three tickets are bought, the purchaser can travel over practically the whole of the area served by the M. & S. M. Railway for Rs. 30/-.

In addition to these special season tickets, the following usual XMAS CONCESSION RETURN TICKETS for I, II and III classes will be issued from the 14th to 31st December 1934, available for completion of the return journey by midnight of 14th January 1935:—

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.
	III class.	
		as for 101 miles, if less than 2 single fares.

A further concession to upper class passengers between Madras & Bombay.

CHEAP CIRCULAR TOUR TICKETS will be issued for I and II classes from 14th to 31st December 1934, available for completion of the return journey until midnight of 14th January 1935.

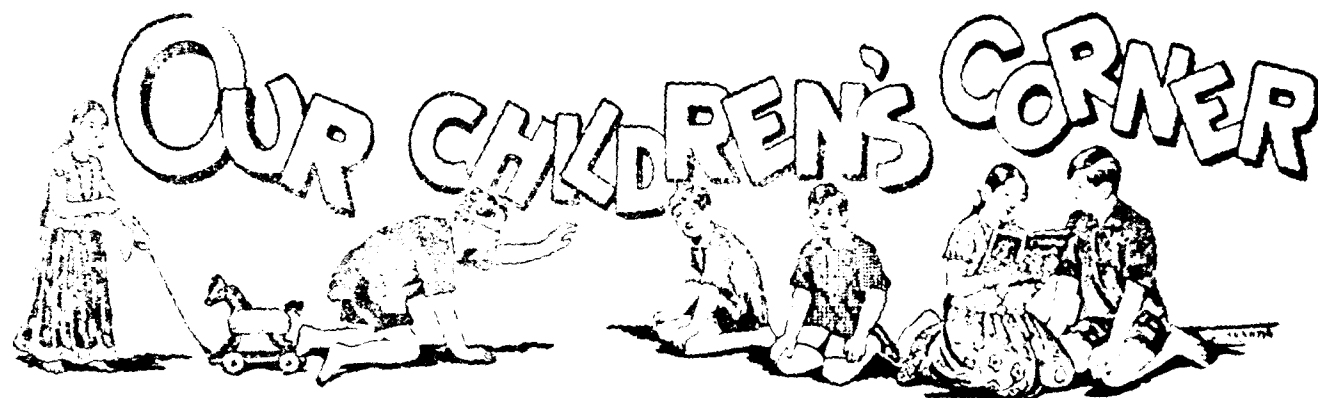
Round Tour Fares.

	Rs.	A.	P.
I Class	138	3	0
II Class	69	1	0
III Class (for servants only)	23	13	0

Purchasers of these tickets can travel to Bombay either via Bangalore and Poona or via Raichur and return by the alternative route.

Excellent Train & Restaurant car service by either route.

For details, ask for pamphlets from the nearest M. S. M. Railway Station or "Town Booking Office."



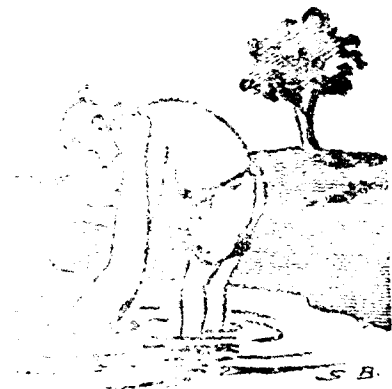
Dear Children,

This time I have given you a new kind of puzzle. In the next page you will find a letter which a cousin sent me some days ago. I have omitted a few letters. Now go ahead and solve it. Many of you children seem to forget that I am a lonely boy, so please write to me now and then and tell me all about yourselves. I have also announced the prize winners in our competition No. 3. Well good-bye till we meet again.

Your affectionate
COUSIN EDDIE.

The Dwarf's Magic.

Once upon a time a traveller was returning to his house from a neighbouring town. He felt very tired and thirsty, for he had ridden many



miles. So when he saw a beautifully clear brook he dismounted from his horse and stooped to drink. Suddenly

his neck was gripped by a strong hand and struggle as he might, he could not free himself.

Then the head and shoulders of a wicked magician appeared above the water. The poor traveller did not know that a magician lived in it.



"If you promise," said the magician to send me the first living thing you see on arriving at your house I will let you free." So the poor man had to promise.

The magician before disappearing into the water chuckled, made some magic signs and said "By my magic I will make his little daughter run to the door and she will be the first living thing he shall see!"

But the wicked magician did not know that a kind dwarf was listening. The dwarf did some magic, and his magic was more powerful. When the traveller arrived at the house, and the first person he saw was the dwarf! So he was put into a sack and given to the magician.

When the magician opened the sack, he was quite frightened, for he well knew the dwarf's powers.

"Your time of evil-doing has come to an end," cried the dwarf and by his magic turned him into a mouse.

Then came the whoo—whoo of a big black owl. Down swooped the owl and picked up the magician in its claws and tore him to pieces.



