

Funny mag

Verified
m

V.2. No. 15 5th March 1935

3L

m2, N33FM

N34.2.15

196748

THE FUNNY

5TH MARCH 1935

LONG COMPLETE
STORY

BY

'RIKH'

Also

SUPERB SKITS

BY

'MEA'

T. L. EDWIN

A. C. PETERS

CHEROOT

And

RUBIKON

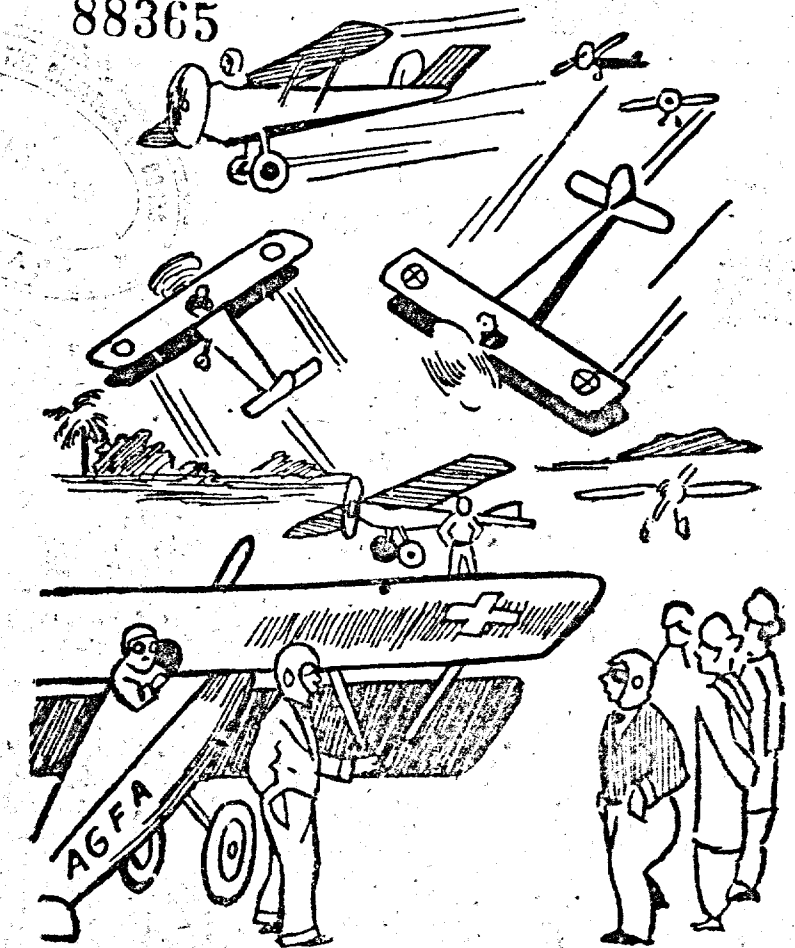
Also

Rs. 350 in Prizes.

Single Copy : As 1-6

3.6
Rising Sons of India

88365



Defeat BRAHMA
hat the
oyt! What a delight to see others happy!"

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

Subscriptions are payable in advance and they may be commenced from any month. Subscription will be counted from the issue supplied. Subscribers changing their addresses should intimate to us beforehand mentioning their subscription number and their new address clearly written.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

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

Articles and Cartoons appearing in the FUNNY Magzin become the sole and permanent copyright of the publisher.

Advertisement Rates will be sent on application.

Telephone No. 3005

Telegram: "ANANDA BODHINI," MADRAS.

THE MANAGER,

The FUNNY MAGZIN,

6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Murali St., Madras.

"FUNNY" the Best Seller.

So **VARIED** are the Readers of "Funny" Magzin.

Every Class of Goods can be sold through advertising in "FUNNY."

"Funny" is the joyful hum of all kinds and conditions of people—people on bus or car or club or home, all read Funny.

"Funny" is passed on from friend to friend—and old copies are preserved.

So valuable is "Funny" to merchants.

Apply for terms:—To Manager, Funny Magzin, Madras.

THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

Vol II.

MADRAS, 5th MARCH, 1935.

No. 15.

Cuts may come, Cuts may go ; So too Govt. Defeats !

But Sage Willingdon smiles on for ever !

For the Serene Sage sees no harm or hurt to his Govt.

Rather, Sage Willingdon so happy to see others happy !



H. E. Lord Willingdon: "Ah, how delighted am I, at the Cuts and Govt Defeats! What a joy to see so many good Indian souls feeling so happy and even proud that they have carried so many motions against my Govt! though these in no wise hurt my Govt! What a delight to see others happy!"

THE DREAM GIRL

By CHEROOT.

CUTHBERT Doyle was considered by many of his friends a misogynist due to his habit of effacing himself if thrown into the company of the fair sex. Such, however, was not the case, for Cuthbert's behaviour on such occasions was due to a highly sensitive nature, aggravated by an inferiority complex.

His friends would have been surprised to know that the contrary was the case, for Cuthbert had his day dreams in, which he pictured the ideal girl whom he hoped one day to encounter.

There had been occasions, it is true, when he had met girls who thought not quite up to the ideal he visualised, yet had caused him to experience feelings which he would have found difficult to analyse.

Beyond a few timid 'Er Ers' however, he had made no progress worth speaking of in the art of the gentle passion.

We find him one sunny afternoon walking, after a refreshing swim, on the sands at Largate, dreaming probably of the girl who somehow failed to materialise.

Seagulls passed overhead, filling the air with their distant cries, while the waves murmured gently along the beach. All, thought Cuthbert, was well with the world lacking only the subject on which his thoughts were centred.

His thoughts at this point were rudely interrupted by the sound of a football nearby. He turned his head wondering who it was that had disturbed his reverie.

He was astonished to find himself near a girl whom he immediately decided was the counterpart of his dreams.

She had just finished undressing revealing a bathing costume of the very latest mode which may be described concisely as having very little in front and rather less at the back.

Cuthbert did not confine his scrutiny to her features alone for though by nature a bashful youngman, he took in with an appraising eye the lines of the graceful figure show off to such advantage by her more than scanty costume.

Pretending not to have seen her. He lowered his eyes and sat down, waiting till she should pass, to the sea, when he promised himself an equally good eyefull of what he had already witnessed.

His astonishment, when she paused near him and addressed him, was evident by the inability to reply.

"Hello big boy, all alone" she asked smiling down at him.

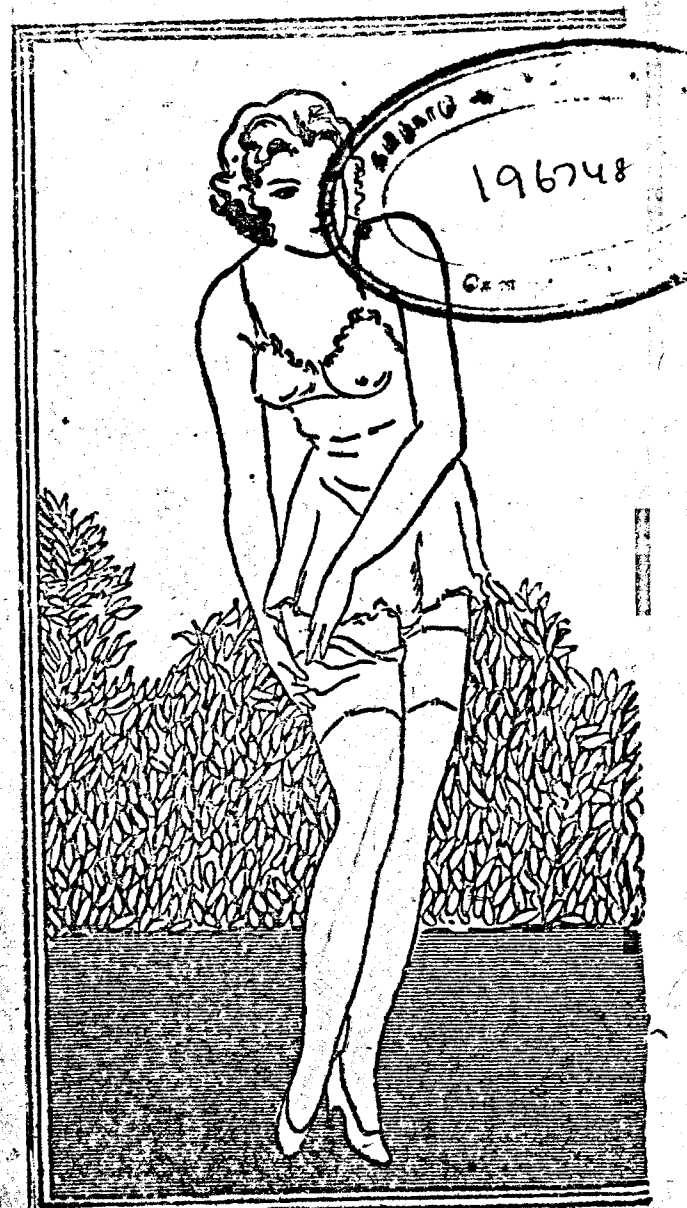
"Er-er, that is—" spluttered Cuthbert.

She did not appear to notice his embarrassment, or if she did, she chose to ignore it. Gracefully she seated self by his side, dispensing with the request for permission to do so.

Cuthbert plucked up courage to look at her and found that viewed at closer quarters, she was even more charming than he had at first supposed.

His eager glance swept over her taking in the supple whiteness of her limbs and he imagined the ecstasy which would be his in touching and caressing this alluring creature.

The next moment Cuthbert experienced a shock, for he felt her stroke his hair and heard her say, "Forgive me dear, I misunderstood you, but I realise now how much your love means to me."



... A girl whom he immediately

MARCH 20, 1935

This thought Cuthbert was insanity of the first order, for he could not bring himself to believe it to be a case of mistaken identity.

Being a lunatic as he was now fully convinced he at once realised that he must humor her, for he had read somewhere that this was the wisest procedure to be adopted in regard to the mentally deranged. But let it be said, that his motives were not wholly unselfish, for he had visions of what promised to be a very pleasant afternoon.

Nothing loth he entered into the spirit of the thing. "That is all right my dear" he replied. "I had really almost forgotten the incident."

"My darling boy" she cried, throwing an arm about his neck the soft touch of which sent thrills down his spine. Gestures, as well as words, decided Cuthbert, were also necessary if the humouring was to be successfully managed. He accordingly encircled her waist with a tentative hand.

"Will you always love me, honey?" she asked. "Need you ask me such a question. Cheri" he replied. For though lacking in experience in the preliminaries of courtship, he had acquired a fund of theoretical knowledge on the subject.

Still his conscience with the thought that what he was doing, was necessary under the circumstances, he drew her closer to him, feeling now her yielding charms which till now only his eyes had beheld.

"Seal your promise with a kiss" she whispered. Cuthbert was not slow to respond, but he sensed a slight reluctance on her part in the close embrace which followed her invitation.

Maidenly coyness no doubt, for girls do not care to foist their charms on men, but on the contrary relish a little of the caveman stuff in the giving of them, he opined.

He was on the point of putting his resolution into execution when a voice jarred on the air from nearby.

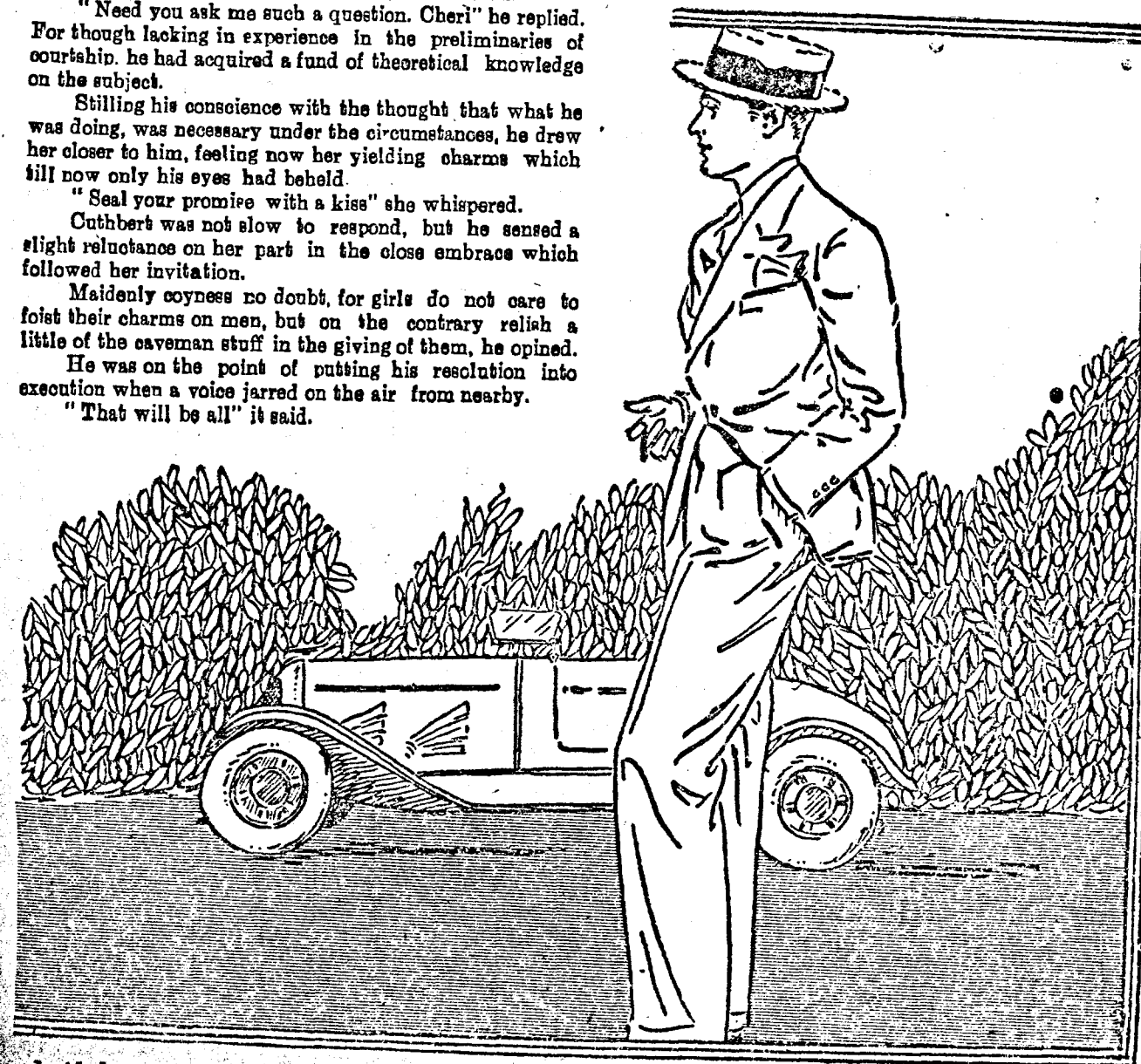
"That will be all" it said.

Cuthbert turned to see a man issuing from behind a bush. Thoughts of an irate husband demanding an explanation crossed his mind. He was relieved, however, to notice that the stranger did not appear to register emotions to be expected under such circumstances.

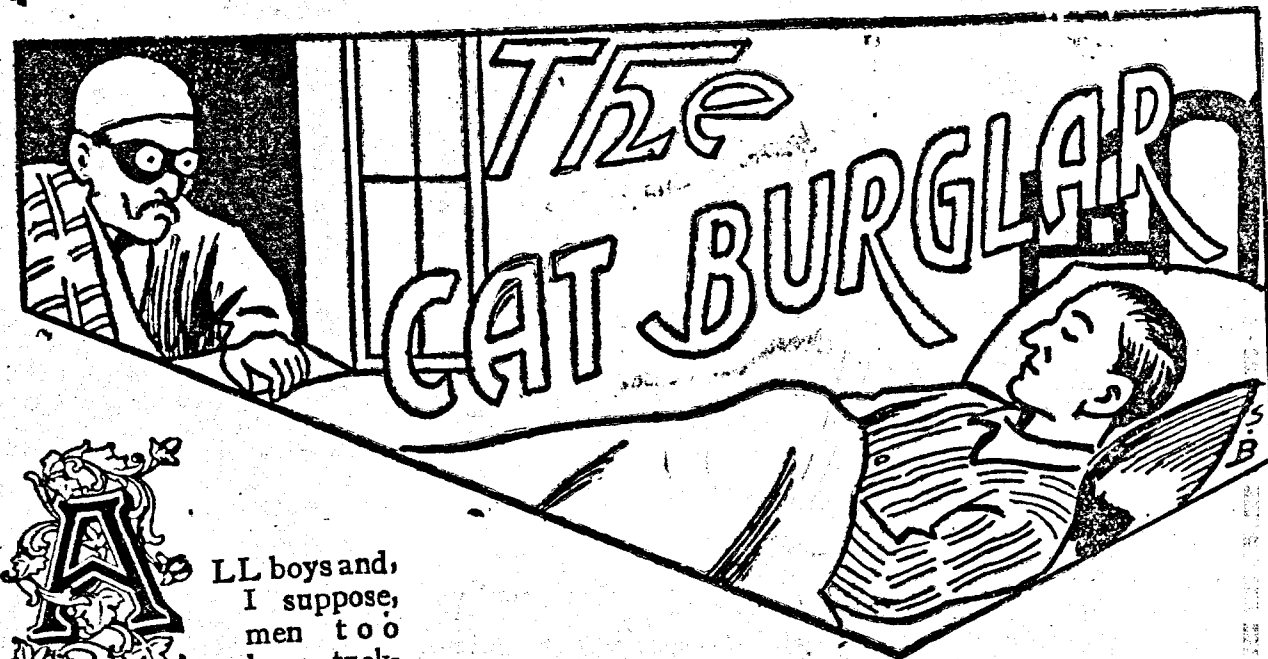
Approaching Cuthbert, he said, "I must offer my apologies sir, for what you may consider a liberty, but we were shooting a film and as the player cast opposite the young lady failed to put in an appearance, for the beach scene, we thought perhaps you might fill the part and fill it better unaware of our intentions. I need hardly say how justified this view has been. I thank you."

The girl, now alas an ideal with feet of clay, turned smilingly to Cuthbert, before she tripped across the sands to her bathing machine and remarked,

"You sure are a fast worker, Buddy."



decided was the counterpart of his dreams ...



ALL boys and I suppose, men too have tucked away somewhere in the memories of their youth a name, a character-ideal, whom they set up as an idol and at whose shrine they continue to hero-worship by faithful emulation.

Just such an influence is the memory of my uncle and although he passed away before I was quite twelve years old he has remained my hero-ideal, and that he was also my sole guardian is not my only reason for thinking so. I have heard men who knew him speak of him as admiringly as I naturally do. He was a great lover of out-door life and action, the type of man who could have made good as a pioneer or in an old-time cowboy outfit. Indeed, in my youthful imagination I ranked him higher than Tom Mix or any of the screen celebrities of the time—yet only once did I see him in action.

I had been bitten by a dog considered to be mad and by doctor's advice was allowed

in those days was one of the only two anti-rabi centres in India. On arrival in Kasauli, being strangers in the place, we sought the nearest hotel and took rooms. We were allotted a suite in the main building on the second floor, but as there was plenty of accommodation lying vacant on the ground floor my uncle mentioned his preference for a ground-floor suite. The manager almost begged my uncle to change his mind as a series of robberies had been occurring in the hotel for some months past, and most of them had been from ground floor residents.

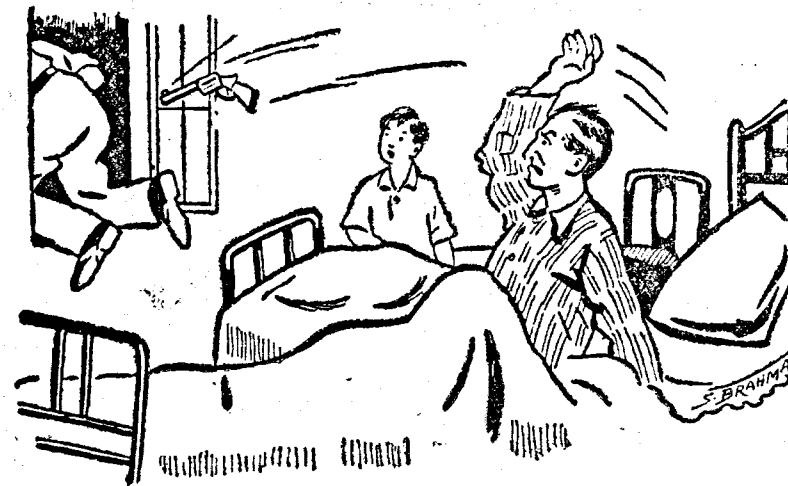
Afraid, I suppose, that he might frighten us away from the hotel he hastened to assure us that we had nothing whatever to fear; but he advised us to keep our doors and windows properly secured at nights. Some of the robberies he said had taken place under rather mysterious circumstances, but far from frightening my uncle, away this information

— By B. BYRNE DALY. —

curiosity. In fact, he would not leave the manager's office until he had drawn from him all the details relating to these unexplained burglaries. I, for my part, was scared so stiff that I was expecting some hooded bullet-proof figure to appear at any moment in the doorway, and could not keep my eyes from off it.

