

Funny Mag.

V.3. No. 8. 20th November 1935

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*Aw, nuts! Find out for yourself,
lazybones!*

And don't forget to tell your friends!

● FUNNY MAGAZINE,

20th November 1935.

2
Might is
Right!

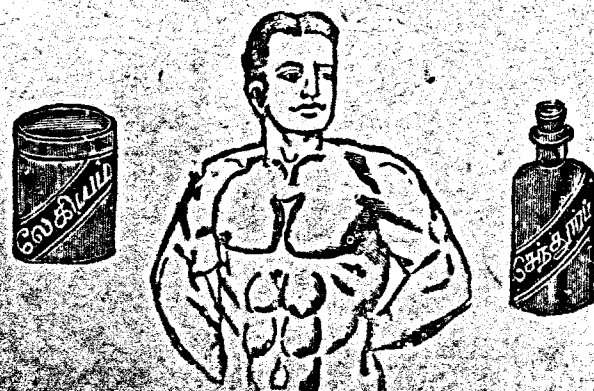
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THE FUNNY MAG

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

Vol III.

MADRAS, 20th NOVEMBER 1935.

No. 8.

HE'S RIGHT.



Boss :—“I cannot read this letter. The writing is too bad.”

Clerk :—“Give it here. Any fool can read it.”

Silence, ho!

The Editor Speaks!

—and he can't help it.

I tried my hardest to escape speaking to you this time, but that bally conscience of my upped and spake to me in severe whispers that India expects every Editor to do his duty. So what between my conscience and the possible wrath of my boss I simply had to sit tight—with one full bottle of Hennessy inside, of course—and produce an Editorial.

The Abyssinian situation being what it is, and fairly promising to be what it will be, we won't waste our time or peerless style over it. In fact we shall magnanimously let *The Daily Excess* revel ghoulishly and exclusively over the Ethiopian affair. We won't deal with it at all; for one thing we don't like war, not even talking about it; for another we don't know anything about it.

So we will talk about the most important matter in the whole wide world—ourselves. That is to say, this matchless (we are never known to blush, smartie!) magazine. With grim determination—humorists have to be grim, y'know—we have decided to make every page of this mag run riot with fun, wit and humour. This is called the *Funny Magazine*, and we're going to see it is—from the first page to the last. Tell us what you think about—wire, if you can afford it.

Bust your belts with laughter—we will have a go at belt-makes for advts. in our mag!

your dear Editor



By S. Chandra Sekhar.

IT is strange that an elephant, the biggest of beasts on earth should find his death in the hands of an insignificant ant (so they say) if what they say is correct. I suppose you know the "how" of this statement. Though this particular case may seem unnatural, the implication is rather universal. Every one has his or her weak points of course if he or she has any strong ones. Suseela was all that her Seenu could wish. He went into raptures over her push, dash and 'go.' Her grit, grip and courage were there ever beaming from her lovely face to him. That she who could face a lion alone in a forest should entertain an inexplicable fear for the cockroach was incongruous. True, the insect is trifling; but the very name perturbed her mechanically and when she actually saw one she lost her centre invariably.

AND it is a rare spectacle on earth to see a wife and husband of same temperament, outlook and character. If there is a combination in the world which is poles apart (paradoxical though it sounds) certainly it is that of the husband and wife. It is not at all strange that a 'six-foot-girl' is married to a

pigmy who can hardly reach her hips, neither is it uncommon to see a man black as ebony married to a girl fair as the waxing moon; nor is it unusual to see a lady who is like a baby elephant, coupled to a walking skeleton who looks eternally hungry. And is it out of the way to see a dithering man on



the shady side of fifty with already one foot in the grave walking with a blossoming blonde of sixteen sweet summers? Why?—I can name one such instance for every tick of your watch?

Thus, when nature is crazy in making such matches, it was singularly fortunate for Seenu (abbreviation for Sreenivasan) and Susi (abbreviation for Suseela), that they had one thing in common—namely that both lacked common sense. Both of them could beat a dead snake vigorously vying with each other as to whose strokes were the harder. It must be also stated that both would take to their heels screaming, yelling, knocking and tearing at the mere sight or on the sudden approach of a bee or a beetle, rat or a rabbit, cat or a cockroach not to speak of barking dogs (which seldom bite) angry bulls and the like. Such, in short, was the composition of Seenu and Susi.

"It is no good talking about it

simply without putting an end to it. I can't go to sleep while that thing is before me flapping about," said Susi agitated one night on just retiring to bed.

Cockroaches do really flap. They are a great annoyance at nights. One just rose up and flew across her face. She closed her eyes and screamed.

"Well, how to catch it?" Seenu queried.

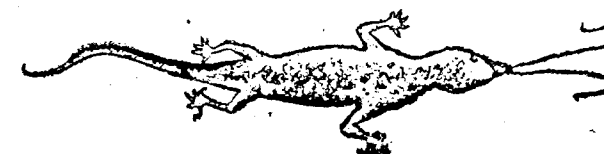
"What you should do is to wait until it settles" she said.

"It is ridiculous," he cried angrily as the cockroach flew and stopped round the electric light. Two fully grown people against one cockroach? There was no logic in it.

"Look out," she shrieked, "it is on your neck." Seenu bellowed. But the insect was not on his neck. Only the shadow was there as it wheeled between him and the light. He told his wife to be more careful and not to raise any more false alarms. If finally settled on the glass dish.

"It is in," she cried. He snatched the vessel and inverted it. "It is out," she cried again. Suddenly something hit him on the mouth. Tightly he closed his mouth. For one terrible moment he wondered whether he was to swallow the insect but a running tickle along his nose informed him that they were still outside each other. At last he bounded back into a position of self defence.

"It is on the curtain," gasped Susi.



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"Don't keep on shouting out things" rasped Seenu.

"It is no good telling me where it is. I want to know where it will be."

Even as he spoke, it left the curtain and began agitation over the pillow. He calculated the next instant it would be by the chair and that when he reached the chair, it would be by the vase and that when he reached the vase it would be near the time piece; so he reached the time-piece with Susi, collided, retorted sharply, and separated again smartly, since the insect did not take the route he anticipated.

"You don't do anything," complained the wife.

"What do you expect me to do? Shall I shoot it?" he retorted.

"Yes, you have got the glass," she pointed out.

"My darling," he remonstrated, "at a moment of extreme agitation it is not easy to smash a glass down on a clock with more damage to the glass and the clock than to the cockroach; not to mention one's hand. No, we will have to try some other tactics. Ah," he cried suddenly for he had a brain-wave, "I have got it."

"Where?" asked Susi. He rushed to the switch and turned off the light.

"What's that for?" she exclaimed in the darkness. An empty bed room adjoined theirs. Now it is the way of cockroaches, he thought, to follow the light. He had only to open the door between the two rooms, therefore, and to switch on the light in the empty room. Then slam the door and the thing would be done. The cockroach would be forced into the next room and there trapped. It was simple. He explained the plan, briefly, in a whisper (lest the cockroach should hear) and put the said plan into operation. Opening the door, he put on the light of the next room. Then they awaited developments.

The cockroach had become quiet by that time. They watched the illuminated space from their darkness in the hope of seeing the mighty enemy run away. But the illuminated space remained untenanted. What was the insect doing?

"Funny," he muttered.

"Perhaps it is settled somewhere," murmured Susi.

"What about putting up the light again and seeing?" After all they would not wait for ever. He crept to the switch on tip toe (lest the insect should be disturbed) and put the light up. They looked about to see where

it had settled. "I don't see it," he frowned.

"It is on your shoulder," she cried, "by your neck." He had an idea of fainting. But when he came to his senses he was fighting, jumping and executing Zulu war dance with acute curves that Uday Shankar might well envy. The nasty insect swirled round his head. It appeared to have gained fresh energy from its rest. "Shoe-oe" exclaimed Susi and threw a book at it. It hit him as well as the insect. Then it went really mad. It swung

from place to place and ricocheted from corner to corner. It twanged the walls, banged the bed and smacked the mirror.

And then the real idea dawned upon him. What a fool he had been! They gave up the room to the cockroach and slept peacefully in the adjoining bed room. Really they deserved that peaceful sleep for did they not acquit themselves honourably by putting up such a bold front before such an accursed enemy as the cockroach?

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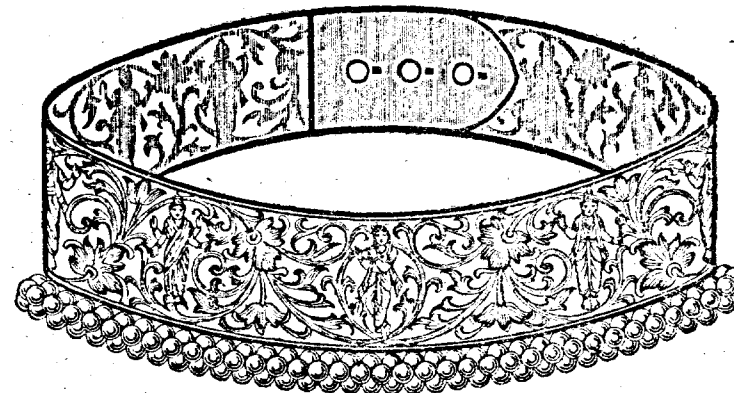
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FUNNIOSITIES.

Mankind is divided into: Motorist and his victims.

When a man puts his hands into his pockets, it is often because he has nothing else to put in.

A chauffeur is one who takes life easily.

"A man was arrested for having the clothes of another."

Laundries, Beware!

Crime: Any step by which our neighbours attain success.

What is the secret of living for a hundred years or longer?

Complete ignorance of the secret.

What should a dentist have for a slogan?

How about "tooth will out."

"All of us are more or less foolish" says an essayist. Unfortunately some seem to insist on proving it.

No good man ever grew rich all at once.

"There is often a certain amount of truth in a rumour."

A smatter of fact.

What is celebrity? Being known to people you don't know.

"My husband is as thin as a candle. What would you advise me to do?" asks a lady from—

"Blow him over, madam!"

Best man: A wise fellow who helps others to get into matrimony.

We read of an American gangster who was struck by lightning.

What a nerve!

"What grows most in your garden?" asks a friend.

Of course weeds and my neighbour's rubbish.



There, you precocious little darling, it's too early for you to attempt to fly.



"Well, don't you understand? Race goes, beware!"

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Radha Kalyanam

WITH A STRONG CAST

"It is a Sri Meenakshi Talkies Production"

Miss not to see that.

Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

The Perfect Figure:—Carole Lombard has the most perfect figure in motion pictures. This is the statement of Jim Davies, trainer in the Paramount gymnasium.

"Right eating, proper sleep and exercising have given her perfect dimension," said Davies. "Her waist is one of the smallest in Hollywood. It is twenty-two and three quarters inches."



Miriam Hopkins.

He revealed her other measurements as hips, 34; thigh 20; ankle 7, and weight 118. Under the treatments the measurements on hips and thigh have been taken down two inches each and the ankle nearly an inch. The upper arm has been reduced an inch to nine. Her weight has re-

mained unchanged because of the bulging up of muscles.

Fairbanks (Jr.) as Producer: Mr. Fairbanks, Junior, has joined the ranks of producers and formed a British writ entitled Criterion Film Productions, with the intention of launching four films a year at a total cost of £400,000. The first picture to be made will be, "The

able to use certain stars already under contract, and Mr. Fairbanks states that he hopes to include in his programme a production featuring Merle Oberon and a Fredric March vehicle.

Mr. Gul Hamid injured:—While playing a serious fighting scene in "Khyber Pass" Gul Hamid (one of the best actors in India) has sustained a very bad injury in his arm and the horse on which he was seated fell down and died an instantaneous death.

"Four Devils"—20th century—Fox are to re-make "Four Devils" which was made six years ago as a semi-talking film. The present version will of course be all-talking, and Gloria Swanson will play the vamp. Luise Rainer, the sensational German star of "Escapade" will play the role originally taken by Janet Gaynor. The film is based on a short novel by a Danish author Herman Bang, who died in 1912.

"A Mail Clerk's Woes."— "Sherlock Holmes" has nothing on Thomas A. Shipman, a mail clerk at the Hollywood Post Office, whose duties include deciphering freak addresses.

Mr. Shipman conns over envelopes which contain pictures of an exploding revolver, a cross, and a bumble bee. Sighs wearily and sends it to Bing Crosby! Mac

West's mail is often addressed to "Belle of the Nineties, Hollywood" or "Come on Up and See Me sometime."

One problem which was very hard to solve was an envelope showing a picture of a shivering polar bear. Shipman finally wrote "Claudette Colbert" on the envelope—and he was right!

This tall young Texan considers these problems as all in the day's work, and is not at all annoyed by these people who add so much to his labours at the post office.

A Clever Idea.—William Powell recently received a proposition to head a private detective agency. The ambitious promoter figured that Powell's reputation as a screen sleuth would put the concern over with a bang.

However, the agency would have to make plenty of money to equal the princely salary that Bill receives in the movies, also the clients would expect the actor to solve the most baffling mysteries.

Needless to say, the star is not considering the offer.

Radha Kalyanam:—(A Tamil Picture).

A Sri Lankan Talkies Picture produced at National Movietone, Madras and directed by Mr. C. K. Sachin. Featuring Mr. K. S. Devudu Iyer, Master Rajam, Master Krishnamurthy, Miss Santhanalakshmi, Miss Santa Devi and others. This picture is going to be released in Madras shortly.

The songs for this picture, were composed by Gayakasikamani Muthiah Bhagavathar.

Mr. K. S. Devudu Iyer in the role of Narada acts well and pleases the audience with

his good songs. The role of Balakrishna was played well by Master Krishnamurthy. Master Rajam of "Seetha Kalyanam" plays the part of Sri Krishna and Miss M. R. Santhanalakshmi as Radha. Mr. K. S. Sankara Iyer as comedian acts well and with his humorous dialogues make the audience roar with laughter.



Ramon Novarro.

On the whole the picture is really enjoyable and we hope it would always have successful runs wherever it is screened.

Radha Kalyanam Synopsis.

In Goloka, Vrajai, a fervent devotee of Mahavishnu welcomes Narada, who blesses her with marriage with the idol of her heart. Not content, Narada induces Mahavishnu to fulfil the blessing, but Mahalakshmi who overhears it, quarrels with Mahavishnu. The latter gets annoyed and goes away to Goloka.

Mahavishnu marries Vrajai and is happy with his seven children. Restless Narada once again incites Mahalakshmi and shows her the place where Mahavishnu and Vrajai were but the Goddess effected her entry warns

Vrajai of the approach. On the promise of Mahavishnu to marry her again, Vrajai consents being transformed into the river Vraja, and her sons as lords of the seven seas.

Mahalakshmi found the birds flown and was in a rage. On his return to Vaikuntham, seeing the obstinacy of Mahalakshmi in not opening the door, Mahavishnu curses her with a birth as a Kshatriya girl. Mahalakshmi retorts with another curse that he should be born a Yadava.

The scene opens in Goloka with Baby Krishna in the house of Nandagopa. Narada instructs Nandagopa to entrust the boy in the hands of Nandagopa's sister, Radha, who is none other than Vrajai reborn. An instinctive love springs up in Radha. This is carried on until when Krishna one day misses an appointment, and Radha swoons. Krishna finds her thus and braces her up. It is not the boy who is present but the grown up Lord whom Radha, had hoped to marry, beside her. Their mutual confessions of love are overheard by some eavesdropper, who, not aware that Balakrishna was then quite a grown man for the benefit to Radha, misinforms Nandagopa that Radha is clandestinely meeting someone in the garden. But when he arrives in a towering rage he finds only Balakrishna. After the withdrawal of Nandagopa, Krishna reappears in his Godly form and marries Radha in the presence of Thirumuthigal.

Do you know:—Mae West is said not to like ocean travel but has scheduled some scenes aboard ship for her new Paramount picture, "Klondike Low."

Jean Harlow's bathing suit is made of cellophane.

Randolph Scott now in Paramount's "So Red The Rose," imitates, his Japanese houseboy when answering the telephone and even his best friends can't tell the difference.

