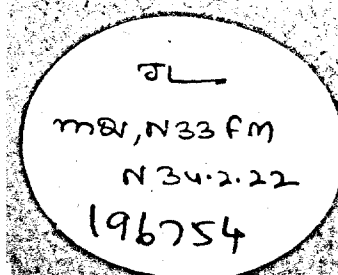


Funny mag

V2, No 22, 20th June 1935

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THE FUNNY MAG

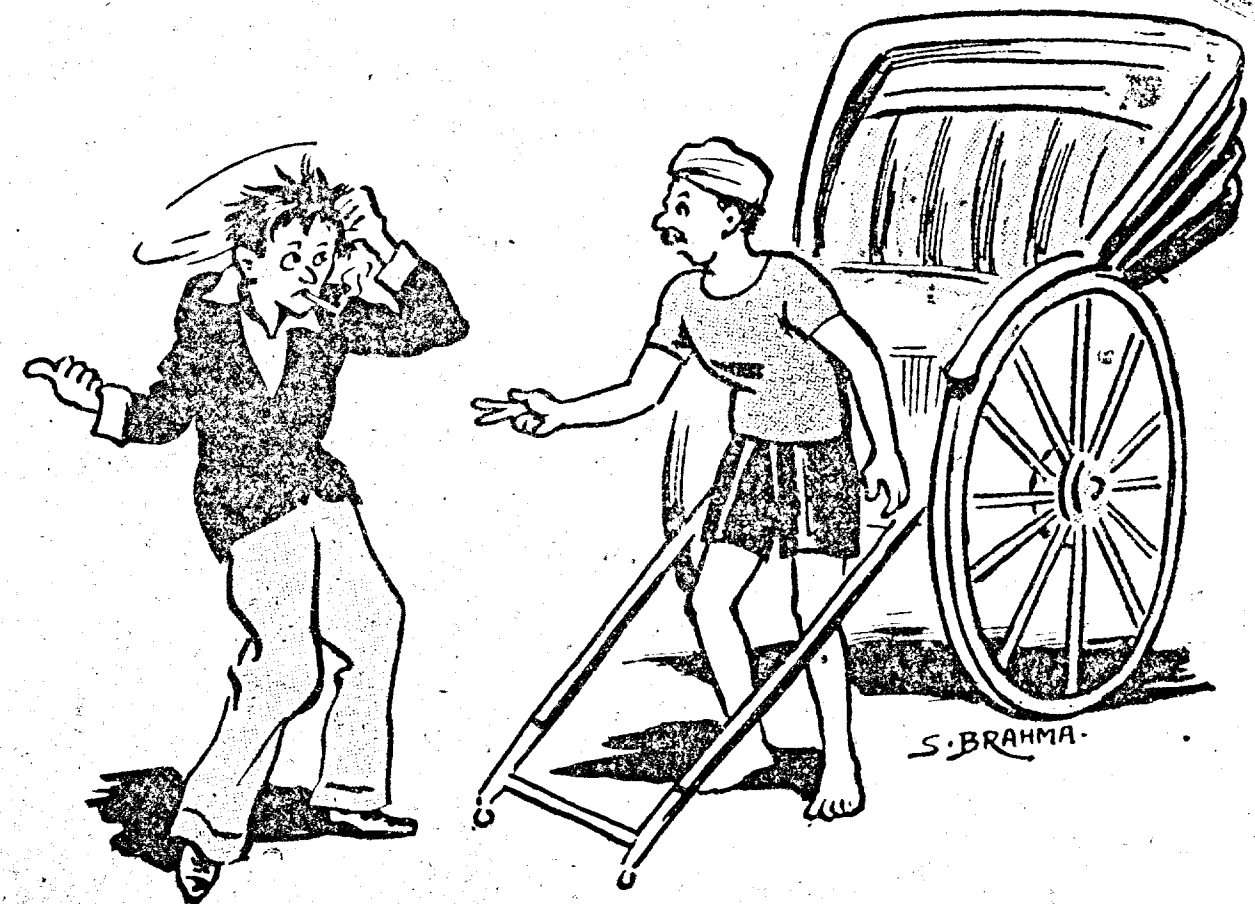
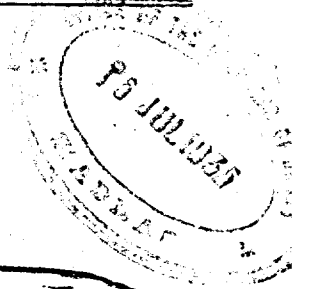
PUBLISHED ON THE 5TH & 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol. II.

MADRAS, 20th JUNE, 1935.

No. 22.

THE OFFER!



(Inebriated gent to rickshaw-wallah): "How much—hic—do you—hic—want to take me to Vepery?"

Ricksha-wallah: "Eight annas, Saar "

Gent: " Hic—It's too much. Jump in I'll take you there myself for two annas !"



A girl tells us that she can play five hundred tunes on the piano without a break.

In fairness to her, however, it must be admitted that she rarely does so.

"Miserable-looking individuals should be barred from weddings," declares a writer.

An exception would be made in the case of the bridegroom, of course.

"A man can't be expected to cancel a woman's debt merely because she is young and pretty," said a tradesman in court.

Though he's probably prepared to meet her.

A man of 102 is writing a book of poetry.

That, in our opinion, is the very best age at which to write a book of poetry.

"It is the man with money to burn who lives dangerously," we read.

He naturally doesn't mind playing with fire.

A champion goal-kicker in professional Rugby football has retired from the game and is now in business.

Most commercial travellers prefer to ring him up, believing that personal contact in this instance is not altogether wise.

"How to Increase I-Yeeah-Your-ay" is the title of an article in a

contemporary.

One method is to go for a ride in a juke, wait until it has taken you two miles and give that driver an anna, and listen carefully.

In an American talkie one of the characters is fatally stabbed with a corkcrew.

We felt sure that ultimately there would be a screen thriller with a new twist.

On regaining consciousness after being counted out, a boxer asked what date it was.

He was amazed to find that it was the same evening and that he hadn't been knocked into the middle of next week.

A burglar who appeared in court the other day admitted that it was the twenty-fifth time he had appeared there.

His plea that he was only celebrating Jubilee Year was ignored.

An experienced after-dinner orator says he was quite speechless the first time he stood up in front of a microphone at a banquet.

Still, he was able to stand—that's something.

"It's difficult for a man to tell a woman's real age," remarks a writer.

It's practically impossible for the woman to do it.

According to a phrenologist a certain type of bump on a man's forehead denotes that he will meet trouble in his life.

Or, of course, that he has already met it.

"When I go and consult my lawyer he simply gives me a headache," complains a correspondent.

He should consider himself lucky that he isn't charged for it.

An author declares that he once kept an idea for a novel in his head for fifteen years.

It is not long enough.

Burglars recently broke into two studios occupied by artists.

It is not known why, unless it was just to get a little practice.

"Very few men are able to describe accurately the dresses that their wives wear," says a fashion writer.

Anyhow, not until they receive the bills for them.

We read of a farmer who is trying to find an infallible method of keeping pests from fruit.

He has no doubt realized the hopelessness of reporting them to their schoolmasters.

One of the claims of a certain professional strong man is that he is able to lift three fully-grown women.

Most husbands find it is as much as they can do to support one.

A business man working late in the City was surprised by burglars, who bound him to a chair.

When they had gone, he managed to reach the telephone and ring up his wife to say he really was detained at the office.

A mere man cannot understand the modern girl.

The riddle of the Minx?

"Billposter Boxer."

He should give his opponents a good pasting.

Woman's work is never done," we read.

In some cases, of course, because she never starts.



BY
THETA

MISCHIEF

LEELA Bhushanam of the Fourth form of the Doyen Girls' High School was in one of her contrary moods. She was thoughtful and a bit off-colour. The school had reopened that day after the Xmas vacation, and there was the usual bustle and noise. But Leela hadn't the least heart for the chaff-chaffs and tittle-tattle of her chums for they bored her, and she answered all their anxious queries dully and in monosyllables.

Generally, she was as pert, wayward, irrepressible and saucy minx of a school girl as ever wore a pigtail down her back. Even her teachers knew it; most of them had at one time or other been victims of her artful pranks. She was an incorrigible—a hard nut to crack, a surprise-packet to be precise. And that was that.

On the reopening day, however, her dial was clouded. She herself could not tell you why, if you asked her. It was simply one of her wayward moods. And pleading a bad headache she eluded her chums and wended solitarily home, a picture of gloom. Her gait was forced, mechanical—almost like one going for one's funeral if you see what I mean. Half-way up, she remembered her mother had given her a letter to post. It wouldn't do to forget that. It wasn't stamped, and she therefore turned listlessly back in the direction of the post-office.

As she came in sight of that red-brick monstrosity, a veil suddenly seemed to lift from over her face exposing it to the bracing breeze—Result: the clouds cleared and the old, dancing light of mischief dawned in her lookers. Laughing softly to herself, she increased her pace to a brisk trot, a run almost. As she neared the gates, she nearly collided with a young man cycling towards her from the opposite direction. Both the rider and the machine crashed to the ground, but luckily enough not much harm was done. The youth scrambled up awkwardly, and picking up the bike examined it. "The old bus isn't so

badly damaged, thank god! only scartched a bit," he muttered with a sheepish grin at the demure little girl before him.

"Oh, I am sorry," she said contritely, "but...it's really your fault, you know, you didn't toot!"

"That's all right. No harm done anyway!" and he prepared to mount.

"Wait a minute please! Can you tell me where the Post office is?" she inquired innocently.

"My hat!" laughed the young man. "Can't you read the bally old sign there, grinning at you overhead?"

"Ah, very stupid of me not to have noticed it! Thank you!"

"Forget it, old thing! so long!" and he moved off. After going a little distance, curiosity made him turn his head and look back, and the girl who had not yet left her post, beckoned to him with a wave of her hand.

"What's it now?" he asked, pedalling back, "you aren't going to ask me where the 'rabies-bite-dog-hospital' is, or the zoo, are you? For I don't know and there aren't any either, hereabouts!"

"You seem to be a nice, discerning young man," she laughingly said, "but, have no fear! I am almost a stranger to these parts. Can you direct me to some shop where they sell stamps—postage stamps, I mean?"

The youth stared at her speechless for a moment, but failing to detect the slightest twitch or twinkling in her face, he gave it up. "Suffering snakes! Are you trying to pull my legs?" he cried after a pause. "Well I'm blowed!"...and pushed off pedalling for all his life was worth, his only wish to put as much distance as he could between him and that impossible girl. Nor did he commit the mistake this time, of looking back!

A minute later, Leela entered the post-office gates. From the queue of impatient people waiting at one of the windows she could plainly see which was the stamp counter. She walked up to it.

"Any peep-show, or what?" she inquired, and passed on not waiting for an answer. It was miles away from her mind to get stamps by pressing into that crowd. Oh no! That imp of mischief that must have had a lot to say at her birth and that had stood godfather to her ever since, took the matter entirely out of her hands and made her its exclusive concern. Leela stepped boldly into the office.

The office room was almost deserted. The post-pones had left long ago with their daily burden. The money-order clerk was yawning at his counter with a bored expression, while the clerk seated adjacent was immersed in a thriller. Rangiah Naidu, the head post-man was sorting letters at a big table, and the head of the office was enjoying his forty winks at another, his face buried in the deep folds of that day's newspaper and he was snoring.

Leela took in the whole picture at a glance—she was a very sensible girl—and stepping to the post-master's table she leaned over it and gave a gentle tug at the paper—and calmly awaited results, her eyes scanning the roof in apparent know-nothingness.

"Eh? who the...what the...!" snorted the post-master awaking with a start. He saw before him a little girl with a pigtail, and she was studying the tiles on the roof. He glared at her speechless for a moment.

"Hallo! who the devil are you, and what do you want?" he asked angrily.

"Ah, were you speaking to me, please?" inquired the girl with well-feigned surprise, and flashed one of her engaging smiles at him.

The smile failed to soothe the temper of the Head.

"Who else do you think?" he snapped.

"Oh, my name is Leela, if that's what you be wanting to know," she answered innocently. "But I spell it with a double 'e' and not with an 'e' and an 'i'."

The Head's face blazed with anger.

"Oh, you spell it with a double 'e' do you? Wait a minute, who gave you permission to get in? Didn't you...."

"I didn't come here to steal your cash or letters, Mr. post-master! Do you take me for a thief or what?" she interrupted hotly.

"Didn't you see the board put up over the door?" he went on without seeming to note the hot outburst.

"That!" she sniffed scornfully with a toss of her pretty little head. "You mean the red plated thing hung outside don't you? I thought it was meant for your s-t-a-f-f!"

A real bang-in-the-eye for the Head, a knock-out blow that clean knocked the breath out of him! He gasped! He was completely taken back by that answer. He did not know what to make of the little visitor. He was completely befogged. He lost his bearings and floundered helplessly. She seemed a little, innocent mite, but very free with her tongue—rather too free to his liking, he thought. He paused, a bit revolving in his mind at what angle to tackle her.

"Well let that pass," he said in a more equable frame of tone. "Now that you are here, what the heck do you want?"

"Now that you remind me of it, I would like to look at some stamps, please!" she said.

"Ah, you've come to the wrong place; if you want to purchase stamps, you must go outside and approach the stamp clerk's window. Good-morning!" he replied curtly.

Leela was not to be shaken off in that dead-rat like fashion. "But..." she remonstrated.

"No buts; you can't get stamps here. Don't waste my time. Good-morning!" he said cutting her short.

"All the same, I think you are being very rude," she remarked crossly. "Evidently, they didn't teach you manners in the old schools. I was always told that the post office department was the politest department, but wrongly as I see now."

"One lives and learns!" she added after a pause in a philosophic tone.

The postmaster couldn't help smiling at her last words, and his temper being by now a bit normal, beckoned to the stamp clerk who happened to

pass that way to his counter after his afternoon cup of tea.

"Hi, Vilan; this girl wants some stamps. Give her what she requires," he said to him.

"Yes, sir; and the clerk motioned the girl to follow him.

"What denomination, Miss?" asked the clerk.

"Denomination?" She looked puzzled for a moment. "Denomination? Do you mean Smartha, Vaishnava, Shiah, Sunni and all that? Do you

have such distinctions here too?"

she inquired in a tone of surprise.

The stamp-clerk laughed outright. This girl was evidently a fresher.

he thought. Live and learn, Mr. stamp-clerk!

"I mean, what value? Is it for a letter or parcel or what? Hurry, please, don't you see there are so many waiting outside?"

"Oh, that! Well, mother gave me a letter to post for my uncle, who is at Bombay!"

"Let me see it, please!" he said.

"Oh, no," she cried horrified. "You can't read it, it's private, and moreover, it is glued."

The stamp clerk was getting impatient like the crowd outside the window.

"Here, I don't want to open it, but

only to see how heavy it is!" he said.

"If that's all, here it is!" and she handed him a buff-envelope, which he poised in his hand.

"Oh yes, one anna will do. Here you are, Miss!" and he offered her a stamp of that value.

Leela held the light-red tinted thing up to the light and surveyed it critically like a connoisseur of stamps. She shook her head. "I hardly like the colour." She remarked, handing it back. "Haven't you got any other shade—sky—blue, peacock—n e e k Benares—rose.....for instance? you see, I never did like this kind of red. If it was a brighter red now....."

The stamp vendor began to get cross. In all his six and odd years as a stamp vendor, he had never come across such a curious customer who objected to the colour of stamps. Was she really ignorant or was it a pose? Was she really serious or only laughing up her sleeves?

The crowd outside was getting quite restive.

"Really, Miss, you are keeping me from my work," he said in a tone of annoyance. "This is the only colour we have got." "Strange!" Leela murmured. "Are you sure you haven't got them in any other shade, really, really sure?"

Seeing that the girl couldn't be frownded away, he offered her two half-anna stamps, and said "you can affix these on, if you like!"

"Ah, that's better!" she said, taking the green things and scrutinising carefully. These would suit me to a T. But I'll take only one if you please," and she handed the other back. "But, you'll need two for your letter! Those are half-anna stamps," remonstrated the clerk.

"You really think so? But, I never did like two of the same colour together, you know," she said. "They never do look well side by side."

"I don't care!" retorted the clerk. "Either you take the one anna stamp or the two half-anna ones if you want your letter to go!"

"But,don't get angry please!—Are you quite sure you haven't the other in, say peacock hue, or navy neek....."

"No!" thundered the clerk throwing the last shreds of patience to the winds,

"Or...." went on the incorrigible girl in the same calm innocent tone, "—or, if you have any other tint, at least let me be sure you haven't got any with a different picture, say Chaplin, or Greta garbo or Harold Lloyd, or Maurice Chevalier.....just for a choice, you know?"

That was the last straw!

"Madam, this is a post-office and not a blooming picture-album shop or a lunatic asylum!" he roared thoroughly purple with rage.

"That's odd! I thought you had such things here. But never mind, let me see if I cannot suit myself elsewhere!" and she went out leaving the poor clerk to mop his perspiring brow and attend to his other customers.

Leela came back, however, in a few minutes. This time she approached the counter from the outside. The crowd had departed.

"I've changed my mind," she said. "I'll take the green ones" and she sighed.

The clerk gave her stamps in question. She took them and turned away without paying for them. The clerk called after her.

"Wait a minute, I'm not really going!" she answered turning back.

"Where do I post this, letter, please?" she inquired coming back a minute later.

"Just you slip it into that box, there, miss," said the clerk pointing to the letter box.

She left him again, but returned once more to the counter looking very sad and troubled.

"Oh, Mr. Stamp clerk!" she wailed pitifully. "I slipped the letter in, but I forgot to put the stamps on! Mother will be dreadfully angry if the letter doesn't go!"