I had a lovely birthday
But soon they passed, the joys:
I've eaten all the chocolates
And broken all my toys.
I'd like another birthday
To-day if you don't mind.
What? Only yesterday it was?
Well, isn't that unkind?

DECEMBER 5, 1934

COMPETITION No. 5

Closing Date 30-12-34

(Only for Children below 18 years)

1st Prize Rs. 15

2nd Prize Rs. 10

Below is a letter, which a cousin sent me. I have omitted certain letters. Find them and Write the complete words in the Coupon below. For instance No (1) is W A * E S. Obviously the letter V has been omitted. So the answer is Waves. Now proceed with the other six and land a big prize!

CHILDREN'S COMPETITION No. 3 RESULT.

Correct List.

1. CONTENT.
2. BOWLS.
3. CANDY.
4. ROWS.
5. WARNING.
6. SKY-LINE.

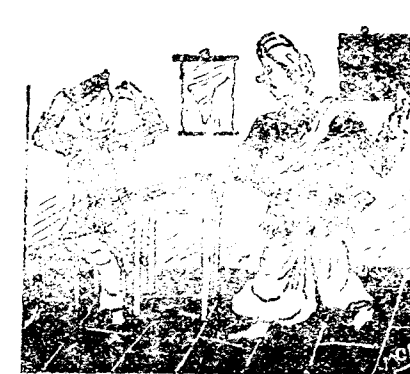
The first prize of Rs. 15 has been won by the following 3 competitors who have submitted all-correct entries.

1. Kailash Narain Misra, Class VI Jilla School, Gaya, B. & O.
2. C. K. Kesava Nair, No. 1/48 Vedavinayagar Road, Choolai, Madras.
3. T. S. K. Murthy, C/o, N. K. Iyer, Gulampuri, Amroati Berar.

The second prize of Rs. 10, has been divided amongst the following twenty-five one error entries (each getting six annas). As the amount is too small

to be sent, 4 copies of the Magazine instead will be sent to them. Those who have won more than one prize, will have the amount sent to them,

1. Mohd Abdulla-Aligarh.
2. R. Swaminathan Tanjore.
3. L. Islam, Bhopal.
4. N. G. Jayaraman Madras.
- 5-6. L. R. Venkatrama Trichinopoly.
- 7-8. S. L. Perara Ceylon.
- 9-16. T. S. K. Murthy, Berar.
- 17-21. B. M. Dharmawardhan Ceylon.
- 22-25. C. K. Kesava Nair, Madras.



Teacher: Ramu, these figures are awful. That nine is just like a seven.

Ramu: Please, sir, it is a seven.

Teacher: Then why does it look like NINE.

—M. G. R.

Your affectionate
COUSIN MALATHI.

Children's Puzzle No. 5 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 30TH DECEMBER 1934

1. WAVES.

2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.

Age.....

Address.....

Saving in Safety

By
SUNDAR



MADHAVAN and Gopalan belonged to those species of humanity in whose hands money just slips away like water. Being quite ordinary clerks, they felt that they should store up something for a rainy day. So by dint of utmost economy they were able to save a few rupees, which they deposited in the Gopkut Bank. But panic stricken with the rumours of Gopkut bank's instability, they hastily withdrew their amount and decided to keep it themselves.

Pretty soon they were greatly alarmed at the great speed with which their savings began to dwindle. So in a frenzy they approached Rajan their chum and neighbour. Rajan's honesty was proverbial, but he was a very timid man, always having a nervous dread of Highwaymen, bandits, out-throats, gangsters, thieves etc. so much so, that the very mention of them was enough to make him tremble like a jelly and even consign him to his bed for a week. So naturally he

protested against becoming the trustee and banker of his friends.

"No. I can't," he protested. "Supposing I get robbed, as is very likely to in these days of advanced criminology, I would be in a awful fix, quite in the soup as it were. I might get my throat cut from ear to ear by the robbers and if they let me off with just getting away with my money and yours, you will kick up a row about it and drag me to court."

"Rats," cut in Madhavan. "Don't talk moonshine. You just keep it safe for us in some safe place, lad. No robber would rob you."

"Why don't you keep your blinkin' money yourself then?" asked Rajan.

"If it were possible we wouldn't have come to you," silly," snapped Gopalan. Money in our hands just evaporates into thin air. It vanishes as fast as a sailor's pay when he is on land and in sight of the nearest Pub!"

"Yes. But with you," broke in Madhavan, "it would be as safe as if it were in the vaults of the Bank of England. You have got a reputation of being very close."

"Who said I was close?" denied Rajan indignantly.

"Never mind," said Gopalan hastily. "Now do be a sport and help us."

"Oh all right but mind you I ain't responsible if it gets stolen," said Rajan reluctantly.

"That's O. K.," laughed Madhavan.