George Raft has just completed a co-starring role with Joan Bennett in Columbia's "She Couldn't Take It." It was directed by Tay Garnett.

FILMS TO SEE

By Kay Sa Mee.

PARAGON

"Merry Widow".

(M-G-M).

Directed by:—Ernest Lubitsch.

Chief actors:—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, Edward Everett Horton and Una Merkel.

Lubitsch at the very top of his form; Maurice Chevalier coming right back to the kind of work that made him a world favourite two or three years ago; Jeanette MacDonald more tuneful, more melodious than ever. These three facts make the "Merry Widow" one of the most notable musicals of the year.

The story is familiar enough to the previous generation at least. It tells of the phanderings of Danilo (Maurice Chevalier) in Paris, whither he is sent by his Ruritanian government to woo the country's richest widow. (Jeanette MacDonald). She, it seems, threatens to take all her wealth out of her native state, in which case there would be nothing left to keep the court dignified in all their gorgeous uniforms. So Danilo must marry her and save his country.

Danilo, however, has his own views, and falls in love with a mysterious lady whom he meets in a very free and easy cafe, only to lose her again. Need we tell you that the mysterious lady and the rich widow are one and the same? We need not!

The story, really, does not matter so much. The melodies and the settings and the magical production are what make this film so completely worth while.

WELLINGTON:—

We're Rich Again.

(R. K. O. Radio.)

Directed by:—William A. Seiter.

Chief actors:—Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke, Marian Nixon and Reginald Denny.

It is an amusing comedy based on the exploits of sweet little Arabella, who descends on the impoverished Page family and gets things done as she wants. She marries Victoria, a daughter of the family to Erp, a swimming champ. She persuades Wilbur, that is Mr. Page the father of the family, to buy stock which goes up instead of down. Finally she married Boory who is engaged to another daughter of the family. All this she does in the most innocent way without pretending to be least clever.

The players fit their parts admirably and the dialogue is often amusing. Marian Nixon portrays Arabella, while Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell are the mamma and papa of the family. Edna May Oliver is a riot as the polk-playing grandmother. Buster Crabbe, as the swimming champ, and Gloria Shea, as his lady love, are perfectly cast. Reginald Denny is Marian Nixon's heart throb.

The Richest Girl in the World.

(R. K. O. Radio.)

Directed by:—William A. Seiter.

Chief actors:—Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, Henry Stephenson and Reginald Denny.

Dorothy Hunter (the richest girl) is amusingly and at the same time sympathetically portrayed by Miriam Hopkins. Joel McCrea is the dashing lover, while Fay Wray com-

pletely fills the role of Sylvia (secretary of Dorothy). There are Henry Stephenson, Reginald Denny and George Meeker in various and effective supporting roles.

BHAGYA CHAKRA (or DHOOP-CHHAON.)

Now that the new Theatres latest Bengali hit, Bhagya Chakra, is enjoying a remarkably successful run at Chitra, the Premier Indian Cinema House at Calcutta, there is every reason to anticipate that the release of the Hindi version of this film, titled Bhagya Chakra (or Dhoop Chhaon) will be accepted as an event throughout Hindustan. The new Theatres by producing a picture like their Devdas, have already proved, that their conception of a good film, not merely suit to the peculiar treatment of a particular province, but it even turns out to be what one usually terms as "Universal" in its Appeal.

"Bhagya Chakra," it is reported, is another classic example of this, after "Devdas" which indeed, is very relieving to note. What is more, the Press Critics of Bengal, who in the beginning of this year, acclaimed Devdas very highly, have unanimously declared, "Bhagya Chakra," as the greatest Indian Film so far. Not only that the picture in direction and treatment, recording and music, acting and story value, far transcends the degree of excellence that the Theatres have already attained through their previous releases, but it releases, but it introduces a "novelty" which pleases the high brow and low brow equally—it looks as if there is a common note behind sharply divergent art books, which an intelligent film producer can successfully exploit on the screen, thereby proving that a qualitatively great picture, can also be great popular picture, rather than meant for a selected class of audience. In short "Bhagya Chakra" is a picture for those who like to see good Indian Films, as well as those who have developed in themselves a "fearful" discrimination by patronizing superb Hollywood productions.

The film has been directed and photographed by Mr. Nitin Bose. The music has been directed by Mr. R. O. Boral and Pankaj Mullis sound recording by Mukul Bose and the cast includes such distinguished artistes as Mr. K. C. Day, Uma, Pahari Sanyal and Nawab.

A CASE OF ALIBI

By YEM JEI ORR.

Gentlemen of the Jury!

You can now retire.

A perfect silence is maintained in the court at the time, but for the periodical shout of the court peon 'Silence', in anything but a sonorous voice at regular intervals. The prisoner at the dock was a sight to see. Colour seemed to have risen to his fair cheeks at the moment, when the 'Gentlemen of the Jury' have appeared again on the 'Bench.' The judge gave a significant nod to the 'Gentlemen of the Jury, and abruptly pronounced the interrogation 'guilty or not guilty?' The leader of the jurymen slowly but vehemently pronounced a 'not guilty'.

While winding up the case and pronouncing the judgment, the judge said "the case seems to hang upon the single fact that the prisoner at the dock was at Mr. Shastri's emporium at the time when the crime is said to have been committed. And the prosecution evidence in this direction is not strong enough to break the Alibi. Gentlemen of the Jury! I feel I can agree with your verdict. Prisoner at the dock! I accept the alibi you have established. You are acquitted of the charges that are framed against you. You can go, as you are set free."

The prisoner thanked the judge and the gentlemen of the jury had disappeared, while the excited crowd was

otherwise occupied busily discussing the either side of the questions. Among them was Mr. Sudarsan a gentleman at large with much of 'patrimonial stuff' in the shape of lands, money and properties. He was deeply thinking all the time, when the judge and the gentlemen of the jury were preparing to get busy with their routine, concerning the next case on the official agenda.

"**T**HINK you, it was well done?" the questioner was Mr. Rao, a perfect 'Globe Trotter' as his friend Sudarsan himself was. According to him Sudarsan was not a whit behind the 'Sexton Blake' of the fiction world.

"Think of what?" queried the other as he was roused from his own thoughts.

"Of the verdict. Think you that law and equity go together in this case? The case is as good as proved against Mohan but for the damned Alibi, he seems to have established. But I tell you Mr. Shastri is a trump. He is a nationalist amongst nationalists and a true follower of the Saint at Sabarmathi. He is true from top to toe and it is good that the bench as well, counted upon Mr. Shastri for what he is worth."

"I assure you my dear 'Tinker!' there is more in this case than any of us do know. I will dive deep into the mystery for my own satisfaction. But I want you to keep mum meanwhile."

On the day after the event at night a strange gentleman was announced at Mohan's bungalow at the farthest end of the town. Mohan directed his peon to show him up, wondering at the same time who Sudarsan was, while he vacantly gazed at the visiting card. The stranger was none else was than an acquaintance at the court in plain tassel and in an evening hat of an

attractive grey shade. It was Sudarsan hat broke silence.

"Do you have a place where we can have a serious talk together for a while?"

"Certainly," returned Mohan still wondering what the stranger had to say to him. Accordingly Mohan conducted him to a room upstairs and switched on a low power electric light. Mohan showed his strange visitor to a seat and seating himself in another, awaited expectantly. "Do you know where a small pocket note book of yours is at present?" suddenly Sudarsan asked.

Mohan could not have started more if the muzzle of a revolver was levelled against his right temple all of a sudden.

"I don't quite understand you" said Mohan at last, recovering from the rude shock he had received.

"Nor do I you" said Mr. Sudarsan to his victim whom he had in his power. "Mr. Mohan! I have known your father for a long time. You were then at your college at Bombay. We are perfect strangers at the time, I agree, but my regard for your departed father has stimulated my interest in your case. I happen to have an evidence with me which might have sent you to the gallows had it been with another. In the court you have denied certain things which you cannot now deny to me. I have with me a letter wherein you are invited by Mr. Madhav to be at her bungalow on the morning of the crime. I learned from these letters that she is neck deep in love with you, and has a great hatred for her husband. Did you or did you not keep your appointment with Mrs. Madhav? We have the evidence of Madhav's servant, but unfortunately he is not definite as to the time of your presence there. How did it happen that Madhav who intended leaving the station returned back to get killed?" As Mr. Sudarsan proceeded with his long and emphatic speech Mohan was shivering from head to foot. "Tell me—tell me all and for your father's sake—will let the matter drop provided you do not reap the fruits of your crime."

"I will tell you all but I tell you first I am innocent in the eyes of God, though I might appear guilty in the eyes of law and of man, its blind slaves. Three years ago when I was studying at Bombay for my B. Com., I fell in love with Sundari and she returned my love. Still I had not the courage to apply to her father who was alive at the time. He was originally a native of Bangalore where my father practised at the bar. He was ruined in a transaction, in which my father incidentally advocated the cause of his persecutors, in his professional capacity. Sundari's father always felt that mine was responsible for the acceleration of his ruin. So I shirked risking a proposal with him but was hopeful that all would turn out well."

"Sundari suggested that I should speak to him but I had not the nerve to do it. As time passed on, my courage to broach the subject steadily decreased and I put off the evil day contenting myself for the time with my frnd associations with Sundari. It so happened I fell sick towards the end of my final year class and had to return home for a couple of months. It was during that period that my Sundari was snatched away from me by Madhav who married her with the consent of her father. Sundari protested against the marriage but in vain. She could not mention my name at the stage. She and Madhav returned to Bangalore after the death of her parents which occurred some time after their marriage. Just then a miracle happened to me. My passion for Sundari after her marriage surprisingly turned into a filial affection. But I see now she continued to love me as she did of old. She used to write me long letters wherein she complained of Madhav's drunken habits and cruel ways. He used to tax her with faithlessness and torture her in all ways. She was denied all freedom and happiness. An occasional letter from my hand wherein I have always begged her to put up with that fate had decreed for her was always a solace to her. But I never dream that she entertained the old love for me till I went to her the other day. She went mad at the ill-treatment of her husband and feverishly poured out her tale of love. I cannot but acknowledge that my love for Sundari almost returned to me as I heard her hard fate. Nevertheless I struggled to be noble and constantly strived to remember, Sundari was the wife of another."

Sundari was about to respond to my admonition, when Madhav stepped

into the room with a revolver in his hand. There was no one in the house, as Sundari appeared to have cleared away all the servants to facilitate our interview. Without a word Madhav threatened to shoot me down for having been making love to his wife. I could see attempts to explain my intentions would be futile and in a moment I pounced upon him, the instinct of self-preservation working in me backed up by the moral strength of a free conscience. I attempted to disarm him after having closed with him but as fate would have it, the revolver accidentally went out and wounded Madhav right in the head. He fell down dead in the twinkling of an eye, even before the smoke had faded away into the thin air. Sir! it was all the work of a moment and Sundari began to go into hysterics. I was so much overpowered with the rapid happenings of the mornings that I escaped with the speed of lightning to Mr. Shastri's emporium to keep a business engagement which I had almost forgotten at the time. On the way I could think quickly and well too. As I entered the sanctum of Mr. Shastri, I found him absent in the room and heard him at the moment admonishing his servant in the hall for not having brought the office clock from the repairer's chamber. As the words fell into my ears, a strange idea entered into my head as if God-sent. I realised the likelihood of my being accused of the death of Madhav. I immediately had a hurried glance at the room and found the wrist watch of Mr. Shastri with its wristlet broken on the table. I next turned the watch half an hour behind and proceeded to do the same with mine as well. It was ten o'clock at the moment but both our watches were thirty minutes behind the right time. I sent word to Mr. Shastri who accused me of being late. I retorted that I was not late as it was scarcely past nine at the time. He instinctively referred his watch and tallied it with mine for verification. I spent the most anxious moment at the time for I imagined my life hung over the time problem. I kept Mr. Shastri with some far-fetched yarn and practically did not allow him to communicate with any one at the time. He suddenly remembered an engagement in the town to keep which he left the emporium. As the bracelet was not in order, he left the watch on the table and I pretended to accompany him to the gate of the emporium. There, I remembered I had forgotten my cane in his room and went back to fetch it.

This time I corrected both the watches and disappeared from the vicinity. In the evening I was arrested by the police for the alleged murder. I swear to you before God, I never killed Madhav nor did I cherish an ignoble love for his wife. This was how my alibi was established or rather was arranged by the divine decree of the Fate and the special favour of God. Every word of Mohan rang true to the experienced sense of Sudarsan. He heard the tale with wonder and told his story in turn.

"I burgled your house on the night before the day, when his judgment was to be delivered and seized your pocket book. I knew there was something behind your alibi. I had several interviews with Mrs. Madhav who in her anxiety to divert all suspicion actually put me on the track."

If you take my advice, you take Sundari to some institution like the Widow Home, Poona, where you can marry her after allowing matters to cool. Keep not back the love from the widow which you have denied to the wife!

At year later.

Yet Mr. Rao was not a man to swallow things as were given him.

"How did you get hold of the pocket book with the letters, which the police seem to have so miraculously escaped taking notice of?" was his next rational question.

Sudarsan had first a sip of hot tea and then began rocking in his chair.

"Some one said journalism is a correct and quick anticipation of coming events. I say detection is the same. I knew there was a missing link inspite of the vigorous search of the police. So I burgled Mohan's house that very night and stumbled on the valuable piece of evidence. Yet 'where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise' my friend! Don't bother about the thing and as a proof of it help yourself to one more cup of 'Orange Pekoe' handing over another to me into the bargain."



Scenes from "Devdas"—Hindi picture, production of Madan Theatres; Calcutta.

MY CAR

BY

M. G. Rajagopalan.

I HAVE got a car which is worthy of description.

The briefest inspection is enough to convince the most casual observer that a radical change has come over the car. The past year has seen astonishing progress in every direction—sometimes, it has almost seemed in two or three directions at once. For example, rapid progress in a backward direction has left its mark on the car in the form of a broken tail-light and a dented petrol-tank.

The main tendency has been towards flexibility. We note the near side front wing which is now so flexible that it must be removed before the car is started east it should flex right off. The running board moves easily, both in the sideways and downwards direction—so easily that the wise owner-driver (I) avoids stepping on it as he enters the car. The old system of direct attachment to the body of the car has been replaced by two-point suspension—one rope from the bonnet and one from the spare wheel.

A WORD of praise is due to the new horn, which has been removed from (or, to be strictly accurate, has fallen off) the dashboard and is now carried on the back seat and played by one of the passengers. This not only relieves the driver of one of his multitudinous responsibilities but also makes it possible to relieve the tedium of long journeys by selections from the classics.

It was Friday morning. I woke up on the wrong side of the bed. According to what our old chaps say this was a sign of some evil that was going to happen on that very particular day. But I never believed

them. So this simple incident did not deter my mind at all and I went about my round of duties.

At eight accurately, I got into my wonderful car, which I think would have won first prize if I had admitted it to the car fair contest. Now I was on my way to 'Grand Hotel' for my old college chum, Mr. M. G. Partham now a cashier in a respectable Bank, had just got married, and having spent their honeymoon, they took it into their heads that a little repose and a little peaceful enjoyment of each other's society would not be an inappropriate charge. Accordingly they had taken apartments in this hotel. Mr. Partham had heard that I was here and had written me to see him. I accepted this invitation, and now was on my way to this hotel.

This was one of those large and important hotels that seem to swoop down and take possession of little towns. The first object one could see as they approach is its white staring walls and numberless windows, and the letters of its name in black paint running across it.

I stopped my car not in the portico or close to the portico but only under a tree which was about a furlong away from the portico. Then I went about in search of my friend's apartment. It did not take much time to find out his apartment and I talked to him heartily in person. It was more than half-an-hour time when I returned to the portico, and shot a glance for my car which stood so lively under the tree only half-an-hour ago. Lo! what was it? the car—my new car—my wonderful car, was not there. Am I in the middle of a dream? I rubbed my eyes. But it was in vain. Then the next point that was clear to me was that the car was lost. Then I made a roaring search all round the hotel but not with success. My new car has been stolen in broad day-light in open place. Now I was in despair. The impudence of the thief made my blood boil.

I rushed into the nearest police-station. A large policeman was sitting at a table.