For the clerk, the joke reached its climax. He burst into uproarious laughter. The pleading troubled face that stared at him in open-mouthed horror and astonishment, however, brought him back to terra firma. "Don't cry," he said soothing her,

"We shall go to the post master and get him open the box."

The two went to the post master and apprised him of the situation. "Well, I never!" he exclaimed, and rose and fetched a key.

During the search for Leela's unstamped letter, Rangiah Naidu who had also joined the party, fished out a fountain pen from amongst the pile and showed it to the others. "Ah, it must be my pen!" cried Leela excitedly, as she looked in her pocket and didn't find it there. "...and oh" she gasped "here's the letter which I thought I had put into the box. I must have slipped in my pen instead of the letter I think!"

"You cussed little daughter of Eve!" exclaimed the post-master very red in the face. "Let me catch you at the trick again!"

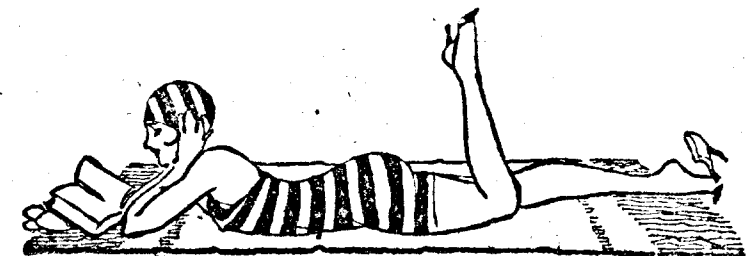
"Oh, but you haven't asked for my autograph, yet, you know!" she retorted grinning, and beat a quick retreat out of the post-master's reach.

"Hi there, miss!" cried the bewildered stamp clerk running after her, "you haven't paid for the stamps!"

"Ah, I forgot!" she said coming back. "Here are the stamps please. I've changed my mind. I don't like the looks of two together side by side, and if you are really you haven't a different shade to offer, I think I'll see if I can't suit myself elsewhere, after all, as I said before, you remember?"

And placing the stamps on the counter, the girl departed as abruptly as she came, leaving a thoroughly astounded and too-speechless-for-words clerk to replace the despoiled stamps inside his book-file, and hurry out for a stiff strong drink to restore his benumbed senses.

Safely outside, Leela looked at her dainty wristlet for the time. It was half past two which meant that she had spent the best part of an hour in the post office. "And now for some tea and a bit of lunch!" she said to herself laughing softly, which brought the dimples on her saucy cheeks.



S. BRAHMA

THE WISE LOVER

By DANIEL. S. DORAI.



Mamma says I am lucky as can be
To marry Professor Grant;
Papa says he wonders what he could see
In a girl like me to want;

And at first no one was prouder than I
(His fame is world-wide, you know),
But I must tell some one, or I shall die—
Well, it is awfully slow!

I thought he'd come wooing like other men
In spite of being so wise,
And say he loved, again and again,
And praise my hair and my eyes;

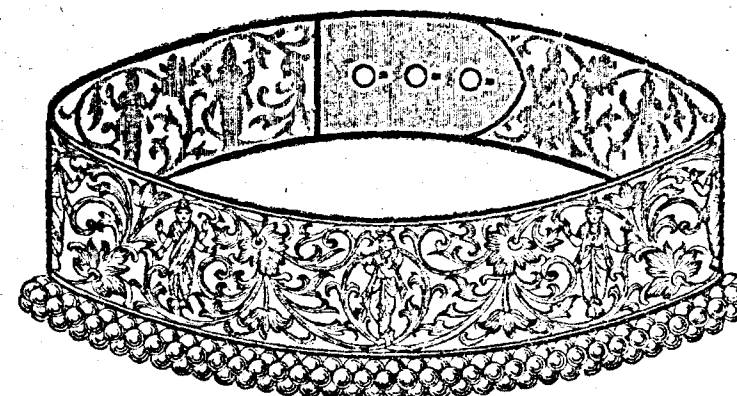
But he I talks of things I can't understand
Fossils and stones and shells—
He never dreams of holding my hands,
Nor bringing me caramels.

I want a lover to talk of love,
Smooth my hair and look at me;
I wish he calls me "sweet-heart" & "Dove"
And pull me down on his knee,

I'd like him to write me foolish rhymes,
Give me some little surprise—
Well, I can't keep it, I wish sometime
He won't so very wise



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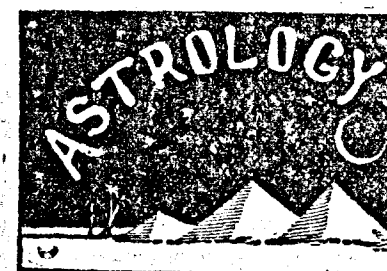
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MY AILMENT

By B. N. SAHAY



MATERIA Medica is all trash—if it does not contain the symptoms of my disease. I have consulted, individually and collectively, the entire congregation of the alleopaths, with stethoscope in their ears and the blood pressure tube in the arm; the entire homeopaths, boasting of their dynamic, dashing and the death-defying treatment; the hakims imparting vim vigour and vitality gratis to their patients and finally the clownlike dressed astrologers, noted for their marvellous mystic powers and a second sight.

After a prolonged X'ray, Ultra Violet and the like examinations, the alleopath finally coughed out, moving his neck within his stiff collar, that I suffered from a complication of a heart disease and should instantly go to some sanatorium or an invalid asylum.

The homeopath after subjecting me to a severe cross examination, where you may, in your unguarded moments, give out that you had once kissed a girl who was long ago a typist of the manufacturer of 'GONOKILLER' or you had once dined in a hotel the chokra of which was seen in a

pub with half a tumbler of country wine or while examining your granny's will you found a pamphlet advertising 'Ratio-serol for the piles' or some such other minor secret of your family, finally told me that I suffered from a serious type of whooping cough and that a dose of 'droscra' will do me a world of good.

THE hakim, my next door neighbour, one day whispered into my wife's ears that I suffered from a acute-chronic type of conjunctivitis that I should either be instantly placed under his treatment or insured for a heavy amount.

Finally I ran to my astrologer friend, who having scrutinized my palm, forehead and some such other parts of the body as if he was a life insurance doctor searching for an identification mark, and having gathered a tenfold austerity on his uncouth, lack-lustre face said 'Dear Client. There is Saturn in your house of zodiac, and advised me to give him a fiver so that he might offer some ablution on my behalf and then asked me to take a large quantity of onions every day.

Now readers, it is funny indeed. You too will like to know a bit of it and now here it goes. Listen. Its attack is periodical and comes on the particular day without fail. It begins in the morning and aggravates as the sun rises high up, comes to its climax with heavy palpitation of heart at the sight of some one and finally leaves me in happiness galore. Are you perplexed, readers. Does not matter, here comes your editor, a shrewd fellow, to your rescue.

'Yes, Hello.

Yes, Sahay speaking, on the other end of the wire here. Damn, you blighter, you have put my reader in a state of dilemma. I know what you suffer from.'

'Thank you, sir, May I know it, please.'

'Yes, You suffer from the disease of writing stuffs which are usually

refused by the editors and the sight of those rejected MSS. sends your heart palpitating like a drum. Is it not.'

'Sorry, Chief, you too have failed.' and readers, do you see, of course by the process of television, your editor sitting on his rickety chair and gazing through his lens (supported by a frame of doubtful antiquity on the wall yonder, looks profane.

And here you see a long letter from the business manager, marked confidential and private advising me to start a competition in his magazine inviting the medical intelligentsia to diagnose my disease with a note that every human-born man, woman or a child, be he by profession a doctor or a rickshawpuller may enter for the competition provided he encloses an entry fee of Re. 1. for every solution he submits: and thus pocket a heavy entry fee. As an alternative, he advises me to give a short advertisement in the classified column of his magazine to the effect:—

'Persons who want to know the name of my disease enclose eight one pice stamp for reply.' And open a private stamp selling depot at home.

Lastly he undertakes to broadcast the symptoms of my disease in the foreign countries so that by the end of the week I may be asked to sign a big contract for a few drops of blood from the various medical associations and by the end of a month I go anaemic and accompany the editor to the nearest pub for a glass of the AB-E-HBYAT (Life Elixir). Wait, however, readers, here comes a chappie from among the 'Funny' readers with a laughing face and shouting 'Eureka, I have found it. It is love that you suffer from. Who is the fortunate lady to marry an intellectual giant like yourself? She must be' and began to describe the combined beauty features of Sulochana and Sabita. Readers, He talks of marriage—a sweet thing. I will not disappoint him. Come here, My chap. I will let you what I am suffering from. Let not the editor listen. He will be puffed up. It is the pleasure-um - anxiety-um-thrill disease of getting the 'Funny Mag-azine' twice a month!



STORYETTES

HERE is an anecdote about Mr. Hayes, President of the United States, who was a teetotaler. "When called upon to occupy the White House he and Mrs. Hayes decided (courageously, as most people might consider) that it would be their duty, when giving entertainments to maintain the same practice in this matter as at their own home. After one of the official entertainments at the White House, one of the newspapers contained this report of the proceedings: 'The reception was a fine affair; a brilliant company: the handsome rooms decorated with flowers: music and so forth: and water flowed like champagne.'

HERE is an amusing yarn which Lord Aberdeen heard during his travels in Quebec:

"Three young men arrived one night at a small country hotel. They asked the proprietor if he could provide a bed for each of them. 'Well,' he said, 'you'd better come upstairs and see. Now here's a nice large bed for two of you, and about the other, I'll show you! The door of another room was opened where there was also a large bed, but it was already partly occupied by a Negro sound asleep and snoring. 'I thought' said the proprietor, 'if one of you would occupy the other half of the bed! A discussion ensued, and somehow none of the three were disposed to accept the offer so at last one of them said, 'Well, it is no use jabbering; I have got to go by the early morning train, and I must get some sort of sleep; I will just risk it.' 'Good, sensible fellow' said the others, and sure enough their comrade was soon sound asleep.

"It then occurred to them to perpetrate a little joke. By means of some burnt cork and also soot from the back of the fireless grate they cautiously began to blacken their friend's face.

"Early in the morning the hotel boots rattled at the door and called out, 'The gentleman who is going by the six o'clock train will have to hurry up.' The sleeper woke enough to growl assent, and soon rose and approached the looking-glass on the dressing table and then immediately, still only half awake, he exclaimed, 'The idiot! He's called the wrong man—the nigger, instead of me!'

Lillian Braithwaite is one of the hardest workers on the Theatrical Ladies' Guild and spends much of her

time collecting disused clothing from the more affluent members of the profession for the less fortunate ones. Still you can't always tell what's in a man's pocket by the crease in his trousers.

On one occasion she approached an apparently affluent young actor and begged for some discarded clothing. He hum'd and ha'd, until at last, in desperation she asked him what he did with his old trousers. "Well, frankly," he said, "personally I put them under the mattress at night and put them on again in the morning."

Whether he is writing about dressing-gowns or dramas, about babies or bankers, Arnold Bennett is inexhaustibly interesting. Somewhere, years ago, he ruled that an author's chief aim should be "interestingness," and he certainly never fails to practise what he preaches.

On a visit to his tailor he learns that the most expensive cloth for male attire is "real Llama, sometimes called 'vicuna,'" and that it costs fifty shillings a yard. "You could buy free hold land for less and it would last longer," is the typical Bennett comment.

Edward Abinger, Barrister of the Inner Temple, whose famous defence of Stinie Morrison will always be remembered once caught the great Judge Hawkins napping.

"I appeared before him in an action he was trying without a jury,—and said to him:—

"Your lordship is trying this question of fact as if a judge and jury were trying it but *without the same power as a jury*—"

"Hawkins (nettled): 'Will you kindly tell me what powers a jury have which I do not possess?'

"Now, this was precisely what I was waiting for, so I replied quite cheerfully.—

"'Why, your lordship can't disagree!'

Sir Montague Butler who for sometime Governor of the Central Provinces of India, and his brother, Sir Harcourt Butler, then Governor of Burma, attracted the attention of the king at the Delhi Durbar in 1912. "Who are they?" he inquired. "They are the two Butlers, sir," he was informed. "Whose?" demanded the king, doubtless impressed by their stately being.

This reminds one of a much older story, told, indeed of Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria. A notorious rake returned to court after absence of some years. The Emperor asked him where he had been. "Living in the country, sir, with two sisters," was the reply. "I am glad to hear you have become a reformed character," commented the Emperor approvingly. "Ah, sir," said the naughty nobleman, "but they are not my sisters,"

THE PROFITEER

By BOBBY.

Young Mr. Venkatram, I fear,
Was what is called a profiteer;
At school he had the vice
Of Making rupees out of pice!



Asked for a coin he gave a stone,
With pocket-money to invest,
He loaned it out at interest——
So much a week: nor was content
With less than twenty-three per cent.
Thus, making money all the day
He never stopped for sport or play
He did not run, he did not shout,
He did not go larking about.

Passing one day a blind man's tin,
Which said, "Please put an anna in!"
Alas! so callous had he grown——
Asked for a coin, he gave a stone!

His father perceiving all this
Sad proof of morals gone amiss,
Sought how in practice he might preach
A lesson such a mind to reach;

So next day, for his very own
Gave Venkatram a ball of stone,
Saying, "Make that hop off the ground
And you shall have a golden pound!"

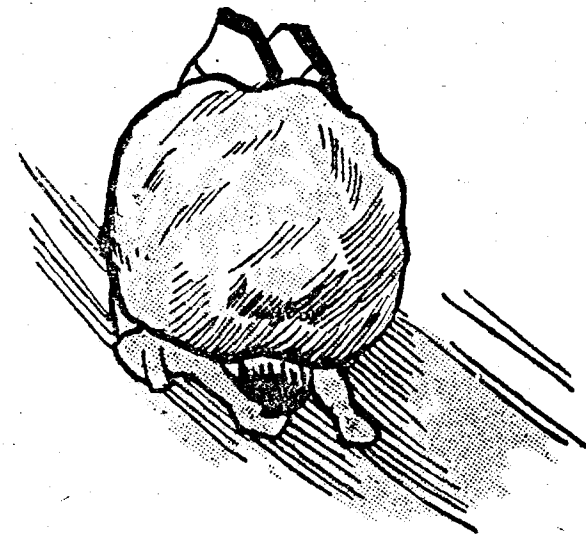
"The lessons to be learned from life
Cannot be learned except with strife,
So take this ball of stone for test:
Extract from it an interest!"



Perspiringly he pushed his stone.
The stone was ponderous and large,
A monstrous thing to take in charge;
So big—as Venkatram found out——
That it was hard to push about.

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Had hundred-weights but been an ounce
He might perhaps have made it bounce,
Hop, skip, and skim along the ground,
And thus have earned the golden pound.



It winds him like a piece of tape.

But as the stone weighed half a ton,
It could not be so simply done;
And many ways his mind he turned
On how that pound was to be earned

Now he had heard his elders say:
"Where there is a will there is a way."
And knowing that it is quite so true,
He hit on the best thing to do.

"For then I need not lift and throw,
But only loose and let it go;
And I shall see it down the slope
Go bounding like an antelope."

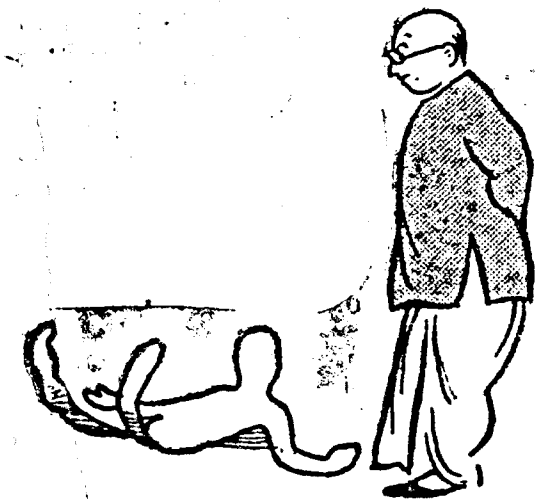
So up the hill, with many a groan,
Perspiringly he pushed his stone;
Till, losing balance at the top,
He lurched, and gave a backward hop;

11

And slipping from his tired control,
It started on the downward roll:
Another moment——bolt from blue:—
And Venkatram goes rolling too.

The stone, with that for added zest,
Now takes from life an interest;
And round and round its ample shape
It winds him like a piece of tape.

Though two and two sometimes make four,
Poor Venkatram's remains make more,
When like a long addition sum,
There, at the bottom they lie dumb.



You see now what I mean!

His father soon comes on the scene,
And says, "You see now what I mean!"
But Venkatram has passed the test,
And takes no further interest!

THE INTRUDER

By G. V. V.

MISS Jaya stepped out of the Egmore tram on to the Asphalt road and shivered.

A dull evening, pouring rain, a wind that cut like a knife and the prospects of a few furlongs walk through the unacquainted locality—not a cheery beginning to the week-end holidays.

Jaya hadn't thought that it would be one like this. When her friend and class-mate Miss Nalini had made her the offer to spend the week-end holidays with her at the United Lodge in Egmore, she had simply jumped at the idea, since she was also a bit bored of her hostel routine.

As a matter of fact, this was Jaya's unlucky day, for she hadn't been able to get off from her hostel till late evening consequently missing a good number of Egmore-bound trams.

MEANTIME, a few furlongs walk through the new locality with not so much except a mere address as "No. 18, United Lodge, Egmore" to guide her, was anything, but a rattling good joke.

She lost her way thrice. Twice she found herself walking in the same road she had once traversed. But she did not like the idea of enquiring.

At the end of an hour of this sort of thing, she determined to enquire and she asked an old lady who was passing near by and was informed that the United Lodge was "the first on the right. Miss and you can't miss it."

she nearly laughed with joy.

"And room No. 18 is in the second floor," she told herself, remembering her friend's instructions.

At last she reached the lodge made her way up, and searched the rooms.