I gathered from the conversation that the burglar had so far completely eluded detection and only deepened the mystery with each successive burglary. He had always been seen wearing a long dark cloak-like garment with a hood which he pulled over his head and face. He had been shot at by two or three of his victims but had apparently got safely away without even a wound.

ONE night a commercial traveller, who slept with his door open, had been lying in bed unable to sleep when suddenly he had become aware of some one groping about in the room. He had jumped into the dark and was just about to



which were hung up on wall pegs. He heard a faint jingle of keys and instantly there dawned on him the horrible realisation that his wallet and gold watch were in the same coat as keys. Whipping out a small revolver from under his pillow he challenged the thief. The only response was a sound as of the keys and coat falling to the floor, and the next moment a dark figure stood like some great bat poised in the open doorway. He fired a shot but as he thought the shot had gone wide he gave chase and fired the remaining two bullets in the revolver—but without effect. The thief got clean away.

Then there was the case of the honeymoon couple who had been robbed of money and jewellery valued at about fifteen hundred rupees. The bridegroom who had been awakened by the rattle of a window bolt had sat up in bed to see a black hooded figure standing in front of the window. Under his arm he could make out a box which resembled in shape his wife's jewel casket. He immediately jumped out of bed and snatching up a revolver from his dressing table he emptied all six chambers at the figure hurriedly climbing through the window—all without any effect. This resident was positive that at least three of his bullets had found their mark. Equally baffling to him was the mystery of how the burglar had entered the room as he was quite sure that all the windows and doors had been fastened from the inside before he had gone to bed.

These and other such tales haunted my waking moments and gave me nightmares. My uncle, on the other

hand, after an uneventful week seemed disappointed that nothing had happened. We had no friends in station and spent most of our time in reading and walking. Every evening we would sit outside reading and when the light failed my uncle would pass the time telling me stories and things of interest. The only third party to these conversations was the old chowkidar who as he ambled by on his rounds each night would stop to enquire how my bite was progressing. My uncle, who was inclined to be garrulous when he had nothing to do, often broached the subject of the phantom burglar and, in fact, he seemed to derive pleasure in chaffing the old man about his inability to lay it by the heels.

The chowkidar's only defence was that he was getting too old, besides of what use was his "dunda" where bullets had failed to make any impression. However, he always finished with a note of optimism and a warning to keep doors secured at nights. One night as he left us he seemed a little less optimistic than usual and confided to my uncle that he was trying to devise some means of trapping the phantom, as he felt sure he would lose his job unless the mystery was unravelled soon.

That night, as had been my custom since our arrival, I made sure that my uncle's revolver was under his pillow before getting into bed. This always gave me a feeling of security because frankly I was inclined to doubt that anyone could be bullet-proof—even the phantom—when my uncle shot. I had a real nightmare that night. I dreamt that the phantom was the devil himself and that he couldn't be

caught because he was able to make himself invisible at will. I had found this out while sitting on our verandah watching people coming and going through the hotel main entrance.

The phantom had walked bravely into the manager's office and asked for rooms. I recognised him easily. He had to wear a top-hat always to hide the peculiar shape of his head, and over his arm he carried his black hooded garment. I wanted to point him out to my uncle who was reading. I was in the act of addressing him when the phantom looked up and saw me. He seemed to hold me with his gaze. Petrified with fear I tried in vain to draw my uncle's attention. My arms had become too heavy to raise and my voice seemed to die in my throat. He had read my thoughts and taken a dislike to me and now he was walking towards us. I could feel myself almost choking in my struggles to make myself heard.

At this moment I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. Simultaneously there came from my uncle's bed two deafening revolver reports followed by a sound of door bolts being drawn, then a loud knock a slamming of the door and a sound as of some heavy weight falling to the floor. At the first report I lay flat in the bed again and pulled the covering well over my head. In this position I lay for three or four seconds perfectly still and wondering what it all meant. My uncle's voice broke the stillness. He was speaking to me but had to repeat himself as it all sounded muffled and as though coming from some great distance. Uncovering my head I understood the reason for this.

He wanted the lamp lit and as I went about the task I could feel myself breaking out in a cold perspiration. By this time footsteps were heard hurrying towards our room, and as a knock was heard on the door my uncle dragged some heavy object away from it. Still trembling with shock and excitement and scarcely able to hold the lamp I approached the party of men grouped round a black hooded figure lying face down on the floor.

To a resident's question as to whether the burglar had been shot my uncle replied that on finding that his first two shots had not taken effect he had jumped out of bed and hurled the

Please see page 7.

Bhai Funzin's

Diary for March '35

(as gathered from Reliable and Responsible Sources)



1st Fri. Sir Sam. Hoare, assisted by Mr. Lansbury have opened the skull of Mr. W. Churchill to remove serious misunderstandings about India. No improvement in the patient is reported.

2nd Sat. Pandit Madanmohan Malaviya after the advice of the Jagadguru of Kamakoti Peetham, has begun to unlearn English and to repent for his sin of building up the Benares University.

3rd Sun. Sir Mahmud Uman the ex-acting Governor of Madras, offers prayers for the glory of the Justice Party.

4th Mon. A zealous Worker for the "Justice" Party calls upon all Rajas, Zemindars and Leaders of the Party to send him handsome donations to celebrate the 18th Anniversary of "Justice," the champion of the Non-Brahmins of S. India.

5th Tues. Some of the inmates of the Debtors' Jail send a memorial to the Government against the Bill to do away with the Civil Jail as Debtors could ill afford to lose the doles given in the Jail in these hard days.

6th Wed. H. E. Lord Erskine, Governor of Madras, congratulates Lady Margaret Erskine, his wife, for her being free from any public

function that evening, for the first time after assuming charge.

7th Thurs. Mahatma Gandhi writes to Mr. Satyamurti expressing his astonishment that he should have been able to make so much political capital and legislative noise over his Village Improvement Scheme.

8th Fri. H. E. Lord Erskine issues a friendly circular to his Scotch countrymen that his attending Hindu Floating Festivals etc. has nothing to do with his Religion, or ways of life or attitude to other Religions.

9th Sat. The India Bill is expected by Sir Samuel Hoare to pass safely through Parliament as Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu, the intrepid Editor of "Tamil Nadu" and triple Jail-hero, has written a leader supporting the India Bill in its broader aspects in his Tamil paper.

10th Sun. Rumours are persistent that Sir Samuel Hoare has cabled his sincerest and most hearty thanks to Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu for the timely assistance given by him.

11th Mon. A memorial is sent to Hon. T. A. Pannirselvan, Home Member of Madras Government, requesting him to wind up the Criminal Jails for the very reason that Civil Jails are to be closed down.

12th Tues. Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulaxmi Reddy leads a deputation to the Chief Minister of Madras urging upon him to grant substantial sums for Ladies' Recreation Clubs in every town citing the example of Mr. Jawad Hussain, the Commissioner of Madras Corporation, who has given splendid and substantial facilities for the Ladies

Recreation Club of Theagaroyanagar of Madras.

13th Wed. Sri Alurmelumanga Thayarammal, M. L. C. Madras, is opposing Dr. Reddy's appeal and delivers a short oration of five hours calling upon Mr. Jawad Hussain how he could waste public money over rich ladies, and how he could, even if his liberality was right, grant those amenities when she did not ask for them on behalf of South Indian Women, whose sole championship rights she and she alone had.

14th Thur. Sir T. Inskipp, who had some hard words with Mr. Churchill writes to the latter excusing him for his bad temper as he has learnt the real secret of the impropriety and needless harshness of Mr. Churchill's language.

15th Fri. One of the grandest garden parties is given in honour of a gentleman who has been made an Honorary Presidency Magistrate by his admirers.

16th Sat. The "Hindu" publishes a statement showing the number of words spoken by each M. L. A. which shows that Mr. Satyamurti exceeds practically every other M. L. A.

17th Sun. Inmates of Madras Free Feeding Homes hold a mass meeting supporting the free and frequent import of foreign rice into India.

18th Mon. Mirasdars of Tanjore, Trichy etc., rush to H. E. Lord Erskine and beg not to be influenced by socialist shibboleths and Bolshevik vapourings, H. E. has promised his most careful consideration.

19th Tues. Lord Erskine meets his cabinet and asks: "To import or not to import rice?" When

MARCH 6, 1935

member swoons and is carried home—the problem being suspended for the time being as it began so tragically.

20th Wed. Lord Erskine broadcasts a message of thanks to the many munificent donors for the King-Emperor Silver Jubilee Fund and exhorts the people under his charge to give as much they could for the noble causes.

21st Thurs. Rao Bahadur Money-malai Chettyar send Rs 1,00,000 to H. E. Lord Erskine to be used

(Continued from page 5.)

revolver with all his might at the head of the figure. The revolver had found its mark and this was the knock I had heard, also the slamming of the half-opened door as his body had fallen against it and sunk to the floor.

In explanation of why bullets had not effected him my uncle extracted the four unfired ones from his revolver. The lead of each bullet had been carefully removed and the brass case rammed with paper. I butted in here and asked my uncle how anyone could get into the rooms as I knew he had secured the doors to please me. He replied that he had been unable to sleep after he had put the lamp out and that he had made up his mind to light it again for reading purposes when his attention had been attracted by a rustling sound which came from the top of a large spacious wardrobe standing in a corner of the room. His suspicions proved correct. In a short time a hooded figure climbed down off it and commenced to search the pockets of his clothes. His keys, apparently, were the objects of this search, for with these the burglar proceeded to open our trunks. My uncle intended to slip out of bed and surprise him but my nightmare had quite upset his plans.

The figure on the floor had by this time regained consciousness and turned over in the act of rising. "I peered into the face, it was the ghawkidar!

for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee and another lakh to be used for the Diamond Jubilee of Their Majesties.

22nd Fri. Urgent Cabinet meetings here and at Downing street are at their wit's end as to how to make use of the generous donation at present.

The London Thunderer and the local Dailies suggest ways and means to H. E. Lord Erskine as to how to make use of the gift.

23rd Sat. Why not penalise the public utterance of "Dominion Status?" asks a stern minded ex-civilian in a London Daily.

Major Graham Pole, Vice-Chairman and Hon. Secretary, British Committee on India and Burman affairs, replies in the Manchester Guardian and asks, what has become of our quarter-century campaign against the utterance of "Vande Materam" by school children?

24th Sun. Can a lovely phrase govern the world?" asks Sir Austen Chamberlain again in the House of Commons.

25th Mon. Mr. Satyamurti swears that Sir Austen Chamberlain aimed that blow at himself because he knew that many British Parliamentarians including many Indian politicians were jealous of his powerful mastery over the English language.

26th Tues.—Sir Samuel Hoare gives an unequivocal ultimatum to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that unless the Cabinet permits him to let loose a large gang of preachers of Birth-Control and Contraception benefits among the Indian classes and masses to prevent the heart-rending and appalling increase in the population, he will be forced to tender his resignation, no matter whether a Churchill or a Lord Lloyd attributes his resignation to getting frightened at their threat to wreck the India Bill.

27th Wed. A Maharajah confidentially wires to Sir Samuel Hoare not to treat the Anti Federation Resolution of the Indian Princes seriously, but to go ahead with the India Bill, as the Indian Princes have to release the present party—if a party the National Government can be called—the present party in power as well as the opposition and others who might get into power at any time.

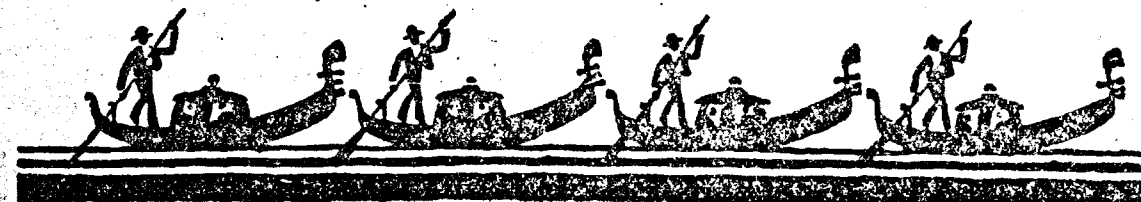
28th Thur. Hon. the Raja Bobbili/Chief Minister of Madras, says, that to stay in power and continue to be a minister is the last and least motive that weighs with him in his discharge of ministerial duties: he will cheerfully resign whenever that is for public good.

29th Fri. Hon. Dewan Bahadur Kumaraswami Reddy, Minister for Education, Madras, is consulting the best astrologer he could get hold of about:

1. If the Chief Minister is likely to resign?
2. If he resigns, who will be his successor?
3. Will he get into the new ministry as he got in into the present ministry the moment the Muniswami Naidu — Ministry fell through?
4. What gods and goddesses and with what offerings will he have to plead for the success?

30th Sat. Sgr. Mussolini and Emperor of Abyssinia request Mahatma Gandhi to arbitrate over their differences.

31st Sun. The League of Nations objects to Mahatma's intercession as that would reduce the League to the position of an ornamental dumm; Mahatma is silently fasting.





"Some films act like a tonic to me" writes a contributor.

Yes. They do leave sometimes a nasty taste in the mouth.

"I give my wife every pice I earn," says a Reader.

We guess he keeps the notes and silver.

"After I had finished my first song, the audience continued to clap for five or six minute's brags another.

Perhaps the audience were only trying to drown the second song.

"When we were engaged to be married I entertained my husband by playing the piano" Writes an Anglo-Indian lady.

Now, we guess she just runs through a few notes for him.

"A writer must have imagination."

Yes. In the first place he must imagine that someone is going to read what he writes.

"Man is the only animal who blushes."

He is also the only animal who has any reason to.

"Our motor driver ran into a coffee-hotel the other day," writes a contributor.

Well, he would have got it hot and strong!

"Many Women don't realise their capabilities."

Yes. They don't know what they can do until they cry.

"Some people make you feel at home."

And others make you wish you were!

"There is a lot to be learnt from the moon."

Yes. It is illuminating of course.

"My girl is the breath of my life," confesses a reader.

May be, but don't hold her too long.

"Singing out of tune," opines a critic "is a crime."

It certainly is unlawful to utter false notes!

"Collecting ancient coins is a nice restful pastime."

Collecting modern coins isn't.

"He was discharged for smoking a cigarette during working hours."

Another proof of the statement that there is no smoke without fire!

"The world is buying British coal says a News paper. Yes, and the Aussies have taken away even their ashes!

"People would laugh if I grew a sweeping moustache," confesses a man.

Even girls would be particularly tickled.

"I have tried everything under the sun to make her love me but have failed" wails another.

We advise him to try something under the moon.

"Never try to decieve your doctor."

Give him the inside information!

"Everyone should dress to suit his purse" says an eminent man.

Sorry. We don't belive in nudism

"I am now attached to the police force" brags a reader.

We would like to know whether he means he is handcuffed.

"Nature can produce no justification for the existence of snakes," says a Zoologist.

Sure, they haven't a leg to stand on!

A Necklace made of glass balls filled with gin is a new fashion fad in America.

Perhaps they think that gin is the necks best thing.

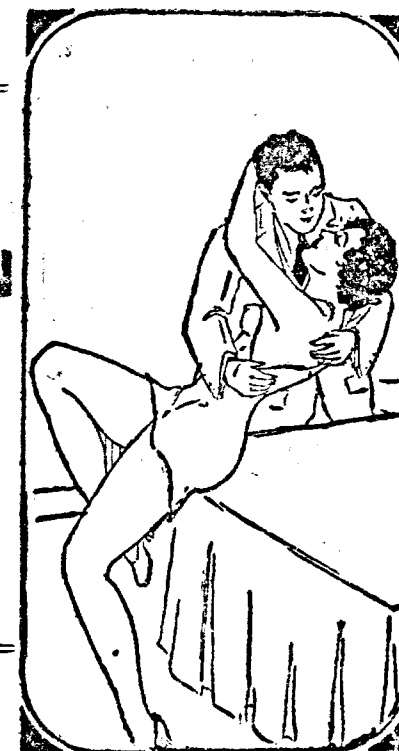
A Los Angeles baby only two years old can ask for something in mine different languages.

It must be a girl of course.



THE COMMUNION OF SOULS

BY MEA.



"When flames of passion fires the blood, goodbye To brains, birth, breeding, and philosophy."

Bhartrihari.

BLOCH goes so far as to state that a woman who permits a man to kiss her, will ultimately grant him complete possession. There is no doubt that after a woman has given her lips to a man she becomes either a great deal or nothing to him. An old English proverb runs: "After kissing comes greater kindness." And de Maupassant says: "The kiss is only a preface, however, but a charming preface." Burton speaks of immodest kisses... the forerunner of brutish lust, if not lust itself! And Bhartrihari writes of—"lips we pressed,

And ultimate enjoyment breast to breast." Lucretia

brags in Aretine: "The sole philter that I ever used was kissing and embracing, by which alone I made men rave like beasts stupefied, and compelled them to worship me like an idol."

The kiss is not only an expression of feeling; it is also means of provoking it.

Parny, the French poet, wrote of the emotion created by a kiss:—

"Ah. Justine! what have you done?"

All this ecstasy of bliss,

All this throbbing passion won

From one single kiss."

Bauer states: "Chastity and kisses are two complete incompatible ideas. I lay especial stress upon this fact, because it gives us fresh proof that there is no such thing as platonic love. To love platonically, and to indulge in kissing as a sign of this love, is a form of self-deception—much as if a man were to say he was starving himself to death, and was carrying out his intention by living as a vegetarian." 1. *

* 1. Bernhard A. Bauer, M. D. "Women and Love"

† 2. Ibid.

"The erotic, the sexual factor is not to be found so much in the form of the kiss as in its manner and duration. That element is present when, in a brief space of time, there is an exchange, not of one kiss merely, but of several kisses whose passionateness and duration continually increases." 2. †

It is only reasonable to suppose that women, who are fond of kissing for kissing's sake, derive from this temporary touch of lips the suggestion of the sensual and sexual world it fringes, which they may not enter, but which they gladly border. There are many women who regard the sexual act with any man, except their own husband, as a sin. They will condemn the prostitute and the seduced girl, and yet these women will kiss other men for the sexual excitement such kisses produce. Such women imagine themselves virtuous because they have refrained from the more intimate relationship. But as Shakespeare says, they "still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin." These women pride themselves on their "straightness", and in every other way but one, they are not straight. For they inflame men with their coquetry, and get all they can out of them, giving nothing in return, and "dropping" the man when he is beginning to suffer and become a

"nuisance". Again there are other women who only refrain from the sexual act because they fear the possible consequences. It's not scruple that keeps women straight: it's fear of being found out. These women

have their sexual appetites temporarily satisfied by the sensations they experience in kissing. Some men know these hidden motives, and do not respect the "good" woman or the "straight" girl simply because of her



Respond with entire abandon

FUNNY MAGAZIN

negative virtue. They know that both have committed sin a thousand times in their hearts. A woman who regards herself as a virgin after a gladly exchanged kiss is just as much a hypocrite, as one who confuses innocence with a deliberate retraining from libertinage."

Robie says: "A woman may respond with entire abandon to illicit kisses who has not until that instant dreamed of leaving in thought or act the path of virtue. Some women go farther than this, but most women, when thus astonished by themselves, stop at the kissing stage and for ever after feel themselves guilty and disgraced before men, women and high heaven."

Thomas Moore speaks of the "dangerous kiss"—

"We sunk beneath the flow of soul"

And on the dang'rous kiss delayed"

Blook says, that by the majority of finely sensitive women, the kiss is valued as highly as the other favour.

The act of kissing involves more, than the mere contact of two mucous surfaces, because the lips represent the earliest erogenous zone and are more sensitive. The kiss is reinforced by the muscular character of the lips just as its significance is due to their erogenous quality.

Dr. Robie says, "Young women can never be too careful about giving the generally recognised tokens of affection before their own affections are fully placed and known to be reciprocated." In fact he says a young woman should not allow a man to steal a kiss from her lips unless he has asked her to marry him and she has given her full consent. In short—

"Maids must kiss no man"

Till they do for good and all."