'Quick!' I shouted, waving my arms at him; my car—my new

car is stolen! Summon all the police immediately so that the thief may be pursued!

The policeman did not leap to his feet. He did not about instructions down the telephone. He did not even turn pale. With leisurely calm he took out of the drawer a fine foolscap paper. Then he dipped a pen in the Government ink.

'Be good enough,' he said calmly, 'to answer to the point. What's your name?'

'Raja.'

'Your age, name and address of your father?'

'Ah!' I cried, dancing up and down in a frenzy; 'I'll make it clear to you at a more opportune time. At present it is question of thieves. Why, already they may be halfway to some other town.'

'Never mind that,' he said, 'mind you, with police everything must be done in order. This complaint of yours must be accepted and signed by the officer in charge.'

He continued his questions. Re-lentlessly he asked me my profession—the name and profession of my father, his age, his wife's name and the number of children. At last he laid the pen on the table and disappeared into the inner room.

I was pale with suppressed rage. About half-an-hour elapsed and still the policeman stayed in the room. I was about to rush in despair into the presence of the Officer-in-charge when a familiar voice broke out. It was none else but our policeman.

'May God be praised that you are still here!' he said chuckling. 'There is one more question, and that the most important, which I omitted to ask you. The name of the man who stole the car—what is his profession and that of his father?'

I did not stay there any longer. I ran to another station to try my luck there!



Books of the Month

(Reviewed By our Irresponsible Critic.)

(By Baron-Alorski Chimpaignees. Published by Messrs. Everdross and Company.) *The Sun Sets In the Evening.*

The budding young nonagenarian author of this novel shows his profound general knowledge in the title itself. What an arresting title? Suppose, you just forgot when the Sun sets! All you have to do is just refer to the Book.

The hero of this novel, Mr. Blimley Blomp Blim, a very highly intelligent man masters his alphabets on his birthday—the thirtieth—and goes about the world in search of high adventure. One beautiful evening in China he rescues a young girl Miss Pinched Face from a pirate ship and takes her to his house "Dingy Mansions." That night Miss Pinched Face elopes with a butcher's boy who was the Emperor of China in disguise (Mystery). The disappointed Blimley wakes up and finds the girl, missing. He closely follows the footprints of the girl and after three days reaches a pig-sty. The owner who lost a few pigs the previous day suspects Blimley and hands him over to the police. Blimley takes his trial at the Criminal Sessions and the Judge finds him guilty of stealing pigs and sentences him to death. The Emperor of China refuses to interfere and Blimley heroically faces the hangman. The hangman brings the axe with mighty force on the neck of Blimley. In an instant the axe turns into a Rose-garland on Blimley's neck. The hangman is amazed to find Lord Buddha standing in mid-air.

Of late there has been much talk of the New Indian Renaissance and it has been brought to our notice by the Indian National League. The management of the 'Funny' have purchased the copyright for the many wonderful Indian writings of old which we are reproducing for our readers.

P. S. We nearly forgot. The book contains about 300 pages—more than half the number of which dole out vivid and unforgettable descriptions of sun-set. The hero, in fact, of the novel seems to be sunset, only he doesn't set. That's probably because the author is British. A book that you simply must have in your bed-room—if you are a victim of insomnia.

The New Indian Renaissance.

Here it is.

"The moon was shining, was shining in the sky when I kissed, I kissed my bride" said Ramu himself to himself.

Ramu was an young man and the night was beautiful.

So vivid! And so complete!

And here is another poem which for sheer beauty and musical rhythm can never be equalled if not excelled.

Now listen.

The moon was shingly shining

As only a moon can shine,

(Copies available at all wastepaper merchants. Price optional.)

The wind was blowingly blowing.

As only wind can blow,
An owl was hootingly hooting.
As only an owl can hoot,
When the snake came creepingly creeping

As only a snake can creep
But the frog was jumpingly jumping

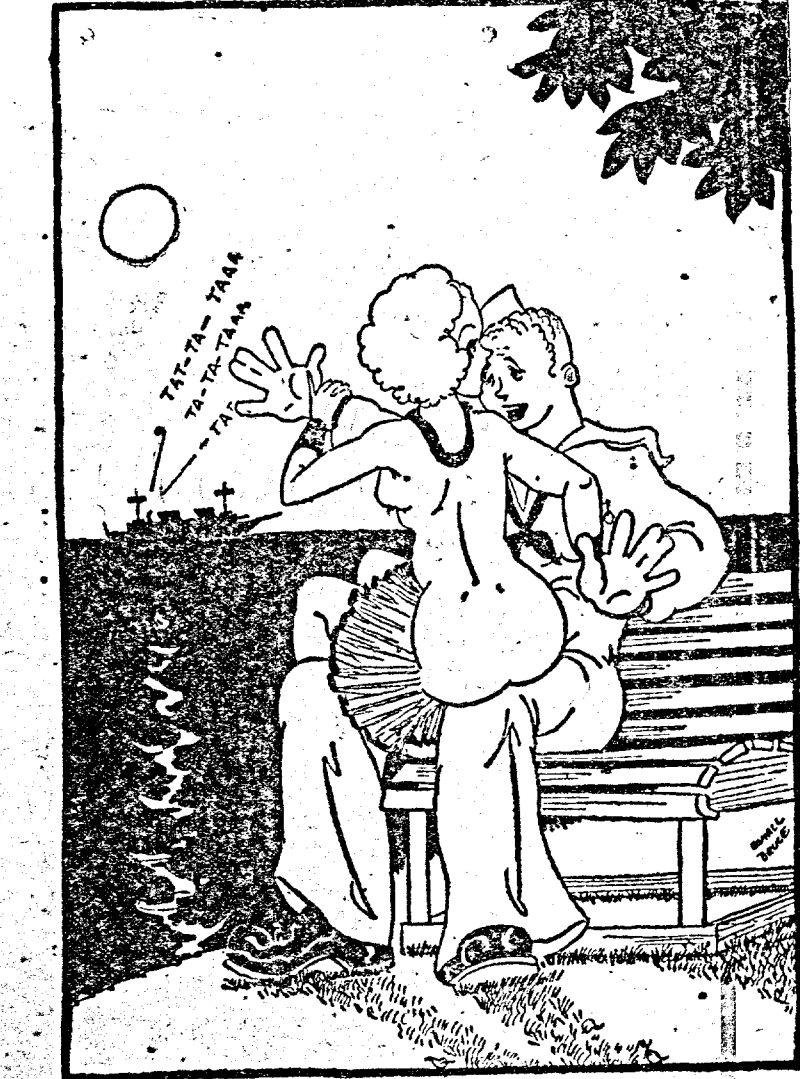
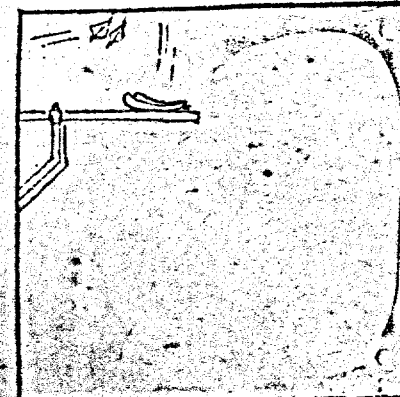
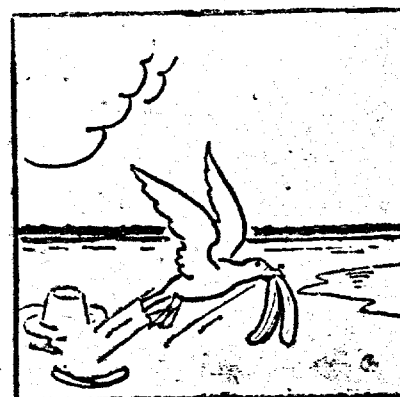
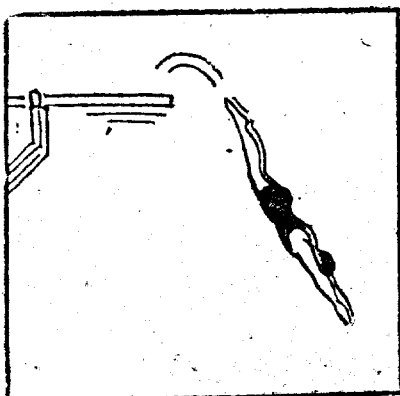
As only a frog can jump
And the poet was poetically posting

As only a poet can poet.

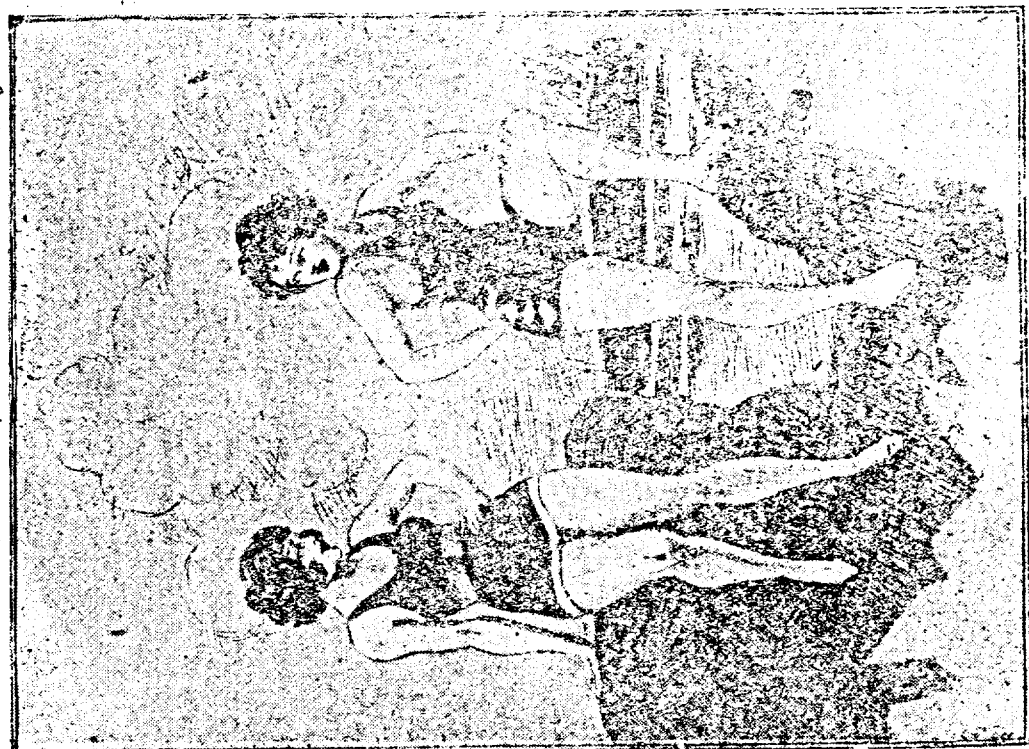
What reaction to poetic beauty! The poet allowed the frog to escape and was bitten by the snake. What consideration! If only India has such sons, then indeed will India be India for ever.



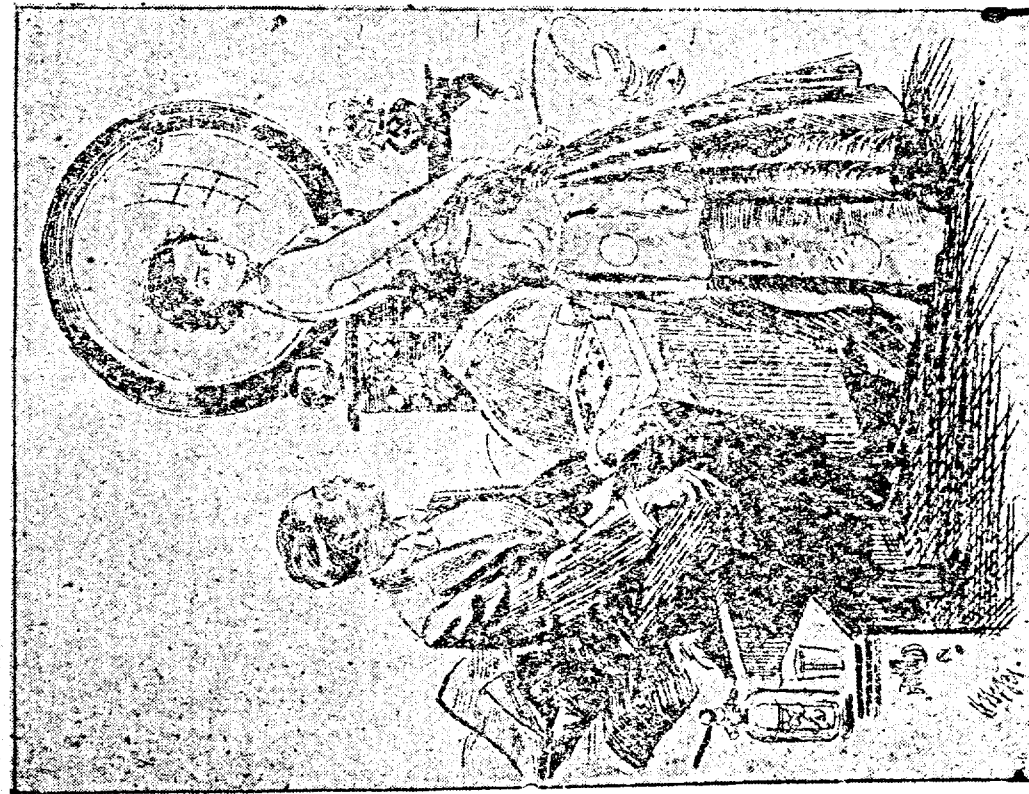
Mr. Confucious.
Wait for the Next 'Funny'



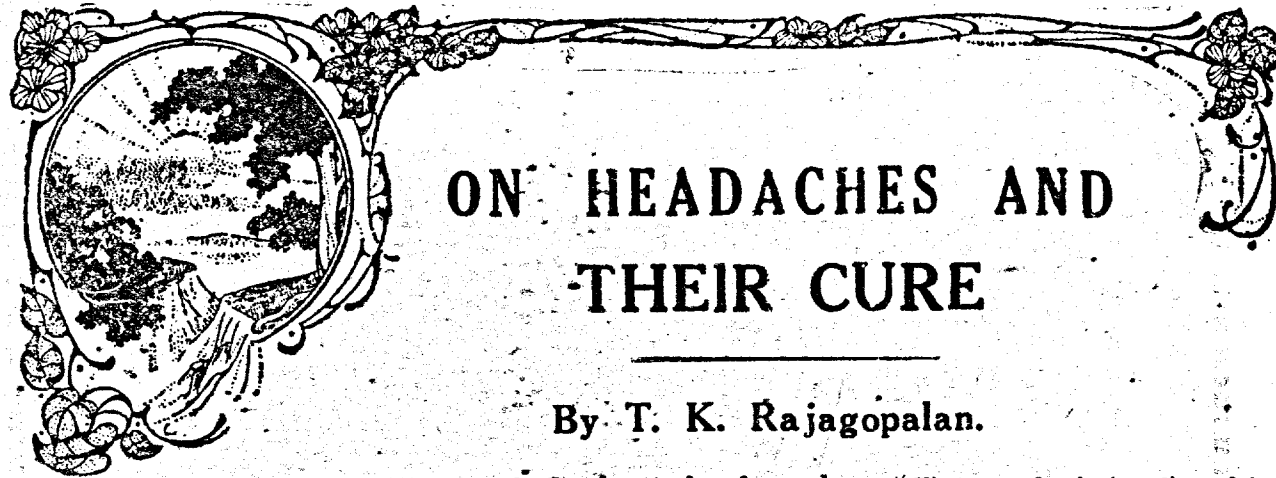
"What's the idea, sailor?"
 "I'm just obeying the bugle."
 "What does that call mean?"
 "All hands to quarters."



THE SURE THING.
 "You know, dear," said the first lady confidently "I want to have my fortune told, and I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind reader."
 "I should go to a palmist, dear," cooed the other, "I mean, it's quite obvious that you have a palm."



NOT FAIR.
 "I know you were drunk yesternight, George. I saw you embracing the lamp-post."
 "Oh, darling, surely, you aren't jealous of the lamp-post."