But I told you this was her unlucky day! She found that there were two rooms of the same number. The one being 18 and another 18 A. Since her friend had given only as 'No. 18', she boldly tapped the door. But there was no response. She pushed the door ajar and it opened. She found the room to be empty but it had all the things. So thinking her friend might have gone out either to clean her face or for a bath she rested herself in the chair.

Being a bit tired, she generously helped herself to a cup of water kept in the mud-jar near by a window and she was just wondering at the room of her friend.

"This is something good!", she declared taking a gulp of water. "It's the dearest room. I never dreamt that Nalini would be so artistic."

Kre-e-oh, crash!!

Jaya leapt to her feet, little cold chills chasing each other up and down her spine. That crashing and knocking came unmistakably from the near by balcony. A burglar of course. And she—yes, she herself—standing wide open for him.

Jaya pulled herself together as the crash was followed by a muttered oath then a step along the passage. No use screaming—all the rooms of the lodge were locked and obviously the occupants had gone out. She must look after herself. Wildly she looked round for a weapon, and her eye fell upon a Tennis-Racquet. She pounced on it triumphantly and stood there by the door with it poised above her head. Next moment the burglar pushed open the door wildly and entered laughing.

Jaya's hand tightened round her weapon—the Tennis-Racquet for he

certainly was a disreputable specimen enough, shabby clothes and a handkerchief knotted round his neck.

At the sight of the slim girl Jaya, standing there in slick costume, the tennis-raquet held poised above her head—like an avenging angel—he gave a gasp of surprise and horror.

"GGG. Good College Stuff! he stuttered. "What the—how the—why—"

"Yes, you expected the room to be empty, didn't you?" said Jaya crisply.

"Well, for once in your life you were mistaken! I'm not in the least a bit frightened! (Oh! Jaya, but your knees were all wobbly!) "But don't come a step nearer, or I will hit you with this! And I warn you, I can hit hard!"

"I bet you can!", said the intruder. He took off his kerchief from his neck and made her a sweeping bow, and Jaya saw that he had a kinky sort of hair which she had always rather admired, that his eyes were beautiful and twinkly—that, in fact, without the shabby dress he was a very nice looking burglar indeed. His voice, too, was soft and cultured. All of a sudden Jaya felt sorry for him and wanted to help him.

"I bet you can hit hard!" he repeated, looking with admiration at her flushed face and shining eyes. "They train you girls, a jolly sight too well at your colleges now-a-days—Tennis, Hockey, and Cricket. "Yes I bet Tennis is your game. Over-hand serve and sweeping drive, eh?"

"Tennis!", cried Jaya instinctively. She had been the champion at her college for two years running. "Oh, yes!" she replied, "Do you play, too?"

"I am a cricket-fan. But in my spare time I play tennis. Give me a good hard court—"

"Grass is ever so much better."

"No drive—"

"Rotten! why, if only you—no, you don't. Stay just where you are!"

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For under cover of the argument the burglar had begun to creep to the window.

"All right," he said meekly enough. "I only wanted a cup of water, if you would be kind enough to let me. I'm simply thirsting."

"Oh!", Like every other girl, Jaya couldn't resist the temptation of obliging the brute, even though the brute in question happened to be a burglar. "Oh, you poor thing! And you are wet through, I'm sure. I know I was when I arrived. Help yourself."

"You bet!"

"Right! But, first of all, where's your pistol?"

"Really," he sighed. "You are horribly suspicious young lady, are n't you?"

"There you are!" He took off a small shining murderous-looking implement from his pocket. (In fact it's only a novel kind of pistol which shoots out cigarettes). He placed it on the table and said:

"It isn't loaded, though; too dangerous you know. And by the way where's yours?"

"I never dreamt I should need one," Jaya told him with dignity.

Gingerly, in spite of the assurance that it was unloaded, she pushed the pistol to one side of the table.

"Now you can sit down here in this chair," she told her captive. "And I will get the water for you." I daren't leave you while I go out to that shelf, so you use my tumbler. I too drank a cup of water only just before your intrusion."

"And leave a kiss within the cup and I will not look for any other drink" warbled the burglar sentimentally and Jaya blushed in spite of herself.

"It's not a bit of good toying to get round me that way," she told him severely.

"Is it enough, or do you want some more?"

"Yes, let's please. I like pot water and Tennis Champions."

Jaya took no notice of his last remark, but went to fetch another cup of water, no easy job, considering she had to keep one eye on the burglar and the other on her weapon, but the result appeared to be satisfactory.

"Good! very refreshing," approved the burglar, wiping his sweated face with the kerchief.

"Now, if I might trouble you for that match-box lying yonder in the table" said he, pulling out a cigarette bit from his pocket.

They made a perfect couple as they sat there side by side together. Jaya perched on the table swinging her legs, as the burglar blew rings.

In fact after a while, she found it difficult to remember that he was a burglar. They had so many tastes in common and so many things to discuss, that half an hour flew like anything.

"It's a pity we never met before."

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure," he said.

"So supposing you just go out the way you came, and leave me in peace....."

"But my dear girl!" the other was horrified. He just wanted to clear the mystery to her and confide that he was the owner of that room. But he thought it better to continue the joke.

"I can't possibly do that. There is rather a jolly lot of things in this room....."



.....brought her racquet with a sickening thud on his head.

her new friend was beginning when the Corporation clock-Tower chimed seven and Jaya leapt to her feet in horror.

"Good Heavens," she cried. "I had no idea it was so late. We can't stay here all the night."

"Isn't the tennis-raquet Chaperon enough?" he teased. "In any case, I'd like to know what you intend to do, my GARBO?"

Jaya looked at him thoughtfully for a minute. She didn't want to turn this attractive Gable to the Police, and yet it was up to her to protect her friend's property. She determined to appeal to his sporting instincts.

"Look here," she said. "I don't want to make any fuss..."

"I know; I too was just admiring it when you intruded," said Jaya.

"Well, I'd rather like it, if you don't mind," replied the burglar suppressing the laughter.

"Never, never, never"

"It's a pity," he sighed, getting to his feet. "It's against my principles to hurt a girl, but then you are no ordinary girl, are you? And if you will persist in," said the burglar and reached for the pistol (to take out a cigarette).

"Mind! I warn you! Jaya grabbed the racquet again, and kept a wary eye on the intruder as he enlarged his hand towards the shining pistol. "I don't want to hurt you, either, but—"

And then something happened that upset all their calculations. There was a jingle of steps outside, followed by a knock at the door. The burglar who in the meantime grabbed the pistol from the table flew to the window and peered out.

Jaya misunderstanding his intentions brought her racquet with a sickening thud on his head.

The unfortunate man gave a little groan, then crumpled up in a heap at her feet, and with a cry of remorse she went down on her knees beside him.

"Oh, I've killed him!" she moaned.

"I didn't mean to, but I've killed him and he was the very nicest man I have met."

"Who's there?" inquired a sharp female voice, and Jaya jumped to her feet.

"It's Nalini!" She exclaimed. "She must not—Oh, she mustn't find me here."

But before she could do anything but stand in front of the unfortunate intruder, Nalini walked into the room and stared in surprise at Jaya.

Nalini went down on her knees beside the fallen man, and Jaya made one last effort to save him.

"He fell and hurt himself, Nalini. He's one of my friends."

"Your friend, Jaya? Why I never knew that my brother had a girl friend."

"Your brother," gasped Jaya. "This gentleman your brother?"

"Of course, Jaya, who else should it be? He went to the theatre but unable to get the ticket returned drenching himself in the rain."

They then gave the victim the first aid and in a short time the pseudo-burglar opened his eyes. He was then helped to the near by chair and was seated comfortably.

Nalini who was all along nursing asked him.

"What were you doing Ramu, all alone in my absence? If you remember, tell me. What's all this fuss?"

For the first time he opened his lips and spoke.

"The first thing I remember was a wonderful sense of clear air, and I began to breathe luxuriously. I seemed to be lying on my back, but not quite flat, because a tender arm was supporting me. I hadn't opened my eyes. I didn't want to somehow. Then I felt a kiss—yes, a hot burning kiss on my lips. That seemed natural

enough until I opened my eyes, and then I closed quickly. For the tender arm that supported me was the arm of a girl Jaya, and her eyes had a frightfully intense expression in them.

Miss Jaya who was mum all along bursted.

"Oh, Mr. Ramu, I don't know what to say. Can you forgive me? I know it's an unlucky day for me. But I thought you were a burglar."

"A burglar! breaking in his own room?"

"Your room! Isn't this room No. 18 of my friend Nalini?"

"Good Lord, no! Nalini is my sister. She is put up in Room No. 18-A. And you are my sister's friend?"

"Of course!"

"Great Scott! And I thought you were a burglar."

They stared at each other in amazement for a moment, then burst in laughter.

"H'm!" Said Ramu gingerly feeling his head. "I think I shall be able to take you to Tennis to-morrow."

"Forget and forgive," said Nalini as she entered into room with a tea-kettle. "I know everything."

The Geese and the Gander

By JOHN. R. CHAPMAN.

MR. William Wright was very peeved. For thirty-five years he had been park-keeper to the Traddleditch Urban Council, and what he did not know about parks would fill a book. Mr. Wright was a power in the land, at least, of that piece of land designated Traddleditch Park.

Small boys stubbed their noses at him, lovesick couples looked on him with baleful eyes and even the village policeman would have arrested William on the slightest provocation. But all these minor diversions passed off William's broad shoulders like water off of a duck's back.

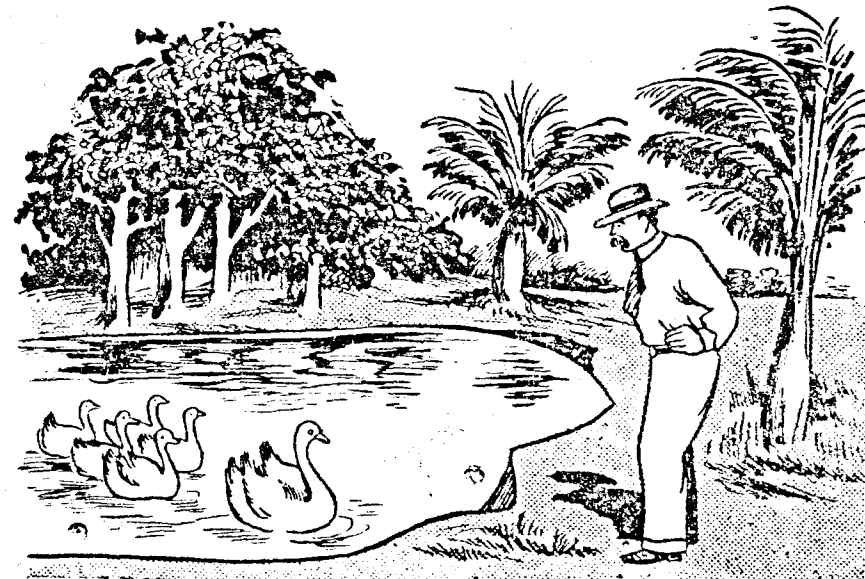
The reference to ducks brings us close to the pet grievance of Park-keeper Wright. The Urban Fathers had purchased, for the amusement of the visitors, one gander and six rubber necked geese. The park-keeper was expected to feed and generally look after their welfare. William growled and clucked alternately. Was he expected to tuck them up in bed? For three nights the blessed gander and geese had made the centre of the pond their happy swimming ground. All the cajolery of William could not entice those web-footed animals nearer to the bank. If he ventured after them in a punt, they would swim off in the oppo-

site direction.

Mr. William Wright was as familiar to the visitors as the stately century-old oak trees surrounding the park. Cheeky urchins dubbed him, 'Keep Wright off the Grass'. The Traddleditch Debating Society were wont to use the park for their meetings. Spouting females, prattling patriots and flower-bandits

for the collecting of dead leaves. His was the task of ensuring that the hothouse for the preservation of tropical plants was kept at an equable temperature. Sometimes, the fires would go cold but that was only a minor worry.

GLASS aquariums housing multi-coloured denizens of the deep, including frogs; aviaries containing birds large and small, beautiful



One gander and six geese were installed ...

detested the sight of William. Passionate lovers clasped deep in each other's embrace, were called to order by the park-keeper. Mr. 'Nosy' Wright, Mr. 'Sanctimonious' Wright and 'Parkie' Wrong were only a few of his choice nicknames.

Little bits of paper carelessly strewn around by picnickers were a fluttering menace to William. In addition to the cleanliness of the Park, he was responsible

and otherwise, came directly under William's supervision. The birds knew him by his voice, the fishes by his figure.

The pelican and the penguin were old residents of the aviary, and for some time William was their devoted friend. The aquariums were situated near the walls surrounding the aviary. One day William inadvertently left open the wire door of the aviary. On his return he discovered that the two feathered friends had disposed of all the small edible fish, and were even then contemplating a mass attack on the goldfish. Hence, they were no longer friends of the park-keeper.

On another occasion he had just

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No.	WORD.	CLUE.	No.	WORD.	CLUE.
1.	BR — NDED	Marked with spots or streaks.	5	B — L — E —	Swollen
2.	LA —	Beat	6.	INTR —	Within
3.	U —	a NOUN	7.	R — VE	Split
4.	E — CHEAT	Confiscate	8.	D — PPER	One that dips

Instructions:—Fill up the Blanks, which are represented by Dashes, by substituting one letter for each Dash, so as to get the required meaning. All clues are taken Direct from Chambers's Dicty, and they are also EXACT. Only to the have been omitted in the beginning of some clues. All Forms etc., are also treated as Direct. Some have no alternatives at all.

Precis of Rules:—Rs. 250 will be awarded for Correct Solution; Rs. 50 for the 1st 10 Correct Solutions posted. If Tie, Prizes will be divided. A correct Solution is one that tallies with the sealed Key Solution deposited with "The Funny Magazine." Entries accepted on plain paper, simply showing all the alternative words. A competitor may submit any No. of sets at Rs. 2 per set. Random answers and words that do not fit in with the clues, should strictly be avoided. M.O. receipts should be attached. Indian Postal orders also may be sent. Results will be sent only to those enclosing 2 Half anna Stamps. The decision of the Puzzle Editor is absolutely final and legally binding. Other General Rules as usual. Address all your Entries, and remittances to:—

The Manager, BLUE BIRD PUZZLES, (Fill-up), KUTTALAM, (S. I. R.)

entered the aviary when he heard the shrill squawking of a gaily-plumaged cockatoo. A young robber had the bird in his hand. When he spotted William he flung the bird away, and ran as if all the cockatrices in the universe were pursuing him.

One young scamp had the audacity to attempt to feed the pelican with rounded stones. William suffers with indigestion every time he recalls the occasion.

The children were allotted a small playground with swings, sand-hills and see-saws complete. William was regularly in attendance with iodine and first-aid appliances. He saved many a child from sandy-suffocation. When someone stole the wooden see-saw, he wasn't quite sure whether to be pleased or peeved.

And now, to fill William's cup of sorrow and indignation to overflowing, one gander and six geese were installed on the placid waters of the lake to try his patience still further. Fluttering females and feeble fogies fed the

feathered fowls with fresh fish fodder and thus made William feel full of fine-fury. Fee-fau-fum!

The park-keeper was in despair. What could he do to lure the seven delinquents to the outhouse for the night? Darkness came and he decided to leave them alone for that night, at least. Next morning he quickly finished his rounds and again went to the lake. He was only mildly surprised when he could see just one swimming around. It was the gander. William stared and then stared harder. He was amazed to see that a long rope was tied from the opposite bank to the gander's neck!

With a howl of rage he soon reached the other bank. He then unceremoniously hauled the gander to the shore. A folded handkerchief was also tied round the neck of the gander.

Untying the handkerchief with trembling fingers, William found a piece of paper with a silver sixpence inside. What did all this mean? Straightening out the dirty piece of

paper, William read the following lines:—

"Dear Mr. Wright I bid you good-night,

As I can no longer wander.

I've bought your geese, at a penny apiece,

And left it with the gander."

Mr. William Wright is now enjoying a well-earned pension, but he steadfastly declines to keep geese.

One third price

(Supplied only to the married)

1. Album of 12 Nude girls taking exercise
 2. Album of 12 Nude men taking exercise
 3. Album of 12 Nude girls selected from different countries of the world
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Reduced Price Rs. 2/8 for 3 albums.

Look sharp only a few remaining.
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Sealed key solution deposited with the Editor, "THE FUNNY MAGAZINE" of India.

Entrance fee Annas EIGHT only by M. O. Place a letter for each dash to get the names of five Railway stations

Ref. M. & S. M. Guide and S. I. R. Guide.

1. — — N — UR.
2. — — — — — PURAM.
3. — — — — — A.
4. HA — — BL.
5. — — DI.

GENERAL RULES:—Write your name and address clearly in Block letters on the M. O. Coupon and on the solution. Solutions must be written in ink only. Corrections wherein alterations, interlineations corrections etc., are made will be disqualified. Postal M. O. receipts and self addressed envelop along with one anna stamps must accompany entries, the results will be posted to each entrant on 20th July 1935. The correct solution is one which agrees exactly with the Key solution deposited with the Editor. The decision of the Manager is final and legally binding in all matters and is the express condition of the entry.

Address all M. O. and entries to:—The Manager, RAJAM & Co, Triplicane, Madras.



Plays and Players on Stage and Screen



Lillian Harvey in Congress Dances.

sses Without a Kick.

Joan Crawford has made ye to Clark Gable in half-a-zen pictures but after the y's work is done goes out

with Franchot Tone! The love team of Chevalier Macdonald is surrounded with feud rumours off the lot!

Mae West explains the fact saying when you kiss a man fifty times in an hour in order to get the filming right you can't get any kick out of those kisses, and they become just mechanical!