Nicholas Breton, Phillida & Corydon.

Bauer says the kiss must be numbered among those tactile sensations resulting from the contacts between two persons of opposite sexes which express the purely sexual elements of love.

MARCH 5, 1935

In kissing breathing is frequently interrupted, and, as Havelock Ellis truly says: "any restraint upon respiration, or, indeed, any restraint upon muscular and emotional activity generally, tends to heighten the state of sexual excitement associated with such activity."

Temporary loss of breath with some people produces excitement and people suffering from lung disease are often erotically excited.

The erotic significance of the kiss was early pointed out by Indian, Oriental and Roman poets.

The Japanese do not permit kissing between individuals except between husband and wife, it being considered so distinctly sexual, that even parents do not kiss their children, nor are brothers and sisters permitted to kiss each other. In China fathers leave off kissing their daughters while they are still young children.

Dr. Colman relates that: "In China when an old gentleman of my acquaintance was visiting me, my little daughter, 5 years old, ran into the room, and, climbing upon my knee, kissed me. My visitor expressed his surprise, and remarked, 'We never kiss our daughters when they are so large; we may when they are very small, but not after they are three years old,' said he, 'because it is apt to excite in them bad emotions.'"

In Poland all people under 17 years of age are forbidden to attend Cinemas where emotional love scenes with kissing are shown. The education authorities think that pictures of this kind demoralise youth. In Japan all kissing scenes are cut out of the films. And the same is now done in Italy.

The Catholic Church has always recognised the risks of voluptuous emotion involved in tactile contacts, and the facility with which even the most innocent contacts may take on a libidinous character.

Among the Hebrews the Rabbis advised that all kisses between persons of different sex should be avoided. All brothers of the famous military order of Templars were enjoined to shun the kiss of women, even mother and sisters.

In England the kiss as an ordinary greeting between man and women of every class—a custom inherited from classic and early Christian antiquity—still persisted to the beginning of the eighteenth century, but in the middle of that century was beginning to be regarded as dangerous.

Both in social custom and in literature the erotic symbolism of the lover's kiss has assumed remarkable importance among the French, who regard a kiss on the mouth, except in cases of love, as a real social sin.

The kiss of mouth to mouth involves the contact and pressure of two highly erogenous zones, of two of those transition areas between outer skin and mucous membrane. It is not without reason that it plays such an important part in love.

Bousfield says that all forms of kissing are sexual impulses. Not only is touch of sexual significance in the function of the mouth, but so also is sight. The desire to look at a woman's lips, the novelist's description of them as "tempting tips", "Delicate lips," etc., are all merely description of their sexual attraction. 1. *

On occasions kissing will cause quite young children to become unconscious sexually excited. Dr. E. Jones strongly deprecates the too exclusive teaching of children by unmarried teachers, and Ludovici says: "It may look very sweet to behold the spinster of from thirty-five to forty manifesting her affection for a child and kissing it. But when it is remembered that the spinster in question is not merely giving herself well-defined pleasure by the immediate touch of the soft downy skin of the child, but may also be rousing in the child itself certain pleasurable feelings, or certain notions, that do not fail to become registered on its memory, and may induce either sexual precocity or a distorted view of life, the behaviour of the spinster appears in a less innocuous light."

Men and women deliberately kiss with the sole object of stimulating sexual excitement, either in themselves or in the person kissed. Havelock Ellis goes so far as to say that the whole object of courtship, of the

* 1. Paul Bousfield "The elements of Practical Psycho-Analysis."

mutual approximation and caresses of two persons of the opposite sex, is to create a state of sexual tumescence.

"To kiss and be kissed" says Burton, "which, among other lascivious provocations, is as a burden in a song, and a most formidable battery, as infections, Xenophon thinks, as the poison of a spider; a great allure-ment a fire itself, the prologue of burning lust (as Apuleius adds), lust itself, a strong assault: that conquers captains, and all those commanding forces. And 'tis a continual assault, always fresh, and ready to begin as at first, and bath a fiery touch with it. Especially when they shall be lasciviously given."

Ovid, in his celebrated poem, *Ars Amandi*, speaks at great length of the kiss, emphasises its value, and, in the choice language characteristic of this author, brings forward proofs enough to show that it is purely a sexual caress. "He, however, who has snatched kisses and does not take the rest, deserves to forfeit all that has already been granted to him."

Guy de Maupassant says that nature teaches us to caress, but hides the ruse which is to force us in spite of ourselves to perpetuate the generations.

"Melting" kisses is a happy description of these kisses which have so great an effect upon the temperament that they do indeed cause people to melt from an assumed, or natural, coldness until they become warm with the fires of passion. They break down a woman's reserve, resistance and indifference, melt her coldness, fan to flame her embryo sparks of passion and make her feel that nothing "matters" and that everything is "worth while".

*"—the tender kiss,
The melting pledge of future
bliss".*

Herbert. Helga.

This, Henry Fielding well understood when about 1740, he wrote "Joseph Andrews" in describing an interview between Lady Booby and her footman the lady is made to say: "Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. * * * Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?" As Mickle remarks: (Camdens, *Lusiad*, Book IX) "Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire."

In the Epithalamium of Johannes Secundus we find the following:—

*"Shower upon her many a kiss,
Preluding the war of bliss."*

Bauer says the moment comes in which the first kiss awakens the first discharge of a purely physical sexual sensation, the first crisis of voluptuous pleasure. "Through this kiss" he says, "the young girl first becomes fully and consciously aware of her sexuality, and this awakening arouses a more violent revolution in her inner life, incalculable in its consequences. More and more vigorously now, does the sexual impulse demand fulfilment."

Havelock Ellis tells us that we have in the lips a highly sensitive frontier region between skin and mu-

cus membrane, and reinforceable, moreover, by the active movements of the still more highly sensitive tongue. In this case, besides the contact of quivering lips, the tongues are brought into contact to evoke still greater excitement, and, as Bauer truly says, "The woman who offers or permits such a kiss frankly avows her sexual desires."

Kissing sometimes promotes feelings on others than the actual participants, merely seeing others in the act of kissing excites in some the feelings of envy or desire while in others it excites sexual passions. Burton says: "And to say truth, with a lascivious object who is not moved, to see others dally, kiss, dance?" That this is generally recognised is borne out by the

fact that kissing in public is prohibited by law in many countries.

Promiscuous kissing is a form of playing with fire, and frequently results in the players getting burnt. While under the influence of kisses a woman will submit to other caresses which cause still greater excitement and a consequent loss of self control ending in a complete surrender.

When fervid kisses are pressed upon willing lips, emotions are stirred throughout the whole body, the brain is set on fire: reason flies to the winds, the woman longs for more and still more, until her whole self is surrendered to the complete enjoyment of the closest physical contact.

NOTES and QUERIES

By A. C. PETERS.



to send me a photo of your beautiful wife, never do such a thing again. Besides this I should like to know what is the maximum penalty for bigamy in Mexico, what is the climate, house-rent, people and the living expenses like and also what are the Landing Regulations of the Mexican Government. In all your letters always give complete information. Now about this bald millionaire, I don't exactly know what to say, unless you yourself try one of those hair depilatories on your head. As for becoming a millionaire, I don't see how you can at all manage that, firstly because you are married to a beautiful girl, secondly I myself don't know how to become a millionaire. I have tried all these days, but have not yet succeeded.

*Question:—*I am young and have a good job as a Foreman. I am in love with a girl, who has a twin sister. Everytime I go to see her, both the sisters come out to meet me. It is very embarrassing, what am I to do?

*Answer:—*I do not know how I should at all solve your problem, but if I were in your place I would not worry at all about telling one from the other. You can, I think, get a double, or hire an understudy to entice the other girl away. I enclose a snap of self, and I hope you will be good enough to make it over to one of them.

*Question:—*We have only been married one year, and my husband hardly stays at home for more than three nights. I long so much for his

I have, since the day, the stork left me on the back porch, received so many enquiries from readers, from all over the world, that I am now going to reply to all of them together, in one stroke. This will not only save the postage, but will give you also an idea of the difficulties one has by being born into this world.

A married woman from Texas writes.

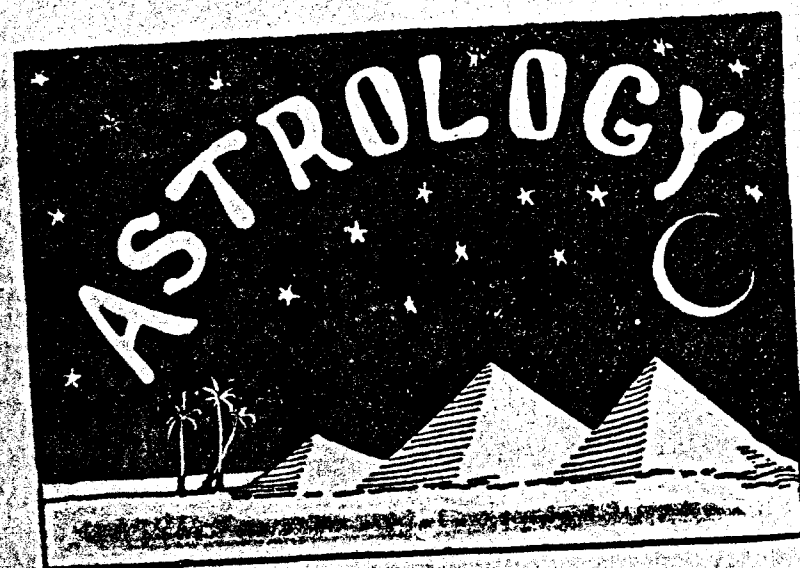
"I am a widow, forty-five, but good-looking. A very nice man has proposed to me. Should I accept him?"

To which I have replied as follows:

"Dear Girl, I am sorry you are a widow, but I cannot do anything in the matter, since I am married myself, and what's more, my wife is still living. You don't state if you have any money. In any case, get hold of the man and marry him in quick time, before he gets cured of his eye defect, or recovers consciousness."

Another man, an Engineer by trade writes: I am a young man and am married to a ravishingly beautiful girl in Mexico, but now I find that a bald millionaire is paying her attention, and she is very much interested in him. I am broken-hearted."

Reply: I regret to note you have very foolishly omitted



An invaluable reference and guide to all things pertaining to stars, planetary influences on Mortals, Birth stars, planetary tables, etc., etc. 225 pages.

Apply to:—

ANANDA BODHINI OFFICE.

Post Box No. 167,

Madras.

Jataka Kanitha
Sagaram

(IN TAMIL)

An exhaustive and
complete treatise on

Astrology and
Astronomy

BY

K. KRISHNA IYER

Price Rs. 1-8-0 Nett.

company, but don't know how I am to persuade him not to leave home.

Answer:—Your problem is one of those kinds that always keeps cropping up just where you least expect it. The only thing I can advise you to do, in order to keep your husband at home is to see a Beauty Specialist, and get your face lifted. If that does not improve matters get your younger unmarried sister to come and live with you. If this fails get that beautiful Bar-maid from yonder, and engage her, and if this fails too get a new husband.

Question:—I have been engaged to a boy for a year, but his prospects are very poor. Now another man comes, twenty years my senior, who is paying me attentions. The latter has a more stable position in life, whom should I select?

Answer:—I am glad you have got two beaux to your strings, and note with satisfaction that the elderly man is paying you attention, but I would like to warn you my dear, to make sure if this elderly fellow has something else to pay you besides attention. Even if he has that thing, the question now arises whether he is willing to part with it, as you will need this thing badly, for your new hats, gowns, shoes, etc. Now if he has money, and will not grudge you any, I would advise you to string along with him, and drop the younger chap off—serves him right for loving you. After all money is all that counts my dear, especially for a woman. Who cares for love-ah?

Question:—I am happily married, and have a good job as an accountant. My wife simply adores me. Recently I met a man who has with him a bundle of love-letters which I wrote to early-days sweethearts. He threatens to make them over to my wife, which will wreck our happiness. He is prepared to sell the letters to me for two thousands rupees, which I can't afford. Should I inform the Police, and risk exposure, or confess to wife on my banded knees?

Answer:—No, my friend, I would n't advise you to confess to your wife, on your banded knees, unless you have a second clean pair of trousers, neither would I advise you to inform the Police. I think if you agree to my proposal, we can arrange matters satisfactorily. Let me buy these letters off him, by paying that fellow two thousand rupees, and then you can then

buy these off me, by paying an instalment of a hundred rupees, for twenty-four months. Isn't this a good plan? Write and let me know what you think of it?

Question:—I am an underpaid Clerk, and am living next-door to a well-to-do Bank Manager. This Bank-Manager can afford the best of everything for his wife, but my wife fails to see this point and take cognisance of my small pay, and insists, under threat of desertion, that I should get her everything that this manager's wife wears. I am distracted and grief-stricken.

Answer:—What a pity you are not in America, else twenty-cents could get you a divorce, and for thirty cents you could get this bank manager murdered. But since this is not possible, the only thing you can do is to shift. I do not know of any North Pole Expedition leaving this year, else I could get you a place in it. Your lot is really an unhappy one, and I cannot do anything for you, unless you try an overdose of Opium. Why don't you take a trip to Alaska, or Greenland, it will at least cool you down a bit.

Question:—Yesterday, while in town, I met a girl I had an affair with, before I got married. We went to the Pictures, and afterwards had a cosy supper at Falelie's restaurant. We have arranged to meet again, but I suspect an office pal of mine has seen me with this girl, and may inform my wife. Do you think I should approach this fellow, and tap him about yesterday's incident?

Answer:—Your letter is most encouraging, as a matter of fact I have been looking forward to such a letter for some time. Unfortunately, you don't state what your present pay is, and if you have a good balance in the bank. I have recently lost money heavily on the turf, and my creditors are also insisting. Now you don't need to do such a foolish thing as to approach an office pal and ask him if he has seen you somewhere, especially when he himself may not have been there. You will be glad to know that this letter of yours will be in safe custody with me, and you can send me a nice cheque for Rs. 350, and take your letter back, as I have already mentioned above, something about heavy losses and the creditors. Is your wife much bigger than you in size? In all your letters always give full in-

formation. By the way you can send Rs. 350 in notes of Rs. 10 each.

Question:—My sister is in love with a nice young man, who is always very kind to me, and gives me all the pictures out of the chocolate, and coupons from the cigarette-packets, which he buys. Yesterday he met me in the school compound, and gave me a red-hot love letter to be delivered to my sister, which I did. I have since then received only two kites, one candybar, three coupons, one anna piece, and a balloon for this service. Don't you think I can insist on a better payment for such service? I do not wish to pick a quarrel with the young man, as I am only ten years old, and have been promised a new train for my next birthday.

Answer:—Yes, my boy, you should not pick up a quarrel with your sister's young man. There is no fixed Schedule of payment laid down by the Board of Trade, or other Labour Unions, for such work. Generally the payment for such kind of work ranges anything from jujubes to threepence, in England, from a thank you to a pat on the back in Scotland, while in Ireland you may be asked to take your choice of a cream-scone, or an ice-cream tube. Now in Mid-Africa, among the Zulus, for such service, as you mention, you could be given anything from a ten-foot alligator, to a baby Bbho or elephant, and that reminds me that in America you stand a good chance of getting anything from a left knock-out to a sock in the eye, from the girl's rival-lover, for carrying her a love-letter from the other party. So there you are. By the way, you don't say if you have another sister who is not engaged, if you have could you not send me her snap, in strict confidence. Do you like lemon-drops, should I send you some? Thank you.

Question:—"I am married to the sweetest girl in the world with the loveliest lips and eyes", writes a man to me, from Bombay, "We are very much in love still, and were looking forward to a golden time ahead, when I hear that her mother is coming to live with us."

To which I am replying as follows: Dear friend, what huge luck to learn here you are with a beautiful wife, just in my own town. You seem to be a very sensible young man for having consulted me. May I sometime drop in to tea, when we can discuss the

whole thing in person? Such cases, as yours, especially when a girl with the loveliest lips and eyes in the world, is concerned, should be attended to personally.

After having let you into the secret of these so many letters, I should like to put one more specimen before you, to enable you to judge for yourself the extent of the human misery, and to give you an idea of the vast experience I have in answering such letters. This last letter is from Mr. T.—, an author of repute, who writes from Dera Ghazi Khan, to say:

Dear Friend: Since you have helped so many people out of difficulty, I have also picked up courage to write and tell you my troubles. I am an

author, and send articles to a certain Editor, but he returns most of them, and whenever he accepts one he pays one-third of what I expect. All supplications and representations have been in vain. What am I to do?

I am replying him as under:

Dear Colleague: I myself have been in the same difficulty, and have studied the question from all angles. You cannot do better than send for and study my famous books, "How to handle an Editor, single-handed", Vol. I., and "How to Overawe an Editor, though Cock-eyed", vol. II. The first volume contains special instructions and exercises in High Jump, Long Jump, Pole Jump, window-ledge scaling, wall-scaling, under-table hiding, and special chapters on How to hide,

How to become invisible, How to dodge, How to avoid Missiles, and How to come downstairs in one run. The second volume contains exercises and instructions of a purely offensive nature, for instance, How to Master Jiu-Jitsu, Catch-as-Catch can, wrestling, Weight-lifting, Boxing, Fencing, and Sword-fighting, with a special chapter on Free-Lancing. If you send for this book, and study the contents, all your difficulties with Editors will be over. These exercises are simple, and can be taken in the privacy of your own room. Each Vol. Rs. 2 or post free Rs. 2-8 only.

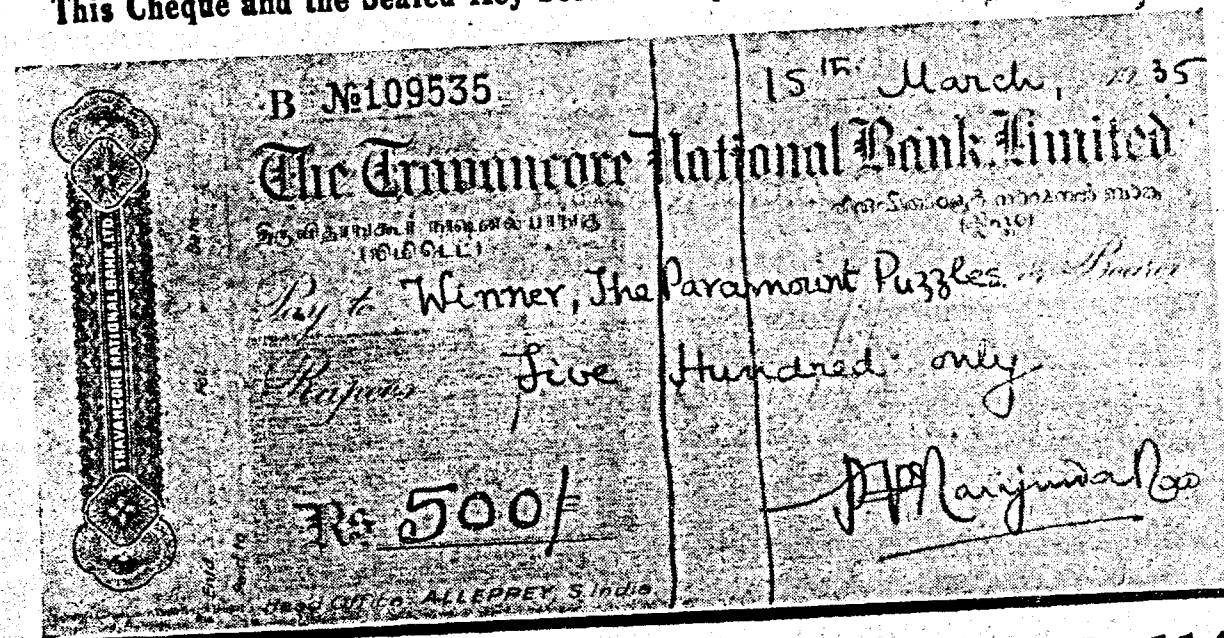


"Daddy, are you growing taller?"

"No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause the top of your head is poking up through your hair."

Don't be led away by imaginary figures.
 This Cheque and the Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "Funny Magzin."



The Paramount Missing Letters Competition No. 114.

Substitute one letter for each dash below to get the given meanings.