ON HEADACHES AND THEIR CURE

By T. K. Rajagopalan.

ON the completion of the first volume of the Book of knowledge (Indian Edition), Dr. Ram Nath Ph. D gave a dinner at which, I, his stenographer, was privileged to be present.

The function was a complete success in every way. Only Dr. Meek, the brain specialist could not attend on account of a rather severe headache. The other invitees had all responded to the invitation and if what the cook complained might be believed, they did ample justice to the dishes provided for them, particularly Dr. Lumba and Mr. Guru. There was present besides them Dr. Deson, the heart specialist, Dr. Varkey the news specialist, Dr. Isfer the optician, Dr. Alloth the homeopath and last of all Dr. Parsons, the clergyman.

The presence of Mr. Guru alone was sufficient to make any dinner a success. For, apart from his gluttony, he is one of these knowledgeable fellows who knows everything about anything, and does not, as a rule, as

may be expected of such queer mugs, keep such knowledge to himself. It is firmly believed that he writes those columns in the Press headed "Useful Health Hints" which tell you that blindness can be cured by gazing at the sun every morning or that a good way to relieve constipation is to drink cold water in the nights but in sufficiently large quantities. At any rate, he is always firing them off in conversation and towards the end of the meal we came naturally to the subject of headaches.

"DO you know" asked Guru, "why headaches are caused?"

"I don't" answered Ram Nath Ph. D.

"I thought you did n't" he said looking down on him and then looking up on others beamingly.

"I mean I can't say, how" Ram Nath corrected himself "but I have always heard that it is caused by over eating." Ram Nath cast a vicious look at Mr. Guru and Dr. Lumba.

"Oh! I knew you can't think of any sensible reason" intervened Dr. Lumba who had been smarting under the grievance that a second round of salad had not been served to his complete satisfaction. "On the other hand great medical authorities pointedly refer to that nutrition as a frequent cause of headache."

"That may also be true" exclaimed the clergyman trying to pacify us. "Liquor I have found similarly..... I mean to say" and then rapidly correcting himself "it is said that the liquor habit is largely responsible for causing headache."

"I do not know about liquor; but coffee, I mean the absence of it, certainly produces in me the wretched headache" said Dr. Varkey joining the discussion.

"Yes. Quite likely. So does abstinence from alcoholic drinks True" rejoined the clergyman enthusiastically.

Dr. Parsons had unconsciously given himself up.

"So over-eating, under-eating, habitual addiction to alcohol and coffee, abstinence from them" echoed Dr. Ram Nath summarising for my benefit the causes of headache. "That makes four."

I noted them down.

The optician gave one more namely eyestrain such as is resultant from excessive reading or frequent attendance at picture houses. (And the homeopath supplied us with another, too much or too little exposure to Sun and Rain.

"That makes six" Ram Nath whispered to me.

From the causes that made for headache, the talk degenerated into the remedies. And here was Mr. Guru seen at his best. The "Anjan" that was first recommended by Guru was thrown out by the eyespecialist as being highly injurious to the eye. In fact, Dr. Iyer said the use of it would deaden the muscles that hold the eyeball, would affect the fovea terribly, in short would in the long run make one blind. Guru's next suggestion was some "Aspirin." The aspirin advocated by him was rejected this time by the heart specialist as

being thoroughly dangerous to the heart. But Guru was not to be so easily beaten as this. He took to naming various balms but all the doctors seemed to be of one mind as regards their efficacy. The balms were dubbed as sources of harm. Guru was almost at his wits end to name a more acceptable remedy when the discussion was stopped abruptly by Dr. Ram Nath who exhibiting signs of great pain and difficulty motioned me to get near him. In his headache, he gave out as if by inspiration Reason No. 7 and Remedy No. 1 for headaches. I accordingly wrote "Boreas like Guru" in one column and put "Quiet, Rest and Peace" under the head of Remedy. "One and Only Remedy" Ram Nath thundered with great force as if these words were to be put in big letters as.

Soon after the party came to a conclusion and the guests took their departure. But not before Dr. Ram Nath Ph. D (compiler of the Book of knowledge) had thanked the guests individually, and the latter in turn had wished his work of publishing the other volumes of his encyclopaedia complete success. Mr. Guru evinced greater interest in this matter than others and he asked while parting.

"When do you intend bringing out the second volume, doctor?"

"Oh I had just started on the second volume. In fact I began work on it only just now. 'Headaches' will be the first thing I have to deal with in the new book alphabetically speaking."

"I see, doctor. It would give me the greatest pleasure to be of help to you in your work.....I....."

"You had been. You had been of much help to me to-day," hastened to add Ram Nath.

"No doctor. What I mean is, you can now and then send me the proofs and I will go thro' them and aid you as much as I can."

"Thank you so much. Good night."

"Good night." And they parted.

The second volume had just been published. The reasons for headache as enumerated in the book number eight. Reason No. 8 is all-comprehensive and covers such cases as have not been covered by the 7 foregoing clauses and includes gramophone records, examination study, talkie advertisements and such trifling matters that cause headache. Under caption 'Remedy, only one method is

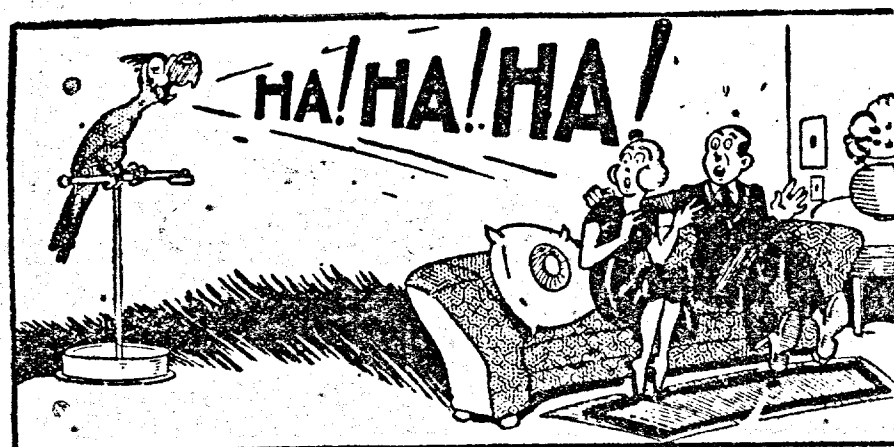
suggested. Instead of "Peace, Quiet and Rest" as originally found in the proofs, we have "commit Suicide" inserted.

For obvious reasons, the proofs could not be sent to Mr. Guru. Dr. Ram Nath thought that Mr. Guru would not take it quite the right way.



Master Rajam as he appears in "Radha Kalyanam" Tamil Talkie, Produced by Sri Meenakshi Talkies, Madras.





IMAGINATION RUN RIOT.

"That dull Miss Wiggs doesn't seem to have any imagination at all."
"She must have—she thinks she can sing"

—B. Parameswaran,
Madras.

PERHAPS.

Mrs. Haughty:—Why didn't you stop when you saw me wave my hand?"

Bus Conductor:—"I thought you were throwing kisses, mum."

—H. Mohemad Kasim,
Kurnool.

ALL THE SAME TO HIM.

"I want a revolver for my husband."

"Yes'm—What type does your husband prefer?"

"Oh, that won't matter—he doesn't even know that I'm going to shoot him."

—Y. Kalavathi,
Bangalore.

IN A WORD.

Mother:—"A twenty page letter from James! What does he say?"

Daughter:—"He says he loves me."

—Master Sundaram,
Kumbakonam.

UNBEATEN.

An actor had been boasting of his successes at such length that everybody was bored.

"Look here," said a listener at last, "all this is very wonderful, but it doesn't compare with my career as a stall magnate and M. P. Have you ever had an illuminated address, for example?"

"Once," replied the actor; "when my lodgings caught fire."

—M. Janardhanam,
Tirupathi.

IN TRAINING.

"There is a talk that the next war will be fought with radio."

"Ah, well, I'm facing terrible programmes."

—Miss Pat Ellis,
Trichinopoly.

EXPLAINED.

Mrs. A:—"There goes Mrs. Brown. They say every penny her husband gets goes on her back."

Mrs. B:—"Poor man! He must have been out of work when that gown was made."

—A. Krishnamurthy,
Madras.

TRUE LOVE.

Marie:—"Are they in love?"

Dicky:—"They must be! 'She listens to him describing a football match, and he listens to her telling how her cousin's new dress was made."

—Miss Santhalakshmi,
Rangoon.

WOODEN.

The enterprising secretary of the inferior dramatic club had succeeded in persuading a dramatist to witness a production of one of his plays. At the end of the second act the secretary blissfully oblivious of the dramatist's sufferings, inquired: "And what do you think of our club, sir?"

The dramatist looked at his questioner more in sorrow than in anger.

"It strikes me," he replied, "as not so much a club as a bundle of sticks!"

—Hem Chander Gosh,
Poona.

MILES OF SMILES

NO BEAVERS THEN

"An old school friend of yours asked to be remembered to you," said Briggs.

"What's his name?" Smith inquired.

"Jackson," said the other.

"Jackson? Jackson?" pondered Smith. "can't remember him."

"Big fellow with a ginger beard," added Briggs. "But I never went to school with a big fellow with a ginger beard", replied Smith.

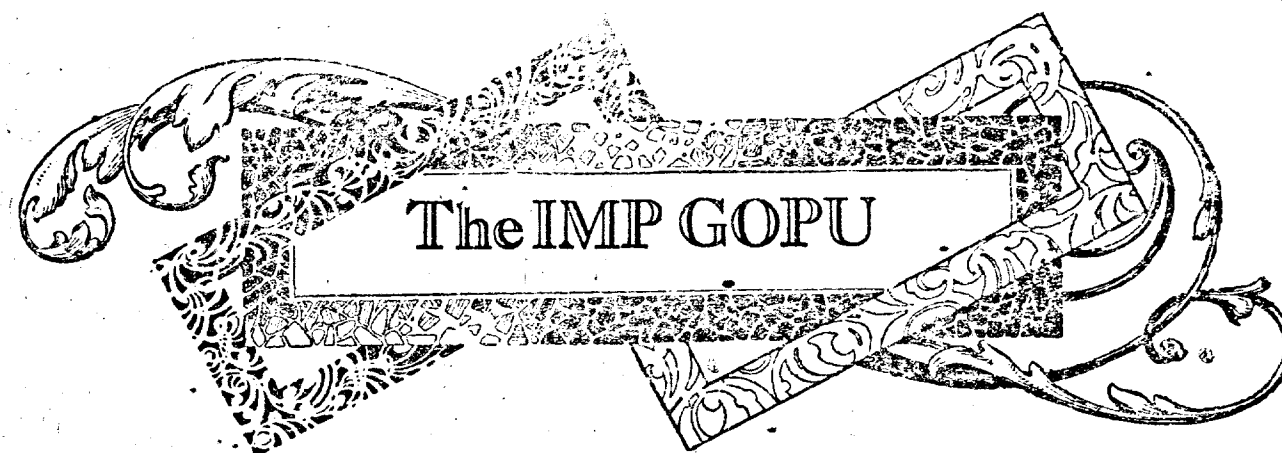
—Abdul Hamid Khan,
Nellore.

DEFINED.

"You don't know what torture is", said Brown to Smith.

"What is it then?" asked Smith.

"I suffered it yesterday," answered Brown, "when the barber had my mouth full of lather and I sat watching the shop boy giving my umbrella to another customer."



By Ganapathy.

THERE are a good many customs and traditions among us, which—it is high time we should leave off. There are days when a certain thing appears a fashion and what is fashion to-day becomes an absurdity to-morrow. Which lady now-a-days cares for the 'bullock' which was once the main cherished ornament of every one of the fair sex. I have heard my grandmother criticising the cinema star wearing a 'bullock-dangling horizontally, and clipping the skin that separates the nostrils. Well, again my friend the other day said that his marriage was only a day's ceremony and that it had been functioned without much ado. Why spend money lavishly on all sorts of wastes and cry in the end that Rs. 4000 have been spent on the marriage ceremony? My sensible friend is proud on saying that his father-in-law has deposited to the credit of his daughter Rs. 3000, and spent only Rs. 200 over the ceremony proper. See my people! What they do! My father-in-law wrote to me that my nuptials should take place

on the 1st September. I knew that he had already spent about Rs. 3500 on my marriage. With what result? Neither is he benefited nor I. Though he seems to love me, I know what he is thinking in his heart of hearts. I am indirectly the target of all his curses. Every moment he sees his debtors (he has told me in person) his heart boiled. I am not a fool to be rigid when others suffer. I wrote to him point blank that I am not inclined to perform my nuptials in a ceremony putting him to such expenses. I hated such a thing. But my aunt! a terrible old hag! She says that she wants to see my nuptial. A horrible skeleton erring on the wrong side of 60, finds pleasure at seeing such a function take place. Somehow she was able to convince all people that the good old custom should not be left unattended. Fool—as she is—She explained to all my kins the 'Santi' underlying, and greater fools as they are were convinced, in spite of my severe protests.

THEY have settled to hold my nuptials, stand-head-down I may. Nuptials is not sour to any man especially when the material

to be handled is handsome and bewitching. My only reason to reject the function was this. I feared it would stand an impediment to my expectations. I may be delated, if found unnecessary.

The day prior to my nuptials had come. My relatives on the other half had arrived the night previous. There was my little thing very shy and modest, white as a rose. She was so simple. She seemed simpler than a child. She did not appear before me as I came from 'walking,' I waited long in the verandah to have a glimpse of her, but the wretched innate shyness of the women prevented her from being in my view. I felt her heart though I did not see her. Would she not have the same emotion to have a look at me, as that I am having at present?

Every one took supper and lay on their beds. My dear lay between my mother and my mother-in-law. I saw her when I went into the room pretending to take something which I did not require.

And when I reposed in my bed that night! Oh! What a conflict of mind! It was not the mind of a man troubled by excessive sensual passion—neither could it be attributed to my long sufferance at a bachelor. My mind was anticipating to enjoy something external. I recognized, then; that the day before my marriage I felt the like thing but the intensity of it was not so severe. The working of the mind was not so speedy. I turned this side and that side on my bed. The clear 'Kuteheri' bells rang in my ears every hour. I spent the whole night thinking, thinking and thinking. What I thought? and why I thought?

are questions that I am unable to answer.

The day of nuptials. A very trying day of course. The shock of the previous night continued to remain throughout the day. I had chances while performing all those 'mantrams' to look at my wife. She was a perfect creature then. She had put on a little flesh since I saw her two months back.

After the noon meals were over, I was in my separate room lying on the cot, when to my surprise I found my love just come in. Every moment I had the temptation to speak to her, but I must honestly confess, that though my mind behaved a bit courageously my tongue did not. The moment she entered and turned my side, she had vanished like lightning.

How I understand from her that she came there alone to see my photo, trunk box, letter racks and all things concerning me. I now wish I had not been there, as that would have enabled her to proceed with her investigations. I felt angry particularly when she turned my side and ran away. To night let me see how she could run! I thought.

The weary day time was over and the long awaited night had come. Had I known that these people would have done all those things I would certainly have refused the nuptials altogether. The usual mantram ceremony was over by 8 P. M. and of and on I eagerly glanced at the bed room quite ready to invite me. My mother-in-law suggested that the son and daughter may be 'pushed' into the room before meals shop. What a nice idea! If at all there is any one who understands my mind to the very syllable it is my wife's mother.

At once two long plantain leaves were spread and sugar and the usual preliminaries were put on them. Suddenly a voice that ensued from a corner shocked me. It was that of my wretched aunt. She said that it was not the custom of the house to let the couple in before meals. The voice caught contagion, and spread like wild fire. None dared to speak against the devil of an aunt. Her word was law. Had it not been my nuptials, I would have shattered her head bones to pieces with a single knock of my fist. The subdued night mare! What could she know of my feelings? It does not the least matter to her, whether I go in, at 8 or 12. The wanton rogue was wounding my feelings under the garb of custom. Yet I patiently waited.