After eight hours of unbroken work old 'Sol' retired leaving the world to darkness. It was late in the night. Far away the tower clock chimed eleven, thus intimating that it was a quarter past ten. Honest citizens had retired to their cosy beds. But Madhavan couldn't get a wink of sleep. He rolled on his bed and started counting sheep. He counted up to 27691 but it was of no use. He tried multiplying dividing and subtracting them. But still he couldn't sleep. So he came out of his room and groping about barged plump into Gopalan.

"Who the hell," the latter exclaimed and then he recognised Madhavan.

"Oh it is you is it? Funny ain't it both of us not getting sleep. I think a little stroll would do us a world of good."

So the pair trudged out after lighting their cigarettes along the corridor and reached Rajan's room. From inside came a regular sawing sound which indicated that Rajan was having quite an undisturbed sleep.

"Well here we are unable to get a wink of sleep and look at the d—d blighter snoring like a pig," laughed Gopalan.

"Come on we will give him a fright. I'll tell you what we will do. Let us give him a sight of Ghosts. Wan't he bring the house down!" Smiled Madhavan.

DECEMBER 5, 1934

"It'll sure be great fun," agreed Gopalan.

So armed with a wet cloth the pair slowly tip-toed into Rajan's room. Rajan suddenly sat up on his bed with the realisation that something cold had come in contact with his face. Was he dreaming or had he actually seen a ghost, for there in front of him he saw two indistinct shapes. He trembled like a jelly. He opened his mouth to scream, but he couldn't. He tried to flee but he couldn't move, it was as if he had been paralysed. Suddenly he gasped. For he had recognised one of the ghosts as its face had come for a moment into contact with a ray of light from the flickering moonlight through the window. For a while he was choking with anger, and then with a diabolical smile, he gave vent to a wailing moan and fell down as if in a faint. Messrs Madhavan and Gopalan unable to contain themselves any longer, hastily made their exit.

A few seconds later the whole neighbourhood were suddenly disturbed from their peaceful slumbers, by a volley of high powered squeals and screams issuing from Rajan's room. Pretty soon a big crowd collected, and Rajan shaking and trembling like an aspen leaf, pointed a shaky finger at a broken box devoid of any valuables and wailed.

"Oh, my hard earned money, Oh my wealth, all is gone!"

Gopalan and Madhavan hastily enquired whether all the money had been stolen.

"Yes," wailed the trembling man with a ghostly face.

Gopalan and Madhavan simultaneously exclaimed, "What?" Their faces had turned pale. Slowly realising their position, if they decided to accuse him they silently sneaked back to their beds. Their money was now quite

safe. Safe from their hands and they knew it!



"You are always wishing for something you can't have."

"Well, those are the only things worth wishing for."

M. G. R.

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

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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.*

DECEMBER 5, 1934

89

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 mistaid 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 5th 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.

Address

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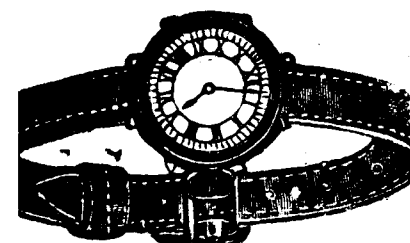
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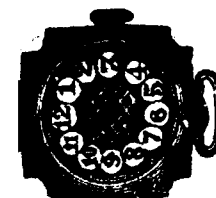
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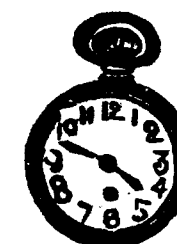
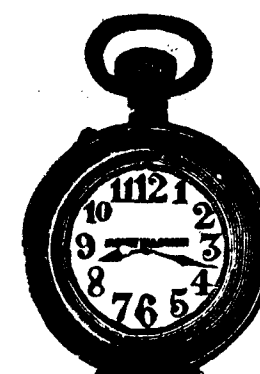


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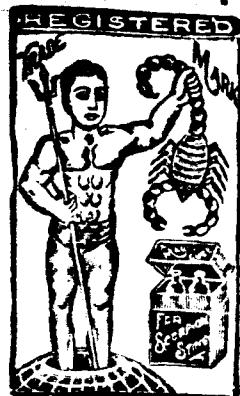
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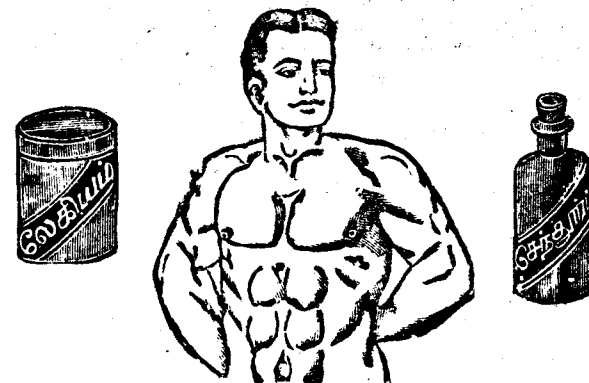
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