No	WORDS	EXACT MEANINGS
1	PARA — OUNT	The chief
2	STA — —	A pole
3	CENT — —	The middle
4	CAR — —	Anxiety
5	UNSO — — D	Not sound
6	SCHEM — —	Plan

- RULES.**
1. EXACT clues from Chambers XXth Century Dictionary.
 2. Rs. 400 will be awarded to the senders of Correct Solutions.
 3. Rs. 100 will be awarded to those who post Correct Solutions on or before 9th March, 1935.
 4. An entrance Fee of RUPEE ONE for the first entry and ANNAS EIGHT for each subsequent entry is payable by M.O. only and P.O. receipts must be attached to entries.

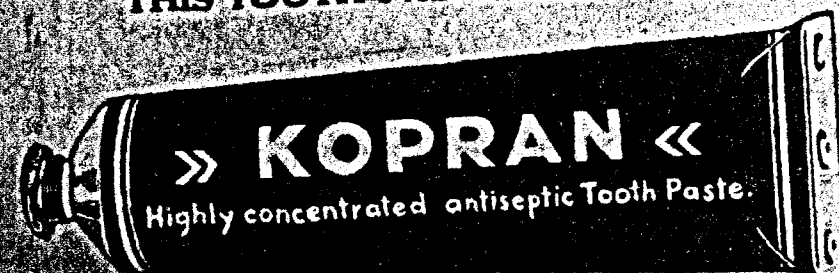
5. Results will be sent within a week to those enclosing 4 quarter anna stamps. 6. Manager's decision is final and legally binding.

LAST POSTING DATE:—14th March, 1935.

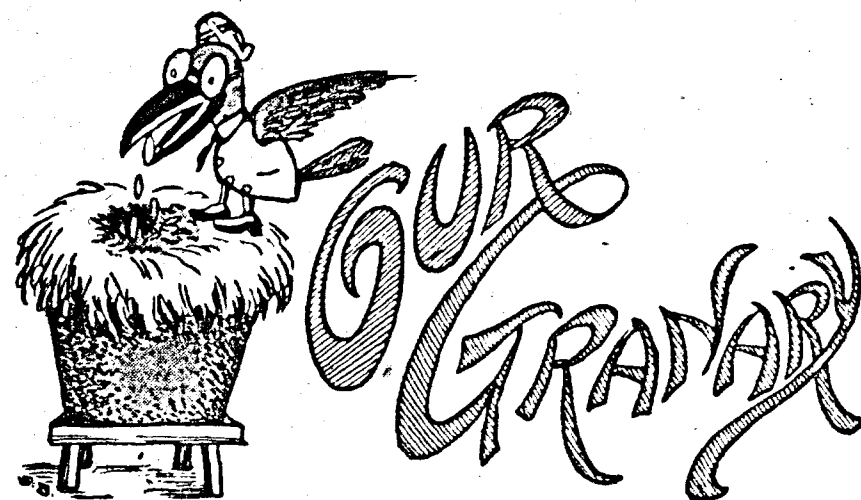
Address all your entries and fees to—

**The Competition Manager, THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,
 P.O., Washermanpet, MADRAS.**

THIS TOOTH PASTE FREE TO EVERY COMPETITOR!



Aside you will find the exact size of the tooth paste, which we are presenting to every one of the competitors who take part in the above competition. A rare opportunity which you should not miss. Seize it!



THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

THIS absorbing article tells you how Bruno Hauptmann was brought into the shadow of the electric chair.



Bruno Hauptmann.

FOR nearly two years a map has hung on the wall of a quiet room in the New York Department of Justice. Every now and then a pin with a coloured head was stuck into this map and gradually as the months passed a pattern was built up.

When the pattern was complete Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a German carpenter living in the Bronx district of New York, was arrested, charged with the kidnapping and murder of the first-born child of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh.

An offer was made to restore the child alive and unhurt if a ransom of 50,000 dollars (\$10,000) was paid. Colonel Lindbergh seized the offer and the money was paid to an unknown man. But—and this is the vital point—40,000 dollars of the money was paid in Federal Reserve Notes.

At the beginning of 1933 President Roosevelt issued an order that all these notes should be surrendered to the Bank in return for other money.

When the Lindbergh ransom had been paid the number of the Federal notes had been carefully noted and it became comparatively easy to trace one when it was offered in payment.

A keen-eyed cashier would immediately compare its number with those on a list in his possession giving the numbers of the Lindbergh ransom, if it was the same he would at once 'phone the police; and so another pin went into the map of New York at the spot where the note had been tendered.

Gradually the whole of New York was covered with these pins except for one small area—the Bronx area. And there, the police guessed, lived the murderer, afraid to change his notes too near home.

But one day a man offered one of these notes to a garage proprietor who, in case the note was a bad one, jotted down on the back of it the number of the man's car. That car was driven by Hauptmann.

Long before any arrest was made, however, the police had continually in front of them a drawing of the wanted man. This was achieved by a miracle of detective work, unparalleled in American history. There were two people who had noticed a loiterer near the Lindbergh home on the night of the murder. They were questioned closely.

One of them, a girl, had noticed a man who offered her a Federal bill at the cinema box-office where she worked. She said he spoke and looked like a German.

A ladder with a broken rung was found lying on the ground beneath the window from which the baby had been carried. An identical ladder was built, and for weeks detectives of different weights spent day after day climbing up and down the ladder, carrying a bundle of the same shape and weight as the baby. A rung broke when men weighting 11½ stones climbed down carrying the bundle—and so it was established that the kidnapper was a man of just about this weight.

All these facts were placed before a brilliant American artist, who produced a drawing that satisfied him. It was placed among dozens of other drawings and picked out from among them by the two people who claimed to have seen the kidnapper.

The ladder was also the source of another clue. It was submitted for examination to the greatest expert on wood in the United States. By brilliant and tireless investigation involving thousands of miles of travel, hours of peering through microscopes, the visiting of dozens of lumber camps, the wood from which the ladder was made was at last traced to a wood-yard in the Bronx district of New York!

Every note that was passed was examined in a laboratory, and found to carry traces of wood and emery dust. The police deduced that they came from a carpenter's pocket. Hauptmann is a carpenter by trade.

The whole case proves once again how long the arm of the law can be and how silently it can strike its victim.

A Bar

B

BOMBA

*A thing that bores me stiff is shopping
And handling wares I never could buy.
My wife won't agree, she thinks it's topping
To bargain for hours to save six pie.*

*She tries on hats in front of the glass.
Then looks for hubby's approving eye,
But I poor fool become part of the farce.
By nodding my head and living a lie.*

*Great patience I have to be able to wait
And humour to think 'tis really funny,
The dealer says "Only nineteen-eight",
My wife she offers just half that money.*

*"For very old cust'mer I reduce 'ek
rupier'",*

*But still that is too high a price.
The man's a rogue and profiteer
And with it all he's trying to be nice.*

*He thinks we're mugs, let's go elsewhere,
To 'Popeye' or that hatter guy,
Some shop where bargaining's more fair
Liks 'Popeye's' and prices not so high.*

*That hat comes off she looks inside.
You'd think this would the man embarrass
"Kreem Buksh, the Maker" is stamped
beside*

A showy price placard mark'd Paris.



gain

Y

RDIER

*I turn to go with a sigh of relief,
My wife she stops to have her last say.
"You dirty money grabbing thief
Your price I can't afford to pay."*

*"And look! I didn't see before
The label of Kreem Buksh the hatter.
Indeed, I'll have you know the law
And more anon about this matter."*

*"A mistake, Madam, I much regret,
My man it was who fix'd the label.
What offer price you make for it?
In monthly bill this payable."*

*"I said before I'll give you eight,
No seven, in fact it's worth much less.
Don't think I'll pay your Paris rate
For that, I'm not so green I guess."*

*"For seven-eight, Madam, it's yours.
Though much I lose I'm pleas'd to feel
You've had a bargain from our stores,
And will with us in future deal."*



THE RECOGNITION

BY T. L. EDWIN



was having lunch in one of those high-brow restaurants, where to order anything for less than eight annas, is considered a heinous crime. Two tables away, there was a man grey-haired and double-chinned who kept looking at me, while sipping his coffee. I seemed to myself to be behaving with sufficient propriety, and there was nothing in my clothes or appearance to invite comment. On the next occasion, when I caught his eye, I frowned at him, and a moment later I found myself trying to stare him down. After a couple of minutes it was I who retired in confusion to my plate of *Semia Payasam*.

As I prepared to go, he came up to me.

"You must forgive me for staring at you," he said "but hasn't anyone ever told you that you are exactly like T. L. Edwin?"

"Oh, really?" I put in.

"Of course. The very image of him! In fact, I think you are T. L. Edwin," he said.

I admitted modestly as I drew myself up, that I was T. L. Edwin.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. "Fancy meeting you here! The very last man I expected to see! Was telling my wife about you only yesterday. Of course you know I'm married don't you?"

"No". I replied truthfully "And I have forgotten you too."

He looked wounded.

"Well! well! well! Fancy that! why I'm Periapermal. But you were always like that. Forgetting everything, even when you were at school."

He seemed to think that the announcement of his name was enough to evoke from me a greeting of cordiality. But I merely registered perplexity.

"Don't you yet remember me?" he said appearing to be a trifle hurt. "Why, you and me was the great pals in the old days at O. M. S. High-school!"

But still I couldn't remember him. And afraid to wound his feelings I pretended to be very delighted, and invited him to have a cup of coffee.

"Then were the days," he mused, gulping down at a single draught the contents of the tumbler. Football ain't what it was then. Why! Yesterday

I witnessed a match at the S. I. A. A. grounds and it was like watching a game of marbles! Ugh! In our days, old chap, we played it like men. Do you remember S. M. Chelliah?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Well there's a player for you. What he didn't know about foot-ball isn't worth knowing. My! What a player! A few more like him and we could lick the world, lad."

"Sure," I agreed, while pleasant memories of S. M. Chelliah's wonderful foot-work, flitted across my mind. "Do you remember, how he once scored six goals over the St. John's college?"

"Yes. And how we cheered," I added.



"Seen any of the Palamcottah boys lately?" inquired Periapermal lighting a cigarette.

"Yes. Saw a few of them three years back. Chelliah still plays a wonderful game, in spite of his knee-cap trouble."

"I'm sure he could play better than any other player even with a broken leg" interrupted Periapermal.

"And," he continued with a sly wink at me. "How's your deer?"

"My what?" I asked.

"Why! your girl. The one you were crazy on. The one you used to call Fleet-footed, *alias* deer."

"Oh, you mean her. It's only a one-sided attraction, old chap. She scorns me like she would a sore-thumb."

"Well. I'm surprised at you. Why, once you were a terror over there and yet you are unable to get the girl you want."

"Oh, I've tried writing to her and all that. She returns my letters unopened. She even sends back the magazines I send her."

"Why don't you go ahead and grab her old man? What the modern girl needs is a bit of that cave-man stuff!", advised Periapermal.

"One of these days I will try that method; but I guess I'd better go. Got to keep an appointment with the Collector," I said as I rose.

"You seem to have done well for yourself, old chap. Meeting big-wigs and all that. Who knows but yet your name may not spread to the four-corners of the globe. I've read a few of your stuff. A 1, I call it," he said thumping the table and upsetting a glass of water.

"Oh, I dunno," I said with modest pride.

"Well! old chap. You'd better keep your appointment, while I go about trying for a job. You see the world hasn't been treating me well, Dame fortune seems to hate me like children

do castor-oil. But still we've got to keep up our spirits. I would have been glad to invite you to my humble abode. But I'm afraid I can't. Wife's down with malaria and not a pie in the house. Poor thing is literally starving. And I cannot afford a doctor, nor can I stay to look after her, for I must needs be going about to land a job," said Periapermal with a mute but despairing appeal on his face.

I felt I should do something for the chap for the sake of the good old *Alma Mater* even though I still couldn't remember him. So fishing out a tanner from my pocket, I thrust it into his hand and retreated to the road thus escaping the mumbled thanks of my school-mate.

Late that evening I returned home and as usual saw Venkat, smoking one of my cigarettes and reading a book.

"Hullo! old veg," he greeted. "What has kept you so long?"

"Just business," I said curtly taking off my coat.

"Oh, by the way," Venkat observed. "Just after you left morning a chap with a double chin called on you. At first I mistook him for a 'tec'. He wanted to know at which school you studied, and the names of your girl friends and about famous sportsmen of your school-days period etc."

A wave of suspicion took possession of me.

"And you blithering idiot, told him everything," I thundered.

Of course. I don't see why you're so angry about it. I only told him because he said he was a great chum of your cousin. Why I even told him about your 'Deer.'

"Aw, stow it," I said thoroughly disgusted, at the deceitfulness of the world, and fell into the easy-chair, fondly ruminating on what I would do to Mr. Periapermal, should chance throw him my way again.





Clara Bow in 'Heck-Lo' Eddie Cantor's, "Kid Millions"

The authors haven't served Eddie well in this film. The story has the silliest plot ever devised. Unless Eddie gets better material than 'Kid Millions', I doubt if he will occupy for long his Peak of Popularity. Samuel Goldwin as usual brings in his girls with dentifriced teeth and lifted legs, and tries to make the picture a success. But anyway the film is decidedly inferior to 'Whoopee', 'Roman Scandals' & 'Kid from Spain'.



Eddie Cantor in 'Kid Millions'

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

Harold Lloyd's "Cats paw"

Harold's latest film will be a great surprise to his addicts, for he retains hardly a single trick from his usual capacious bag. He now makes a new bid for popularity and wins with ease. The story is briefly this:—Ezekiel Cobb the son of a missionary, living in China is suddenly at the age of twenty-one, precipitated upon the post of a Mayor in a corrupt town. The real

joke begins when the grafting wire-pullers who elected him as a figure of wax, find he is a man of Iron!



Harold Lloyd in 'Cats paw'

Mr. George Arliss in 'The Last Gentleman'

I have seen George Arliss in many parts. As a famous politician, a Jewish Financier and a millionaire; but most of all I like him as a worldly-wise benevolent old man such as he is in 'Last Gentleman'.

In this we see him as Cabot Bart, and he makes the part of the old man live so vividly and so sympathetically that the story's faults are unnoticeable. Edna May Oliver, Ralph Morgan, and Frank Albertson render able support. This film will shortly be released at the Wellington Talkies.

MARCH 6, 1936



Lon Chaney.

Hollywood News! £625 a second!

One tiny scene in Paramount's 'The President Vanishes' cost £2,500 and lasts four seconds on the screen? It shows a flock of vultures swooping round the dome of the national Capitol at Washington. To secure this scene the director had to send one camera all the way to Washington to film the dome, and another to Arizona to get the swooping vultures. The two films were then made into one.

A difficult quest

It is a matter of common knowledge that actors and actresses are apt to be 'touchy' regarding the size of the letters on the posters announcing their names. A certain actor turned up at the rehearsal of 'King Henry VIII' looking angry, and carrying a large telescope under his arm.

"What is the joke?" asked the stage manager.

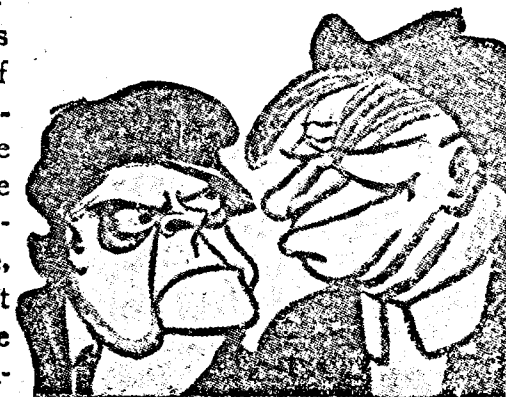
"I am trying to find my name on the poster outside" replied the actor.

Arliss's next.

Richelieu will be the next starring vehicle of Mr. George Arliss for Twentieth Century.

Crawford's dogs

Joan Crawford has 27 dogs at her house and each is named after one of her past pictures.



Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery

'No more apples please'

An extra in the 'Merry Widow' film had to eat an apple. Lubitsch, the director 'shot' the scene over and over again. Finally she approached the director.

"Please," she requested "can't you let me change places with somebody else? I can't simply eat another apple!"

FILMS TO SEE

ROXY

THE MERRY WIDOW

The world's supreme spectacle of Music and Love. Beautiful dance sets and haunting music, with Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Una Merkel and Edward Everett Horton.

OUTCAST LADY

With Constance Bennet. If you want to see the World's highest paid star at her very best do not fail to see this unusually delightful entertainment.

ELPHINSTONE

'THE IRON DUKE'

George Arliss stars as Duke of Wellington, Ellaine Terris is his Duchess, Allan Aynesworth plays Louis XVIII and Gladys Cooper the arrogant Dutchess. I am very eager to see what I anticipate will be an unusually fine entertainment.

WELLINGTON

'THE CATS PAW'

Harold Lloyds latest and chokeful of laughs. Do not miss this.

T. L. ED.

THE WIFE LISTENS

By Meenakshisundaram, B.A. Hons.

This is not a story but a faithful reproduction of a domestic scene. I cannot therefore give you a trifle—I mean of counsel in this article.

"You know that chap Sreenivasan—he told me this evening—"

"Where did you meet him?" began my wife.

"I did not meet him any where—he just got into my bus."

"Which Sreenivasan do you mean? The one who was a tenant in our house some time back? Did you ask him for the rent he still owes?" She switched on in a entirely new direction.

"No—I mean, yes—the same chap. you see—he got into the bus in which I was seated and."

"I have warned you a number of times not to travel in these buses. There are so many accidents. Why don't you take a train or walk—it is much safer?"

"I could get a train in time—so I got into a bus."

"You must advise all your friends to boycott these blood-thirsty buses. Supposing poor Seenu got killed in an accident—who will take care of his wife and children?"

"I dare say somebody will. But, I was saying—" I attempted to rally her.

"Don't be so callous. Go on."

"Thanks. Seenu got in with his wife and—"

"His wife? I have not seen her ever since they left our house. How is she now?"

"I sincerely hope she is quite all right. I was trying to say—"

"What was she wearing—Korah or Pooni?"

"I did not notice—probably Oddappu or Rangan! what I wanted to say was—I tried again."

"What about the children? was there not a boy and a girl?"

"Perhaps both, or perhaps not. I do not remember. You might allow me to finish." I gently reminded her.

"Why do you get so wild? Go on. I am listening."

"He said that he wanted to—"

"Was the bus very crowded?"

That was the last straw.

"Good God! There you go again. You won't allow me to say a word."

"Is this the way you treat your wife? I did not ask you to stop."

"Yes, it is all my fault. Every time I attempt to say something, you begin to ask so many irrelevant and silly questions. you literally drive me mad."

And now I have lost the trend of what I wanted to tell you—"

"I don't want to listen anymore."

"That is exactly the trouble—you will not listen, you won't allow me to say a word!"

"When I ask you simple question like that—"

"Simple? you have asked one thousand questions within the last one and a half minutes!"

That was all. She burst into tears. However important it might be, everything had to wait. It would take at least an hour to pacify her and then the whole thing would have to start again.

Don't you pity me, dear Editor?

[Our whole hearted sympathy is yours, absolutely free of cost, including postage. If you want to tell her anything, why not try this method—Just write it on a piece of paper and send it through your servant. Editor.]

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

March Lucky Number Scheme

CASH
PRIZE
RS. 100

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

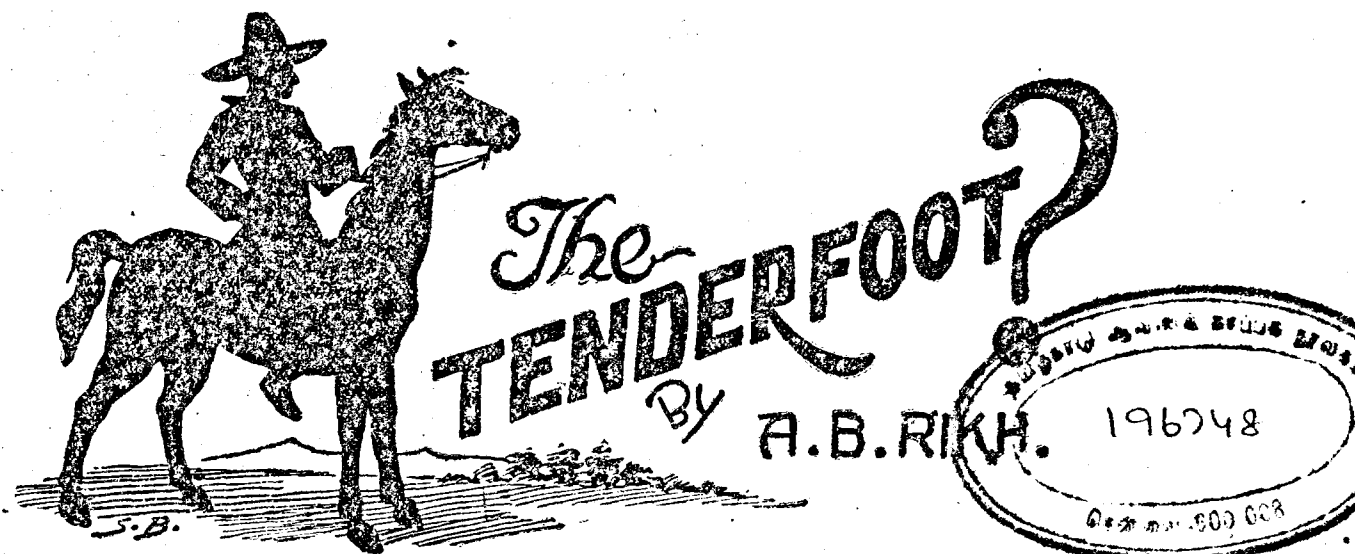
Rs. 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

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 5-4-35.