For the general supper to conclude, it took 10 P. M. To me I had passed years in those two hours. I went to the extent of doubting whether they would with in day break atleast allow me to enter the room with my dear. Getting disgusted with the behaviour of my people, I fell on an easy chair in the pial and allowed them to take their full time in the extremity of my anger. My uncle came near me after finishing his meals and coolly remarked that I could afford to wait for some more time. I was tempted to fall on him with curses; but a dozen and more imps, including my brothers, brothers-in-law, and sisters and sisters-in-law began laughing to their highest pitches on the remark. I felt anger one side and shame on the other. I kept mute all the while cursing the aunt, the bottom of all these mischiefs.

I was not invited into the house till 10-30, when a terrible pest of a prohibitor invited me. He asked me to go into the room. I did without a word, for I feared that if I hesitated they would forget the main function altogether. Then, I was shocked to find all people, of both sexes, a crowd coming into the room, quite contrary to my expectation. My wife as not there. After a few minutes came a wave and with great pressure was pushed inside, my wife. Her trying to go out was in vain. She was constantly pushed and on nearing the cot was lifted on it. After all I was pleased to find her by my side calm and quiet. I had an impulse to request the rest of the people to go out, but the prohibitor near me worried me incessantly to do this and that. Mantrams in a nuptial room! Does it not seem ridiculous? I patiently obeyed him and it was only after putting me completely out of my elements that he and the others left me.

The door has been quickly shut and had it been shut a moment later,

my love would have found her way out. The quickness with which she jumped from the cot and ran to the door astounded me. What great pressure and effort to seat her in the cot! Am I repelling pole? contemplated I.

There was no one in the room. I lay down on the excellent cushion and turned my head towards her. I did not mind the songs outside the room as the walls and wood are opaque. The poor creature stood in a corner, whispering something to the walls. After half-an-hour of patient gaze, I got out of the cot, convinced that nobody made any noise outside and that the room was air tight. When I went near her she ran here and there. There was a regular chase, without a word. I was at last able to catch hold of her hand, which she suddenly shook, but not without a word. A very clever girl. When I think of it, how can I help admiring her? Very shrewd and attentive, she was able to scent things with great accuracy. She poured in my right ear in such a melodious very low voice. My left ear could not have heard it—the words 'under the cot.' I heard them distinctly.

I bent down to see what there was under the cot. Ha-ha-ha-ha-he-he-he-he came a shrill laughing sound from under. I was thunder-struck. I speedily flew away from the cot shaken inch by inch. Then slowly emerged from under the cot, the imp, Gopu, my wife's eight year old brother. I asked him what business he had in the room. At once a roar of pumping laughter ensued from outside. Gopu looked very troubled. He ran to the door and struck it hard twice. Before the door opened I took care to fix myself on the cot pretending to be fast asleep. The door as I anticipated, opened and closed. The rest was a short pleasant story.



Darling My Darling

We take the greatest pleasure in publishing in this issue of the Funny Mag. a poem by Mr. Glomikid, a poem which we venture to say, is Mr. Glomikid in his best vein (not artery). "Darling, My Darling" is full of tense drama and deep pathos and like the greater portion of the poet's work has a strong tang of the cigarette and the cabbage. The perfect rhythm and the sheer music of the poem reminds us of a drugged monkey wagging its tail at a tin can.

Born to his parents, the author grew from childhood to boyhood and in a short compass of sixty years to poethood. His first book 'The Rose Is Red' met with a storm of opposition, but his reply to this—"grown ups don't care" was a perfect specimen of tit for tat. When he sent his second production 'The World Is Round' to the press the publishers got wise and refused to risk a pie on the book. Mr. Glomikid got publicity and eventually the recognition he much deserved. After great pressure Mr. Glomikid has kindly consented to write this delightful little poem for us. See what the critics say about it. —Editor.

"I read the first few lines and immediately ordered a packet of aspirins.
—Morning Ghost.

"It was beautiful the first time I read it and the second time it was more beautiful.
—Midnight Mail.

"Beautiful.....Beautiful.....Beautiful."
—Funny Mag.

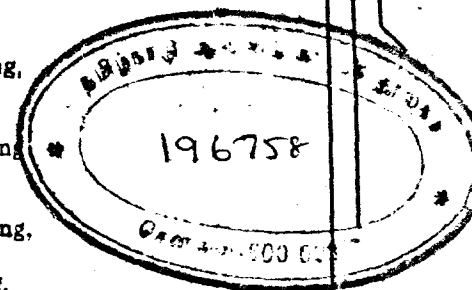
Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling,
Your upturned red nose is redder, my darling,
What the heck were you doing to your nose, my darling,
Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling.

Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling,
Your grey hair is off its dye, my darling,
A mixture of grey and silver, ain't it, my darling,
Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling.

Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling,
With all your faults I love you, my darling,
But where is my crutch, my darling,
Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling.

Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling,
I love you, my darling, I love you, my darling,
-I love you, my darling. I love you, my darling,
Ah, darling, my darling, Oh, darling, my darling.

Note.—Mr. Glomikid desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to all his readers who patiently read his masterpieces.



3L
M2, N33610
1935-36

Advertisements

By K. S. Narasimhayya

ADVERTISEMENTS!
The art of advertising is as thrilling as it is interesting, as bloomy, as gloomy (as what-not) as any other art under the Sun or Moon or even earth. It has no boundary. It may be false, it may be true, it may be dry, it may be anything, you please or you may not please. It may be very valuable or it may be priceless. I cannot (should not and must not, I ought to say) any more describe this art as our old (some say he is young) father young Ed may frown at me thinking that I would be in his way.

Yesterday I was lying down in my old easy chair just waiting for the postman of course with the hope that the old chap would bring me a few cheques sent by one of these editors. You must know that I had already sent a number of articles, short stories, serial stories etc., etc., to a dozen journals. And the blessed old chap came just in time. He gave me a number of cavers and left me. Damned fellow! None of them contained a cheque. Those covers consisted rejected manuscripts with printed letters which ran 'The Editor regrets (the biggest crocodile) his inability of

course he is not capable of anything) to use the manuscript? Next I found the Electric Bill and a lawyer notice. I threw them into the waste basket in disgust. I vacantly looked into the basket when suddenly I saw some green thing. I picked it up out of curiosity. Blessed my soul! It was a sample copy of the 'Tut-Tut' a bi-monthly published in North Pole posted to my gracious address with a request to subscribe. Even today I really wonder how the fellow of the Manager got my address!

I BEGAN to peep into the comforter. The magazine like any other magazine consisted of various sections. The Ladies Section, The Men's section, Children's Section, Film Section, Editorial Section, Advertisements Section—etc. Out of all these do you know what interested me much? Guess. Ladies Section? No, again Film Section—wrong once more—Editorial Section. Hopelessly wrong. You are no good. I will tell you. It was the advertisement section. You my dear reader may call me a fool for not being interested in either the Ladies Section or the Film Section and you my dear Ed. for not having been interested in the Editorial Section. You may call me whatever you please.

I was so much interested in the advertisements section that I forgot my dinner. Of course my wife had turned me out without dinner as I had quarrelled with her in the morning when explaining the impossibility of getting her a Benares Sari until one of these chaps—I mean Ed's. sent me a cheque but that is another reason. Now an idea flashed. Why not gather a few of those advertisements and send

it to the Magazine. I will be helping not only myself but others also. You will be amused and also the Ed. I will get my cheques i.e., dinner you know. Moreover I will be quite safe. I am quite sure the editors of 'Tut-Tut' and this Magazine do not exchange copies or even know their existences. So I copied and this was the result.

WANTED.

A barber. Salary according to qualification. Graduate preferred. Apply box No. 9 c/o 'Tut Tut'.

Preachers. Must be able to preach Kuran, Vedas, Bible etc. at any time and must be willing to go to Church, temple and mosque according to circumstances to preach. Apply Mr. Thomas Shastri Sahib, 25, Up down Street, Norway.

Boys and Girls willing to earn in their spare time. A small capital of five thousand rupees ample. Apply Mr. Cheater, Umerka.

A capable Manager to take charge of Messrs 'Butter & Co.,' News Agents, Simla. Apply Manager 'Butter & Co.,' Bangalore.

Clarke capable of dancing. Apply box No. 338 c/o 'Tut Tut'.

Sole Agents to stocks our non air proof, non water proof and non weather proof coats to be used in bad weather in all Villages and Towns. Apply Proofless Co., Bombay, Fmanka.

Agents to sell out best coffee powder. Apply 'Snuff & Co.,' Mount Road, Bezawada.

Agents to sell our Mohana face Powder. Best in the Market. You will shine like charcoal if you use it but once. Many testimonials from Mrs. Crow, Miss Elephant, Mrs. Bear, Miss Black etc. Apply Charcoal Stores Dodge Toad, Buttingham.

NOVEMBER 20, 1935

MEDICAL.

If you are fat and like to become thin then use our tonic castro alba, guaranteed success. PREPARED PURELY from Alba mixture and castor-oil. Price Rs. 5 only, postage 6 shillings packing charges 2 dollars. Apply Thin and Fat Co. Castor Road, Alba P.O. Uganda, Asia.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted a capable M.A., L.T., to teach a set of asses for the Donkey College. Pay according to qualifications. Apply with testimonials to the Principal Fool Esq., Donkey College, Nowhere Town P.O.

BOOKS.

The Lion World—by Leo, Esq. 1-5-11
All about Donkeys.—Ass, Esq., 1-7-8
The history of „ Darwin Hanumantha, Monkeys, Esq.
Wonders. „ B.S.T., Cook, Esq. Ph D, M.A.
F.R., R.S., S.T.B.T. etc. etc. 0-1-11.
Postage extra.
Apply: Raja Cotton Works, London.

TENDERS.

Unsealed tenders will be received up to November 15th, in the Office of the undersigned for the supply of 1000 Doctors, 5000 fools, 3000 peons, 6000 merchants, 9999 Editors, 700 Managers, 7540 Clerks. The whole lot must be supplied, within 6 hours, payment 10 years, hence. Further particulars may be had from the Office clerk personally. No enquiries by post.

By order,
Sd. BOO.

15-11-1934.
Hell.

FOR SALE.

As Mr. Cook is going home the following articles are sold by public auction by 'Tut & Co., Mysore, on Ash Wednesday at 11-55 P.M. Razors, used blades, trousers, gowns, caps, slightly damaged glass vessels, newspapers, rough note books, pots, face powder, packets etc., etc.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCE.

Mr. Slippery Smith regrets to inform his relatives and friends the loss of his side teeth, due to an accident, Indian Papers, Please copy.

Mr. Cat is glad to inform his friends and relatives the new arrival of three sons and six daughters to-day-morning. Evening papers please copy.

LEGAL.

In the Court (Supreme) of Muttingham) (Before Lord Drankyard).
Case No. 000000001.

1897 with interest at $\frac{1}{2}\%$ within half a week, a suit will be filed against him in the Court (Supreme) Muttingham before His Lordship, Chief Justice.

SENSE,
Advocate.

Mr. Senses Versus Mr. Nonsense. Ms. Nonsense is hereby informed that if he does not pay the amount of Rs. nil. nil annas and Ps. 1½ which he has borrowed from Mr. Sense in 'Enough' shouts the Editor. Perhaps he feels sleepy. So do you kind reader. I also feel not sleepy like you but hungry. So I will stop now. Hope to meet you next time. Cherio until then!

DELICIOUS LANGRA MANGOES.

Superfine biggest Safeda Langra, Bombay, Kishenbheg and Maharaj Pasand mangoes at Rs. 7 per 100. Expenses extra. Price strictly in advance. Packing thief-proof and scientific. Catalogue for genuine and healthiest grafts free on request.

Superintendent, DARBHANGA NURSERY,
No. 11, DARBHANGA.

YOU ARE WORRIED?

You need money to perform the marriage ceremony of your dear ones! Allow us to share your worries. Join our attractive Marriage Aid Fund scheme whereby you can get up to TEN TIMES of what you have paid as premium. And all you have to pay is a nominal premium of Annas 8, Re. 1, Rs. 2 or Rs. 3 per month for a period of ONLY TWELVE MONTHS then you can perform the Marriage at any time. May we send you the admission forms?

The Ajanta Funds Society Ltd:

Station Road: Hyderabad Sind.

Our Maternity and Family Relief Aid Fund Schemes deserve your special attention!

Write for full particulars to-day.

SERVICE! OUR MOTTO!!

THE FUNNY MAG SCORES ONCE AGAIN

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER!

Free DENTAL SERVICE

The management of the *Funny Mag*. have great pleasure in announcing that on April 1st next it will inaugurate a new free

DENTAL SERVICE

which will of course be at the disposal of our readers

ENTIRELY WITHOUT CHARGE

All you have to do is to cut out the coupon below, fill it in, and send your teeth to us. We will extract them, fill them, or colour them as required, and return them immediately POST FREE.

NOTE.—Readers' own teeth only treated. No false.

COUPON

I enclose _____ * tooth which I wish
to have † ^{extracted} _{filled} free of charge coloured.

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss.) _____

-Address _____

* State number. If one, state "one" and cross out "teeth."

† Cross out words which do not apply.

Mysteries of Sleep

By K. N. Rao.

MOST of us know not exactly what is sleep and how it is caused; but all of us have experienced it. Sleep is 'Nature's sweet resorter.' It has the great power to drive away the sorrows of the wretched and banish the pain of sick people. Worried by the scoldings of his authorities; tired by the activities of the day; troubled at mind by the family squabbles—perhaps the wife may be angry with him for not having brought her a Karachi sari; or the son may be sad yet serious for not permitting him to attend the cinema or the drama with his friends—he goes to sleep at night and wakes up in the morn refreshed and invigorated. He is oblivious in sleep.

"Sleep is a death; O make me try.

By sleeping what it is to die."

THE muscles, the brain, and the nervous system do require rest and it can be accomplished by 'sleep.' More energy is restored by sound sleep than by hours of mere waking rest; for in it, his marriage with the girl, he loved; his continuous hunting for a decent job, and like thoughts may stealthily enter his mind and vex him.

Fixed and regular hours of sleep is beneficial to health. The at-all-times-sleeping man will be mocked at by his friends as an indolent and dull personality. I must be proud of myself having had one such friend. Whenever I go to his house, I will either find him sleeping, or just waking up from the bed. "Too little sleep is in the long run injurious; and too much is laziness."

Most pitiable is the state of those who cannot sleep, whether the inability comes from physical pain, or from sorrow, or remorse. The sight of sleepless persons is in reality tragic; but comic for fanciful students. The student waking up late in the night will naturally be lacking sleep. His miserable plight in the college hours is eccentric—often yawning and disturbing the class with his rather loud yawns; if he were to be a hapless student, in nodding his head, he may just strike it to the adjacent wall and be awakened, poor fellow; if there be a silly student he may tickle and thereby make him confounded; and if at the same time the lecturer were to call him and threaten him for his inattentiveness with a detention in the Selection examination, it being the second year of his Intermediate course, then, imagine the pathetic situation of that wretch.

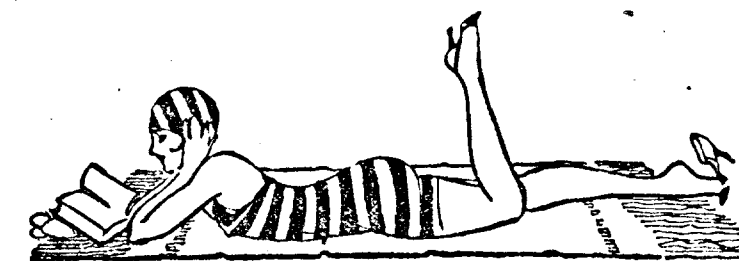
"His are the quiet steeps of Dream-land

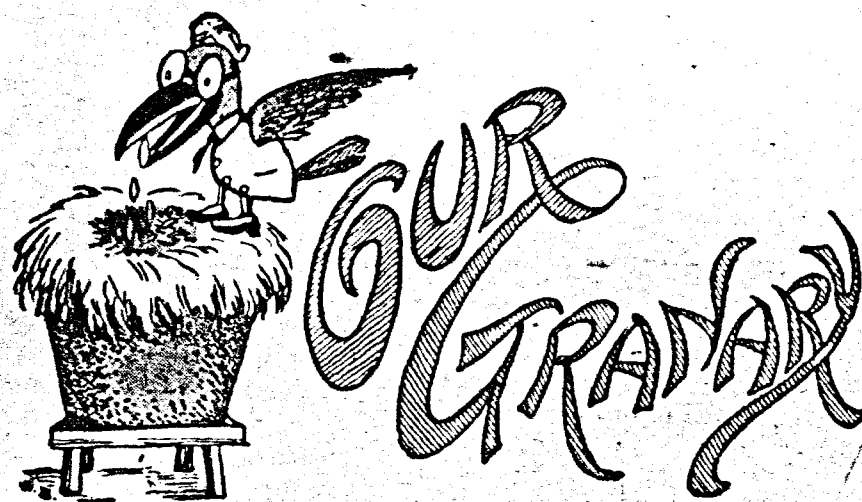
The waters of no-more-pain."