Acting Has Deteriorated

As far as acting goes many artists are not so convincing as they were. Take Dietrich, Crawford, Harvey, and Chevalier and compare the insipid uninspired confections they turn out today to the performance they gave in *The Blue Angel*, *Within the Law*, *Congress Dances* and *Innocents of Paris*.

There is something lacking about the stuff they make now, a kind of vital spark has departed from them.

Cortez Scores!

Some one suggested to Ricardo Cortez during the production of *Napoleon* that the movie ought to have a happy ending. "They're giving it one," Cortez retorted "They're letting Napoleon win the battle of Waterloo!"

Ramon's Little Joke

Ramon Novarro, has his lighter moments. He once let loose on Jeanette Macdonald, the film capitals' 'professional insulter' Vince Barrett, as a make-up expert. The 'insulter' sternly told Jeanette that she had been difficult to photograph ever since she had been to the Metro Studio and ordered her to change her make-up. Novarro however explained the joke before it had gone too far.

Lifeless Advertisements

What does the name Kinema convey to us? A



Ronald Colman.

place of entertainment. But to judge from the continued display of lifeless advertisements screened in our cinemas without variation week after week, a person is at loss to

understand what good purpose is served by them. Of course one often hears that advertisement pays, but who are the recipients? Certainly



Adolphe Menjou.

not those who go for a night's entertainment.

Journalist's contribution to "Baktha Nandanar"

"Baktha Nandanar," the Asandas Classical Talkies' Production is very eagerly awaited and much talked about. First of all there is the much boasted and oft boomed fact that the star of the picture has been paid a lakh of rupees, a sum that is quite fabulous. The other fact that is equally unique is, that more or less all the film journalists of South India have a hand in it. To begin with there is Mr. S. K. Vasagam. He is a pioneer in the field of film journalism in India. He started as early as a decade back the film journal entitled, "Photo play" at Calcutta. His most successful journal was the "Amusement Weekly." Mr. Vasagam could boast of a varied experience in the field. He is co-operating with Mr. Tandon in the direction of this epoch

making Tamil Talkies. "Baktha Nandanar."

Equally experienced in the field of journalism and one who is running a magazine even to this day is Mr. M. Ramakrishnan who is in charge of all publicity for "Nandanar." The success of a picture depends to an appreciable degree on the amount and manner of publicity it receives. The publicity is being very ably handled by him and no wonder for he does it with all his

experience in the field of journalism which dates as far back as the "Amusement Weekly" days when Ramakrishna was assisting Mr. Vasagam in his journalistic work.

Asandas Kishinchand really needs our congratulation for having collected under one banner such talents and we all earnestly hope that the cumulative result of their talents will be a production that will be inimitable, matchless and superb.



Blood Feud, a New Theatres New India Picture, featuring Miss. Molina.



A scene from Meenakshi Talkies Production 'Rhadha's Wedding'

FILMS TO SEE ROXY.

'Million Dollar Ransom'

An exciting film featuring Philip Holmes, Edward Arnold and Mary Carlisle. The story of a Beer Baron who after his release from prison finds it impossible to go straight again. The picture bristles with gang fights and night club scenes.

WELLINGTON. Wharf Angel

Featuring Victor McLaglen and the late Dorothy Dell. The colour of San Francisco's famous old Barbary coast the thrills of battling men maddened by love enlivened by stirring scenes aboard ship, make this picture well worth seeing.

PARAGON 'Viva Villa'

The picture of the year. ing something!

'After Office Hours'

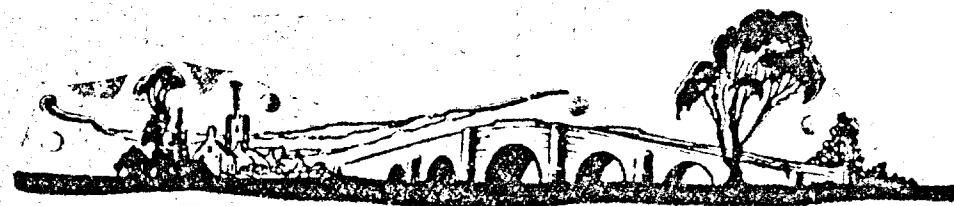
Featuring Clark Gable Constance Bennett Stuart Erwin and Billie Burke. An exciting newspaper story. Comedy murder and melodrama all skillfully blended into a very exciting story. Portraying as it does such stellar screen personalities as Gable Constance, Bennett, Erwin and Burke, it is a film which all film fans should see.



K. B. Sundarambal as Nandanar.

Featuring Wallace Beery, Leo Carillo and Fay Wray. A fictional version of the spectacular career of Pancho

Villa, the great Mexican revolutionary leader. Undoubtedly the best film showing this month. Wallace Beery excels even himself and that is saying something!



Grand Entertainment.

COMING!

VERY SHORTLY!!

COMING!!!

AT CROWN TALKIES

A NEW THEATRES' PICTURE FULL OF STUNTS & THRILLS

DAKU-MANSOOR (URDU TALKIE)

FEATURING

MISS. UMADEVI OF CHANDIDAS Fame,

Mr. PRITHIVI RAJ, SAIGAL, SANYAL, & HUSNABANU.

To be followed by : { (1) MOHABBAT-KI-KASOTI with Miss. Ratan and Sanyal
 (2) JOSHEE INTIQAM, or BLOOD FEUD with Miss. Kamala, Molina, Prithiviraj and Hiralal.

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The Finicky Lovers

By J. H. ACOTT.

AS I looked at my horse-like features in the looking glass, I came to the conclusion that I would not be able to face Muriel at twelve o'clock. I remembered the last time we had seen each other, three years ago. Then she had lovingly pulled my hair, counted the hairs on my chest, and made herself generally affectionate. But if she saw me as I was now, I felt sure she'd say "Out of my way, worm!" In short, I knew she wouldn't put into practice all the loving things she had talked about in her letters. In other words, her love for me would be as dead as a bad sausage.

Tentatively, and with my eyes still on the funny-looking thing in the looking glass, namely, what I called my face, I picked up my razor and fingered its edge. It was fairly sharp, despite the fact that in lonely Burma I had conscientiously shaved every day for the last two years. I must tell you all now that I am perfectly clean shaven. My doctor used to tell me that half the cause of all the consumption and hydrophobia in the world lay in beards and moustaches. An hour before, it is only fair to say, I had had another of my perfect shaves.

I caressed the razor almost lovingly. Should I make a noise like a dying pig and get it over with? My mind was

in a torment of doubt. I felt that I was on the horns of a dilemma—and pretty sharp horns too. They made me feel rather sore round the—well, well, after all, I realised, it would be so swift. I would most probably feel nothing.

I looked out over the paddy fields, wishing heartily that I was a blade of grass or a feather in a crow's tail. No, I couldn't do it. Not now, anyway. I decided to wait awhile and think things over.



Lovingly pulled my hair ...

It would be such a messy business, and Jemima, my Negress general factotum, would not like the idea of clearing up that mess.

With a noise like the sound of escaping steam, I went to the bathroom and plunged my head and shoulders into a basin of luke-warm water. And I suddenly realised that it was good to be alive, to tramp the paddy fields and supervise the work of

hundreds of labourers. Life indeed held a lot that was pleasant. But I decided, as I dried myself, that it would be better to die than face Muriel in my present state. She would be positively disgusted with me. I could imagine her looking down her nose at me and telling me to imitate an ostrich.

AND as I prepared to go out once more into the paddy fields, I thought again, with a shiver running down my back and my right calf, of the razor. So swift and sharp! With a deft flick of my wrist it would be all over! Would I have the courage? In that razor lay freedom from my present worry.

Then, with a quick change of thought, I wondered if they would bury me in the paddy field when I died, or whether they'd think I'd poison all the crops. It would be nice to be buried under the swaying blades of rice. One would be so comfortable. And occasionally, when a thieving cow or bullock came along and prepared to

consume one's paddy coverlet, one could make a noise like a machine gun and frighten the darned thing away.

Twelve o'clock! And Muriel! Nobody likes unpleasant changes in people, and I knew, while my previous night's dinner seemed to assail my Adam's Apple all of a sudden, that Muriel would shrink from me. She had always been very particular. Why, she would never eat a stew into which had jumped one or two enterprising cockroaches!

I had been very clever during the last year, and had allowed no suspicion of ugliness to creep into my

letters to Muriel. She most probably still thought of me as the same clean-featured, clean-souled, large-eared man she had said good-bye to.

I went back to my dressing table. As I picked up the razor, with determination in my heart and a tingling sensation in my nasal channels, Jemima entered the room. I could see her face and white teeth gleaming in the mirror.

"Breakus' am ready, sah!" she announced, and then her eyes went round as she saw the look on my face and the glistening razor in my hand. I had often confided in her and told her that one day I would use that razor to some purpose—with one deft flick of the wrist.

"Not that—not that sah!" she bustled into the room, all concern. "A have tol you so many times, sah, that it's not nice. Such a bloody mess, such a..."

"Stop swearing!" I admonished, and she looked hurt.

"I weren't swearing, sah! I said a bloody mess, and I means a bloody mess. Think what the table would be like! Such a..."

"All right! All right!" I snorted. "Don't keep on. Can you suggest any other way, my charming turnip?"

"Ah've tol you so many times," she said, her smile coming back to her lips. "Have you forgot? You catch a horse, and..."

"Bah!" I interrupted, and, waiting for her to close the door, began to dress, while all the morning's thoughts kept creeping through my brain like

an army of bugs, intruding themselves upon a mind that was hovering uncertainly and feeling very much like tomato soup.

I felt a sudden remorse for my carelessness during the last year. I should have got a sound grip on the thing that had been creeping on me day by day, week by week. I should have cut it out long ago.



The razor! So swift and sharp.

Whiskey, it is said, is very good as a gargle in a case of sore throat. Perhaps I had been doing too much gargling in the past few months, or perhaps I had a gnat on the brain. But whatever was wrong with me, I was becoming more and more determined to get the razor and finish the thing.

At last I laughed to myself, a noise very much like the bleat of a frightened donkey, and hurried back over the fields to the bungalow. I was done with weighing things in the balance. I had been done in the eye too often. I couldn't face Muriel as I was. Better to be the worms' hors-d'oeuvre.

The razor! So swift and sharp. There was the possibility that I might yelp like a hen before...but anyway, my mind was made up.

I was panting like a distressed oaterpillar by the time I reached the verandah of my house. I had been eating a lot of dough-nuts of late, and I have heard that they are very bad for the wind. I hurried swiftly into my room, feeling that I had a most determined look in my eye, albeit my patellae sounded a bit loose. Jemima was nowhere to be seen. She had apparently tidied up the house and was most probably cooking the wood-outlets for lunch. Well she'd have a shock next morning.

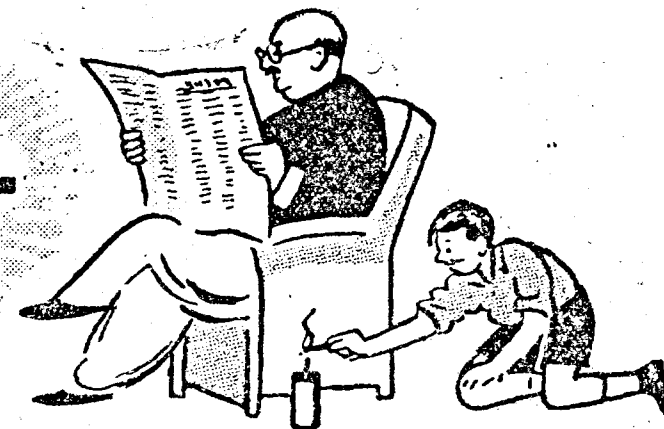
With almost a thrill of horror, and with my eyelashes shaking, I walked to the dressing table and grasped the razor, a beautiful shining Kropp.

My hand trembled slightly as I raised it, and my innards seemed to turn to prawn curry. Up-up. Just one flick and it would all be over.

With a sudden bleating noise I flicked the wart that had been on the end of my nose fell to the table in a spurt of blood.

I gave it to Muriel when she arrived to celebrate our leather wedding.

THE PRACTIAL JOKER



By A. Parthasarathy

TRUE it is, this world which some philosophers call wicked, is growing every day, but the fact remains it does not get better tempered and the practical joker in this practical age finds himself very unpopular. In fact there is every possibility of his being kicked to death. Still, sometimes we are not in a position to while away our time. Therefore, yours truly proposes to give some 'tips' on "the art of being unpopular."

Try this. Buy yourself a box of initials gummed at the back. The thing is on sale at any hatter's. One night arrange a convivial meeting at your home. While the guests are engaged at cards sneak into the hall. On the rack you will find a number of hats. Into each of those poor dumb hats stick some of those initials and I guarantee you a scene of the prettiest confusion, when the company prepares to depart. "Hello, I" one is sure to say, "I was under the impression that this hat was mine, but if this battered hat does not belong to a blighter with the initials 'B.F.', strike

me pink!" A second would say, "Well I am jiggered, I am prepared to swallow the initials, but I will swear it is not my tosh." I have even known a man come round me the next day with his own hat and say "Look here, old son, in the hurly-burly yesterday I took this hat just by mistake it has the initial 'A.S.S.' on it. I would not have minded it of course, only mine was a better one." That reminds me. Of a truth, the prophet was right. It is a wiseman that knows his own hat.

NOW again. You do not want your friend to repeat his visits. When he leaves, accompany him to the front door and hold him in conversation till a pretty girl passes. When he begins to ogle at her just cry out, "No, Sir, I will not give you an anna more. Leave the house now, if you wish to be spared," and slam the door on him. Excellent idea, ain't it?

All of us have our own prejudices I, for my part, do not wish one to come and see me off when I start on a railway journey. Yet your friends must needs rally round. And on these occasions I would do like this: Just as the train is moving I say "good-bye old bean!", holding his hand with a grip of iron and I don't let it go. The friend thus gets a very sharp run. But once a great, big and strong fellow, in the foolishness of his heart, resisted.

The tables were turned on me. The big idea he had was, perhaps, he could stop the train. I need hardly say he did not. He succeeded, however, in giving me a rude shock, from which it took me some hours to recover, for I suddenly fell back on the floor of the carriage with his arm in mine. So, one of these days, if you read in the papers that I am accused of cold-blooded murder of this chap you should not be surprised. But there is a balm in Gilead. The chappie is dead and dead men tell no tales!

And I have just perfected a capital new game to be played in omnibuses. The game is really a variation of our dear old friend "Musical Chairs." It is essential that all the seats on one side of the bus should be occupied and all but one on the other. There then enters an ill tempered man who makes his way to the vacant room. When he has begun to let himself down the person seated next to that space shifts off and the space is filled. The new-comer will then rush to the new space and the individual next to that goes through identically the same tactics; no sooner has the ill-tempered man let himself go than he discovers this seat also is taken. He is thus chivied from place to place. Poor fellow!

Snobs, you will find often collect autographs to show to their friends. In a case like this forge a letter to your man from a notorious scamp, couched in the most friendly of terms and most surreptitiously slip it into his book. Then the next person to whom the book is shown as "one or two letters from friends I have met" will read something of this sort: My dear Jim

Funny Magzin "Easter Competition" Results.

The correct solution of the Easter Competition is as follows:—

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. EASTER | 3. STEER. | 5. PAN. | 7. SMACK. |
| 2. HEAR | 4. PEEP | 6. STUD. | 8. SLICE. |

The first prize of Rs. 150 has been won by the following competitors:

1. N. M. S. VASAN, Curva Road Bangalore.
2. N. K. PANI, 19, Thandavaraya Mudaly Street, Madras.

The second prize of Rs. 100 has been won by 176 competitors and as the prize amount when divided comes to a small amount to be sent by M. O. it has been decided to send Funny Magzin copies to them for a period of 3 months commencing from 20-6-35.

For want of space the competitors' names have been omitted.

—your part of swindling was done admirably well—as it always is. The police, as usual, are after—the wrong man. What a sly dog you are! Please let me have half the profit for my share. Ever thine—Jack”.

Many a vain man again—particularly those politically minded are for ever on the look out for references to their important selves in the newspapers. There is only one thing to do with this individual. And that is this. Just drop him a card saying “I am sending you a copy of ‘The Hindu’.” It contains something that will interest you.” At the same time you despatch a copy of the paper—unmarked. The man who receives it will be driven crazy in his hunt for finding a reference to himself. He will ultimately be forced to read every single word in the paper—and that perhaps for the umpteenth time. Well, it always does me no end of good to think of the time that will thus be squandered and the temper that will be lost, for I need scarcely tell you that the paper contains no reference to the important man. I would strongly advise that it should be the Saturday edition of ‘The Hindu’.

“Laugh and grow fat” says the proverb. Well, I have done my part! preaching. It is left for readers to lay their part of practical jokes on others. Yours truly would be only

too glad to give you more of these tips again you returning and the big, bad —but ‘Away with you’ roars the Editor—wulf—I mean the Editor, who is tor over there. Cheerio, we shall meet neither big nor bad—willing!



(Indian Juggler at a London Hotel)

I'm sorry I can't pay my bill, all you can do is to retain my luggage.

WATCH FOR THE NEXT.

VELU MISSING LETTERS COMPETITION IN THE FUNNY ANNUAL NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY

MARUTHY & Co., Perambore Barracks P. O., Madras.

VELU COMPETITIONS No. 3 RESULTS.

The correct solution is as follows:—

1. PEN. 2. SHIRT. 3. LASSES 4. PURE. 5. MUM. 6. LAG. 7. MOTE. 8. HALL. 9. TEETH.

Prizes were distributed at the rate of Rs. 25 for each correct solution and Rs. 10 for each solution with one mistake. All prizes have been sent.