MARCH 5, 1935

25



IT happend years ago, but I have never had the time, nor inclination, to write about him before—the most extraordinary man I have ever met.

I had been sent down by my firm to report on a mine in Texas on the borders of Mexico. At the time the Mexicans were once again busy electing a new President and everyone went 'heeled', in other words, they wore their 'shooting irons'—their guns! The country was fairly boiling and brigandage was rife!

I was sitting one evening in the corner of the largest saloon in the town X—with my assistant, discussing the day's work and looking idly at the mixed humanity with which the place was crammed—cowboys, Mexicans, miners, Hobos and what not. Many were playing card games at small tables—others crowded round a clicking roulette table and the bar held his quota of roaring rough-necks. The sun had not set yet, but the fun was waxing fast and furious! Suddenly! there was a howl of glee from those lounging outside the saloon.

"Tenderfoot! tenderfoot!" "Poor devil! Now he's in for it!"

I thought as the crowd surged to the door.

With some silly thought of lending a helping hand to the about to be afflicted one, both Jackson, my assistant and I rose and elbowed our way outside.

The crowd held their stomachs, fell on each other's necks and fairly howled with laughter, and to tell you the truth—the sight was so strange, I very nearly joined in their mirth.

There stood three dusty burros laden with luggage and a dejected looking cowpony on which sitting sideways with his long legs dangling sat an Englishman—a gentleman! He looked about twenty and wore long boots with short necked spurs, breeches, a khaki shirt and slouch hat and his right eye held a—monocle!

Perfectly calm and serene, he took out a gold cigarette case from his hip pocket, extracted and lighted a cigarette—exhaled luxuriously—looked us over with unwinking grey

eyes, and then his wonderfully handsome face broke into a friendly grin.

"GOOD evening gentlemen!" he drawled in a deep voice.

"Would one of you oblige me by kindly informing me whether I can get food and lodging at this...er Hotel?"

The latter part of his request was drowned in roars of laughter. A squat bow-legged cowboy swept his sombrero to the ground bowing deeply.

"Dook!" he simpered. "Dook! methinks you c'n get both food an' drink in this here—er, Ho-tel!" (Howls from the crowd).

"If your Lordship could descend from your steed we would escort you in!"

While the crowd went into hysterics the boy slipped easily from the saddle and I noticed that he was not so young as I had thought. Tall, well built and now I put his age down to anything between twenty and thirty.

Very much in evidence was the '45 colt he wore low down on his right side.

He turned and loosed the girths of his pony and as he faced us again he saw every right eye, of every son of a gun (except Jackson's and mine) screwed up holding a shining dollar piece. He smiled! "Clever boys—very!" he murmured.

4 M2, N33FM
N34, 2.15

He looked about and suddenly his hand flashed in a lightning move—there was a deafening roar at his side and a crow which had been squaking on the roof of a house fifty yards away-flapped its wings feebly and slithered off.

The Englishman slipped his smoking gun back into its holster.

"Anyone can screw a dollar piece in his blinkin' eye," he remanded. "But can any of you do that?"

The crowd fell silent and gaped at this marvellous exhibition of shooting—and he a tenderfoot!

"Dook, you win" burst out the bow-legged cowboy holding out his hand. The Texans fair and sporting always, vied to shake hands. He was escorted in among an admiring throng while others stripped the Burros of their luggage and took them to the stables. As he was about to pass me his grey eyes took me in from head to foot in one sweeping glance.

"Won't you have a drink with me sir?" he said. "My name is Smith!"

I nearly gasped. What a tremendous compliment—and I knew it was not due to my grey hairs. I was dressed like a miner—corduroy trousers, red flannel shirt and a fierce bandana round my neck.

"I'd be glad to," I smiled in reply. We entered the saloon amidst a laughing crowd and tramped to the bar.

Smith's shout of:

"I'd be honoured if all you gentlemen drank with me" was met with loud cries of joy and the barman and his assistants were kept busy to supply their needs. Smith, Jackson and I withdrew to our corner table and the rest resumed their recent occupations.

I turned to Smith.

"Pardon me—if I seem curious, but where did you learn to shoot like that?"

His eyes twinkled.

"There was a lame Texan who was my father's lodge-keeper—he was a wonder with a gun and rope and taught me all he knew since I was a kid of eight. He informed me that I was one of the few born who shot by instinct—like himself. Anyhow, before I was eighteen I was just as good as him—if not a wee mite better."

He seemed to read my thoughts.

"I was always mad about the wild woolley west and here I am, having a sniff of it:—He laughed!

"I'm afraid I'll have to do as the Romans do and change my clothes—they are rather ridiculous for the country and wherever I go I am hailed as 'That damned Tenderfoot!'"

"Do you always travel about with all those cases?" I asked pointing to the neatly piled luggage in a corner?

"I'm afraid I do," he said.

"Presently, you'll understand why—I've got some cowboy's delight there" and with this I had to be content.

There was a clatter of bones outside and the door was flung open.

Smith who faced the door expelled his breath in a great:

"Good God!"

I turned round and saw a little white haired, leather faced cowboy—covered with dust peering here and there. Smith bounded from his chair and the next second was laughing and hugging the old cowboy and then brought him to our table.

"Gentlemen, this is Tuppin the Texan cowboy of whom I have just been talking."

Jackson and I rose and shook hands.

"A nice dance you've led me Mr Lord," remarked Tuppin grinning.

Jackson and I looked at each other.

"Oh Tuppin, Tuppin," said Smith shaking his head sadly.

"In your own country too—Son, to you and my name is Smith and don't you forget it you old horror!"

For a moment Tuppin looked uncomfortable.

"Right, Son!" he said sitting down.

"But the Earl will give you Son, when you return all right, all right," Smith laughed joyously.

"Well, fire away old Hoss and let's hear all about it."

What happened Son—nothing much to yab about. The Boss, he came down to breakfast and found the letter

you had left on his plate. (This, old hairface the Butler told me). He became purple in the face—stamped about the room in a fury and singed his face's whiskers with his turruble lang-wige and then he sent far me—show'd me th' letter and barked "git!—Draw what money you need from the Steward and follow that hair-brained jackass who calls himself my son, and you know damned well where he's gone—to Texas, as sure as there's a damned nose on your face."

He took a turn up and down the room—glared at me and spouted more fire and brimstone.

"Jest keep an eye on th' boy," says he. But let him make his own hell—let the young scoundrel learn his ten lessons of life," he muttered to himself. "Too long, too long hey!" I kept shackles on him—I saw it coming. Jest as well—jest as well."

Then he saw me standing for further orders—he glared at me—shook me by the hand and said "git" and what a hell-ev-a time I had trailing you son!"

Smith laughed like a schoolboy. "We will see life together old war horse."

"Son, I saw life afore yu were born, now I'll watch you making life, as yu call it."

But old Tuppin's grin belied his meek statement.

For sometime I had been noticing a crowd of miners and hobos getting rough and noisy and now we heard a shout.

"I tell you it was a damned fluke—th' smooth faced pup took you all in!"

A huge miner, face flushed with drink, lurched to his feet.

"I'll show the son of a—up!" he yelled, and with this walked up to our table and stood glaring at Smith with his thumbs hooked in his belt.

"Dook," he said "Dook, I guess yo're shot was a bloody fluke—lets see you shoot at something else now!"

Smith merely smiled pleasantly.

"It really is immaterial to me what you think and just at present it is convenient for me show you anything."

He turned to resume his conversation, but the miner gnashed his teeth with rage and reaching swiftly forward caught up Tuppin's nearly full glass of whisky and flung it into his face.

MARCH 5, 1935

"Take that then you four flush'."

Smith took out his handkerchief and calmly wiped his face and his eyes seemed to glint with a fierce joy.

"Dogs meat like you should be taken on the ball of ones thumb and smeared on the wall!" he said quietly.

Every eye was turned on him and there was not a sound in the room.

"If you will kindly step into the middle of the floor," continued Smith,

"I'll do my best to put it into operation—er, so as to speak."

As they moved off I shook Tuppin violently by the arm.

"Stop it man—do something—that miner is tremendously strong—he'll kill Smith!"

Would you believe it? Tuppin turned his head winked at me and then settled himself comfortably in his chair as if he was about to see a good play.

The crowd cleared a space in the middle like magic.

The squat cowboy siddled up to Smith and whispered.

"Say th' word kid and I will pull a gun on the swine!"

Smith smiled.

"Thanks old man, but I can look after myself."

The two men faced each other. The miner was a huge hairy brute and towered over the smaller man, he was well known for his bullying habits. Smith reached forward with a long arm and flicked him with the tips of his fingers on the nose.

"Come on scum—come on!"

The miner roared with rage as he swung a terrific hay-maker Smith bobbed his head and the miner missing turned completely round with the force of his blow and ended up by crossing his legs and sitting heavily down.

How the crowd howled! This infuriated the miner—plunging to his feet

he charged like a mad bull. Smith side stepped as lightly as a girl, and his fists crashed home into the miners ribs in a perfectly timed 'one—two' and as the fellow turned he swung a left to the face, followed by a right to the stomach.

The miner staggered back gasping, Smith leaped at him like a tiger—his arms worked like pistons as he punched the man round and round and in a moment it was all over. A tremendous right to the point and the miner disappeared into the crowd, and presently I saw his friends lead him out.

Smith rubbed his hands as if he was washing them. He laughed harshly as he came up.

"Nasty beast, 'fraid I hurt him rather but—er, I don't like whisky as an outward application!"

Except for waving his hand he took no further notice of the cheering, yelling crowd all of whom were delighted that the bully had at last been well licked.

I rose.

"What about a spot of food—and I'd be glad—if you will consider yourself my guest—and you too Mr. Tuppin" I added turning to the pleased old cowboy.

"Mister yourself" he snarled at me.

"I beg your pardon—Tuppin come and hev a bite food with me". He roared with laughter and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Thets more like it old timer."

At dinner Smith informed me that they were both in need of good mount. I told them of a Ranch ten miles away where they bred wonderful horses, and both decided to go there the next day.

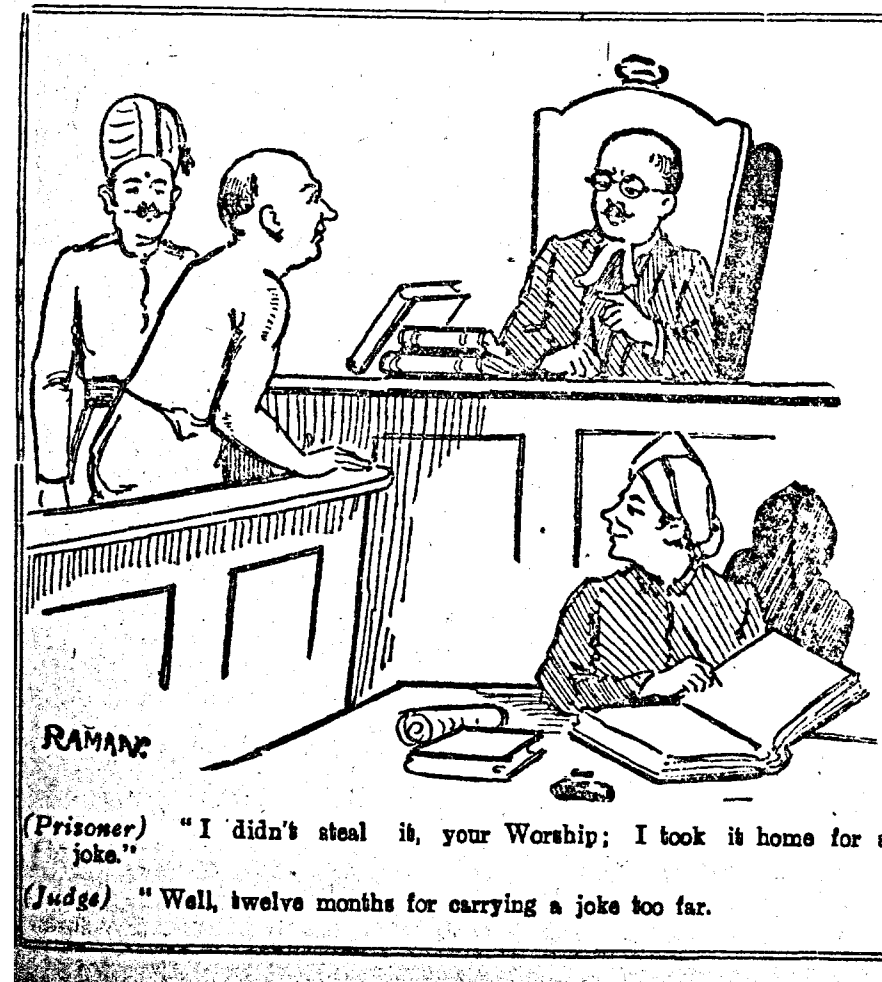
"I think I'll stay here for a week or so before ambling on," said Smith.

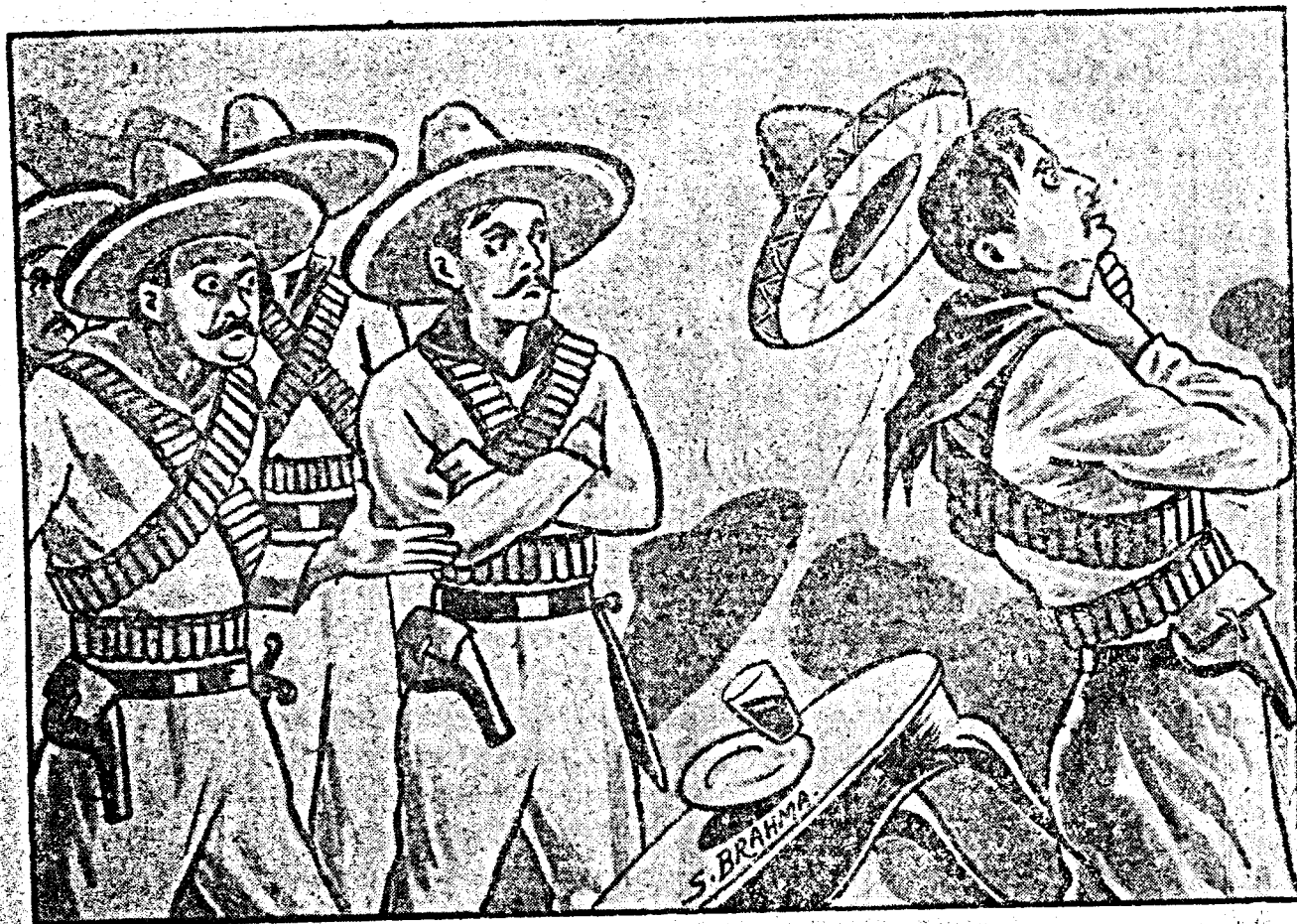
"Its quite interesting—very!"

I wondered what further tricks he had up his sleeve. He shot as few men do and fought like a professional, and yet to look at he appeared to be lazy and rather a foolish young man.

"Are you of Scottish extraction?", He suddenly asked me.

"I am, and proud of it."





"I'm a Highlander myself—my home is in—" he said.

I had been a fool not to have known it before. Certain tricks of speech gave him away in spite of his English training.

I told him that there were many Scotsmen in the town, among the miners and traders.

He smiled gently to himself and his eyes seemed dreamy as he half whispered.

"Oh, are there, are there?"

Jackson and I were having breakfast next morning when two cowboys stalked in, one was Tuppin, much the same as he had been the night before except that in place of one gun he wore two—both low down and the holsters were strapped below the knees.

But what a difference in Smith, I hardly recognised him. Gone was the eyeglass and the long boots etc. He wore high-heeled boots with huge

chaps, blue flannel shirt, and a red bandana. He too wore two guns and they were strapped at the knee exactly as were Tuppin's. Also with the change of clothes his face seemed changed. The lazy look had given place to keen eyes and a firmer mouth—the man now seemed alive and virile.

He grinned:

"Good morning! may we join you?"

While we ate we discussed horses and Smith and Tuppin decided to set out for the Ranch I had told them about immediately after. While Jackson and I went off for the last time to the mine.

We returned earlier than usual having completed our work and found the population of the whole town gathered outside the saloon. Cowboys from the Banche had also ridden in as the dozens of parties testified and suppressed excitement seemed to electrify

... he swung a left to the face, followed

Two posts about seven feet high were struck in the ground in the middle of the street about twenty-five paces from each other and nailed to each was the ace of spades. Supervising the operation were Smith and Tuppin. The former caught sight of us and grinned. Tuppin winked wickedly as he said:

"Good evening Grandpa!"

"Grandpa yourself!" I snarled.

As his hair was as white as mine I did not see the point.

"You are in time to see a demonstration of revolver shooting" vouched Smith.

"The lads of the village insist that I repeat, or surpass last evening's performance and we are obliging them—also, in the end it might keep us out of trouble, gunfighters y'know!" he added in an undertone.

Smith turned to the crowd and raised his voice.

"Gentlemen!" he said pointing to Tuppin.



by a right to the stomach ...

"He was a famous gunman in his day about twenty-five years ago—or was it seventy-five old Hoss?" he asked turning to Tuppin. The crowd roared! Tuppin fingered the butts of his guns and glared—and then his hard face rippled into a grin.

"Have you're fun son—I'll shoot your eyes out jest now!"

"Well!" continued Smith, Tuppin taught me everything I know about guns. We are now going to shoot against each other, as it will be more interesting for us and for you."

Both men now took their stands with their backs to the posts, but sufficiently to one side so that the opponents could see the whole of the card to one side of the ear of the other.

The crowd gaped as they realised what was about to happen.

The supreme confidence of them—to shoot past the ear of each other at a mark. This meant that they must stand perfectly still while they shot, and unless they wished to kill each

other shooting must be incredibly accurate.