A man who is all of a sudden awakened is "the observer of all the observers." He reels and staggers like a drunkard. He is much complicated. Of course, some incoherent words may involuntarily issue from his mouth. What about the sleeping man? He snores with his mouth wide-open. Some doctors say that it is injurious to health. It may be so. But my great fear is that some little insects may enter his mouth and trouble him. Sometimes a man dreams that he is enjoying the company of a pretty nautch girl. Alas! it is a

dream. He takes delight in it. But, when he opens his eyes he sees nothing but his old cot and his torn-up rug. In such various ways men enjoy 'vain shows'.

The mystery wrought out by sleep is awe-inspiring. In moments of thoughtfulness, it is impossible to imagine how that a person resigns himself to sleep so carelessly and cheerfully. In this connection it is not becoming on my part to omit one peculiar experience of mine. It had been one of my habits—good or bad—to have just a little walk after my supper is over. During my perambulation one night, I chanced to enter the room of my close friend. Giving a full graphic description of the very exact situation in which he is not essential, for many of us have seen considerable number of them. If they haven't, so much the better. To my great surprise, I found my friend in the easy chair—of matrimonial origin—sleeping soundly, with the Text book of Physics open in his hands, the lantern still burning with its full luminosity upon the near table, and his dhoti just slipped—This all bespeaks how his studies are! He is unconsciously immersed in sleep. Imagine for yourselves, readers, in what a perplex state is he and how he cursed that damnable uninvited guest, 'sleep' when he, waking up in the morning found his Big Ben missing and the money-purse emptied! It's all due to sleep 'the brother of Death.' Not only my poor innocent friend but most of our college students do suffer likewise. Don't they?





Self-Help Club

Another club has been added to the enormous number now in existence. Birmingham boasts the first "80 percent club", which demands only one qualification for membership, that of physical disability, such as the loss of a leg, an arm or a finger. The slogan is "Do not grouse; laugh it off. Enjoy life to the full, it's short".

The founder is Mr. Cecil J. C. Hawker, of Erdington, who has induced a number of M. P.'s to take interest in his venture. He has found that when disabled men meet they exchange ideas which are likely to be of mutual help; ways of overcoming their disabilities, for instance. Mr. Hawker intends to found a movement to start a number of similar clubs throughout Britain.

Miniature Radio.

By means of a transmitter no bigger than a hat-box and using less power than an ordinary electric lamp, radio experts hope shortly to communicate with one another across the Atlantic. This new era in wireless history is predicted following the success of ultrashort wave transmission experiments by leading wireless companies. Perfect reception is assured, since short waves are impervious to both climatic and atmospheric influences. Already engineers have built sets at very low cost capable of spanning distances up to 200 miles.

As opposed to the ubiquitous distribution of the ordinary broadcasting aerial, the new five metre transmitter projects the waves to a scientifically prescribed point in the ionosphere (upper atmosphere) when they are reflected with marvellous precision to the receiving station. Because of the cheapness, efficiency,

and selective power of this system, it is expected that police, fire brigades, and military authorities will be among the first to adopt short wavelengths as their standard method of intercommunication.

Cable, Phone.

The "coastal" cable is the new device by which 240 separate and private telephone conversations, and 2,400 telegrams, can be carried simultaneously. The cable is slightly under an inch in diameter, and is made up of two insulated copper pipes or tubes. Through each runs a wire quarter of an inch thick, kept central by rubber discs. What is called a band of voice vibrations or frequencies, as distinct from one another as human faces, and voices, prevents interference and so that

the voice may not be dispersed and weakened, amplifiers are placed at intervals of ten miles. Wireless and television can also be transmitted by the new cable.

It's Strange But True.

From Chuangchow, in Northern China, comes an astonishing case of an 'adder boy' which is as tragic as it is interesting. The Scientists are perplexed. This seven-year-old boy with poison fangs is still at large and hundreds of men are scouring the hills of Eastern Fergien, where he has taken refuge. The Chinese Government have issued orders that the 'adder boy' is to be brought in dead or alive as his bite is believed to be fatal.

This weird lad resembles a baby ape. His extraordinary nature was first noticed when two relatives came to call upon his parents. He bit them and the next day both were dead. He bit the daughter of a neighbour on the same day and she also died within 24 hours. The boy's Father became seriously alarmed and had him locked up in a cage. The next morning, however, when he went to the cage he found that he had broken from prison!

Nothing was heard of him until some days later, when a woodcutter found him in the forest, crying bitterly. Taking pity on him he took him to his cabin. There the boy showed his gratitude to his benefactor by biting him. He also died. The fact that all his victims died within the short space of 24 hours reveals that the venom of his bite is as virulent as that of a deadly snake.



The Three Powers of Europe. 1. Stalin. 2. Mussolini. 3. Hitler.

"MY MADONNA"

By "MYSELF"

My dear has a beautiful nose,
With a sled-runner crook in the middle,
Which one would be led to suppose
Was meant for the head of a fiddie.

Should I mention her gait or her air,
You might think I intended to banter;
She moves with more grace, you'd swear,
Than a foundered horse forced to a canter.

My dear has two pretty eyes;
Glass buttons show n'er so bright:
Their love-lighted lustre outvies
The d...d bug's twinkle by night.

The lips of my dearie are sweet
As a "hogshhead of maple molasses";
And the ruby-red tint of her cheek
The gill of a sea-fish surpasses.

Her fine little ears you would judge
Were wings of a bat in perfection;
A rupee I should n'er grudge
To put them in any grand collection.

Oh! She sang with a beautiful voice,
Which'd ravish you out of your senses;
A donkey will make just such a noise
When his long tail is pinched!



A Scene From "Wamaq Ezra" produced By Radha Film Co., Calcutta.



NOVEMBER 20, 1935

33

The Pig Tail & The Cats

By G. N. Rao.

THE Madras club was a rendezvous of officers, laymen, budding poets and story-tellers. The evening sun sent a dim light into the drab interior of the coffee hotel. A bunch of boon companions assembled inside the place for discussing important questions. The coffee was served, and they began their tete-a-tete.

"Look at his pig tail," said Madan, pointing at the head of the waiter.

"Very fine," added Somu.

"And the knot at the tip end; how beautifully it dangles about," uttered Jaya.

While they were deeply engaged in this pig tail affair Sanker, the buffoon of the gang attracted their attention by citing a story of the "Pig Tail and The Cats."

"Once there was a man named Sasank," he began.

All the companions drew as near as possible and began to attend the tale with their ears wide open.

"Attend the story well and give your opinion," rasped Sanker.

"Yes," they cried out simultaneously.

WITH an air of seriousness Sanker began the story again. "Once there was a man named Sasank. A fanatic as he was, he would never remove his 'Pichu Kudumai' and even instructed others to keep the tail, nay, he even threatened his neighbours saying that those who did not preserve the tail would be considered an outcast. So, one day the gods intended to punish

him for minding other men's business.

On day finishing his supper, Sanker lay down on his bed thinking that he would never shave his tail even at the cost of his life. As he was proud of his tail the Almighty wanted to humble him down to teach him a lesson. No sooner did he lay on the bed than the hands of slumber were laid upon him and he was enjoying a profound sleep, a rest after the day's work of lecturing and advising.

At the dead of night, it so happened, that two tail-less cats, whose tails have been carried away by some mongrel, puppy, whelp or hound, were searching after their lost tails, and as luck would have it, they noticed a tail hanging on the head of Sasank and thought it was theirs. Sasank, with his nostrils wide open was snoring deeply. As both of these animals were simultaneous in finding out the tail, and as both were black in colour, they both had the equal right to claim the pig tail as their own. Missy, the larger of the two argued that as the tail was long and strong it was her own. But the other, Nissy pointed out that though she was young her tail was a very long one.

"That can't be yours, for, a tail if so long would not fit your body." Retorted Missy.

"How is it, don't you remember Kissy, a young and beautiful lassie. Is not her tail so long as this and she was only a small creature. It is the tail that gives beauty to the body, especially when it is long enough" mewed Nissy.

"I can't allow that" said the larger.

Nissy was not an ordinary animal, though small in stature, to leave at that. It claimed the tail as its own and put forth arguments after arguments to convince the other, about her right claim to the tail. But it was useless. The larger had already grown impatient at these arguments and at last they decided to end the claim by a "trial by battle." Both began sharpening their claws for the coming ordeal. The battle began very soon, and the younger struggled hard to escape the treacherous claws of the elder, but in

vain. In an instant the sharp lance-like claws of Missy pierced through the body of Nissy.

Even at this calamity the man was not awakened and his body lay like a dead corpse. Now the tail was left in complete possession of the victor. And now to separate the tail from the head, Missy thought out a plan. She knew that she could not, so that she stole without even the slightest noise to a corner of the building Sasanka's house, and suddenly pounced upon a rat and ordered it to cut the tail from the head. With instantaneous obedience to the voice of its conqueror it cut the tail and placed it humbly at the feet of the conqueror.

Having gained the tail the cat prided itself and granted freedom to the mouse for having discharged the work faithfully. The rat bumped off in fear of its being caught again.

The next day, Sasanka woke up to find that his tail was missing. To his great astonishment he found a dead cat near his bed. Then he understood the whole history of the night. As usual as soon as he woke up he tried to tie down the tail. "Ah! my God!" he cried out and was at once transferred to a world of sorrow and remorse and did not step out of his house for several days.

The whole gang, including Sasanka himself, was immersed in a whirlpool of laughter. "And that is why the more sensible people took to cropping" ended Sanker.



And it had a year's guarantee.

VOX POPULI

(Which means, Letters from our Readers).

Just Listen to Him!

Bangalore.—I think your magazine is just the cleverest thing out and all my friends think so too. I am enclosing a few poems which I hope you can use—that is if you don't suspect they are pinched.—A Bloke.

He Likes Us.

Madras.—Say, what do you think you are running—a Hula Hula dump mag. or a chic little Funny Mag. ? I don't think your mag is really so hot as some things I know of, but neither is your mag. so cold as some other mags. I can name if there weren't no libel laws. Why don't you publish nude pictures, really snappy stories with a 'go' on every page, brezy verses what maids will read when nobody's looking—well, all these I'm willin' to supply free, if you put me on your staff. I've been special editor for countless mags including Nash, Trash Your, Our, Bright, Gloomy and other rags. Reference: Who's Who 1894.—O. K. Guy.

He Also Likes Us.

Bombay—Dear sir let me tell you what I think of your Funny Mag. why I can't even understand—mag. or—mag. they is using too tough style for me and I understood your Funny Mag. which is really so fine I don't sorry for stealing money from pa to buy the Funny the last issue I likes much more best for it is so full of instruction (I hopes the spelling is correct) as I have learnt so much about war, Beta Ragbo and your free gift offer. I am only a illiterate (I hopes the spelling is correct) I am being read only fourth class but I have even read shakespeare and I prefer your Funny will you kindly send me your photograph ?—F. Ool.

Letter No. 186923.

Calcutta.—Say, blokes, do you really get paid for all those advts. appearing under the Happy Hips ?—I Wonder.

She Too Likes Us!

Delhi.—You are too cute, too, too, too cute, OOOOO ! I like your mag I love it, my darling, oh, you are haunting my dreams. Ooooh ! I think of you, read you, and, OOOOO, I love you. I hear you are single, and have got a nice figure, meaning the bank one, so what sez you to my popping over there ?—Old Maid.

P. S. I am jealous of your office-girl, so fire her and get a nice, plump handsome office-boy, instead.

Hell, They, too-Like Us!

Madras.—Hell, sir, and Beelzebub, but, damme, we mean, dammus, sir, what do you mean with all your impertinent cheek, making sly attacks at us, sir, no, sir. we will see you in hell first, sir, we'll sue you for damages sir, we don't care if you are also an editor like us, sir, we can't allow you to do this sort of thing to our mags. you — — —, no dammus. All these days we never used to read your rag, no, bless our souls, but now we're so afraid of your confounded cheek, we've got to watch your pages and read your — — every fortnight, blast you !—Editors.

Summary of other letters.

Why not a weekly ?—Rangoon.

Why ?—Simla.

Why not ?—Agra.

But why? or why not ?—Ajmer.

We like you. We like you. We like you—Amen

Wait for next instalment—Go on waiting!

Editor.

MY OLD LOVE

I had, I imagined, forgotten her altogether. Put her out of my thoughts as completely as I had put her out of my life.

Until, idling along Marina the other day, we met again.

She was with another man, and one glance showed that he possessed—as completely as once I possessed her.

No word passed between us; she gave no sign that she recognised me. Yet I felt my pulses quicken, and I fancied—nay, I am sure—that she looked less happy, less debonair, than in the old days.

Ever since then she has been in my mind. Over and over again I have asked myself the question which I thought had been for ever settled—was my decision that we must part a wise one?

I have lived over again happy hours we spent together. There was that rapturous moment when I first saw her beautiful body, and she surrendered her whole being to me, when every fibre of her was mine and mine alone.

The sweet words I whispered to her on scented spring evenings.....those magic week-ends when we stole away togetherthat night when we were stranded in the little village of Ennore

And now she is another's. And the knowledge is mine that I purposely drove her to him, infatuated as I was by another.

If I could live again the past should I do the same again, I wonder.....Or should I stick to my first love—my 1930 model car?



Jokes From Our Neighbours

Cheap Seat.

"What are the prices of the seats, mister?"
 "Front seats one shilling, back seats sixpence, and programme a penny."
 "I'll sit on a programme, please."

Revolution!

"Has your wife changed very much since you married her?"
 "Yes—my habits, my friends and my hours."

Teaching Tidiness.

Mayor:—"I never saw the park littered so with paper as it is this morning. How do you account for it?"
 Superintendent:—"The park commissioner had leaflets distributed yesterday asking people not to throw papers about."

On Her Dignity.

"Jump, lady, jump!" shouted the fireman holding the life-net to the movie star who stood at the sixth-storey window with the flames raging behind her.
 "I'll do nothing of the sort," she shouted back. Tell the director to send my double here at once."

It did n't Fit.

She entered a boot-shop with a little girl at her heels.
 "I want a pair of shoes for my daughter" she told the youthful shop-assistant.
 He turned to reach for some boxes.
 "French kid?" he inquired.
 "French kid?" echoed the mother. "Don't be impertinent, young man. This is my daughter born in London."

Persistent.

"Well, sir," said the business man, as a caller was ushered into his private office, "you may well regard yourself as fortunate. I seldom see an Insurance agent. No fewer than seven have called on me to-day—and you are the first one I have admitted."
 "I realise that," replied the caller. "I'm they!"

Dangerous Task.

Doctor:—"There is one thing more. Tell your wife not to speak another word to-day."
 Husband:—"Would you mind telling her yourself?"

For Children Only!

It's The Size That Counts.

Leslie had always been afraid of dogs. One day, after a struggle to get him to pass a large dog at the corner, his mother scolded him for his unnecessary fear.
 "It's all very well for you," was his reply, "but you'd be afraid of dogs too if you were as low down as I am."

Next Best Thing.

"Now, young man," said the sweet-shop owner to the youngster, "what is it you want?"
 "Nothing," replied the lad mournfully. "I just came to see what I might have for if I hadn't lost my penny."

Rough On Him.