NATHAN IN TROUBLE

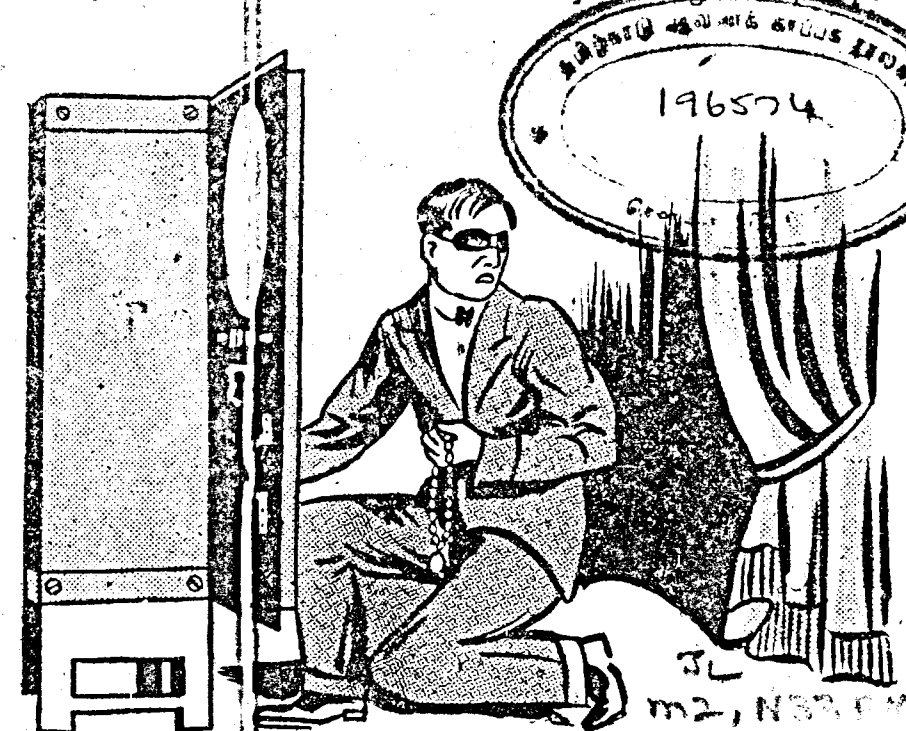
By T. L. EDWIN

NATHAN was sauntering along Kilpauk somewhere about midnight. His clothes were ragged and he sauntered not because he liked sauntering but because his pocket was innocent of the price of a rickshaw hire. Indeed, all that now belonged to Mr. K. R. Nathan was his name; and that too had at several times been exchanged for others less likely to be remembered by the police!

But in spite of all his adversities Nathan was not a man without humour. He still smiled to himself though he was hungry and thirsty, as he slunk along the quiet deserted streets. There was a soft slumbry darkness everywhere. The Corporation Electric lights were all out owing to some mistake. So much the better for Mr. Nathan. Soon he picked upon a fair sized Bungalow for his exploit. Quickly he scaled the compound wall and dropped on the other side. As he peered about he was surprised to see a lighted window. He approached it stealthily; and peered through the glass window. There was nobody inside. With a dextrous hand, he slid a long flexible blade between the window frame and worked in a silence which was broken at last by a satisfactory click. Nothing stirred. There was absolutely no life in the sleeping windows—all in fact exact-

ly as it should be and as it had been for Nathan on a hundred dark nights. He scrambled over the low sill and stood on the floor of the room. He glanced fleetly, furtively round. Nobody there. The place was quiet enough. Too quiet! His attention was soon

He had heard it distinctly. Sucking in his breath he watched. But nothing happened. He smothered a curse. It was merely his imagination. Or better still it was a cat perhaps. Nathan again set to work. A few minutes later he had a clammy feeling creep upon



... he was disturbed by a rustling sound ... NATHAN

drawn to the safe in the corner of the room. He immediately started working. He brought forth from his pockets quite a queer assortment of wires and skeleton keys. A few minutes work and he had the safe open. He was actually gripping a Diamond necklace, when he was disturbed by a rustling sound behind a screen from another corner of the room. Something had moved, something behind the curtain.

him. He felt as if he was being watched. Slowly he turned back and with a surprised ejaculation and start, he let fall the jewel in his hand to the floor. For there really was a man. A queer looking man, well dressed! He was looking at Nathan with a cynical smile. Nathan had the shivers. He felt the intrusion wasn't fair. Here he had come quiet like a cat at an unholy hour, and the owner

of the house wasn't asleep as he ought to have been. He hated violence and violence wasn't any good in this case for the man had a gun in his hand.

"I-er—I am afraid I have come to the wrong house Mister. My friend sent me to his house to fetch some money. Er—Probably this is not his house—"

"Oh, don't apologise," said the man with a smile that revealed a line of perfect teeth. "Your coming was providential. You would be surprised if you knew what a lot of good you've done me by your untimely visit."

Nathan shivered. He was surprised at the other man's agreeability. Further there was something sinister about the guy. "If you will excuse me I think I had better be going," stammered Nathan.

"I'm afraid you'll have to stay. The slightest move and my shooter will go off like blazes and riddle you full of little holes," said the other.

"Well I guess I'm in for it this time," said Nathan with a resigned tone. "Go on telephone to the police and get it over soon."

"Not so fast feller, first I've got a little sight for you. Come on here," he said and took Nathan to the next room.

Nathan, as the police knew well had lots of nerve. But even he was not prepared for the sight that met him. For on the ground lay the corpse of a middle aged man.

"Well," said the other. "Why did you kill this man?"

Nathan backed stifling a cry. Now he understood. The stranger was not the owner of the house. He was a burglar like himself and worse still, a murderer! The

other man again spoke.

"I'm now going to call the police. Don't you stir, unless of course you want to be as dead as a door nail."

Half an hour later the little room was filled with representatives of the law. The stranger related how he had been called to visit



"Why did you kill this man?"

Mr. Ramlal the owner of the house and how suddenly he had heard in the middle of the night the sound of a shot and how he had caught the burglar and murderer red-handed.

Nathan rose excitedly to his feet. "I never did it!" he yelled.

"What are you doing here?" asked Inspector Loganathan, for he knew Nathan very well.

"I-er—," stuttered Nathan.

Meanwhile a thorough search revealed that the visitor

had borrowed Rs. 20,000 from Mr. Ramlal, and also another revolver, out in the bushes in the garden. Two pairs of foot prints clearly distinguishable both leading to windows, were also found.

INSPECTOR Loganathan whistled softly to himself.

"H'm, he muttered 'this case is very interesting. Nathan is a small-

job man, he wouldn't hurt of fly," he said to himself. He then confronted the stranger.

"Whose is the gun you have in your hand?"

"This is the murderer's weapon. I took it from him by force."

The Inspector again smiled, for Nathan towered six inches more than the stranger and was physically twice as strong.

"Do you owe Mr. Ramlal 20,000 Rs.?"

"The stranger was stumped.

"Er—it was a temporary loan I returned it, and probably Mr. Ramlal forgot to enter it."

"Why did you not come by the front door instead of through the

(Continued on page 24)

POOR SWEET DAISY!

By J. H. ACOTT.

THE sheets of foolscap remained blank before me. In short, I was stumped for a short story. Groaning like a 1905 model Ford, I wiped my brow. Nothing seemed to be going right. I had exhausted all my ideas. I had written myself completely out. And I didn't know where my next week's booze was coming from.

"The Clue of The Mangled Turnip?" I asked myself, thinking that in a turnip might lie my salvation.

"No," I replied. "That's a washout. Worse than 'The Stolen pimple.'"

"What the devil to write about, then?" was my next question.

"Why not try 'The Man Who Murdered His Wife With A Darning Needle'?" I suggested.

"Bah!" I replied. "Old as the hills. Besides, it's a silly idea murdering anybody with a darning needle. You might as well write about the hosier who killed his mother-in-law with an old stocking."

I smoked another cigar, (Re. 1 a sackful); and completely chewed another pencil. Just as I'd come to the conclusion that I would tell the story of 'The Wife

Who Gnawed Her Husband's Moustache Off,' I remembered that Harris had asked me to phone him up about dinner that night at the Petite Restaurant.

I got up and went to the phone, dialled Harris's number, and waited with the receiver to my ear. There was a click and then Harris's voice.

"Hullo?" he said.

"Er—about....." I began, and then jumped like a cat with a string of crackers on its tail.

"Help!" came a woman's voice over the wire. "He's murdering..."

There was a weird moaning sound and the words were out off as Harris replaced the receiver at his end.

"The Man Who Murdered His Mistress With A Carving Knife" I muttered, wondering what the hell Harris was up to. Harris a murderer! He was an awful blighter at the best

of times, up to all sorts of practical jokes, but I couldn't believe he'd foully murder a young girl, and, from the sound of her voice, a pretty girl.

In a frantic hurry I took a taxi to Harris's flat, which was not far from mine and which was situate amongst several others of a similar type.

When I knocked at the door it was opened by Harris himself, as cool and calm as ever.

"Hullo, Smith," he greeted me. "Why this early visit? A severe attack of corns, bunions or dyspepsia..... which?"

"You foul murderer!" I snorted. "Let me in! Where's the girl? Or, if you've already killed her, where's the body?"

He looked astonished for a moment. And then he laughed suddenly and uncontrollably for fully five seconds.

"You can stand there and laugh!" I said in disgust.

He wiped the tears from his eyes.

"You're priceless!" he said, his lips still twitching.

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"You can't deceive me!" I said aggressively. "You blasted murderer!"

I was surprised when he let me in quite willingly. There was no one in the drawing room.

"Sit down," said Harris with a smile.

"I'll search the house first!" I snarled.

"So you heard what she said over the phone?" he asked, still smiling.

"Yes," I snorted. "And I'll see you hang for the dirty deed!"

"And I suppose you'll write a short story on it afterwards?" sneered Harris.

I searched the house with the smiling Harris at my elbow. There was no sign of blood or a body anywhere.

"Would you care to look down the drain pipe?" mildly asked Harris as we left the bathroom.

"Pah!" I returned. "You're damned cunning, Harris, but you can't get away with this sort of thing!"

"But why this strange attitude?" asked Harris.

"When one hears the words," I said, "in a sort of scream—'Help! He's murdering—'—one must jump to the obvious conclusion. Come on, what have you done with her?"

"She's gone!" groaned Harris. "Out." I missed the twinkle in his eye.

"And you killed her!" I said. "You villain!"

"Sweet Daisy was being murdered and the hero, Hector Smith, dashed to the rescue!" intoned Harris mournfully. "I'll confess. Sweet Daisy was murdered. Dead as a door-nail. Stiff as a frozen Bombay Duck!"

I sat down heavily. This was getting beyond me.

"So her name was Daisy, poor thing," my tone was sad.

"Sweet Daisy," Harris corrected me. "Murdered. My God! It was awful! Did you hear a moaning sound over the phone?"

"Yes," I replied.

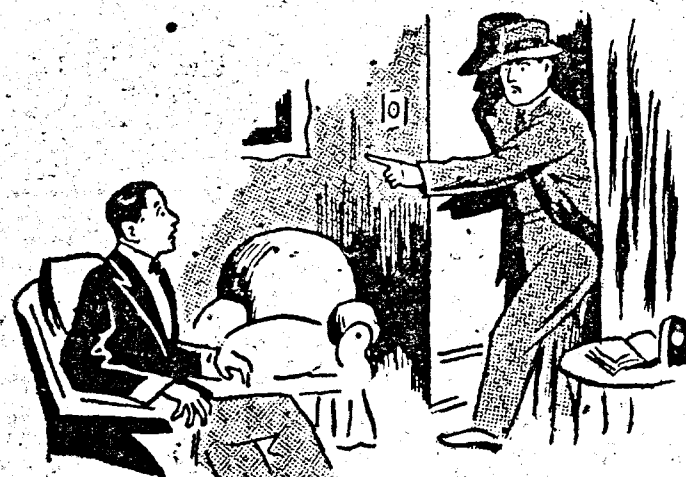
"The swine murdered her with a scimitar!" said Harris. "Just think

of the brutality of that!"

"Then where's the body?" I asked.

"In a flat over the way there," said Harris, and pointed out of the window.

"Then why don't you do something?" I asked desperately. "If you didn't kill her, why didn't you do something to prevent the swine that did?"



"You foul murderer!"

"I didn't kill her," said Harris. "I wouldn't do such a thing. I love Sweet Daisy. I'm going to marry Daisy in a week's time."

"My God!" I said wildly. "What the hell are you talking about?" This was getting a bit too thick. "One minute you say she's been killed and the next you tell me that you're going to marry her. Are you mad?"

Just then the door opened and a charming, beautiful girl with marvelous grey eyes stood on the threshold.

"Meet my fiancée," said Harris proudly. "Miss Daisy Martin. We met and got engaged a week ago. Daisy, this is that lunatic Smith that I was telling you about. Always on

the lookout for plots for stories. He's dashed along here like a horse to investigate the murder of sweet Daisy."

She laughed gaily as she sat down.

"Well, I settled him," she said satisfiedly as she crossed her legs.

"Who?" I asked curiously.

"The man over the way," she replied.

"Good Heavens! You didn't....." I began.

"Kill him?" she laughed. "No. I told him that he could murder anything but Sweet Daisy. And I know he won't murder her again."

"But what....." I was flummoxed, just like the hungry monkey that was knocked unconscious by a coconut.

"Sweet Daisy," explained Harris politely, "is my latest effort in the music line. I wrote it in honour of Daisy here. It's a grand song—you know—da-da-da-dee-dee-dee-tiddly-om-pom-pom. And that swine over the way was murdering it on his blasted cornet. See? Daisy didn't like that."

I went home and wrote a yarn about the coster's wife who had triplets and poisoned her husband with a rotten tomato!



That's Fair.

A business leader says this country needs men with the courage to spend money. We hereby submit this 50-50 proposition: if anyone will put up the money, we'll put up the courage.—*Jacksonville Journal.*

Splendid!

"I may say I'm regarded as quite smart," announced the applicant for the position of typist. "I've won several prizes in crossword and jigsaw puzzles and word picture competitions lately."

"Yes, but I want someone who can be smart during office hours," returned the prospective employer.

"Oh, this was during office hours!" said the girl.—*Grit.*

So Much for Soap.

The class had been told to write an essay on any subject.

A little boy chose the subject of "Soap." He wrote: "Soap is a kind of stuff made in cakes, not bad to smell, but horrid to taste. It tastes worst of all when it gets into your eyes. I wish there was no soap."—*West London Observer.*

Is That Clear?

Driving down Dublin's main thoroughfare, a motorist passed the traffic constable by the bridge on the wrong side.

Calling him back, the policeman asked: "Why did ye not go round me?"

The motorist said he was very sorry, but he had not noticed the officer was there.



"Well, now," the constable warned him, "just remember next time. Ye are to go round me whether I'm here or not!"—*Montreal Star.*

Play the Game.

Notice in a church: "Worshippers who intend to put buttons in the collection are requested to give their own and not pull them off the hassocks."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Poor Likeness.

The teacher was doing her very best to instil the rudiments of natural history into her young charges. She held up before them the picture of a deer, but no one could tell her what it was.

"Now, Tommy," she said, pointing to one small boy, "surely you know what this animal is called. Come now think. What does your mother sometimes call your father?"

The child's eyes beamed with intelligence. "Well, mum," he said haltingly, "it don't look much like a pig to me."—*Pathfinder.*

The Expert.

Two strangers in a first-class railway carriage had got into friendly conversation. The windows had just been let down on account of the closeness of the day, and desultory chatter turned to the subject of ventilation.

"I make it," said one of the passengers, "an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom windows open all the year round."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other; "I perceive you are a doctor!"

"Not at all!" was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am a burglar!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Pedro, the lion tamer, was ill and unable to appear at the circus that night, so his wife applied for the job.

"Do you think you can manage the animals?" asked the circus proprietor.

"Did Pedro manage them all right?" she asked.

"Most successfully."

"Well, that's all right, then. I can manage Pedro."

A consistently lucky backer of horses was asked by a novice how it was done.

"Well," said the punter, "I find it quite simple. I just look at the list of arrivals in the morning paper, write down three or four that I fancy, and pass them to a bookie with five bob."

His friend acted upon this advice, but failed to find the names of the horses he had backed in the evening paper.

He explained his difficulty to his friend, who, on close examination of the morning paper, discovered that the novice had backed three liners and a warship!

I want this photograph, of my husband enlarged," said the woman to the photographer. "Now, can you do it with his hat off?"

"Yes," said the photographer. "I think I can manage to take the hair all right. By the way, on which side does he part his hair?"

The woman looked at him in blank surprise.

"Oh," she said, "I can't remember but you'll be able to see that when you take his hat off."

Quite Different.

An indignant mother called at the school to see the headmistress.

"I want an apology from the teacher who called my Mabel a dirty elephant in front of all the class this morning," she demanded.

"But you are mistaken," explained the teacher. "All I said was that Mabel was a disturbing element."

The Caddy's Corner

By M. V. Mathew.

HE whistled mirthfully in his bath-tub. He was joyful, after all, that he had achieved his ambitions; in fact, over-joyful in his wonderful precocity. To him, then, sorrow was a meaningless word; and there came to him, now and then, a moment of quiet exaltation, even as he sat in the hot-water tub, singing merrily—a virile youth of nine-and-twenty; his face full of healthy radiant smiles, his blue eyes sparkling with delight, and his ruddy lips revealing not altogether unfaithfully the genuine happiness which he then enjoyed.

He looked out into the greens; the summer sun was creeping behind a misty veil of clouds. The faithful *Surya* was enlightening his neat little cottage, with all a sun-god's natural splendour. In fact, in that queer little village, the sun had not shone on a more happy and contented home than his! His eyes now wondered to his neat garden, ablaze with the gleaming green and yellow, red and white, replete with scores of fully-bloomed roses and gay-coloured orchids, dahlias, chrysanthemums. He now pierced his looks through the thick curtains, right across the bed-room. His only son, Sekhar, lay peacefully asleep, with the curls over his eyes, and a smile on his face.