The crowd fell back to each side, the Sheriff of the town stood in the middle of the posts well back, and in his hand he held a handkerchief.

"Are you ready?" He called, and held the handkerchief aloft.

Smith stood erect with his hands brushing the butts of his guns. Tuppin on the contrary crouched slightly and his arms from the shoulder downwards rippled with wonderful muscular convulsions.

"One—two!" sang out the sheriff and down flashed the handkerchief. There was an eye-baffling movement from both men—flashes at their right hips and a deafening roar—both reports sounding as one. The smoke swirled aside as the crowd surged forward to scan the cards. Each ace bore a neat hole in the exact centre.

"Gawd!" Breathed a cowboy. "Speed and accuracy—gawd!"

"Once again Mr. Sheriff" sang out Smith.

"One!" this time both men crouched, "two!" hands like claws—arms rippling from shoulders to wrists. Crash! crash!—bursts of flame—smoke—and a deafening thunder of sound. Both men were firing with incredible speed, simultaneously—with both hands!

It was over!

With my ear drums singing I rushed forward with the rest. The cards were literally shot to pieces and there were no bullet marks anywhere else on Smith's post, but two holes just below the card on Tuppin's. Men gazed with dazed eyes at this proof of unbelievable shooting, and then fought like animals for bits of the cards. One cowboy emerged bleeding from the crush with a minute piece, which he carefully wrapped in his handkerchief.

"This" he remarked to all and sundry. "This, I'm again to put in a glass case and I'm again to show it to my gran' kids to prove how man

shot in the old days". The Sheriff wiped his sweaty brow—his eyes looked dazed.

"Enough boys enough" he said.

"Such shootin' we aint never seen, nor never will again.

"Why!" he added. "Yu two could ride into town and clean it up as easy as winkin'!"

"No, no Sheriff" laughed Smith. "We don't intend to do anything so nasty." Tuppin now herded us all to one side while Smith stood in front with a gun in his righthand. Tuppin then showed us two dollar pieces. He said "Ready!" and then flung them into the air—up and up they went glinting in the setting sun. Bang! bang! Smith fired twice, one dollar twinged away some distance and the other fell a few paces away. There was a mad rush as cowboys, miners, and Mexicans fought madly for, to them, a prize worth keeping. Eventually two bleeding, dishevelled, proud possessors displayed future heirlooms. One dollar was neatly holed in the center and the other was chipped at one side.

"Want to see some more boys?" asked Smith.

"Yes, yes" yelled everyone.

Smith asked for a cigarette tin. In a moment it was handed to him, Tuppin took it and with a look at Smith hurled it into the air.

Smith's hands flashed and spouting guns appeared in each like magic. The tin literally danced in the air as one gun emptied he fired with the other as the tin reached the ground. But now it danced along like a live thing as shot after shot sent it spinning. The crowd danced and roared with excitement. As Smith emptied his second gun Tuppin tossed him his. He appeared a madman as he jumped here and there surrounded with smoke and flame. As he finished shooting they mobbed him. But at last he emerged laughing and catching sight of me shouted.

"I think a drink is indicated Sir."

I followed behind the roaring crowd with Smith at their head.

The Sheriff turned sorrowfully away. "I thought I could shoot, but I aint in the kids class, compared to those two maxim gunners."

"Cheer up Sheriff" I comforted in passing. "You can always resign and breed chickens you know."

"G'wan yu—grandad;" was my reward.

Smith extricated himself and joined me at our usual table.

"You are presently going to hear something" he said.

"What more surprises?" I gasped. "I guess!" he replied through his nose.

He finished his drink and slipped away to his room.

"Now what's that young devil up to?" I asked Tuppin. I was answered by a "wink!"

"Curse you, can't you speak?" I snarled exasperated.

Tuppin's reply was to bury his long nose into his glass.

Perhaps half an hour must have elapsed when faintly in the distance I thought I heard a sound.

"It can't be—I'm dreaming" I growled to myself, no. I heard it again clearly.

"Good" I breathed. "It can't be."

I looked around the room and saw the men suddenly stop playing and talking—all sat rigidly—listening; and now faintly but clearly came the sound again.

"God!" gasped a miner hoarsely in broad Scotch. "The great pipes o' Scotland—am I dreaming the night?" The sound swelled in volume and then came strongly in a grand burst of heart-rending music.

The miner with a sob lurched to his feet and staggered to the door as if drunk. The crowd woke up and milled after him into the street. With my feelings curiously disturbed I followed.

Windows were flung open and men and women hung silently out.

Down the street in the bright moonlight marched a Highlander—plaid billowing behind him—kith a—swinging as he marched, pipes in full blast. The Texans and Mexicans stood mouth agape never having heard the pipes before, but the Scottish miners danced and cursed and sobbed by turns. The few Scottish traders rushed from their houses and joined the throng. Suddenly they and the miners charged the

martial figure—gathered him in great arms and heaved him up shoulder high, and marched in a compact body up and down the street a dozen times and then straight into the saloon—there they let him down.

"Mon! mon!" gasped a miner. "Ye should na lescerate our feeling so!" Smith clad in the tartan of his house laughed gaily.

"Mon ye should na quite farrgit th' land o' our birtth."

"Na more forr the night" he remarked as he tenderly put the pipes into a tin box.

"Mu landlord, drinks for everyone at my expense" he shouted.

He fiddled with a large box in the corner—opened panels sideways, flung up the lid and I saw gleaming white and black keys. I gasped with amazement and recognised it—it was a Dulcitone!

The next moment Smith was sitting in front of it and the room was filled with the sound of a rolling Fox Trot.

The men who had not caught of Smith's quiet proceedings now looked round in amaze and suddenly they commenced to laugh, and laughed till the tears came.

"The son-of-a-gun!" were the loud pleased cries, and from the cowboys this was the highest compliment.

There was a moment's pause and the tune changed—I recognised it—

LIEBERSTRAUM by LISZT, but I had never heard it played like this. The boy was a master and he literally dragged at ones heartstrings—the glorious corde—the wonderful sweet refrain—but I am no describer of music!

I looked round and saw faces wet with tears—hard rough men sat unashamed—each man in a world of his own. Perhaps they thought of long forgotten Mothers, sister—of a sweet-heart in the dim misty past.

At last it was over and each man looked studiously any from his neighbour.

Without a word Smith broke into a cheery One Step and lifted a glorious baritone in song, and gradually the men threw off their life feelings away joined in.

I felt spent with my emotions and quietly slipped away to my room—but I could hear the music and roar of men's voices singing far into the night.

I was ready to leave in the morning as my work was finished.

I said goodbye to Smith and as I mounted my pony I could not help saying.

"Boy, ease up—go slow, you work too much on the feelings of poor mortals!"

"FREE CHAMBERS XX CENTURY DICTIONARY FREE"
Every Competitor sending 40 entries and more will get a Dictionary Free.

WIN RS. 500 GUARANTEED

(Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "My Magazine of India")

Last Posting Date 20—3—35.

Result posted to all Competitors.

"MISSING LETTERS" No. 32.

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. P-LL | Plunder |
| 2. G-ST | Main joint |
| 3. CL-FT | Crack |
| 4. -ISLIKE | Disapprove of |
| 5. HA-- | Whit |
| 6. V-IL | Cover |
| 7. VICIN-- | Neighbourhood |

Ref:—Chambers XXth Century Dictionary.

RULES—Entrance fee Rs. 8 for the first entry and Rs. 4 for each subsequent entry. Prize Rs. 300 for all correct and Rs. 150 for one error solutions. A special prize of Rs. 50 for the senders of largest number of entries. Prize amount will be divided in case of ties. Other rules as usual. Enclose 9 pie stamps for results. Address all entries and fees with M. O. Receipts to:—

The Manager,

THE JUPITER COMPETITIONS,

P. B. No. 1380, G. P. O., MADRAS.

THE



END



Real proof.

The manager of the big insurance company stormed into the big office and banged his hand down heavily on a junior clerk's desk.

"W-w-what's this you've done?" he raved. "Why in the world did you write out a policy on a man of ninety-eight years of age?"

The junior shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I looked in the census report and found there were only a few people of that age who die each year."

'Tit Bits.'

Much More Important.

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?" the fond mother asked her young offspring, who had just returned from his first football match with his junior school team.

The boy continued to sob.

"Did you get kicked?" she asked.

"No," he sadly replied.

"Did you lose, then?" she went on, mystified.

Tommy shook his head.

"Then what is it?" she insisted.

"They—they forgot to give us lunch at half-time," he told her.

Owl.

Made Them Feel Big

Two knights of the road were walking along the railway track when one of them picked up a bottle of whisky.

After taking a drink from it he handed the bottle to his companion, who quickly followed his example, and before long they succeeded in emptying the bottle.

After a while Bill puffed out his chest.

"You know, Jim," he said, "tomorrow I'm going to buy up all the roads in the country, all the cars, and all the steamships. I'm going to buy everything. Now what d'yer think about that?"

Jim looked at him rather disparagingly.

"Impossible; you can't do it," he replied.

"And why not?" asked Hill, rather taken aback.

"Cos I won't sell," came from Jim.

'College.'

Fed-Up.

The dinner came to an end and the well-fed diners settled down in readiness to listen to the guest of honour's speech.

The latter rose, and for fifteen minutes his voice filled the room.

"After partaking of such an excellent meal," he went on, "I feel that if I had eaten any more I would have been unable to speak."

FUNNY MAGAZIN

"Bring him another sandwich," came a drowsy voice from the rear of the hall.

Chicago Tribune.

Years Too Late.

Maisie wanted to be in the beauty chorus of a well-known revue company. Thinking the correct procedure was to send in her photograph to the manager, she collected a number of "stills" and posted them off.

The following day a letter arrived asking her to make an appointment, but when she was shown into the manager's office he told her that she was too late.

"What!" she gasped disappointedly. "Is the position filled?"

"No," replied the manager, pointing to one of her photographs on the desk, "but you should have come when you had this taken."

Answers.

Eggs-ample.

An old farmer received a large ostrich egg from his son, who was a sailor. After weighing it carefully in his hand, he went out to the chicken-run and placed it amongst the hens. He then addressed them thus:—

"Dear hens, I do not wish to cast any aspersions upon your industry. I fully appreciate the fact that you do your best. At the same time, I should like you to observe what is being done by the hens in foreign countries."

Chicago Tribune.

Mystery.

The teacher was explaining to the class the meaning of the word "recuperate." "Now, Tommy," she said to a small boy, "when your father has worked hard all day, he is tired and worn out, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then, when night comes, and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"That's what mother wants to know," Tommy explained.

Stray Stories.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE 2nd February 1935.

Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee Fund

The 25th Anniversary of Their Majesties' accession to the Throne, which falls on Monday, the 6th May 1935, is to be celebrated with special rejoicings throughout the Empire.

Their Majesties have been graciously pleased to approve of the proposal that, in commemoration of so unique an event, a fund should be raised in India for charitable purposes, and that it should be devoted to the Indian Red Cross Society, the St. John Ambulance Association (Indian Council), the Countess of Dufferin's Fund and the Indian Soldiers' Benevolent Fund.

These institutions are well known to all, as constant sources of relief to cases of want and suffering. Their beneficent activities have been appreciated in the Presidency of Madras. It is Their Majesties' gracious pleasure that wider scope should be given to their activities by amplifying their financial resources.

The Indian Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association (Indian Council) have agreed to allot a proportion of the funds which they will receive as a result of this appeal to the relief of Leprosy, to work for the Blind, and to Anti-Tuberculosis measures in this Presidency.

The public appeals from His Excellency the Viceroy, the Patron of the Silver Jubilee Fund, and from Her Excellency the Countess of Willingdon, the President of the Fund, make it clear that each Province will conduct its own campaign for the raising of funds, that the amounts so collected, excepting sums actually spent on organisation, will be remitted to the Central Fund in due course, and that a substantial proportion will then be re-allotted to the Provinces concerned to be spent by them within their jurisdiction, on the four medical and relief institutions to which the Fund is to be devoted.

At a public meeting convened by the Sheriff of Madras, on 4th January, a committee was organised to invite and collect subscriptions and donations in the Madras Presidency.

I now appeal to the people of the Madras Presidency to give proof of their devotion to the Crown and of their generosity towards those in need of help by contributing according to their means to Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee Fund. I believe that this appeal will not fail to evoke from all people a generous and prompt response, worthy alike of the gracious sympathy of Their Majesties and of the noble purpose to which it is devoted.

Contributions to the Fund may be paid into any branch of the Imperial Bank of India or sent to either of the Joint Honorary Secretaries, Diwan Bahadur M. Balasundaram Naidu Garu, 6, Ritherdon Road, Vepery, Madras, or G. T. Boag, Esq. C. I. E., I. C. S., Board of Revenue, Chempauk, Madras.

ERSKINE,
Governor of Madras.

In Humble Salutation

By G. S. RAO.

YEARS ago. I was a child of six. I stood in the midst of a motley crowd, curiously intent on the kaddhar-clad group of volunteers that hove in sight at the far end of the road. Some famous man was coming to see our village life. The people called him Gandhi. They said he was an out-caste, and that he was a traitor to our religion. They talked contemptuously of him. There were some who wanted even to murder him, if they got the chance.

I heard everything. I let my childish imagination run and—I believed that 'Gandhi' was a synonym for satan. I seethed in fury. Gandhi had no business to go through our village. He ought to be shut up in prison. Why did the Government ever let him out. I wondered. The procession came along the village street. Gandhi was coming! My thoughts were moulded on the things that people said. When the procession came abreast, I turned away my eyes in contempt. I would not look on the face of the man who was a living disgrace to my religion and my country.

I was only a child, then!

Years have passed in endless profusion. Somewhere, perhaps in my book, perhaps by hearsay, I came across a story that held for me a special appeal of its own. The story might be true. It might be but a

fabrication. I sought no verification: I needed none. The fact that it made a profound impression on me was enough verification as far as I was concerned.

The Lord of Creation, Almighty Siva, reposing in company with his spouse, in the sylvan precincts of holy Kailas: and there arose in that godly breast a new and knotty problem. What was more intense, the pangs of excruciating hunger or the agony consequent on bereaved love? Was it hunger or sorrow that had more effect on the soul of man? The Lord was of opinion that nothing could be more agonising than the pangs of hunger. The spouse said nothing could be more intense than the sorrow of a mother robbed of her beloved progeny before their time.

The Lord smiled. And he gave the spouse of his heart the proof that he was right and not she. He bade her cast her eyes on the mortal world below and see for herself the things that she could not understand—the intricate workings of a human soul of agony. The adorable spouse cast her eyes earthward. She saw a happy family, father, mother and seven stalwart sons, leading the life of perfect bliss in the world below. There could not have been a more impressive scene of family love than that manifested by that family. The spouse of Siva smiled sadly at the thought of countless others who were denied the bliss which this family enjoyed. The world would have been a happier place if all mortals could have moulded their lives on this shining example!

Even as she looked, she saw a sudden change in the family setting. The joy that had been was changed to wailing. The members of the erstwhile happy family sat still and downcast giving vent to their agony in expressive moans. There was nothing to eat. The hand of famine fell heavy on the household. There was not a particle of food for anyone; and the father, the

mother and the seven stalwart sons, passed the live-long night in agony. Before daybreak, the father succumbed to the pangs of hunger and fled this mortal life.

The widowed woman gazed at the body of him who had been her husband and gave herself up to lamentation. The morning sun rose fitfully and reluctantly on the day that was to prove the most miserable one in her life. The woman looked on her dead husband and on her seven stalwart sons who were all writhing on the floor in agony. Presently, the eldest son dragged himself inch by inch towards her, laid his head on her lap and gave up his breath in one agonised moan. The motherly heart was filled to overflowing with misery and despair. But, the worst was yet to come. Hour by hour, one by one, her other sons, beloved forms she had brought forth and reared up, left their mortal frames, gasping for the breath that would not enter their starved, emaciated bodies. Only the youngest still showed some spark of life.

The mother, by now already overwhelmed by the intensity of her grief for her beloved departed ones, was also experiencing the pangs of hunger in its most terrible form. Ruthless, devastating hunger that had sent her beloved husband and her six beloved sons to perdition! The woman rolled to and fro on the floor, frantically thrust rage and dust and everything that came handy into her mouth, and tried all the desperate things she could to lessen for a moment that gnawing pain. Between whiles she looked anguishedly at her youngest son, youngest and most beloved—who was also slowly but surely breathing out his life in agony.

He also died. There could have been no greater suffering that could have befallen even the sinfullest mortal in creation. A husband and seven sons dying in terrible agony within the course of a single day! But the woman had not the voice to utter lamentation

of course even if she had the will to do it. Exhausted by hunger and crushed by misery, the woman crouched on the floor, passively glaring at the corpse that confronted her on every side.

Suddenly, with a joyous cry, she lurched on to her feet. A bunch of luscious fruit was hanging from the ceiling. From where? She cared not. The fruit was near her reach and, it would assuage her fiery hunger! She reached for the fruit. It was just a little beyond reach. Could she not find something on which she could stand and reach that luscious bunch? There was nothing handy. Nothing? She dragged the body of her revered husband near that tantalising bunch of fruit. She stepped on the body and again reached for the fruit. No, it was still a little beyond her reach. What was to be done? There were still left the cold lifeless bodies of her departed sons. She would use them for her purpose! She did.

Standing on top of the hillock of dead bodies, she reached for the fruit and got it. Forgotten lay her great

sorrow at her bereavement! she saw, she cared for, only the fruits she had got in her hands. And, seated on top of that little mound of her dead beloved ones, she stuffed the heaven-sent fruit in handfuls into her mouth to satisfy her ravenous appetite.

Lord Siva and his spouse witnessed the whole tragedy. And seeing it, the spouse was convinced and said humbly to her lord.

"O, Lord! It's even as you said—Hunger is the greatest affliction that mortals can have."

That was the story I read.

Years since. I was a man. I stood amongst the humblest of our village, eagerly scanning the road ahead. The people talked. I heard their talk. It roused the reasoning powers of the man in me and I understood. I had known one who had braved hunger. The gods said it could not be. But it was. There was one who had braved that devastating hunger,—willingly, wilfully, when he could have feasted

his appetite on anything and everything,—if he had so desired it. They called him Gandhi. They said he was doing it for the sake of a Nation. I looked at the group of khaddar-clad volunteers who hove in view at the far end of the road. I waited.

The procession came abreast. I saw a wizened old man sitting in a car. He wore only a loincloth. He looked humble. His head was bowed with care. I saw him smiling cheerily at the, humble folk that had gathered there to give him welcome. I saw him bow low to the humblest of the humble who had come thereto give him reverence. He looked at me. I saw his eyes shining serene on his god-like countenance. Instinctively I raised my arms in reverent salutation. They called him Gandhi. They said he was a man.

I saw the god in him. And seeing it, I saw also the greatness, power and lustre that was in the spirit of self-sacrifice!

Money is loved by all but money coming from an unexpected source, is really a blessing. You can hope to get money in such a way by just sending annas eight only per M.O. to the

RECREATION CLUB.

Ludhiana, Punjab, along with a solution of the following propositions. Re-arrange the following ten words in their order of merit according to most common usage. Go, At, He, An, It, Is, Am, Be, Do, As.

An Honest Competition!

You must join to-day!!

KEY SOLUTION IN YOUR OWN HANDS.

1st Prize Rs. 1,000 all correct. 2nd Prize Rs. 600 one error.

3rd Prize Rs. 400 two errors.

Closing date 31-3-35.

Results to members on 10-4-35.

Go, At, He,
An, It, Is,
Am, Be,
Do, As.

Re-arrange the ten words noted in the Magzin, in their order of merit according to most common usage. The all correct solution will be one that tallies with the places given to each word separately by the greatest number of competitors themselves. All the entry coupons shall be open to entrants for scrutiny, at the office of the Club for 30 days after the result.

Any entry fee of annas EIGHT only, is payable with every solution by Money Order. Write solution and your full address, in block letters on the M. O. coupon, or send the postal receipt for the M. O. along with plain paper solutions. The prizes shall vary according to multiples of 5000 entries. In case of ties, the prize amounts will be equally divided. President's decision shall be final and legally binding in all disputes.

Address all communications to The

RECREATION CLUB,

LUDHIANA,
(PUNJAB), IN INDIA.

N. B.—Bonafide members of the Club are allowed eight free entries in all the four competitions, held during the year. Membership fee is Rs. two only, payable in advance.