Mother (at breakfast table)—
 "Freddie, you haven't washed your face this morning."
 "Yes, I have."
 "Well, it doesn't look like that when I wash it for you."
 "But, ma, if I rub myself like you rub me I push myself over."

All Home Fed.

A little boy had been to see the Buckingham Palace at a time when the King and Queen were not in residence. On the way home he remarked—
 "Mummy, when the Queen is away, how do the soldiers get their dinner?"

Not yet Recovered.

"Ma, can I go and play with Tommy Wilks?"
 "Tommy has gone to the seaside with his father. Why not go and play with Jackie Smith?"
 "I played with him yesterday, and I don't think he'll be well enough yet."

Latest Discovery.

By Williams.

SOME two months back I never guessed that I will be the husband of Sarojam—who was at that time courted by not less than twenty youths.

Her numberless suitors were all well to do chaps. Either their fathers were enormously rich or their uncles who had adopted them were on their death beds after having executed their wills to their names! But I was only a B. A., with a bank note comparatively lighter.

But I owe all my gratitude to my sweet sisie—she helped me into this affair. It all happened thus:—

Last time while I was cycling fastly along Karuppan Chetty road I was unable to avoid diverting my eyes to a lean form of the highest order of the female species, that was enjoying every inch of its flesh in hitting a small ball with what they call a racket in its hand! I started at her singular beauty.

THE next moment I collided with a buffalo cart. Eyes from the tennis court were directed on to this scene. I managed to get up before they could reach the scene. Fortunately I had been thrown on the other side of the cart and so nobody from the tennis court could have identified me. I was ashamed to be identified in such pitiable conditions. So, in a hurry I placed back in the respective positions the hand bar, the bell and the pump that went astray, jumped on to the seat and pedalled with all my might without looking this side or that.

It was very late when I realised

that I had pedalled three miles off my destination and it was also here only that I got to understand that I had received a deep cut in my right palm.

A fortnight elapsed before I could get my old own person.

I was thinking about the accident one afternoon—it was romantic the very first step adventurous!

My Sisie came in with a hot cup of tea and while I was sipping the beverage she began speaking 'bitham halva' and 'nestle's' (preparatory stage!)—and slowly led her talk to asking me "Dear broter, what was it that made you dash the cycle? I know you should have been very careless, but why?"

I told her everything—also about the love that I had created for that girl of late.....

"She was really Sarojam the 'Queen' she surprised" daughter of Rap Bahadur Baluswamy Pillai, retd. Deputy Collector" she breathed heavily through her nostrils. "She is only a failed Intermediate; you have told me that your wife should be atleast an Inter passed one?"

"Nev'r mind that" put in hastily "that doesn't mean that she is not intelligent—she has only turned her intelligence to the sporting field. Doesn't it prove the compensation?" I asked her very cleverly.

Kamala (yes, my sister's name.)—heaved another sigh—this time heavier still. "Dear, please forget all about this," she pleaded "it is above our status to think of her person to prove your better half. She says 'paw' and laughs over proposals from many rich and educated fellows!" And then she slowly began to speaking 'hydrogen sulphide' about Sarojam—"you see dear, she had failed in the Inter, she is very lean and....." I turned my face away.

A week elapsed and I lost eight per cent of my precious weight. Unconsciously I was shirking in my regular work. The boss told me that there was something radically wrong with me. I myself could feel that I was growing worse and worse. I was

generally disinclined towards everything I was unable to have a pleasant talk even with Sisie. Many a time I was stopped at the doorstep by Kamala to be told that I was wearing either the shirt over my coat or that I was wearing a brown shoe over the left and a black one over the right!

My Sisie understood all this—she has been really worrying herself all about me and working over the problem (as I understood later).

One day when I came from the office Kamala was waiting at the doorstep—and she looked as though she had been made the empress of the whole world. She pulled me into the room and did not wait for me to undress even! "She will marry you!" she burst out breathing hard. I was dumbfounded for a while. Balancing my brain centres I managed to utter "what?" that almost died on my lips. "Sarojam will marry you! she is coming here tomorrow and you can see her promising that!" she explained very vaguely and was dancing unconsciously. The next moment I felt I had gained some 15 lbs. in my being.

"How's all that?" I queried very much astonished.

"Wait and see to-morrow evening—meanwhile put me no question" was the order in reply.

The wall clock struck four in the evening.

Kamala came rushing into the room at that hour. "Please be hiding behind that almirah and beware you don't stir out before she leaves this room" she warned me and continued "the whole thing will be spoilt if your presence is known!" pushing me behind the almirah.

For a moment I felt as though I was being crushed behind the almirah and my whole body prepired awfully. I forgot everything and tried to run into a reverie about the adorable beauty.

A few minutes elapsed and I heard the bell ringing and afterwards "Hello my dearie, how d'you do etc., I was astonished. In a few minutes I saw—yes that same figure of Sarojam in all her glories. My eyes were unalterably

fixed on her person—her twinkling sharp eyes, curly and long and broad tuft shining black, shrilling voice and her timid steps—I was bewitched. Yet I couldn't avoid observing Kamala carrying a spirit lamp and a white paper in her hands. I wondered.

Next moment they were seated opposite to each other around the round table at the centre of the room. Now, I could study the back portion of Sarojam's slender body.

Suddenly my sister put on a very serious face that made Sarojam also serious. Kamala was for a while staring up fixedly and her lips moved and she murmured, for she was hardly audible—closed her eyes for sometime. Then she opened her eyes and lit the spirit lamp. Then she ordered Sarojam (for the time being)—and said "pray to Agni Bahavan to help you—be concentrated and hold the paper about six inches above the flame."

I could see Sarojam's hands shaking and she breathed heavily to suppress her pains to keep up balance. Evidently she had gathered some courage in a moment, for she held the paper firmly in her hands above the flame. A hundred seconds passed and I saw my Sisie getting the paper from Sarojam and reading, "Mr. S. D. Sreenivasan B. A., son of Dakshinamurthi Pillai of Kodumudi."—I was taken aback, for it was my humble name and I couldn't understand the A. B. O., of it—and my Sisie continued reading. "If you marry any other person, woe unto you—I will burn away both you and the other fellow!" Sarojam took note of all this and verified it herself on the paper.

"So, that is that,—you have now known your hubby—don't forget when you are married," Kamala said with a light smile. "But remember, Miss Sarojam what I have previously told you. Do not on any account let any other person know about the strange power in me. Well, if you do that, the consequences will be that," she heaved a broad sigh and then resumed "I lose my power; and your hubby will die a tragic death—that is what my Guru had told me."

"Bye the by, when are you going to write to him?" Kamala asked Sarojam putting up a smiling face in an instant. (She was a chameleon). "Oh, I shall ask my father to arrange everything immediately. Even last year he was talking about my marriage, but I kept indifferent. Fortunately for me, my father had to try a number of cases against wives or hus-

bands while he was working as deputy collector. This led him to give me full freedom in the matter of selecting my husband," she explained.

Sarojam seemed very anxious to go to her house immediately. Though I wished her prolonged presence in the room, it would be better if she should go there immediately and arrange for the marriage. After a short formal talk the two parted.

Relieved physically, though mentally not at ease, I pushed my awfully perspiring body into the sofa in front of my Sisie under the cooling fan. "How all this? ? ? ?" was all that I could utter.

My Sisie laughed, assumed dignity and importance and then began "you see, dear, I understood that you were growing worse and worse in spite of my hard work in trying to destroy your craze for Sarojam. I couldn't bear your ruin under my very nose. So, I contemplated 'whether I could obtain Sarojam for you.' The plan that now proved successful struck my brain," she paused and then continued. "Accordingly I found means to make Sarojam my friend. I told her that father and the servant woman are the only other occupants of this house. I was careful to time her visits so that she may not meet you here. I told her that father comes home from the office only after six in the evening. I made something or other to make our friendship very intimate and I spoke to her so kindly and attractively that she thought I was something extraordinary!—One day she asked me about my educational qualifications. I told her that I don't possess any educational certificate with me—but that I had been, from my fifth year, taught by a certain pious Guru from the north. She, (Sarojam) wondered. I used to tell her about various things of curiosity that my Guru taught me. On one such occasion I told her that my Guru had taught me a certain mantram to Agni Bagavan which when uttered will enable one to know his or her future partner in life. She wondered all the more." Kamala again paused.

"Sarojam pressed me anxiously while I was gazing with my mouth open and ear funnels vigorous," to tell her all about this. She requested me to let her know, who her future husband is as I have been anticipating. I consented after much of fuss and told her that I will give her a paper which

she should hold over Agni (flame) and pray to Agni Bagavan, while I will be reciting the guru's mantram; and that Agni Bagavan will write on the paper the name and address of her husband; and that she would keep everything secret lest her husband will meet with a tragic death etc. She consented, and you know what happened to-day," she concluded. I could see her whole body swelling with pride.

"But how d' you know the mantram? ?" I asked her wondering.

"Pew," said Kamala. "After all you also think that I know mantram?" she faced me enquiringly twisting her lips. And then she began to explain. "It is all a simple trick with a little bit of scientific knowledge.".....I gaped enquiringly.

"There is a solution," Kamala continued, "known as Cobalt Chloride, and if we write on a paper with the solution, it disappears very soon, because the solution is colourless at the ordinary temperature. When the paper is held over a flame it is heated, and at higher temperature the solution assumes a pale blue colour and therefore the writing appears again," she concluded.

I jumped three feet clean above the ground and kicked off the chair nearby in my joy. I could feel my intestines and kidneys vibrating for my happiness knew no bound, it was overflowing. I told my Sisie ever so many things in praise of her intelligence. "Oh, no, no, no," Kamala repelled. Within a week's time I found myself seated side by side with Sarojam under the marriage panthal.

The other heart broken fellows are wondering at my good luck. I hear that Venugopal and Ramachandran have gone somewhere with a view to act with girls for the films. Two other fellows are suffering from severe headache and stomachache. Some others are not found in the town. The other day, Velu Pillai narrowly escaped from being crushed to nothing by the speeding chevrolet monster, while walking along the Gothandam street all in reverie!

While for myself, I am enjoying ever so many things with Sarojam. I am thinking of telling Sarojam all about the marriage some time later—it will be too late then, you see! Meanwhile you keep all this a secret.

The Little Gipsy Girl

By P. V. Ganapathy

On my way to my native village,
I saw a little gipsy girl,
Who played and sang aloud; her age
About ten; a lovely soul.

She played among the little tents
With cats and dogs her only pets.
Merrily with the dear friends
She danced. A pretty scene was that.

I watched her long, and going near
'What is your name?' I gently asked.
She turned on me and looked—so clear
Were her features—a moment and stared.

Once again I asked her name—
Kindly, when a sweet faltering
Angled voice "My name is Jane"
Ensued. Her tender face was shining.

'Where do you come from?' I slowly asked.
"I do not know" She mildly said.
"Where did you go?" I again queried.
"I do not know" she said.

Again I put her a number of questions
At which she began to run worried
I rolled an anna piece with patience.
She returned and her face was flurried.

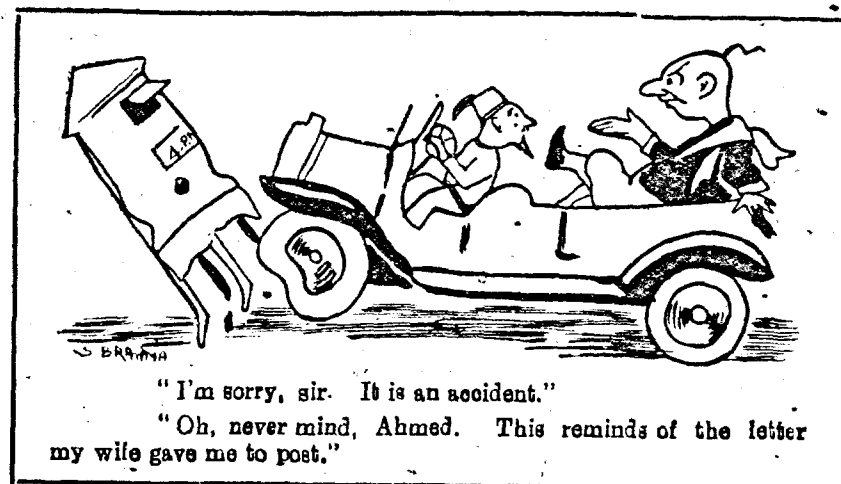
The little, pretty gipsy girl
Came near me with her hands stretched.
Her head was full of black curls.
Her eyes were large with pity touched.

My heart felt her eyes brightened
I left the coin, which fell in her palm.
The small gift had greatly pleased
Her. She bowed down and was calm.

Then looking at me pleasingly,
She quickly ran to the little tent.
I walked on so very joyfully;
Never was my mind so charitably bent.

Poor thing! No settled home:
Nor settled life; yet finds pleasure
In her own sphere, and fame.
Open air was to her the treasure.

I had gone a furlong from that place,
When I turned back and espied
A dozen and more gipsies gaze
At me. The little girl cried.



"I'm sorry, sir. It is an accident."

"Oh, never mind, Ahmed. This reminds of the letter my wife gave me to post."

The Bride's Bridegroom

By B. P. Advani.

CUPID draws the belly of his bow not only to aim at maidens but also to aim at matrons, who sail in the matrimonial sea with their husbands. The marriage, however, ties, with a thin thread, the husband and wife into a bundle but some outsider in the meantime will be untying this thread. He severs the husband and wife with his violence of love until at last the wife blushes at the very look of her husband, a poor down-trodden creature, and secretly cohabits with some outside thief. Were this in Western countries, she reports to the court either that her hubby is kissing her too often or that he is embracing her so hard that she might lose her figure! The court picking out some psychological point draws out a draft urging the husband to break the bond of marriage. I think this breaking of bondage is better than to have a sulky wife.

DIVYA Sundari first appeared in high school when she was fourteen. Soon the student folk got allured by her natural touches of beauty. Divya Sundari now and then liberated those cinema-star smiles which kept the number of her admirers. She had an alluring figure and a talkative tongue. Never had she fallen in love with any one of her admirers. So rolled on two years. By this time she was in the school-final class. A new chap joined the folk of Sundari's admirers. This fellow was a skillful hand in the art of praising. Whenever he had a chance to praise Divya Sundari he made the

best use of it. By and by Sundari's mind inclined towards this chap, Prakasam by name. But she never yielded to him.

Venkateswaram Naidu was a high sounding name in the surroundings of Metapur. He had only one daughter, Divya Sundari, brought with the utmost care from her childhood. As she now entered her womanhood it racked the brain of this popular person to celebrate the marriage. All the dailies of the province enjoyed the income from matrimonial advertisements. The post-man had to engage a cart to carry the responses to the house of the advertiser. To judge so many characters was no easy thing. Mr. Venkateswaram Naidu did not switch off the lights till late in the night. This selecting a hubby took ten nights until at last he picked up a suitor to Divya Sundari. His name went by Brij Mohan. A pretty good name for Sundari. He was, therefore immediately answered in the affirmative.

Brij Mohan picked up the first train and came to his would-be-uncle's house. He was drowned in a low sofa and Divya Sundari was brought into his gaze, with head bent, steps faltering, dress dazzling. Brij Mohan's eyes went coasting round Sundari and Sundari's shy, twisted look played hide and seek with them. "What a stunning beauty!" thought Brij Mohan within himself. "I think he is decidedly attractive", thought Sundari. Sundari caught the flash of approval in Mohan's eyes. The day was fixed for the ceremony and Venkateswaram Naidu loaded his son-in-law with new clothes.

The news of this settlement was soon shot out in the school area. There was one lad who is a target for this, Prakasam. "I should not give up my idea", he thought, "I shall try the desperate venture". Accordingly he watched with keen observation the happenings in Mr. Venkateswaram Naidu's house the next day. At about five in the evening he came to know that Sundari was alone in the house. He stole into her room. Sun-

dari looked surprisingly and questioned Prakasam. "Why Prakasam, why come you hither?"

"Sundari, you know that I love you," whispered Prakasam slowly.

"But I am engaged to marry another", argued Sundari.

"Break it, Sundari, break it" suggested Prakasam.