"MR. Ram Chander!" a voice rang out, merry, healthy, girlish. By the chuckle that followed, he knew who it was. 'Mr. Ram Chander' consequently rose up from his bath, dried and dressed himself, and went out to meet his—wife.

"So you're my first customer, eh?—well, Good Morning, Madam," he said laughing, returning the joke. "Rajam, slept well?" he then asked quietly of Rajalakshmi, taking her tender hands in his, and meddling with them, just to tease her.

"Oh, yes! Chander, insomnia hasn't become a weakness of mine," she replied. Which had been their usual morning greeting, ever since they were married.

Natural, genuine love of the purest noblest quality, lay deep-rooted in the hearts-of-gold of the young happy couple.

"By the way, Chander," she said, after the tea was over, "you had better go to the studio: I think someone is waiting."

"Oh, yes; and you be off to the roses, dear."

When young Chander returned to the photographic studio, he found, to his surprise, that no one was waiting for him. He received his wife's second joke with another laugh.

Then he immersed his person into a sofa, and lazily began to dream. Oh how happy he was! He saw his own efforts gleaming before him—the numerous photographs in brilliant natural colours; he was a photographer, who took pride in his work.

Half dosing, half dreaming, he sat there submerged in happiness.

Ever since Ram Chander, with his wife, came to that village as a professional photographer, he had been leading a happy contented life. There was a scent of heroism and renown

about him, people admired him, regarded him as their very brother, and tried their utmost to propitiate the hero; and also he was a kind helper, and a true friend.

Naturally enough, he moved in good circles. Good Old Subbaman was a bosom friend and a frequent customer of his. Some hot afternoon, the old man would drop in, and have long chat with the Chanders. Then you could see him taking the photographer down the avenue for a series of photos. That was the good old man all over. Then there was Krishna Rao, a neighbour and an ambitious clerk; Mrs. Stinnal, an old Anglo-Indian widow, who was particularly a friend of Sekhar and his mother; a very thick friend, Mr. Sukumaran, who was an engineering student at Benares; and in short, a *noblesse*;—all moved in the company of the young Chanders.

The voice of his wife singing in the garden thrilled him, yes, infused into his mind a thrill of joy and pride. How sweet the sound vibrated in his ears! He could almost see her, in plain white blouse and sari, with her curled jet-black hair flying about her temples, her blue laughing eyes, encircled by long dark eyelashes, the naturally-fair skin, her rose-pink cheeks, and thick full lips—oh, how he loved her!

The door gently opened, and Rajam glided in—the one he was dreaming about: in white blouse and sari.

"Hullo, dear, so you are not working then. Seeing the door shut, I thought—"

"I know that dear," he said, a tinge of remorse in his voice, and turned away to the Dark Room proper.

"You mustn't work now, however, Chander; let's have a look at the flowers."

Which generally meant something else, and he smiled.

"All right, dear."

JUNE 20, 1934

Accordingly they went out, and were passing along a corridor. When, Rajam disappeared into the parlour with an "I'll-show-you-something-dear." He knew there would be something else, when she first mentioned of having a look at the flowers.

In a minute she came back, a small caddy in her hand.

"Why, lost your hair-pins again, dear? The cheek of Sekhar!" he said seeing the box, in which Sekhar used to put his 'paraphernalia.'

"No, not his caddy, Chander. It's a new one."

She opened it and took from inside a mahogany box with a brass-lock! unhooking this mechanically, she took out a new Benares Sari.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said, unfolding it.

"Very; but I don't think we could get such nice goods from anywhere here," he remarked.

"O yes,—er—it's from—Villu-swamy's," she faltered, and turned her face to the window. There was a rise of colour in her cheeks, which Chander, absorbed, in the sari, missed.

"By the way, Chander," she looked up to him a moment later. "I forgot to tell you one thing: can't you please take a photograph of Sukumaran? He—I think it will be a—er—he's a friend of ours—"

"O yes! it is quite easy, dear. But he hasn't turned up from Benares yet, I fear."

"No, you're mistaken," she quickly replied. "He has come—by yesterday's 5.40."

"Well, then—that's O.K." he said, and she left him abruptly.

He still sat in the corridor, puffing at a cigarette.

"Benares saris from Villu's," he reflected. "That's strange!"

Then rising from his seat, he went to the stool, where the sari was left folded on the caddy. He took it fondly in his hands, and wondered who might have ventured to send her such a valuable gift.

Nine-thirty chimed! he must go to the studio. So he carefully put back the precious sari into the receptacle. Just then, he saw a small violet-coloured piece of stout paper sticking

to the corner of the caddy. Evidently Rajam had not seen it.

He picked it up. On it was scribbled in pencil "To My Darling, Rajam." There was no signature on it, and he tore it off carelessly.

He went down into the garden and seated himself on a bench, after plucking one of the biggest roses. He was not in a working vein then; but began to dream.

"To—My Darling Rajam?" Who would have sent it—that small violet card, with a strange scribbling upon it? He felt a painful sensation all over his body.

But why? He was a benevolent neighbour and a helping friend. He was contented and happy with his profession, his loving wife, and his three-year-old son. And why did a scrap of paper come into their life? and mar their happiness? *Their?* Or his alone? He shrugged his shoulders and groaned.

So Rajam had lied to him, saying that the sari was bought from Villu-swamy's. Ah! Why did she particularly urge him to go to the studio after the breakfast? And where was the said customer? Was she simply joking, or—? His brow darkened with clouds of suspicion.

A light white hand was gently placed on his shoulder. He turned with a start, removing the hand, and heard the laugh of his wife. Looking up, he saw Rajam, and his smiling mother-in-law.

"Good Morning, mother—when did you arrive?"

"Just now, my dear Chander," she replied.

"I fear we rather surprised you?" she continued quite condescendingly.

"Eh? Excuse me. I was-er-thinking of a broken plate of old Subbaman!" Chander finished with an obvious falter.

They had their dinner over, all four together, and Sekhar proceeded with his ma and the "ole g'uani" to show the latter the gramophone and his caddy.

And Chander turned his steps towards the studio.

But again, hordes of questions menacingly presented themselves before his mind's eye; he was worried. He did not work, he could not; but began to dream.

How ever did Rajam know that Sukumaran had arrived from Benares? And yesterday evening by the 5.40 train? It was strange that she knew the particulars, when he heard nothing about it. And then the sari! Of all friends who would have sent that? Ram Chander thought.

For three hot hours, he was in the Dark Room—thinking, thinking and making matters all the worse. Oh, how he was perspiring! how he was worrying himself.

A little knock was heard, and Rajalakshmi came in, followed by Sukumaran.

"How are you, Sukumaran? So you turned up yesterday?"

"Quite well, thank you, Chander; yes, I turned up yesterday."

"Chander," whispered his wife, "what about the photo?"

"Really? ah, I forget. H'm. we shall go Sukhu, to a better place. And you, Rajam, go to your mamma."

"Yes."

Ram Chander and Sukumaran left the room with a camera, and headed for the study.

"I think," said Chander, as he opened the door of the study, this will be enough for taking the photo, eh?"

Sukumaran agreed with a smile.

On entering it, Sukhu glanced round searchingly. The so-called "study" appeared to be the last frequented room. There were five or six colour photographs on the wall. Opposite to the only window was a small wall almirah, with no visible means of opening. Three strangely carved old chairs were scattered around a small round-table, on which stood a small vase with faintly-perfumed paper roses.

They occupied two of the chairs. Chander lit a cigarette, and offered the case to Sukhu. While puffing at it, Chander said, "Queer sort of room, don't you think? It's the only room, we set apart for queer purposes."

"Yes; it's very queer."

While asking Sukhu about his studies and friends, Chander was murmuring inaudibly. Then casually, he talked about Benares saris being very famous, and osters. He leaned on the table a little, tilting it; and in that exploit, the vase fell down on the

carpeted floor with a thud. Instead of attempting to take it himself Chander stood up, and excused himself. Sukumaran kindly stooped to take it, when 'click'—a strong hand—Chander's—cuffed his wrists.

Sukhu raised his head in dismay, to look into the jealous grinning face of the mysterious Chander.

"Benares saris from Villufwami's, eh Sukhu?"

The addressee was too agitated to speak. A rusty manacle had now, handcuffed him, and nearly pained his wrists.

"I presume," Chander went on coolly, with that piercing sarcastic look of his, "I presume that this is the most befitting room for bullying paramours."

Sukumaran found his tongue at last. "What—what are you saying all these to me for, Mr. Ram Chander?"

"A slip of the tongue, my dear Sukhu. I was saying that caddies haven't got good corners to put love-letters in."

"What are you driving at? Why are my hands cuffed, Sir? Have you gone mad?—By God, what are you going to do?"

For, Chander had got up, opened the almirah, and took out an automatic. Sukhu stood up shivering painfully: what could the student of twenty-three do, but to surrender to the august, armed man beside?

"This is a good pistol to end the lives of private-lovers, Sukhu, a good pistol."

Sukhu bit his bloodless lips.

"I know, sir, what you mean," cried the imprisoned man. "But I am not your wife's lover. I was only fond of her,—very fond of her—but nothing more than that."

"Yes, yes; very, very, very fond of her—say it again," Chander retorted wildly, playing with the revolver.

"The 'guest' was trembling visibly, and profusely perspiring from head to foot. The ill-ventilated room, the stagnant air, and a man—probably gone mad—pointing the butt of a deadly weapon towards his breast—oh, he was dumfounded."

"Sukhu, now listen to me as man to man," Chander remarked slowly. "This is a matter of life and death—to you and to me. See this pistol? It is loaded, and—always. I could be obstinate, even crazy, at times; yes, I admit, and I could also easily blow out your brains now—in the privacy of my study."

"I thought, when you last went away to Benares that you were only

an innocent, clever young chap. But now—nay, don't speak, let me finish—now, you send Benares saris and other valuable presents and create trouble. This is all out of your way, Sukhu and there is only one way to end all this fuss—"

"By God, I am innocent. I oh! I know nothing of what you say!"

But Chander, white with grudge and envy,—was he to hear all this? "H'm" he grunted, impatiently.

"I shall agree to any condition, if only—" Sukhu groaned.

"Then," pronounced the persecutor, "you leave us with a good bye-bye, never to step into this house again."

"I—promise," muttered Sukhu agitatedly.

Chander came up smiling, and released his hands. Before he was sent away, the photographer exposed the photo-plate for his wife's own sake!

Immediately the extremely exhausted Sukumaran was turned out of his house by Chander.

CHANDER returned to the study, took up the camera, and made slowly, sadly towards the parlour. On approaching a half-opened window, he heard voices speaking from inside. He stood there, leaning on the sill, listening.

"My darling," said the gruff voice of his mother-in-law, "you haven't forgotten that to day is your birth-day,

as he had done?"

His wife's low voice said, "Oh, no, mamma darling, how would I? And I forgot only to thank you for the nice sari you sent.....morning

.....the.....caddy.....didn't tell Chander about it.....and from whom it came.....and lied so many.....for the sake of fun—to take him by surprise....."

Chander dropped the camera with a clang!

(Continued from page 18)

window like a burglar?"

The stranger now paled.

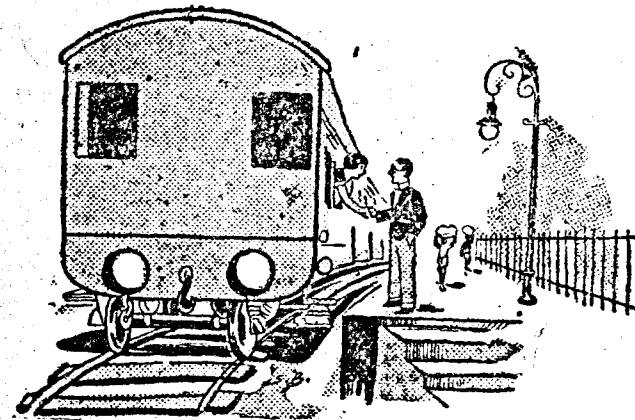
Both Nathan and the stranger were then formally charged with the murder of Mr. Ramlal and taken to police Head quarters. The Ballistic expert brought in his report to the effect that the shot which had killed Mr. Ramlal came from the gun found in the garden. The finger-prints in the gun were those of the stranger. Thus the case against the stranger was clinched and later on he confessed to the crime.

"Now let that be a warning to you, you rascal," said Inspector Loganathan to Nathan as he was acquitted.

"My!" said Nathan. "That was a close shave!"

The Officers Special

By C. V. Venkatraman.



That morning he stepped into the carriage with a very determined air. But as he sat down he noted that a strange young man had taken possession of Leela's seat—reserv-

He slammed the door, and turned to find Leela in his seat. Just as he had hoped.

"Oh, I am sorry, I've taken your seat," she apologized blushing prettily—"I thought you weren't coming."

"Delighted, please don't move," murmured the enraptured Srinivas, smiling idiotically.

"Oh; but you can't stand up all the way, we can easily make room," and the girl squeezed her tiny form into the corner.

"I say really, I'm quite"—began Srinivas.

"Please sit down," echoed the young lady.

Srinivas shyly obeyed and sitting down gingerly, on the very edge of the seat, pretended to read the paper. Then he stole a glance at the young

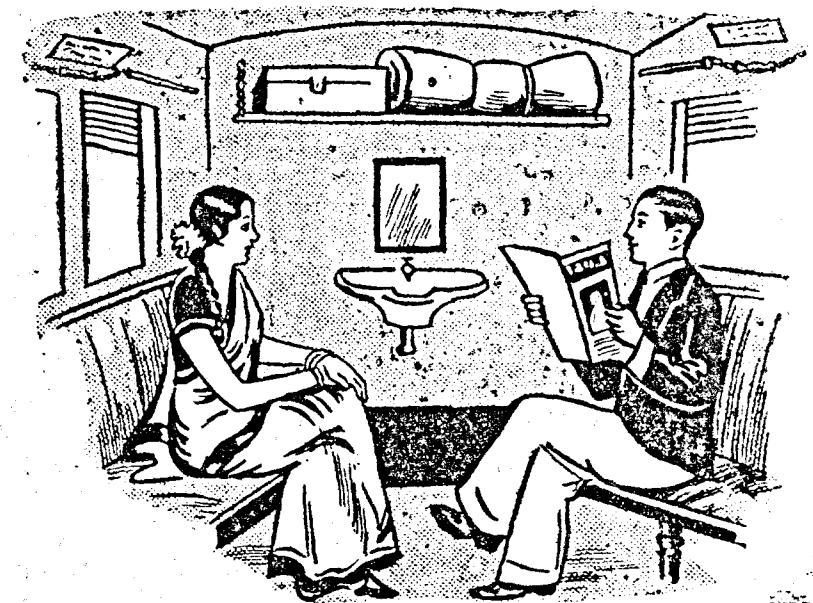
ed seat.

It all began through the third class carriage on the eight-thirty hours, 'Officer's Special'; of the S. I. R. electric train.

Mr. Srinivas, like most of the officers had used the same train and the same carriage ever since the Electric-System was introduced; and it was with indignation he took the first seat he could find elsewhere.

But the angry frown faded from his face as he sat down. For opposite him in his seat sat Miss. Leela and one could not—look at Leela and frown.

Sreenivas, in fact, smiled. In a week he had found out a good deal about Leela, but he made little progress towards knowing her better. True, they occasionally smiled at each other, but at this rate he would be an old man before they became acquainted. Something drastic had to be done, and without delay he decided.



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lady and their eyes met.

"You can lean back, if you like," she almost whispered. "There is plenty of room," and she blushed even more deeply.

S RINIVAS sank slowly back, and a thrill ran through him as she moved to try to give him a little more room. He must start conversation very soon before she began reading. So he glanced at her book: "The Funny Magzin".

"Do you read regularly this 'Funny'?" he asked feebly.

"I haven't much time," said she, "but I always read in my spare-time," she added casually.

Srinivas knew that something was bubbling in her mind. However he wasn't going to let this opportunity slip. He had never seen a prettier young lady than Leela.

"I'm a regular 'Funny-fan', and I contribute articles," he said glibly. "Perhaps you would care to go through mine".

"Is it!—I see—thank you," stammered Leela, and Srinivas, seeing her confusion grew positively daring.

"Why, I too used to contribute to this Funny now and then!" said Leela.

"Good. Are you competing for the Literary Competition?"

"Oh, yes. I am in search of a new plot and I wanted to discuss with someone.....!"

"Good!" broke in Srinivas. "Why we had better discuss! Why not we arrange somewhere for the discussion. How about the beach next Sunday?"

And so it was arranged.

Srinivas walked on air to his office, seeing visions of the most wonderful girl in the world.

As Leela sat to her dinner that evening, she returned the book entitled,

'Funny Magzin' to her brother.

"Thank you," said the young man with a grin. "Very useful magazine, what?" You won't want me to act the intruding stranger in your compartment again to-morrow, will you?" said he.

Leela blushed. "No thank you", she said happily. "I don't think I shall need you again."

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Wife — "Darling I do wish you'd would come down soon and help me fix these stair—rods".

Sarasa at The Theatre

By G. R. Samuel.

FONDLY cherished objects are either shattered to nothingness in midway or they never reach of happy destination.

Sarasajaksha Kumari was a pet to her parents being the youngest of their children. From her earliest childhood Sarasu was all along winning her own way till now, to her sweet seventeenth. She had passed her innocent infancy, guileless girlhood and had come to the dangerous part of her life, the dawn of early womanhood. A handsome face and a slender figure were the endowments of God to Sarasu. But each and every lineament of her countenance depicted in them a free will and a come-what-may-I'll-have-my-way sort of air, which attracted the attention of their parents. They thought of sparing the rod and spoiling the child and so resolved to put by their erroneous kindness towards their daughter wishing to sustain the pristine purity and modesty of the women of their race. Being unaccustomed to meet with oppositions, this abrupt change of attitude of her parents towards her made Sarasu sulky and impudent.