MENEKA

—(o)—

By Miss. SAGUNABAI DANIEL



FOLLOWING the good old order, 'the ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it,' Meneka had managed to have a very wide circle of friends. Both virtue and vice had a place in her palatial mansion. By her extraordinary good looks, she boldly and easily marched to the rich serenity of a palatial mansion, a decent income more than enough for her and a couple of old servants who were in her confidence and who knew her ancient and modern histories.

No one ever knew that once she had been the cleverest woman thief in another town. She was so clever and experienced in that game, that not a single soul ever suspected her of anything so depraved, for she was so charming. Never a conviction had been recorded against her and never had she been brought to the police court.

She passed as a rich widow of one Mr. Benerji and by the way nobody

had ever heard of. That was all her friends were destined to know about her. She was much too cute for them. Cases connected with her were closed down among the dust. The theft of a diamond necklace at the garden party, the disappearance of Lady Gupta's emerald eardrops, and similar other valuable thefts had baffled even the police forces and the detectives put together.

The marvel was, she could recognise doubtful types. The instant she saw the stylish Miss. Kamala, she recognised her as one of her set. Miss. Kamala was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benerji of 'organge orchard' the residence of the district judge.

'I've lost my purse and the wrist watch' complained Miss. Kamala to her hostess, as soon as she began to change her dress.

'Really?' asked Mrs. Benerji, her mouth opening in a round 'O' of surprise. In vain they searched the car, and finally gave them out as lost. 'We mustn't tell this to poor dear Meneka. She'll be very unhappy' the latter said confidently but only Miss. Kamala had a wee-bit of suspicion on the much polished and good looking Meneka.

On the other hand Meneka bribed two detectives to know the whereabouts and the character of Miss. Kamala. 'I want to find out whether I'm right in suspecting her for the ring I lost an hour ago,—just the time Mrs. Benerji and she were here' she lied glibly driving away even the slight suspicion the detectives had about her.

'It seems she is a diamond mania. Had been caught once in Calcutta, twice in Lahore and so on. The beauty of her job is, to snatch the goods neatly leaving in its place an artificial one. You see, the theft won't be noticed for weeks and months. By the time she'd be out of the wood and safe in another place with a fresh swell name' they reported.

'Thanks awfully' she said sweetly and sent them off with a handsome reward.

'Death borders upon our birth and our cradlestands in the grave so why fear capture or other consequences while we are confident of our movements' Meneka will often say to herself and quiet her worried mind after each theft. Then Miss. Kamala is after Mrs. Benerji's diamond necklace. She is the only lady about here who has a diamond jewel. Well, I'll be quick and knock out the goods from her hands. I shouldn't miss this rare chance' she told her two trustworthy servants who were actually her own mother and aunt. So she was determined to play her part in a grand style.

'I know, she'll do it easily. Once I have the opportunity, the rest is simple. A sudden manipulation of the clasp, and never again would these diamonds be secure on the neck of their owner. She will make a perfect replica of the genuine chain. At the right chosen moment an exchange would be made. But if she is wise she'll make the exchange in somebody else's house, so that she should not be

MARCH 5, 1936

suspected. Fortunately for me, there aren't anybody here just now to whose house Mrs. Benerji could go. Hence I should be quick to invite them here for a tea party. Let me see, how she does the job' she mused and wrote an invitation to Mrs. Benerji and Miss. Kamala.

Next day found the visitors in the hall of the smiling Meneka who welcomed them warmly and placed the best cushion chairs for them. She watched her woman by means of a handbag mirror she had previously fixed on the side of the flower vase. Reflected by that mirror, she saw the clever touch that slacked Mrs. Benerji's necklace at the back. Miss. Kamala wanted that it should slide down not to the floor, but before that she thought of whipping the artificial chain concealed in her kerchief and hand it to the lady palming the real one to her kerchief. But knowing the intention of her opponent, Meneka rose to the occasion, by a clever manoeuvre of things. From the extra cars Miss. Kamala took to conceal the kerchief, she knew that the replica was in it and of course being experienced she knew the rest.

Meneka wanted the necklace to fall down to the floor for her purpose. Hence she engaged Miss. Kamala in a forced conversation. The necklace innocently fell down and the latter with a fierce look and muttered oath quickly concealed the replica in her kerchief. Meneka saw that too.

'Appu, bring the Japanese toys and show them to the ladies' she called to the servant without turning her head, and in a moment as directed by the mistress early that day, the boy brought a basketful of fine curios. Miss. Kamala was again forced to inspect the curios for etiquette's sake.

'Oh! Miss. Kamala just look at this wonderful little elephant with the spring. Oh my, my! how it jumps!' exclaimed Mrs. Benerji in glee and

Miss. Kamala perspiring and nonplussed at the hostess's strange conduct went over to her, leaving the necklace on the floor.

Meneka's experienced hand touched the floor and with it brought the necklace which she adroitly and neatly dropped inside the cream bowl.

'My necklace has gone!' cried Mrs. Benerji suddenly and both of them looked at the bewildered lady. 'The clasp was very weak for some weeks and I didn't give much heed to it for I use it only occasionally. Now see the terrible consequences for my silly negligence' she cried covering her face with her hands and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs.

Meneka laughed carelessly and winked at Miss. Kamala. 'Oh, Mrs. Benerji don't be upset please. I saw your necklace fall to the floor and your friend, in order to see the fun I suppose concealed it in her kerchief. Enough Miss. Kamala, give it up. It isn't a little thing to play with. I know from the beginning that you intended to give dear Mrs. Benerji a fright, to teach her always to be careful about her precious jewels. Now give it back, won't you?' she said smiling sweetly. Miss. Kamala, thus taken by surprise turned scarlet in shame and fear.

Soon the artificial necklace came out of Miss. Kamala's kerchief and it was clasped round Mrs. Benerji's neck with extra care.

That same evening Miss. Kamala and Meneka had a confidential talk. 'I say, you've played a rotten trick on me. Where's the real one, woman? Now that she suspects me I can't stay on. What do you say?'

'Never mind, Miss. Kamala. Even if you had demanded a search, she would have found the replica in your kerchief as I saw it with my own eyes. Now I advise you to leave the town at once. You take half of the chain. Isn't it fair? God gives birds their

food, but they must fly for it. Don't you know that all is good that ends well?' urged Meneka and Miss. Kamala suddenly disappeared.

'You were shrewd my dear. You treated the whole thing very discreetly. No terrible accusation but you brought it out so cleverly to light. It's a good thing she went away without even telling me. My dear, she deceived us the other day by saying that she had lost her handbag and wristwatch as if anybody, would steal the wristwatch from her hand without her knowing it.' Said Mrs. Benerji gratefully.

'Oh yes, she could have bolted with it, if I hadn't seen it. Well I saw it by good chance and there's nothing to thank me for. The way I accused her of course was a flash of wit at the moment' replied Meneka carelessly.

After Mrs. Benerji had gone, Meneka laughed to herself.

NO LIFE WITHOUT A CHILD

97% cure of sterility in women is guaranteed by CONCEPTO TABLETS Thoroughly tried by a German Doctor. Full course of treatment 24 tablets Rs 5/- (Money refunded if no conception)

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Steno House Agency, Amritsar.



KEEP THIS COPY OF THE

"FUNNY" Magzin.

IT MAY BRING YOU A MONEY PRIZE.

Why Not "Fourlets"

OF

The Commercial Tit-Bits of India

(A MONTHLY MAG. OF COMMERCE & HUMOUR, ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
ANNAS 12 ONLY BY M. O.)

Only 4 Words May Win You Rs. 100

Try

Rs 100 is Guaranteed to you for every correct solution.

Rs. 5 " " " one-errored "

Rs. 25 for correct solution posted on or before 21-3-35.

Rs. 25 for the sender of largest number of entries.

Last Posting Date 25-3-35.

Entrance Fee: Rupee 1 per entry by M. O.

All you have to do is to substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

Nos.	Words.	Meanings.	Nos.	Words.	Meanings.
1	A — B E R G —	Inn.	3	F L — — — E R	Flutter.
2	F — — — L E	Trifle.	4	S — A — —	Empty.

N. B.—For full particulars see rules below.

POCKET Rs. 500 in MISSING-LETTERS, Comp. No. 5
of THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS of INDIA

1st Prize. Rs. 350 (all correct).

2nd Prize Rs. 125 (one-error.)

Last Posting Date 25-3-35.

Entrance Fee annas 4 per entry, in stamps, for bigger amounts send M. O.

Minimum Prize of Rs. 40 Guaranteed for every correct solution.

" " 2 " " errored "

Rs. 12, 8 & 5 to the senders of the largest number of entries

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

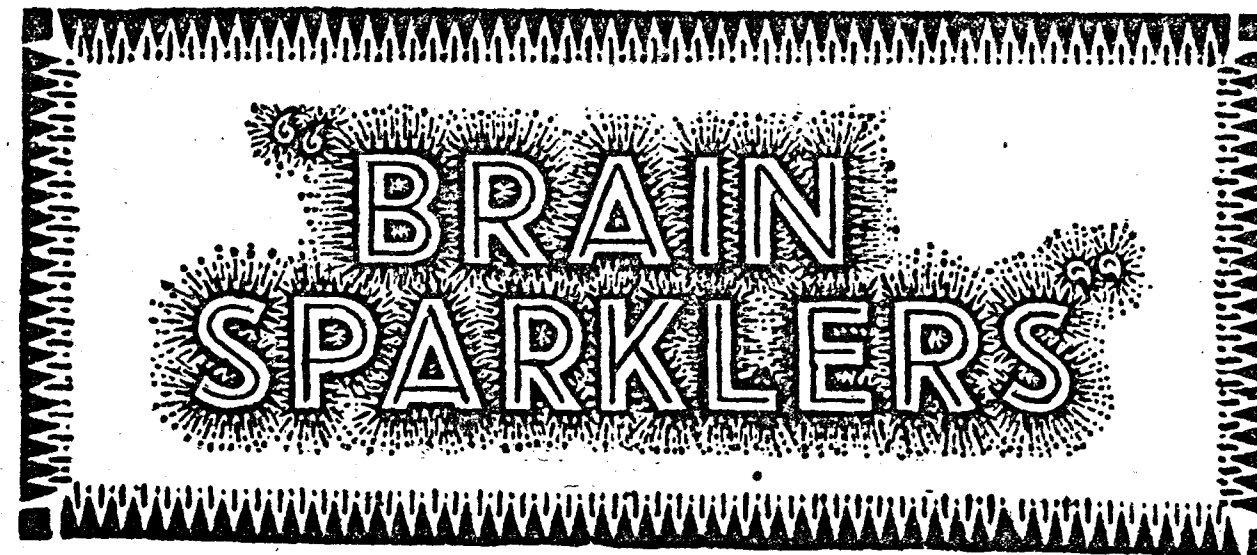
Nos.	Words.	Meanings.	Nos.	Words.	Meanings.
1	P — — — Y	Fat and short.	4	S H — —	Pretence.
2	T E — — Y	Peevish.	5	P — S —	Thrust.
3	M — — — Y	Tipsy.			

GENERAL RULES:—Chambers XX Century Dictionary. Bracketted Words are not used. The correct solution is one that tallies with the sealed solution in the possession of the editor. A Competitor can win the prize for the correct solution and also the prize for the one-errored solution. The first entry for both the Competitions must be on the special coupons found in the March issue of the Commercial TIT-BITS of India. In case where Coupons are not available the first entry may also be sent on plain paper but one-anna stamp should be affixed to the first entry on plain paper. The correct solution and the list of prize winners of both the Competitions will be published in the April issue of The Commercial TIT-BITS of India, on the 5th of April 1935. The solutions for both the Competitions may be sent in one cover and the entrance money also in one M. O. Send entries, etc., to:—

THE PUZZLE EDITOR.

The Commercial Tit-Bits of India,

17 & 18, Broadway, Madras.



SHORT STORY

Once upon a time there was a Cannibal chief whose wife disagreed with him...

Two wrongs often make a riot.

THE LATEST NUDIST COLONY TO SPRING
UP IS THE ONE WHOSE MEMBERS
SAT DOWN ON PRICKLES!

About the only fellow who has not felt much change in his business is the pickpocket.

Victims of Habit.

The actor who automatically bows when there is a clap of thunder.

The contortionist who allows his wife to twist him round her little finger.

A CHORUS GIRL IS ONE WHO SHOWS HER LINES INSTEAD OF SPEAKING THEM.

Husbands should be tender but not soft.

Suspicious

The Cashier who shaved off his moustache.

Wild

Nothing is calculated to make a woman more furious than to arrive at a meeting place ten minutes late, only to find that the other person has not yet arrived.

The Exception

Nowadays about the only thing you can't pay for on the instalment plan is one of the instalments!

Very Rarely

IN THESE TIMES OF DEPRESSION, THE BEST LUCK A PERSON CAN HAVE IS NOT TO BE BORN, BUT THAT SELDOM HAPPENS TO ANY ONE.

Definition

A bachelor is one who has no troubles or sorrows to share with anybody.

He is a pretty mean fellow who can't stand a joke at his own expense.

Women believe that a secret keeps better when divided.

HONESTY MAY BE THE BEST POLICY,
BUT THE POLICY SEEMS TO
HAVE LAPSED.

True Love is no respecter of purse.

Some men believe in luck because they never have any.

When a young man gets the matrimonial fever he catches it from some woman.

The lazier a man is, the more he is going to do tomorrow.

1ST PRIZE RS. 600.

2ND PRIZE RS. 400.

Rs. 1000 IN PLUS + COMPETITION

Two Extra Prizes of best *Roxy Fountain Pens* to Gent and Lady winner sending the highest number of entries minimum being 50.

Last Posting Date:—1-4-35.

Result on 13-4-35.

No.	Words.	Exact Meaning.
1	+ N S + L E N T.	Rude & Haughty. + 2.
2	+ A N D E R.	To roam idly. + 1.
3	M A + O R.	Respectful title. + 1.
4	+ O W L.	Yell. + 1.
5	P + G.	Ugly-looking animal. + 1.
6	L + C K.	Preserves your treasure. + 1.
7	+ O R B I D.	Dreadfully hot. + 1.
8	+ O R + O I S E.	Found near the shores. + 2.

Read the Rules and Terms.

1. **Entrance Fees**:—Rs. 1 for the 1st entry only in the Coupon and As. 4 for each subsequent entry on plain paper. You can fill three entries in the coupon. Entrance fees are to be sent by M. O. only, in no case they can be refunded.

2. Put your address, the number of entries sent, fees remitted, etc., on the M. O. Coupon and on half the back space of the envelope in *block letter*. Write your answers clearly in *block letters* by ink or type only. Answers wherein interlineations, corrections, etc., are made will be disqualified. Attach M. O. Postal receipt to your answers.

3. Keep exact copy of your entries to compare them with the sealed and correct solution deposited with B. S. Raja & Co., Poona 2, Branch Manager; Venus Assurance Co., Ltd., Delhi. It will be published in My. Mag. and Sokal of 13-4-1935.

4. In case of ties the prize will be divided equally among the winners. The winner can receive only one prize.

5. No responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, mislaid, delayed. No Correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted.

6. The decision of the Competition Manager is absolutely, final and legally binding, and is an express condition of the entry.

How to Solve.

In this simple Competition 8 words are given, wherein some letters are absent. You have only to add those letters to get the correct word as indicated by the meaning. For example, (1) If you add "I" and "O" respectively where the plus signs are shown you get the correct word "Insolent". Now solve the rest.

Address M. O.s & entries to:—

THE MANAGER, ORIENTAL
COMPETITION BUREAU,

Opp. Kirloskar Theatre, Poona 2.

Closing date 1-4-1935.

PLUS + COMPETITION.

Entry Coupon.			
No.	Solution.		
1	I, O.	I, O.	I, O.
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			

In entering 'Plus Competition' I agree to accept the Com. Manager's decision as final and legally binding. Name with full address:

F. M. 5-3-1935.

Raju's Revenge

— By K. R. HARIHARER. —

It was quite a brilliant idea.

This, is exactly how it happened

In January, Raju visited every single one of his relations to get a little financial help.

Up till that time, Raju had a thousand relatives, for he was not a financial pauper. But now, with all his money gone, he found himself stranded and neglected.

He had crossed eighteen thresholds with hope surging in his breast, but alas, he had to return empty-handed. Either the Master was not in, or the Mistress was not 'at home,' or atleast the baby was ill—very ill indeed. If the Master was in, and the Mistress at home, and the baby quite well and kicking, there were of course Master Hopeful's college fees to be paid, the insurance premium to be cleared, and the bazaar accounts, long overdue, to be settled. Anyway, poor Raju found himself richer by exactly nothing.

But wait! His younger brother, who was sort of melted by the sad state of his brother's finances offered to see what could be done and went in to consult the Wife. Our Hero, who was sitting in the office room, could not help overhearing their conversation.

BROTHER. (In subdued whisper) Can't we spare fifty rupees?

Br's Wife. (Loud and overbearing) Fifty rupees! Where do you think the money is to come from? Our cow has become old and feeble, giving little or no milk at all, and a new one has to be bought at once. And isn't it January? Don't you remember that the house has to be whitewashed, the cowshed repaired, the old rafters renewed, and a concrete gate set up? And surely all these will cost a pretty pot of money. And what with your salary cuts, and your sick-leaves, the income has diminished atleast by half. Then how can you think of paying Rs 50 to one who has never lifted his little finger to give you or your children a helping hand?

Brother. What of that? Are we not the sons of the same mother. Is he not my elder brother? And you must bear in mind that the money for my university career came from his pockets.

Wife. Enough! Enough! A kind hearted brother indeed! And so that is why he kept his sister's children with him, sending them to school, giving them everything they wanted, without once thinking of you or your children!

Husband. Oh! Don't talk rot! Didn't he give Rs. 1,000 on the day of Leela's marriage? And wasn't he who conducted Ramu's Upanayanam?

Wife (Sarcastically) I see! What if he did all this? What is the use of money to him? Has he any wife or chick to save for? And didn't he give a ring to Damu, your sister's boy, and a necklace to Rajam and a gold brooch to Sarada? If you want, you may enthrone this revered brother of yours on a pedestal and worship him, but first of all be kind enough to let me go home. I don't want to see my husband and children ruined, walking the streets a-begging.

(In an endearing tone.) Dear, take my advice. I have no objection to his dining here occasionally! Brotherly love requires all that, I know! But fifty rupees!!!

Raju could bear it no longer. With bowed head he walked out.

Three months dragged by. Raju was in as pitiable a state as ever. But a subtle change had come over him. He wanted revenge. He would like to make the honory of his relatives—mud!

It was a glorious Monday morning! There was a grand festival in the local temple. A huge crowd jostled round the much bedecked car. Raju had hoisted himself upon a neighbouring wall. The car moved slowly forward. There was a heave and a push, Raju found himself losing his balance, and with a thud he crashed to the ground.

People crowded round him, eager to help him, to raise him up. But he warded them off, and in an eager voice begged all those who desired to see him, to see him quick. Then he was taken home. Friends and relations were sent for, and in half an hour all the known and unknown relatives of the dying man had gathered round him.

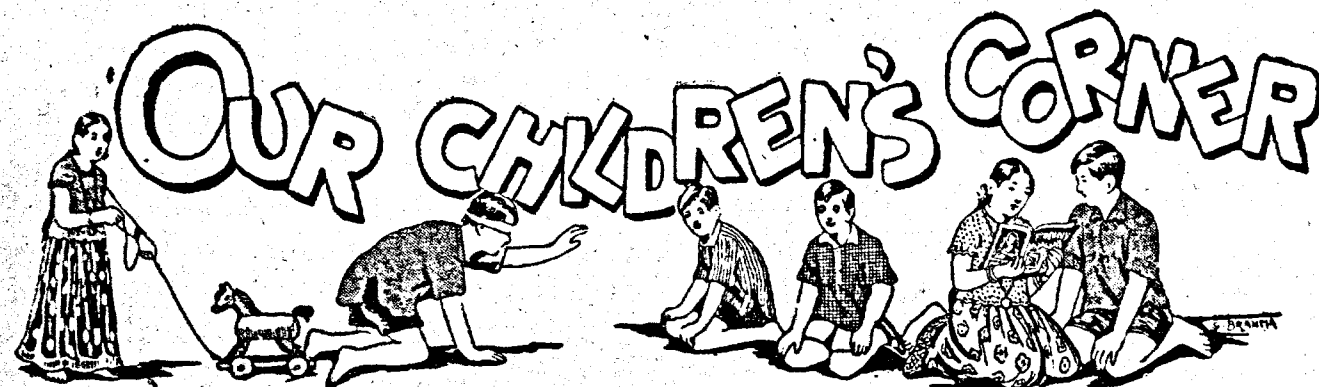
Without any undue haste, Raju got up, and before any one of his gaping relations had had time to slip away, he raised his voice and one by one pointing to each of them said:—

"You, Madam, have you finished your shopping satisfactorily? I am indeed honoured by this condescension."