"I am sorry breathed Sundari pitifully. The disappointed looks of Prakasam wrought a miraculous change over Sundari's feeling. Prakasam darted towards Sundari and gave a hard embrace. Sundari was powerless before his eyes and the timid heart in her did not push her forward to resist Prakasam.

"What do you mean by this, don't you know that I am engaged?"

"What do you want me to do?" interrogated Sundari.

"Marry him Sundari, marry him, there is no gainsaying about that. But," there he paused as if he were to tell something monstrous and continued "you must not yield, that's where the suggestion lies".

"I must not yield! O Tempora O Mores! How can I after marriage keep aloof from my husband?" groaned Sundari.

"I shall see to it", protested Prakasam.

That is the day of marriage. The dum-dum sounds of the drums dimmed the ears of the marriage party. The tying of the bondage was ceremoniously performed with all the murmuring noises of the priests. At about twelve in the morning every one ate to his or her heart's content. The day however passed on without any interruption. The sixth day, the day of nuptials, the day on which the new couple enter into matrimony, approached bringing with it a bag of shyness to the bride and a vessel of stimulating

(Continued on page 43)

Can You Write ?

Not cheques or loveletters but articles, stories and other Magazine-features that are worth publication?

Here is an opportunity to test yourself.

The FUNNY Magazine is eager to help the literary ambitions of amateur writers. It invites contributions of every sort—stories, skits, poems, light verses, true narratives, jokes, riddles, witticisms, bright, chatty and interesting news-paragraphs—in short anything that's suitable for printing, from everyone who is anxious to try his hand in the field of Magazine-journalism, irrespective of the writer's caste or creed, age or sex.

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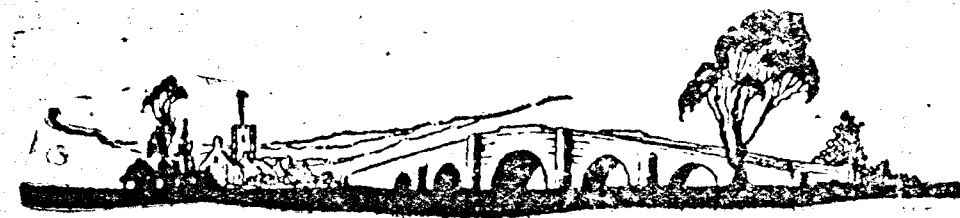
THE EDITOR,

The Funny Magazine,

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi

Mudali Street, Madras.

This will be an immensely beneficial form of literary exercise for the budding author. The learning amateur of to-day is the skilled professional of to-morrow.





Wife (heatedly): "You're crazy, you're worthless, you're bad-tempered, you're shiftless, you're a thorough liar!"

Husband (reasonably): "Well, my dear, no man is perfect."

"I never clash with my employer."

"No?"

"No; he goes his way, and I go his."

Rescuer: "How was it you came to fall in?"

Rescued: "I did n't come to fall in at all. I came to fish."

"I hate playing cards with a bad loser, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd rather play with a bad loser than any kind of winner!"

Salesman (to husband): "You won't beat this one, Sir."

Wife: "Excuse me, but he will if I want him to!"

Mrs. Newedd: "Darling, this is my first pig!"

Mr. Newedd: "Oh, what a treasure! Let's keep it, instead of eating it."

Jane: "That boy I was dancing

with told me I looked a perfect picture."

Jane: "Did he, dear? He probably meant you were well painted."

Orator: "And now, is there anyone in the audience who would like to ask a question?"

Small Boy: "Yes, sir. How soon is the band going to play?"

Motorist: "I want some hinges for the back wall of my garage."

Shop Assistant: "That's a funny place to put them."

Motorist: "I know, but, you see, my wife can't always stop the car."

Manager: "This place is getting dirty again."

Employee: "Right! I'll get the vacuum cleaner people to give us another demonstration."

Mrs. J: "Does your husband wear his hair short?"

Mrs. K: "Yes—the miserable scowd!"

"Never count your chickens before they are hatched."

Oh, you're one of those fellows who would take the chief pleasure out of the poultry business."

"That boy I was dancing

"I hope my visits are not disagreeable?"

"No," replied the invalid. However gloomy I am when you come, I'm always happy when you go."

Patient: "Please tell the doctor I'm in a frightful hurry."

Maid: "Come inside, Sir. The doctor never keeps any of his patients long."

Mrs. Smith: "Do you know that my baby is the most beautiful child in the world?"

Mrs. Brown: "Well, what a coincidence! So is mine."

Sambo: "Have you a mother-in-law, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Naw, but I hab a father in prison."

The manageress, looking extremely angry, approached the customer's table.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that you have found fault with my cakes. The business of this cafe has been built almost entirely on my cooking."

"Madam" replied the customer, "I see no reason to doubt it. With a few more buns like these you could build an hotel!"

The new recruit passed an officer without saluting.

"Here, my man," called the officer, "do you see this uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yes, sir, and just look at this thing they gave me."

The lady: "Yes, she's married to a lawyer, and a good, honest fellow, too!"

The cynic: "Bigamist!"

She: "I'm awfully glad you've got a part in the dramatic Society's next show. Have you much to say?"

He: "Practically nothing. I'm playing the part of a husband."

(Continued from page 40)

tonic to the bridegroom. The nuptial chamber was decorated with all the splendour that little room could endure. A table stood kneeling on the wall. To describe a scene like this is a nut beyond my ability to crack. The decorator of the chamber was posted by Sundari herself. He was the nimblest creature that night. Why? By nine in the night the bridegroom sat on the cot fraught with anxiety. After a pause the bride, accompanied, by all the busy train, stepped into the room all huddled. The ceremonial functions got finished. One by one retreated leaving the bride and the bridegroom to themselves.

The darkness of the night increased with the love of the bridegroom. It was so silent that even the ticking of the clock could be heard distinctly. The bridegroom was about to kiss the bride. Yeh? One of the wax figures began to move. The hero of the chamber whipped to that side and shook the figure. "Nothing is here," said he to his bride and approached his wife to kiss and to cuddle. The same figure began to titter again. The bridegroom this time pulled the figure out of its place. Pity him! He gave an yelling cry—"A ghost!" and fell down.

In those days people still believed in ghosts and the proofs of some of the American doctors made the educated, too, trust in them.

The ghost took off its black cloak and surprisingly turned into Prakasam. And my dear readers, stretch your imagination and well, get to know things.

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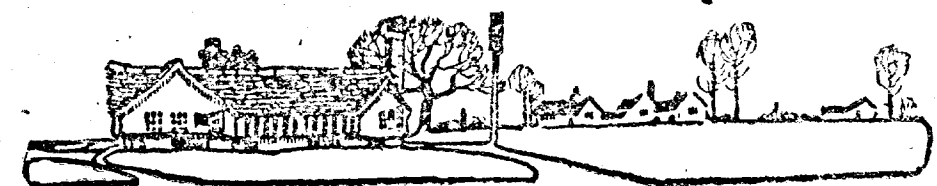
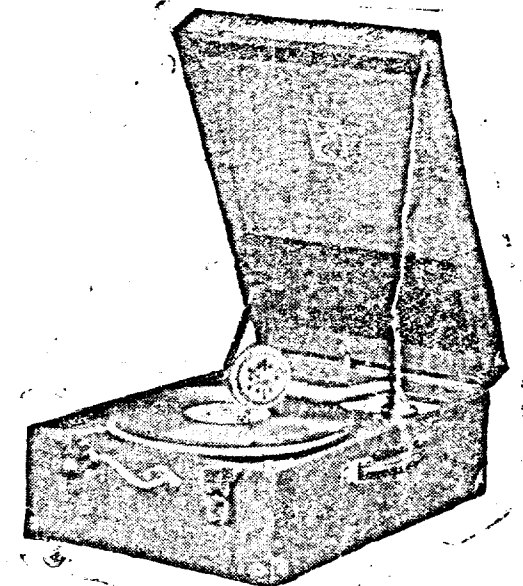
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An Awkward Question

By Shelk Iftekhhar Rassool.

'HULLO' I said Sham, bursting in and seeing me with a baloon in my hand. 'Throwing a party?'

It was an awkward question. If I said 'No', he would accuse me of tampering with the truth. On the other hand, if I said 'yes', he would want to know why he hadn't been asked, and it would be extremely difficult to tell him politely. I could hardly say, 'We haven't asked you, sham, because we want to have a pleasant evening.' If I put it in that way there was a possibility that Sham might think me rude. I therefore decided to fall back on a little gentle evasion.

'My dear man,' I said, 'you don't think we'd throw a party without asking you, do you?'

SHAM, lit one of the peculiar cigarettes to which he is addicted and blew a cloud of acrid smoke into the room.

'Well,' he said, with quiet modesty, 'I am generally considered to be the life and soul of a party.'

Sham poured forth a little more poison gas into the room and flicked his cigarette ash on to the carpet. Then, he said, with relentless logic, 'If you're not contemplating any form of orgy to-night, what are you doing with the baloon?'

I backed away spluttering, to where the air was clearer.

'Oh, just bouncing it about,' I said, and I did a few demonstration bounces to make my meaning clearer. The baloon floated in the direction of Sham's lighted cigarette and went off with a bang.

'Hullo!' said Sham intelligently.

'That's quite all right,' I replied, noticing that in so doing it had put his cigarette out—'quite all right.'

'Is it a new cult or something—this baloon-bouncing?' asked Sham.

'It is, as a matter of fact,' I said.

'And do you mean to tell me,' inquired Sham, 'that this is how you spend your mornings—bouncing a baloon about?'

'Well,' I said, 'one must do something.'

'Hm—yes,' said Sham. 'I suppose that is something?'

'Oh, rather,' I said, 'keeps you fit. Look at me.' I squared my shoulders and braced my biceps.

'I'm looking,' said Sham. 'What do I do next?'

'Before I began this treatment,' I said, 'I was pale and liverish and my kidneys were awful. Now I have a lovely skin, a beautiful liver and a splendid pair of kidneys, thanks entirely to these baloons. You may make what use you like of this.'

'Thanks very much,' said Sham. 'I'll do it in fret-work and hang it on my bedroom wall. Now about this party of yours to-night.'

'Party,' I said. 'I thought we had disposed off that nonsense.'

'Well,' said Sham, glancing round, 'it'll take a lot of disposing off. For instance, where's all the usual furniture?'

'Furniture?' I said. 'What an extraordinary question to ask?'

'Why?' said Sham. 'Don't you use furniture now?'

'Of course not,' I said. 'You read your daily paper, don't you? You go to places and see things—buy papers and read things? And yet you say, "Where's all the usual furniture?"'

'You're quite right,' said Sham. 'I do. Where is it?'

'My dear Sham,' I said, 'surely you know that people aren't using furniture now. Just a dark dado, a white wainscoting and half a dozen water colours, and your room's complete.'

'Is that so?' said Sham. 'And what about chairs to eat off?'

'One doesn't eat off chairs nowadays,' I explained, 'it is no longer considered healthy.'

Sham thought for a moment. 'I'll tell you a good game to play at your party to-night,' he said.

My efforts didn't seem to be exactly crowned with success, but I stuck to my guns to the last.

'Game?' I said in astonishment. 'To-night?'

'It's called Hide and Symbol,' said Sham.

'Game?' I murmured again. 'To-night?'

But there was no stemming the torrent of words that flowed from him.

'Instead of hiding a thimble, you hide a symbol for a thimble. A reel of cotton, a book of poetry by Tagore, a glass of milk—anything symbolical. It makes the game more difficult, you see, because the searchers don't know what symbol is used. Sometimes the symbolism is so obscure that they haven't the faintest idea whether they are looking for a loofah or roll of linoleum. It is this element of doubt which gives the game its great fascination and charm.'

'Thank you,' I said when he had finished, 'it's very kind of you to mention it.'

'Another delightful little game we could play to-night,' continued Sham. 'It's called "Dharko," and went on to explain it.'

I roared with laughter.

He left shortly after that. Before he went he paused at the door, and said: 'About eight to-night, then?'

'It's awfully decent of you to ask yourself,' I said.

'Not at all,' answered Sham. 'It's a pleasure. So long!' He waved cheerily and was gone.

'It's a pity you couldn't come last night when we were having the party,' I shouted after him. 'I'm afraid there will be no one in to-night.'

But Sham was out of sight and hearing.

A Matter of Business

By 'KUMAR'

'Are you a great drinker' sir? "

Asked Mr Bunsen Burner, the lawyer,

Staring at the witness's big, red, nose

Soon came the angry answer "why, that's my business! "

But the lazy-looking lawyer Burner

Was not in so easy a way to be offended;

He looked the fellow in his face; "Any other business, sir? "

Shrugging his shoulders he snapped.



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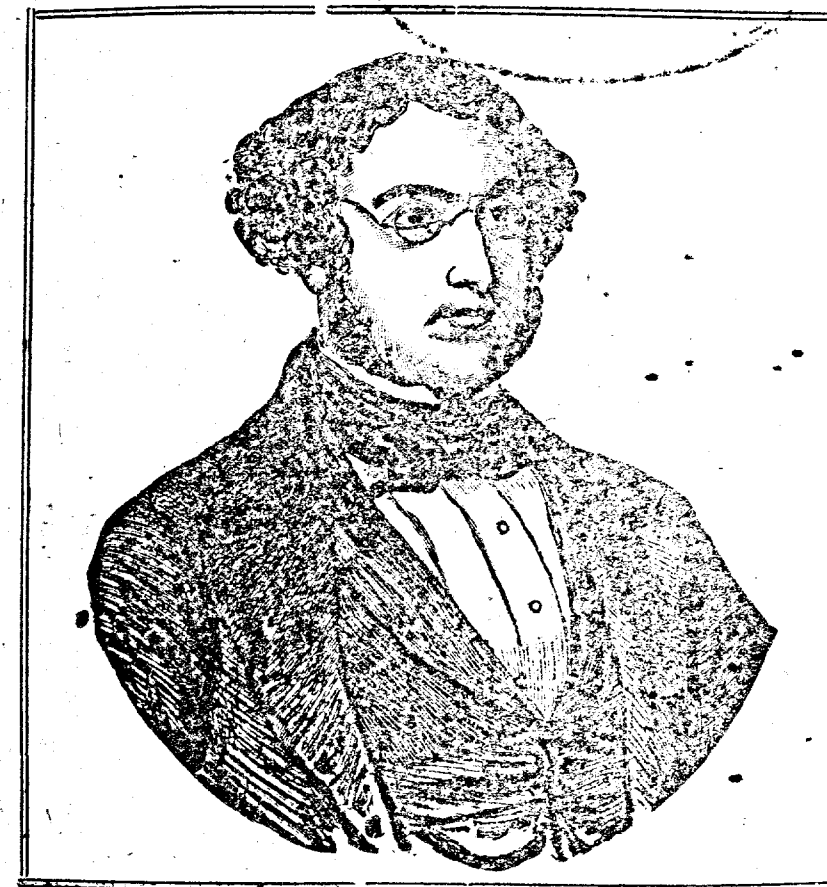
What a luvly block—of course you know we mean lovely, don't you? Well, then, what a luvly block! What a luvly picture of a luvly girl! And, just fancy what a luvly story this might illustrate! In fact, it seems to us the girl in the picture also thinks so, for she seems to us to be letting her optics roam about—for a Romeo. Anyway, we have got the picture, through we haven't got the story yet. But don't you worry about that—we'll get hold of one anyhow.



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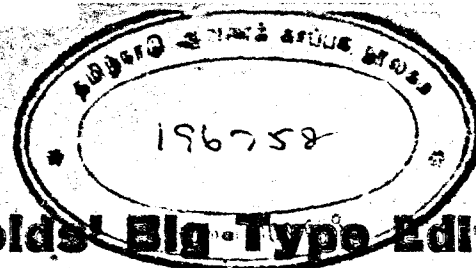
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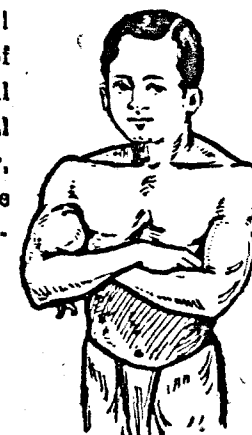
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