HER elder brother Sukumar too had received strict injunctions from his parents not to permit Sarasu to do anything which would prove a breach to their moral code. Sarasu was irreconcilable

here, and she was always inwardly at rebel. Whenever her hopes were blighted, she tried to find an egress favourable to her own wayward will. Soon she found a confidant in her cousin Sekhar, a youth whose mental faculties would exactly poise with those of Sarasu herself.

Day by day their friendship grew and reaching its acme found them a bit amorously inclined. Sarasu clandestinely met Sekhar at untimely hours to carry out their imprudent intrigues, to outwit her aged parents. But her every action was as clear as daylight to Sukumar who affected to be a philanthropist. Nevertheless he was waiting for a wee bit of an opportunity, when he could teach a good lesson both to his cousin and his sister, though dear to him they were.

It was midsummer, and Sukumar was at his ease after the toilsome, anxious days of preparation for his Honours Exam. The sultry atmosphere instigated Sukumar to stir out of his chambers one day at an hour rather late in the night. Nature appealed to him then and he gazed at the blue sky above, clothed in its bridal vesture of the calm stellar colony, and down at the landscape flooded with the cool rays of the glorious silvery moon. Admiring the beauties of nature, his peaceful ramble became a worthless detour and like a Cartaphilus he wound his way through many a street.

Outside the porch of Sekhar's house, he saw two persons in deep conversation and without letting them see him, he passed by, taking in at a glance that it was Sekhar's maid servant Sarasawathy coquetting with her paramour in his nocturnal visit.

This sight plunged him in deep reverie. In his contemplation he reached home through the postern gate. A form in male attire was silhouetted against the clear moonlit sky, in his garden near the window of Sarasu. Drawing nearer he under-

away his time in serenading, for he could distinctly hear the sweet and serene notes from a flageolet which he was well aware to be the favourite musical instrument of Sekhar. It took only a few seconds for Sukumar to surmise what was taking place there. What his feelings at the time were is left to the imagination of the readers, but 'two pairs at a shot' was his thought.

Sarasajaksha Kumary seeing her brother quickly closed her window and crept into bed leaving Sekhar to the cold hands of his irate cousin. Under the circumstances, Sukumar, had already played the part of a subtle eaves-dropper and he had gathered from the conversation of the lovers, that they were making arrangements to go to the talkies the next night.

Assuming an innocent look, Sukumar came near Sekhar and queried what prompted him to come there at the time. The latter was taken by surprise, words were lost to him, he demurred and faltered something to which his cousin took no heed at all. Plucking courage he concocted a story and said "I came to see you and ask you to accompany me to the football match to-morrow. But finding none in your room, I thought of leaving the information to your sister. Her window is closed and so I am turning round to return in disappointment." Sukumar said that he would meet Sekhar the next day, and they parted in amicable terms. Sekhar presumed that the victory was decidedly his.

Sukumar wishing to teach his cousin a lesson for his misdemeanour, pondered well and arrived at a solution of the conundrum. On a previous occasion he had heard Sarasawathy Sekhar's servant maid, pleading to her mistress to permit her to go to the Theatre hall one of these days and he thought of making this Sarasu the instrument of his joke.

So, the next day Sukumar paid a visit to his aunt who gave him a hear-

tion, he casually mentioned that a fine story was to be filmed that day, taking care to spurt out his words at the very moment when Saraswathy was passing by. Hearing this she requested her mistress to let her go to the talkies that day and when Sukumar volunteered to escort her safely to the theatre hall and back, Sekhar's mother gave in. But Saraswathy informed Sukumar that she would go to the hall by herself with her country cousin.

So far so much good, and still Sukumar had to conquer his sister and defer her visit to the talkies to save her from scandal. Saraswathy Kumary used to copy volumes of notes for her brother. Remembering this, Sukumar went to her and asked her to copy certain notes which he said he wanted emergently and were very important. He knew perfectly well that it would require at least full three hours to finish copying them. Though unwillingly Sarasu had to sit down to write when the lights were put up.

Hours rolled on. Sarasu wanted to give warning to her philanderer, but she could not leave the table for even a moment without drawing the attention of her brother. But anxious thoughts made her absent to the circumstances, and she committed many a mistake. She knew she was entrapped and so passively submitted to her brother's stronger will. After a time when she entered in her work with heart and soul she forgot all about her devilry that night.

The small hand of the big clock in the hall was pointing to nine and it was high time for Sukumar to begin to act well his part. He slyly stole over to his sister's boudoir and selected a nice silk saree and a blouse to match; then opening her jewel box caught hold of a pair of bangles and a chain. Without making much ado he began to adorn himself. When he came to the wearing of the bangles he found them too small for his masculine hands. He could not but contend himself with a wrist watch of course, with a gold wristlet. Finally covering his head with the end of the saree he went and stood before the mirror. To his entire satisfaction he found that the mirror reflected an exact facsimile of Sarasu, he being slender and handsome like his sister. A silk shirt and coat were carefully folded and he carried them under the saree.

According to the previous night's

arrangement, he went to the garden and waited patiently for his cousin to appear. He had not to wait for long, when he came and their premeditated moonlight walk began. On his way Sukumar was always on his alert lest he should be betrayed by his masculine voice. He only spoke a few words at random, either the affirmative or the negative. This unusual silence on his Sarasu's part, gave no worry to Sekhar for he thought it was due to nervous, self consciousness on her first venture out in the dark alone, and without the permission of her parents.

The lights were put out in the theatre hall, and the show commenced. It was a thrilling comic. Catching this opportunity Sukumar left his seat without his cousin's knowledge and went outside to search for Saraswathy. Being dark outside, Sukumar easily and dexterously changed his disguise putting on his male attire. He found Saraswathy with a man whom he took to be her lover. They were shown in and he ushered them in the chairs next to that of Sekhar. All these took only less time than it took for the narration and so left Sekhar free of the malice.

By this time the comic scene was over and the story began. Now, Saraswathy was occupying the chair formerly occupied by Sukumar and so to the left of Sekhar. When the feigning hero and heroine appeared in the film, Sekhar began to fondle the person next to him thinking her to be his Sarasu and tell her 'Sarasu, let the time come, Sarasu, we too are like that' so on, not in the least knowing that he was lavishly spending his caresses on his maid servant. Saraswathy could think of no one else

but her paramour who could be sweet upon her, especially at the time.

All were enjoying the talkies to their full. Our Sukumar conveniently took a chair at the back of these three and he was ardent on his vigil. His mirth knew no bounds when he heard Sekhar softly speaking, throwing off his blandishments upon his servant maid Saraswathy. As for Saraswathy's lover he was quite a country brute. It was his first visit to the pictures and so all his senses were drowned in the entertaining songs and the captivating scenes of the film. He did not even lend a single thought to his Sarasu and fully ignored her presence by his side. This saved her situation.

The story was nearing its finish when Sukumar gently touched the shoulders of Sekhar and said that he happened to pass that way and stepped in. Sekhar lost his balance, his merry laughter sank down to a deep frown, he could not find an explanation for the presence of Sarasu there. He wished to desert the hall before the lights were on, for saving Sarasu. Sukumar laughed inwardly. Suddenly 'Good night' was seen on the screen and in a minute the electric lights flashed upon them brilliantly.

Sekhar was in a very bad plight, he wanted to shield his love at any cost. Saraswathy seeing her Master by her side wondered, the bashful maiden with her own lover by her side shivered knowing nothing of her punishment. Sekhar turned to console Sarasu. He found his maid servant in lieu of Saraswathy Kumary when Sukumar burst out laughing and said, "Never mind, my dear Sekhar, it is Sarasu, who is with you."

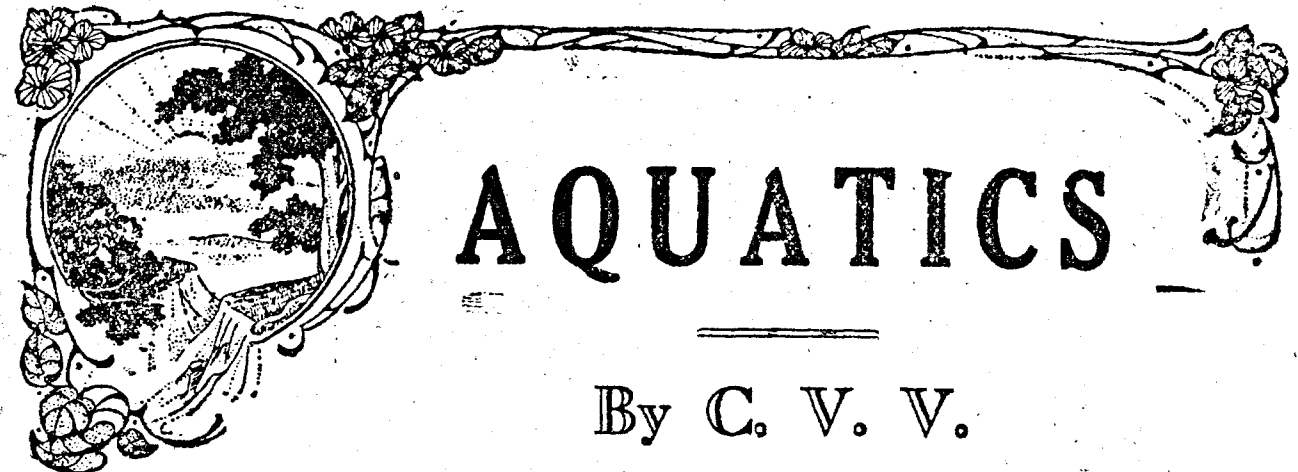
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"BRING the 3 x over to this side," explained Chandran, scribbling furiously in his rough notebook.

His companion Rangan, regarded the transaction phlegmatically.

"What for?" he asked dispassionately. Those two words comprised the main part of Rangan's vocabulary. Uttered without a trace of surprise or curiosity it epitomised his outlook on life; he could never take anything for granted, but argued that there must be a reason for every thing. Chandran, his chum, was just the opposite in temperament; to him things were so because they were.

"Because you always bring the x's over to this side," he explained briefly.

"What for," repeated Rangan.

"For nothing in particular. Just because you have to, that's all," said Chandran.

"Yes, but what for?"

Chandran sighed. Rangan regarded the note-book without enthusiasm.

"It was minus 3 x before" he said. "Now you have made plus 3 x. What for?"

Chandran gazed scathingly at this boyish query mark.

"Isn't that just like you, ass?" he demanded. Rangan, be it, explained was of the dumpling type. "Can't you say anything but 'what for'?"

At this Rangan displayed a slight show of interest at this outburst and said, "of course I can, but what for?"

A snigger came from behind the evening paper. Mr. Prahaspathi Iyer, who found the news less interesting than his young son's companion, had been eavesdropping. He feigned a deep sudden interest in his paper, and Chandran returned to his algebraic problem.

"Bring the x's to this side," he said, "and the numbers to that. Then this x squared crosses out with that. See?"

Rangan threw the husk of the groundnut which he was eating and looked philosophically at the jumble of figures.

"Yes-es," he hesitated. "I can see what you have done—crossing the x squared and all that. But—but what for? That's what I want to know."

Meanwhile the newspapers rattled ominously in the easy-chair nearby.

"Because you do!" snapped Chandran. "Look here, Appa. Don't you cross out the x squared when there's one on each side of the equation?"

Thus appealed to, Mr. Prahaspathi Iyer laid down his "Hindu" paper and looked wise.

"What say?" he asked.

Chandran repeated his question. Mr. Iyer closed his eyes and rubbed his chin.

"One each side!" he asked suddenly. Chandran and Rangan nodded approvingly.

"A very nice point," said Mr. Iyer sagaciously. "A very nice point indeed. I should say that—yes. I think I might venture to assert, that under ordinary circumstances that would be the correct procedure. But then, again; it is possible that certain circumstances may arise when such a course of action might be inadvisable, not to say incorrect."

Chandran's eyes opened in astonishment at such erudition! Rangan's blazed with scorn.

"Oh!" he said. "I don't believe you know anything about them, Appa."

Mr. Iyer looked somewhat injured.

"About what?" he asked.

"Quadriatics."

"Nonsense!" he blustered. "Of course I do. We used to have them at school when I was a lad like you."

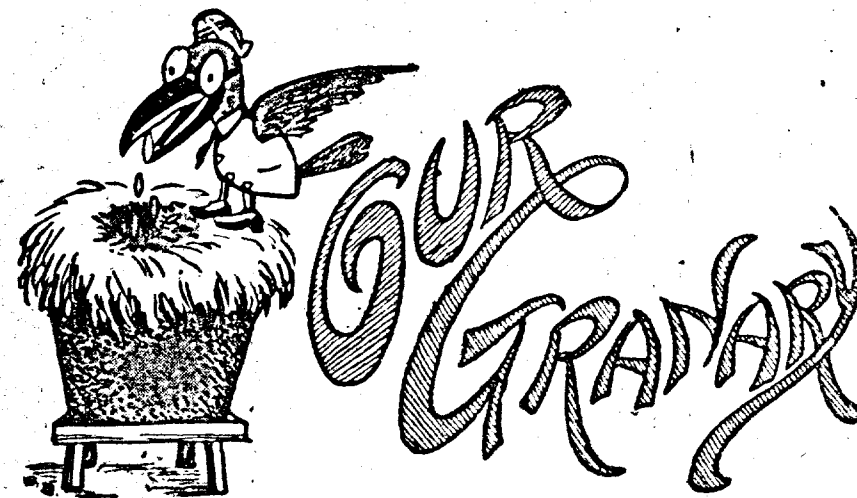
"Very well, then," demanded Chandran "tell us what they are."

"Quadriatics," said Mr. Iyer slowly, "Quadriatics is—or more correctly arer—well, they're—they are water-sports (aquatics), of course."

Even Rangan joined in the laughter that followed this statement with Chandran and Mr. Iyer after a futile attempt to save his face, retreated to the easy-chair and covered his face with the newspaper.



Anna Sten



Nudist Who Cannot Die.

An act of charity has led to a Jugoslav man becoming an unintentional nudist for twenty years.

Believing himself to be at the point of death, Makarie Milanovitch, who lives at Nesan, in Jugoslavia, called the poor of the district around him and gave them all his worldly goods, including clothes, money and personal effects.

He then covered himself with a single blanket and lay down to die.

But he did not die, and now, after twenty years, and at the age of ninety, he is still strong and alive.

After parting with all his possessions, he vowed never to leave his hut till he died. He lives on food pushed through the window by sympathetic peasants.

And his only covering is still the solitary blanket.

The Miser

Lillian Rosenfelt, a New York miser, was well known for her begging habits. She managed to live on food which was left over in restaurants and other places.

One day while in a restaurant she saw two rolls, one of them half eaten, which had been left by a diner. Quickly and stealthily she picked them up. When she got outside she ate the half roll. Two hours later she was dead. It transpired that the half roll which she had eaten was filled with poison—it had been left by a man who had committed suicide.

Recently, a probate disclosed that she left an estate worth £ 12,000.

Japan's Chick-Diviners

A party of experts from Japan.

They claim to possess a secret method whereby they can determine the sex of chicks when they are less than twelve hours old.

Other poultry experts are not able to do this until the birds attain the age of at least seven weeks.

So the Japanese have been invited to inspect a number of chicks in England. Their strange gift is unique, almost a divining power, and no Westerner possesses it.

During their stay they expect to classify about 12,000 newly-born chicks each day.

Ice-Water Ruins Your Eyes

European experts blame American eye troubles to too much drinking of ice-water, which it is claimed shrinks the eye-ball and paralyzes the optic nerve.

Bride Schools Run Marriage Bureaux.

In Japan there are several schools for brides where women are trained for marriage. As not all the passed pupils have prospective husbands, each school runs its own marriage bureau.

Fires Make Rain

A fortune will be yours if you have any scheme which would make rain when it is wanted. Scientists have decided that all the suggestions that have been made in the past few years are useless.

Nature's method of making rain is first to get an abundance of water into the atmosphere by evaporation from water surfaces, ice surfaces, growing vegetables and damp soil, and then to squeeze it out by lowering the temperature.

Firing shells into the clouds; dropping electrically-charged sand into the clouds, and allowing special chemicals to evaporate, and so breaking the clouds, have been claimed as certain rain-makers. Farmers in Alberta paid a Mr. Hatfield £ 1,100 for the last idea.

But an American weather expert, Dr. Humphreys, claims that the only sure way to make rain is by building huge fires. But as the cost of a fire big enough to break a drought would be prohibitive, even this idea is of no use to us.

World's Smallest Radio Set.

The World's smallest wireless set has just been made in Chicago.

It is a tuning coil wrapped round a pencil. The crystal detector is inserted in the metal eraser cap, to which is also attached the standing, pinlike aerial.

For use, the pencil radio is simply connected to a pair of earphones. It is said to provide surprisingly good reception, considering its size, and it picks up stations several hundred miles away.

Book Which Has No Errors.

The only book in the world which contains no printers' errors is said to be the Modern Oxford Bible.

Swimming Taught By Telephone.

Swimming is taught by telephone, in a method recently devised by a Californian coach.

Wearing waterproof headphones, the pupil swims at the end of a trailing cable connecting the 'phones with a mouthpiece in the hands of the instructor.

In this way he is able to correct mistakes in timing and in execution of the strokes at the moment they occur, instead of waiting until the novice has finished swimming.

A small battery carried in the hand of the instructor provides all the current that is needed to operate the small aquatic telephone.

Man who invented ice cream.

It was an Italian who invented ice cream. Caltelli was an ambitious confectioner's apprentice who racked his brains to invent new sweetmeats. During one summer, having found that cold water applied inside and out was not enough to relieve the strain of heat, he had the brilliant notion of crushing some ice and consuming it with sweet liquid.