"And you, Sir, did you find time enough to visit a dying man? When I called a couple of months ago, you were so busily engaged in office work."

"Hullo, who's that trying to slip away? Is it you, dear Ramu? You threatened to unlease your pretty dog on me, and make him drink my blood, eh? You wanted to make the dog also a blood relation of mine, what?"

"And dear brother, I know that you have a kind heart. Still, allow me to ask you just this. Have you bought your new cow, and whitewashed your house, and repaired the cowshed, and renewed the rafters, and set up the concrete pillar, and cooked a nice dinner for me?"



Dear Cousins

Have you joined the youth League yet? Remember members are going to get many special privileges. One of them is the Jubilee children's competitions.

There is going to be two of them. One is our regular picture puzzle with increased prize amount and the other is a story writing competition. Both are open only to members. I am awarding a prize of 20 Rs. to the best short story of not more than 500 words, submitted before April 20th. Further details will appear later. Meanwhile cheer up folks!

Your affectionate
Cousin Eddie

The Wolf and the Bear.

Once a bear and a wolf were walking in a wood searching for food. The wolf said to the bear.

"Let us go to the farmer's house. We can steal some food there."

"But how are we to get the food?" asked the bear. "Oh that's easy," replied the wolf. "All you need to do is to find the store-room and throw the food out of the window. I will stay outside to warn you should anybody come."

The bear agreed to the wolf's plan. When they reached the farmer's house everything was still and quiet for the farmer was soundly sleeping. The bear climbed through the window quietly and came to the well-filled store room. There he found a leg of mutton and he threw it to the wolf outside. The wolf was about to take it when

made a lot noise and ran away with the leg of mutton. This noise awoke the farmer and he rushed down with a big stick. Luckily the bear made his escape. As soon as the bear was safely in the forest he discovered the wolf's deception and determined to teach him a lesson.

Soon he found the greedy selfish wolf licking his paws having just finished eating the leg of mutton.

When the wolf saw the bear, he was surprised, at his escape. "What is the matter?" he asked the bear.

The farmer has got a lot of roast geese and he has gone out so come on lets go and get them."

The greedy wolf consented and they both went again. But the bear said to the wolf "It is your turn to go inside now, I'll keep a watch to see if the farmer is coming."

The wolf did not think there would be any danger for the farmer had gone out and so agreed and went inside. No sooner was the wolf inside however than the bear made a big din and scampered off. The farmer came up on the wolf and gave him a sound thrashing. Thus the bear had his revenge on his false friend.

*We heard a funny
creeping sound*

*And thought it was a
ghost*

*Then saw a white and
weird thing*

*And ran more brave
than most,*

*Picked up a little water
pail*

*And with a great big
shout*

*Shower bathed the ghost.
Now Balu*

*No more will ghost
about!*

Result of No. 7 Competition.

Correct List.

1. Trees.
2. Tap.
3. Crag.
4. Book-man.
5. Rain.
6. Archer.

The following have sent all correct entries and so divide between them the prize of 25 Rs. As there were too many entries with one error the 1st and 2nd prizes have been amalgamated.

1 & 2. MANI,
O/o N. Sambamurthy,
Sub. Post Master,
Veerarajendrapet,
COORG.

3. S. L. ABEYASIMHA,
No. 2, Kandy Road,
Wattegama,
CEYLON.

4 & 5. R. DEVADOSS,
No. 7, Power house Road,
MADURA.

COMPETITION NO. 8

Closing Date 18-3-35

1st Prize Rs. 15 (Only for Children below 18 years) 2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Here is an easy and interesting puzzle for you to solve. The first letter in every word is missing and is replaced by a picture. Now all you have got to do is find out what word the picture stands for, and take the first letter of the word. For example A shows a fight. So take the letter F and you get FATTENS. There is also the clue ('Grows fat') to help you. Now go ahead and win a prize.

2 GROWS FAT		ATTENS
3 FISH		RILL
4 DESCRIBES SOME PEOPLE		URLY
5 SOME WOMEN ARE		OMELY
6 UNEVEN		AGGED
7 OPENING		ENT
8 THIS PERSON DOES NOT LOITER		USTLER
9 DESCRIBES SOME FOOD		ASTY

Children's Puzzle No. 8 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 18TH MARCH 1935

A. FATTENS. Age.....
B.
C. Address.....
D.
E.
F.
G.
H.

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Father's or Guardian's Name.....

His Occupation.....

Sex.....

Address.....

Signature.....

Date..... 1935

Rs. 250 MUST BE WON

IN OUR "Fill up" Competition

Closing date: 20-3-'35.

Results on 5-4-'35.

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 150.

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 100.

What you have to do

Below you are given 8 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 F—LL are given. The clue for No. 1 is Supply and the answer for that is FILL. So the letter I is missing between F and L. Putting the letter I in the place of the dash the word. FILL is obtained as the solution. Similarly the others also can be solved. For other rules and conditions see next page.

Words.

1. F—LL.
2. T—PE.
3. CHI— —
4. CARRI— — —
5. EL — — E.
6. — RE.
7. L— — TLE.
8. FL — — R.

Clues.

1. Supply.
2. Used in printing.
3. Infant.
4. Vehicle.
5. Escape.
6. Before.
7. Not much.
8. One who flies.

Rules & Conditions.

1. The First Prize of Rs. 150 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. 100 to the next best in merit. 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, "Fill up Competition" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 8, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th March 1935. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or entries received after the closing date will be disqualified.

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

5. The results of the "Fill up Competition" will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 5th April 1935.



"Fill up" Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20th March 1935.

- | | |
|----------|---------|
| 1. FILL. | 5. |
| 2. | 6. |
| 3. | 7. |
| 4. | 8. |

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature

Name Mr.
Miss or Mrs.

Address

Basakasala's

Cough Cure

The Best Remedy known for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma & Bronchitis.

Cuts short, attacks of Spasms, Hysteria & Palpitation.

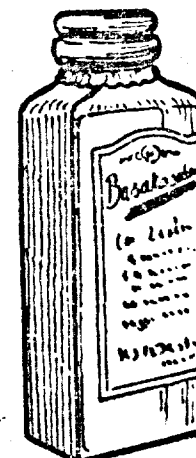
Acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, Colic & other Bowel complaints.

A true Palliative in Neuralgia, Gout, Tooth Ache & Rheumatism.

Per Phial Re. 1

Apply to—Dhanalaxmi & Co.

Sowcarpet, Madras.





AN UNIQUE OFFER

TO
'FUNNY - MAGZIN'
Readers.

25% Commission will be allowed on face-value, if you just mention that you are a reader of 'Funny Magzin'!

G. W. M. Reynold's Big Type Edition Novels.

The Mysteries of the Court of London

The only true and exact copy of the Original! This interesting and unrivalled novel abounds in amazing and spell binding incidents which will enthral the reader. A daring exposure of the English Aristocracy, fearlessly related!

Published in 17 Vols. 17 Volumes at a time
Rs. 17-0-0
Price per volume 1-2-0 Postage As. 7 extra.

NECROMANCER

A highly sensational Novel, full of startling incidents, told as only Reynolds can. Relates the story of Danvers who sells his soul to satan in exchange for longevity of life.

Price per set of 3 Vols. Rs. 2-4-0.

SEAMSTRESS

A story which illustrates the triumph of Chastity under adverse circumstances. Full of moving tragic scenes and absorbing incidents.

In 2 Vols. (in one bound) Rs. 1.

Rye House Plot

Wherein, the inimitable Reynolds narrates the story of Ruth, the conspirator's daughter. Contains the mysteries of Rye House Days and the innumerable Court intrigues.

In 4 Vols. Rs. 3-0-0 only per set.

ALFRED

The story of the adventures of a French-gentleman, reveals the passionate love intrigues of Parisian society ladies!

In 1 Volume. Price Rs. 1.

Bronze Statue, or The Virgin's Kiss

Considered by many as the author's masterpiece, this unique novel is one of the most interesting story ever written. Suffice it to say that the reader who peruses a few pages will not lay aside the book till he finishes it.

In 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Stories Told by a Gendarme

An account of a thousand singular adventures which would make the reader avoid the crooked path of vice and pursue the course of virtue.

In 1 Volume As. 12.

Krishna Sanjeevi

The Soothing Balm for all Pains.

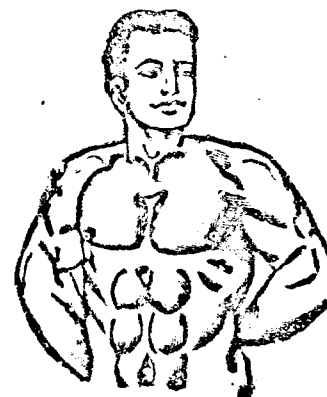


It cures by external application only all sorts of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spasmodic or sudden muscular pains, stiffness, swellings, sprains, Lumbago Gonorrhoeal and Syphilitic Rheumatism whether caused by external injury, chill or accumulation of uric acid or impure blood.

It is equally useful in chest pains, pains in the neck and even bruises and cuts.

Per Phial As. 8.

Amirthasanjeevi Lekyam AND Ayakanta Bhaspam.



The Strength-giving and Nerve-Invigorating Elixir.

This remarkable medicine is without equal in all cases of defective nerve power, whether induced by worry, over-work, unhealthy climate, dissipation, excess of modern life, Sleeplessness, tremblings, palpitation, nervous dyspepsia, mental and bodily prostration, Muscular and local weakness, general and nervous debility, faulty nutrition, premature decay or deficiency of the vital forces, waste of vitality, harassing dreams, sudden startings, dimness of sight, defective hearing, loss of memory, back-ache, nervous headache, wasting diseases, night sweats, and all other phases of brain and nerve exhaustion, are successfully combated by this highly scientific preparation. It gives tone to the exhausted nerves, arrests all weakening symptoms, etc. restores the falling powers, and imparts new life and energy to what had so recently assumed "worn out", "used up" and "valueless".

In rebuilding the disordered nervous system—in enriching the impoverished blood, in removing the obnoxious and poisonous matter from the body, in giving a healthy tone to the shattered constitution and in bringing a doomed life back to youth, vigour and cheer—This Lekyam and Bhaspam are unrivalled and unequalled. These can be taken by all people of all ages and all sex with the greatest advantage.

Inland (for 24 days use) Rs. 1-12-0

Postage As. 8 Extra.

" (" 48 ") Rs. 4-0-0 (including postage.)

Foreign (for 24 days use) Rs. 1-12-0

Postage Rs. 1-4-0 Extra.

" (" 48 ") Rs. 5-8-0 (including postage.)

For foreign countries medicines will not be sent without money fully prepaid (as advance.)

Sandanathi Thylam.

A best tonic food for the Brain. Regular use for bath and for hair dressing, keeps the brain cool, refreshing and sharp. Indispensable for brain workers.

Price in tins of 5 Palams

Rs. 1 0 0.

" 10 Palams

Rs. 1 12 0.



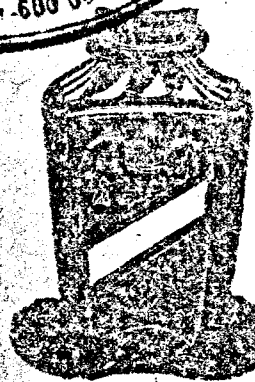
GOLD PILLS.

Youth in thirty minutes.

Old man and delighted young man will enjoy pleasures in life within 30 minutes.

Revives youth and vigour in thirty minutes by the use of Nervigour gold Pills. The world renowned specific pills for the impotent and hopeless and the best tonic for weak constitution and nervous Prostration. It is the medicine to get back the lost power with the lasting effect. It is a preparation on indigenous drugs with no bad after effect.

If two pills are taken daily morning and after supper with milk, coffee, ovaltine or water before going to bed, it will restore manly powers and it is useful to both sexes. No restriction of diet. One phial of 20 pills price Rs. 2.



G. W. M. Reynolds' Big Type Edition Novels.

The Queen's Prophecy

Contains the court intrigues during time of Queen Elizabeth. Highly entertaining and interesting.
In 3 Vols. Rs. 2-4-0.

The Mysteries of old London

A novel which unfolds the mysteries of London during the 17th Century. Reveals the debauchery, crime, extravagance and profligacy, which existed during the period.
In 3 Vols. Rs. 2-4-0.

POPE JOAN

A vivid portrayal of the extraordinary scenes in the court of a Despot Sultan.
In 3 Vols. 1-12-0.

The young Fisherman

An extraordinary story of the adventures of the only son of a nobleman, whose uncle resorts to cunning machinations to deprive him of his ancestral property. A Novel which one should read. In 1 Volume As. 10.

Robert Macaire

The adventures of a French Bandit in England. His recklessness and ruses would enthral the reader and sustain his interest to the end.
2 Vols. (in one Book) Rs. 1-4-0.

The Young Duchess

This unique novel relates the adventures of a lady of quality. Full of gripping incidents and voluptuous scenes.
In 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Grace Darling

The story of Eliza Richards who in a moment of weakness becomes the victim of Stanley, and resolves to wreak her vengeance on the seducer. In 1 Vol. As. 12.

FAUST

An excellent romance abounding in thousand and one morals and well worth reading. The Notorious Borgia family's adventures related here are well worth perusing.
In two Vols. Rs. 1-8-0.

Mary Stuart

In which the inimitable Author reveals the true character of the Queen of Scotland. In 2 Vols. Rs. 1-4-0.

The Massacre of Glencoe

Depicts the scenes of cruelty and horrible massacres during the time of religious quarrels in England.
As. 12; per copy.

The Soldier's Wife

Many consider this as the Master piece of Reynolds. Relates the adventures of a chaste young woman, who suffers all sorts of persecution to save her husband's life. It is impossible not to be thrilled by this sensational Novel.
Per set 2 Vols. Rs. 1-8-0.

Mary Price

The memoirs of a maid-servant. As every one knows Reynolds is an adept at coining out sensational plots, and in this novel he has surpassed himself.
Price per volume As. 12; per set 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

Joseph Wilmot

This is a comprehensive account of the adventures which befall a man-servant. Abounds in a vivid portrayal of crime, vice, murder, debauchery, chastity and virtue.
Price per Vol. As. 12; per set 8 vols. Rs. 5.

MARGARET

A story of a discarded Queen. Absolutely and thrillingly interesting from cover to cover!
Price per Volume As. 12; per set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

Loves of the Harem

That Reynolds can imagine a strong plot and work it out with extraordinary skill is well-known and now from his magic pen comes a story of Constantinople, which confirms this, yet again!
Price per Vol. As. 12. Per set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

ELLEN PERCY

We need not harp upon the excellence of the author's plots. Suffice it is to say that this story of the Memoirs of an actress is an interesting narrative.
Price per Vol. As. 12 per set of 8 Vols. Rs. 5.

Rosa Lambert

A novel abounding in tragic scenes. Relates the adventures of a clergyman's daughter. This is the novel in which is depicted the courage and weakness of the fair sex.
Prices per Vol. As. 12. Per set 4 Vols. Rs. 3.

THE SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

GUARD YOUR TEETH!

WITH
SIVAPRAGASA TOOTH POWDER!

It will keep your teeth Pearl-white, strengthen them and preserve them. A sure cure and preventive for Tooth-ache, decay of teeth, fang Neuralgia, Gum boils, Piarrohea, etc.

1 Tin As. 2.
6 Tins As. 10 only.



"IDEAL"

HAND EMBROIDERY MACHINE

With the aid of which at previous knowledge, could stitch, Velvet, Khaddar etc., Brodery Work, Monograms, etc.

A novel instrument, you can stitch bag-covers, table-clothes, etc.

With complete illustrated directions.

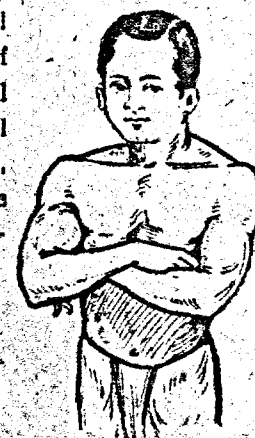
Rs. 2-8-0 only.

NERVOLIN THE IRON TONIC

Builds mighty muscles! Unequalled tonic in cases of defective power. Cures all Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Premature Decay, Exhausted Vitality and all the results of overwork and dissipation.

Per Phial for 20 days' use
Rs. 1.

Per Phial for 40 days' use
Rs. 1-12.



SUPERIOR WATCH CO., POST BOX NO. 167, MADRAS.

Nethra Bindhu

OR

Eye Drops

Diseases of the eye are very common in India. NETHRA BINDHU is the most soothing, cooling and healing remedy known. It relieves the optic nerve tension cures redness, ophthalmia, cataract, fleshy growth, ulceration watering of the eye, shortness of vision, iritis, sore-eyes, profuse flow of tears, purulent discharge, colour blindness etc. Does not irritate.

Per Phial As. 8 only.

Ringworm Cure

Speedily and Permanently cures all sorts of ringworms and other skin-diseases. Does not burn or irritate. A remedy which ought to be in every household medicine chest!

Per Phial 4 As. only.

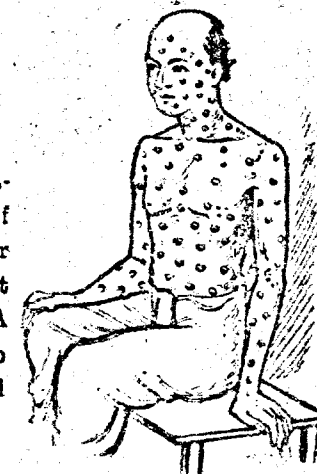


Photo Album

FOR

Private Collectors

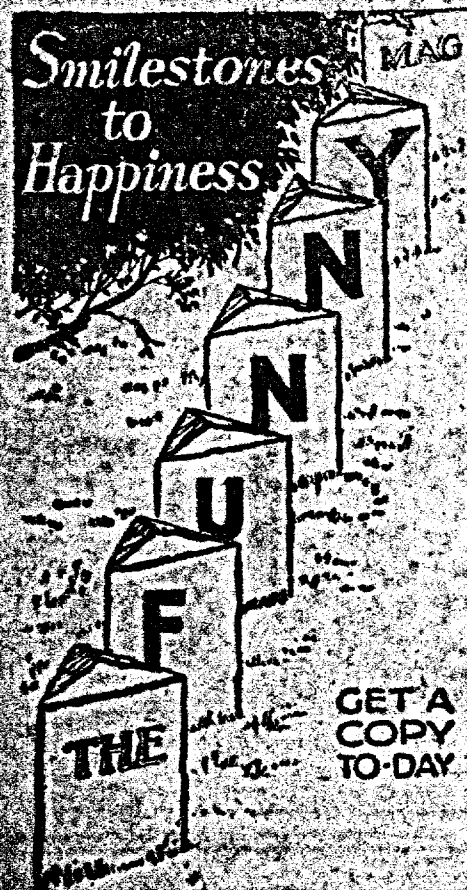
AND

Art Lovers

12 Beautiful real life Nature studies of sexes of Parisian, German and Indian beauties, posed in rhythmic motion just as an exacting artist would desire them. If photos tell the story, buy these genuine stuff and see for yourself. Girls in very tantalising and daring poses to show every thing to the best advantage. Many actual photos of men and women in affectionate French style love scenes. These are the kind of photos that you keep in your inside pocket and you make sure that there are no holes in the pocket either!

Complete set Rs. 1-12-0 only.

Smilestones
to
Happiness



ENSURE

HAPPINESS

BY

Subscribing to the "Funny."

Fill up the form and be for
ever gay!

To

THE MANAGER.

FUNNY MAGZIN.

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly Street,
Sowcarpet.

Dear Sir,

Please enrol me as a st
Funny for one year. I am
or M. O. receipt for Rs. 2-0-0

a vivid portray-
of chastity and

8 vols. Rs. 5.

ET

Name

Absolutely and

Address

Rs. 3.

'Funny Magzin' is India's
Premier Laughter Maker!

Printed and Published by N. MURUGAN, at the "ANANDA BODHINI" PRESS,
No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly Street, Sowcarpet, Madras. Editor: R. BALASUNDARAM, B.A., L.
and horo
als in Eng
As 13, p

THE SUPERIOR WATCH CO.,

POST BOX NO. 167,
MADRAS.