The result was pleasing. Caltelli then constructed a wooden box with a double-bottom, into which he put separately crushed ice and sweet cream, which by means of an instrument was turned above the ice until the mixture was frozen. The success of this experiment was so great that he was able to open a cafe in Paris, where lead cream became the rage. That was in 1660.

Since then the habit has grown enormously all over the world. Experience at Britain's biggest factory shows that with the sun at 75 degrees in the shade the sale of ice cream will touch a million and a half portions a day.

As the sun gets stronger the sales increase, so that two extra degrees mean another quarter of a million portions. Thus at 77 degrees the sale is 1,750,000 portions a day, and at 79 degrees the figure rises to 2,000,000 a day, and so on. At this factory, which has the biggest plant outside the United States, the production last summer reached 3,600,000 portions per day.

World's most exclusive club.

The world's most exclusive club—the Caterpillar Club—has just increased its membership.

The three R. A. F. fliers whose lives were saved recently, after the collision of the two planes in which they were looping the loop, were automatically

enrolled when they reached the ground alive, by parachute.

No one can belong to the club unless his life has been saved by a parachute descent. The membership includes the famous American airman, Colonel Lindbergh, who is reputed to have made four forced parachute descents, and is, therefore, entitled to wear three bars to his club badge—a Golden Caterpillar.

The Caterpillar Club, which is international, has at present about 1,000 members and is steadily increasing in numbers, yet it has no clubhouse nor an entrance fee! England alone has supplied over 120 members since 1926.

Its name appears to have been taken from the silkworm, which provides the raw material for parachutes—the lifebelts of the air.

The World's First Millionaire.
The first millionaire was Seneca, who possessed £3,140,000 and died in 65 B. C.

Baby Predicts Disaster

And Then Dies

A child which is said to have spoken perfect Spanish within a few minutes of its birth is terrifying the superstitious people of Mexico.

According to the story, the baby turned to the doctor and said in a clear voice:

"There will be six months of calamities. Which do you prefer—earthquakes or storms?"

"Earthquakes," answered the doctor.

"So be it," said the child, and then died.

The populace of the little town of Petatlan, where the baby was born to a peasant woman, are terrified at the prophecy of the strange child. Mexican Indians are spending long vigils in prayer, pleading for mercy, and the authorities have ordered a careful investigation into the story.

The Man Fate Can't Kill

An Englishman claims to have defied death more times than any man living. He is Captain John Dreyer, now living in San Francisco.

In 1906, when he was sixteen, he fell from a dry dock in England on to a pile of timbers 45ft. below, and broke his leg. The following year he was "drowned" near Savona, Italy, and was restored to life after an hour and twenty minutes.

In 1912 he was wrecked off the coast of Vancouver Island, and was in the water for seventy hours before being rescued. A year later he was caught in a burning building which collapsed. He had only minor injuries.

He was ambushed in a train at the outbreak of war. A woman was shot dead in his arms by Uhlans. Dreyer killed an officer, and was clubbed unconscious. He was left for dead, and lay in the open for three days and night with his right knee and six ribs broken. Then he was taken to a prison camp.

He was shipwrecked again in 1923, and reported dead. In 1931 he was blown off his feet when a yacht exploded in San Francisco Harbour. Three weeks later a yacht caught fire, and trapped Dreyer in a cabin. He fought his way out with a fire extinguisher. A year later a yacht exploded, and he was knocked unconscious among the flames. Rescuers saved him just in time.

Dreyer is now awaiting his next adventure.

World's Largest Fly Collection

The world's largest fly collection is that which is in the Entomological Department of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington (London). This collection numbers about 9,000,000 various kinds of flies.

Siamese Twins Can't Marry

One-half of a pair of Siamese twins, Violet Hinton, aged twenty-six applied recently in New York to marry. The other half, Daisy, who is likewise engaged to be married—to a welter-weight prizefighter now in England—made the plea a joint one.

It was too much for the chief clerk of the Marriage Licence Bureau. Several officials were consulted, and the assistant city counsel said flatly a licence could not be given.

Maurice Lambert, Violet's prospective bridegroom, departed with Violet—and Daisy—for a licence in New Jersey, but it was refused there because the answer to the usual routine questions were given in the plural.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

THE ONLY UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE
THAT HAS ACHIEVED MUCH
SUCCESS IS THE WINK.

MOTTO FOR WIVES.

Absence makes the heart grow
fonder—of the other woman!

A wife likes a husband who
will keep his word—to himself!

SHE WAS ONLY A CHEMIST'S
DAUGHTER, BUT SHE NEVER
WISHED ANYONE ILL.

Money isn't everything. As soon
as some folks get a nest-egg
they become hard-boiled!

I know a girl—
She's been engaged
For seven times—and how!
But now 'tis said
She's to be wed,
Cause she's on her last lap now.

VENUS WAS THE PERFECT
WOMAN.
(SHE WAS CARVED IN STONE.)

When a man has the last
word in an argument with his
wife it is generally an apology.

Don't judge the cigars a
man smokes by those he
gives away.

Young soldiers are always
willing to instruct pretty girls in the
use of arms.

DEFINITIONS.

Love is the morning of marriage,
and marriage is the evening of love.

REMEMBER —
THE KEYNOTE OF GOOD MANNERS
— BE NATURAL.

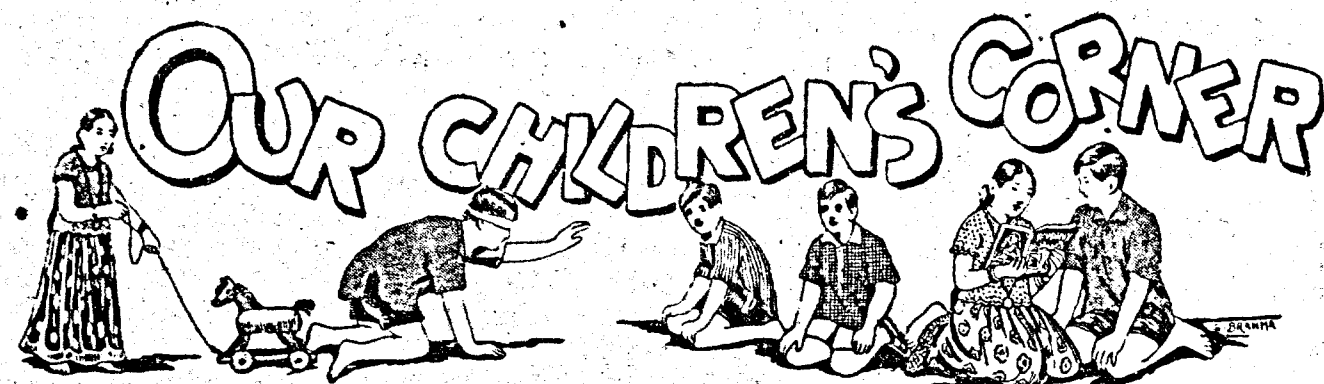
It is only by forgetting ourselves
that we can make others really
remember us.

SOME PEOPLE ARE SO MEAN
THAT GRUDGES ARE THE ONLY
THINGS THEY PAY!

Many people who are bent on
pleasures are broken very soon.

There are two sides to every
question—The wrong side and
our side.

A ROLLING STONE PLEASES NO
BOSS.



THE HONEST LAD

By D. E. TONY.

(Member No. 31)

ONCE upon a time there were two poor boys who lived together in a village. They were very poor and wore ragged clothes, but one of them was honest and intelligent and the other was a liar. Once they met a gentleman who, allowed them to carry two bundles for him, as he wished to give them an opportunity to earn a little money.

When they arrived at his house he gave them each what he thought to be a half-anna piece. But in the darkness he had given them each a rupee and did not discover the mistake that night. The poor boys did however; as soon as they reached a shop.

The first one admired at the coin and said, "Look, the silly old man has given me a rupee instead of a half-anna piece"

'Shan't I have a good time until it is gone'? The other boy then looked at his coin and found that he had also received a rupee and was very sad. 'You do not suppose that the gentleman really meant to give us these do you?' he asked. "No, he made a mistake in the dark, of course," replied his friend "and when he finds it out he won't find me." The other boy, who was honest, then told his friend that he was no better than a thief to which the friend replied that he would rather be a thief than a fool. He began to spend the money, but the honest boy would not touch his but went with it on the following morning to the Gentleman's house and returned it.

This so pleased the nobleman that he told him to keep it, and gave him another coin.

He then complained to the police of the conduct of the other boy, who was caught, and taken before a magistrate and soundly whipped and punished.



"Well, Jones Minor, I suppose you know what a grudge is."

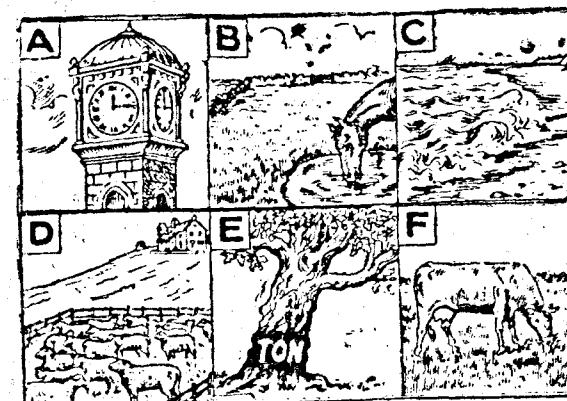
"Yes, sir. It's the place where father keeps his car."

COMPETITION NO. 12

Closing Date 12-7-35

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

2nd Prize Rs. 10.



Here you see six pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of these find the correct clues to the pictures.

For example A is CLOCK FACE. Now proceed with the other five.

Children's Puzzle No. 12 (Coupon)

CLOSING DATE 12TH JULY 1935

A CLOCK FACE. Age.....
 B.
 C. Address.....
 D.
 E.
 F.

COMPLETE LIST OF CLUES.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Clock Face | 11. Singleton |
| 2. Stock house | 12. Stock hill |
| 3. Treeston | 13. Sea-shore |
| 4. Waterside | 14. Hill-house |
| 5. Pan | 15. Tower clock |
| 6. Oakton | 16. Horsepool |
| 7. Waterfield | 17. Heavy tree |
| 8. Cowfield | 18. Beach |
| 9. Seaview | 19. Grassland |
| 10. Drinkfield | 20. Sheep hill |

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

Funny Magzin Competition



Rs. 500 Cash Prizes

1st Prize Rs. 300
2nd Prize „ 200

Entrance Fee As. 2 per entry.

Closing Date 10-7-35. Results on 20-7-35.

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings and each word represents an animal.

Words.	Clues.
1. D — — R	1. An hunted animal.
2. M — — —	2. A cross bred animal.
3. — O —	3. Domestic animal.
4. — A —	4. Animal with claws.
5. B — — —	5. Animal with horns.
6. — O —	6. Found in forests.
7. — — R E	7. Runs fast.
8. R — —	8. Has no home.
9. — O —	9. Not a flesh eater.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Entries must be in the special Funny Magzin coupons printed below and each entry must be accompanied by an entrance fee of 2 annas per entry. Entrance fee may be sent either in Indian Postal stamps or by Money order. Entries not sent on the Funny Magzin coupon will not be considered.

2. The First Prize of Rs. 300 will be awarded to the correct solution that is one which exactly tallies with the sealed Key solution and the second prize of Rs. 200 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be divided.

3. The Editor's decision in all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that are lost or mislaid. No correspondence can be entered into.

4. All entries must be addressed to the competition Editor, Annual Competition, Funny Magzin office, Sowcarpet, Madras. Entries received after the closing date 10-7-35 will not be considered.

FUNNY MAGZIN ENTRY COUPON

ANIMALS COMPETITION.

CLOSING DATE 10-7-35.

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

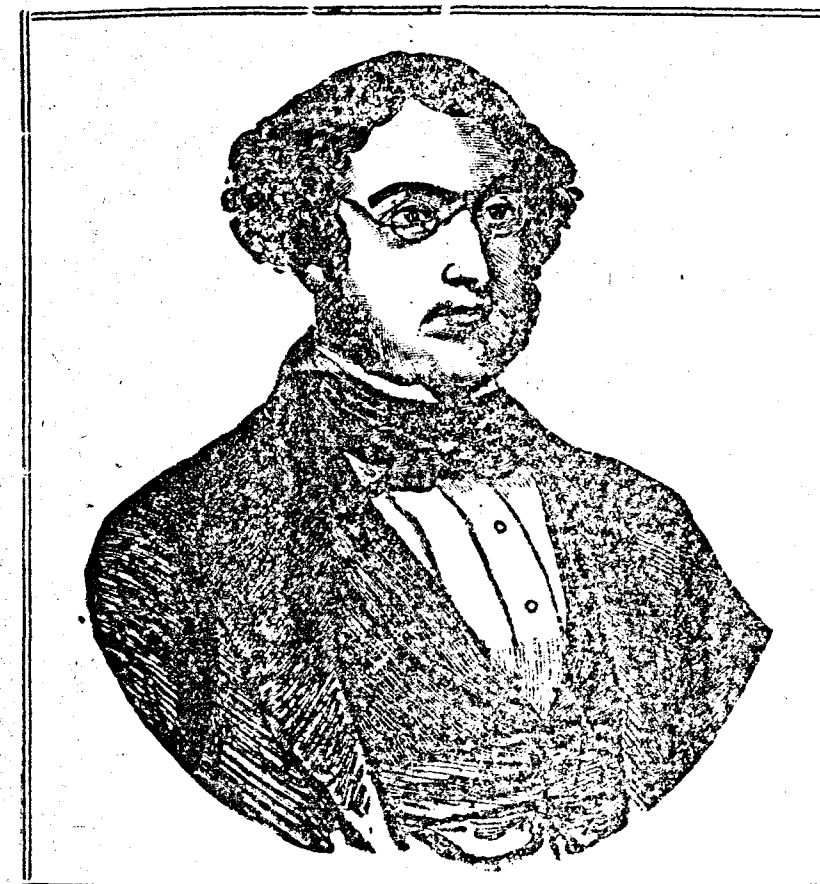
I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature

Name Mr.

Miss or M^{rs}.

Address



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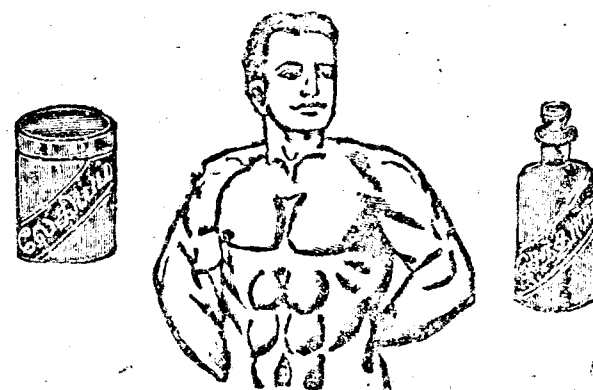
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Our Grand Annual Number

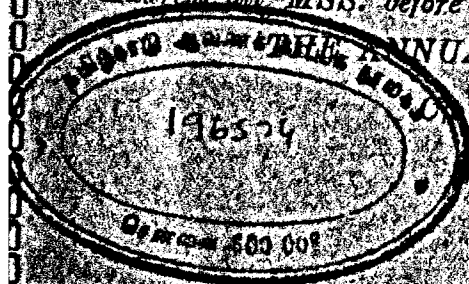
Our issue of 20th July 1935 will be a grand Annual Number. It will contain more than 100 pages and will be chokeful of laughs. Only the pick of the MSS. we have received for the last three months goes into the DeLuxe Number.

OUT ON
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The Editor will pay Rs. 150 to the article which is considered the best in the annual. Other selected MSS. will be paid for at our usual rates. The winning MS. will be decided by popular Ballot.

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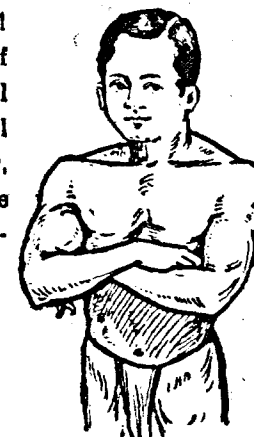
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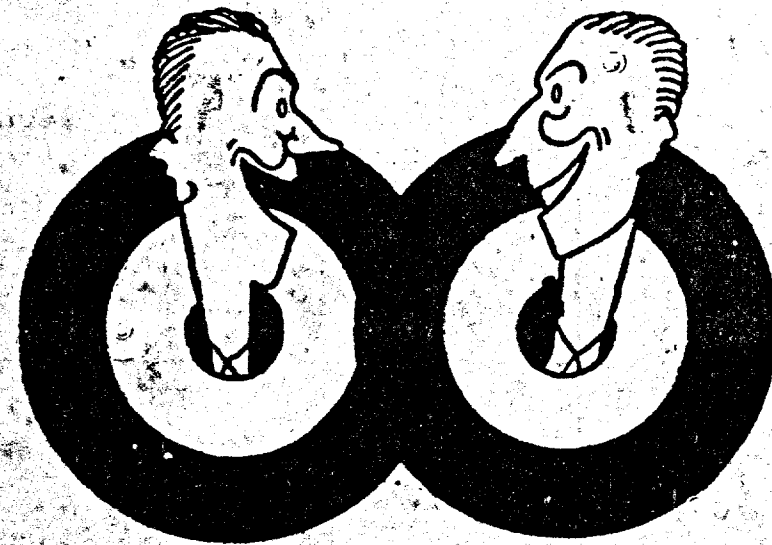
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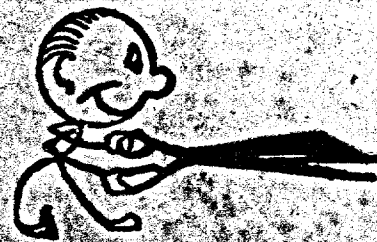
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a happy pair
They always
are so sunny;
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