

MY MAGAZINE
OF INDIA

15th NOV - 1954



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MY MAGAZINE

OF INDIA

25th Year of Publication

Vol. 25 :: 15th NOVEMBER 1954 :: No. 22

Cabinet Changes In Pakistan

WHILE Mr. Mohammed Ali was carrying on negotiations in Washington for increased military aid, there were dramatic developments in Pakistan. Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, the Governor-General, whose powers had been largely curtailed, declared a state of emergency in the country. Taking note of public resentment against the draft constitution and the general discontent with the Constituent Assembly, the Governor-General ordered the dissolution of this discredited body. Fresh elections are to be held as early as possible so that a more truly representative Assembly can hammer out a new constitution reflecting the true wishes of the people.

It is well known that the Constituent Assembly, dominated by the Leaguers and containing very few members of the United Front, lost its representative character. By fostering inter-provincial rivalry and giving a fillip to theocracy, the Assembly imperilled the very security of the nation.

To silence politicians and leaders who had a liberal outlook and were opposed to the League, the Pakistani Government had been exploiting the PRODA—Public and Representative Offices Disqualification Act—which has done infinite harm to the public life of the country. The Governor-General exempted a popular leader, like Mr. Khuro, and three others from the operation of this Act with the result that Mr. Khuro has become Chief Minister of Sind.

As soon as Mr. Mohammed Ali hurried back to Karachi, the Governor-General showed his firmness of purpose by insisting on a reconstitution of the Ministerial Cabinet. It is significant that Mr. Ali had little choice but to obey. If he had been allowed a free hand, the Prime Minister would not have

parted with Mr. Qayyum, the two Qureshis and Mr. Gurnani. And it is very doubtful if he would have allowed Dr. Khan Saheb to step in.

But the Governor-General had already decided on the shape of things to come, and the former Congress leader who led an undivided nation to freedom's goal, agreed to accept a portfolio in the re-constituted Pakistani Cabinet. The inclusion of two Generals—Major-General Iskander Mirza and General Ayub Khan as Minister for Interior and Minister for Defence, respectively—would be suggestive of a military junta at first sight. When the United Front Ministry was sacked, the Major-General was chosen as Governor to rule over East Bengal with an iron hand. The allotment of the Defence portfolio to General Ayub Khan who is Commander-in-Chief is at least understandable. The armed forces are definitely ranged on the side of law and order.

Report has it that Mr. Suhrawardy may join in as soon as he finishes medical treatment in Switzerland. Should this eventuate, one would be justified in calling the new team a coalition Cabinet, broad-based and best fitted to serve the country. Thereby the cause of Indo-Pakistan amity would also be promoted. We do hope that the new Ministry will respect the decision of the Kashmir Constituent Assembly and treat the State's accession to the Indian Union as an unalterable fact. Once this is recognized, India and Pakistan can get closer together; it will take little time to settle all other disputes and resolve any differences of opinion, however sharp they may be. It is of happy augury that Pakistan's Governor-General has set in motion certain new forces that have brought about an awareness among the people of new values and principles.

Sri V.V. GIRI, Bar-at-Law,

Ex-Labour Minister, Central Government,
Friend of Capitalist and Father of Indian Labourer.

Broad of build, sturdy of body, stout of Heart, this great son of the Andhra State, treated the responsibilities of his many high offices as mere opportunities for Service to men "my Brothers" who labour in field and factories. For, it was with an easy conscience that he gave up his Labour Ministership in the Central Government the moment he felt that the decision of the Central Govt. about Labour was against his own principles. He gave it up and stepped out of office rather than stick to a job, however alluring the job might be, a renunciation, as it is wrongly said, more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Instances of such holding fast to one's post even against one's principles, are not wanting even in our young Republic.

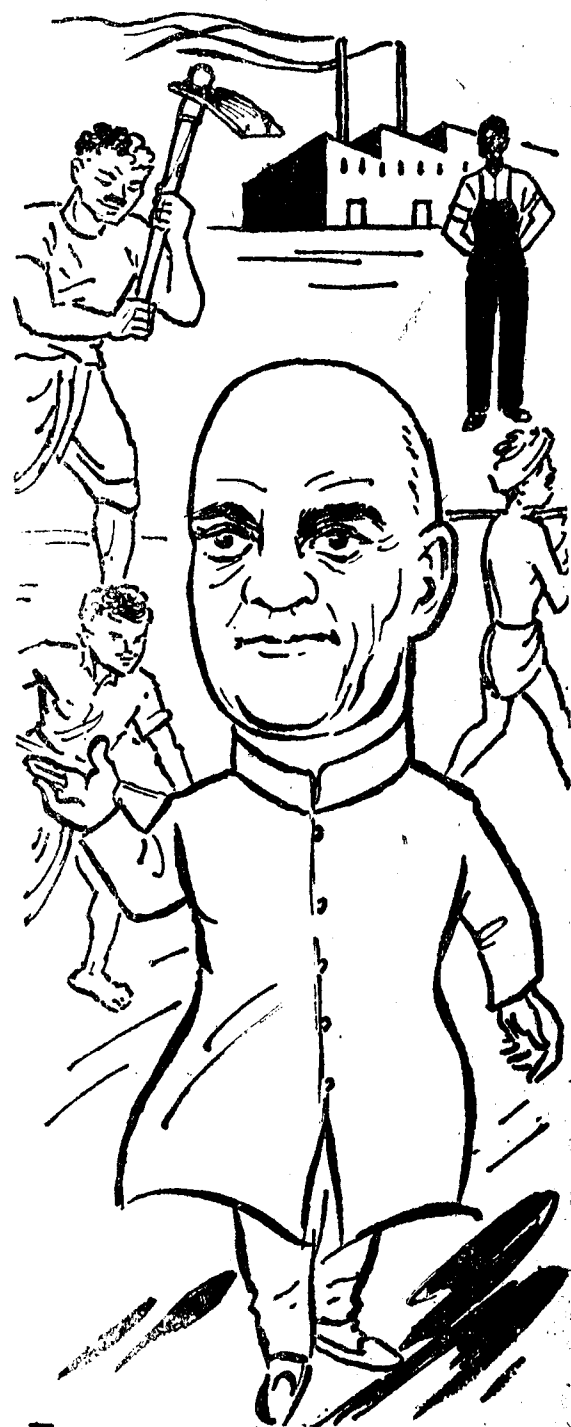
Having joined the Civil Disobedience Movement in 1921, he had practically in the last forty years of his life, dedicated himself to the cause of Labour in India. No wonder that, in offering him felicitations on his having reached his happy 61st Birthday, Ministers and Labourers joined in the joyous celebration of that National event.

Ever ready to stand for the rights of and Justice to the Indian Labourers, today as an ex-minister, he is more idolised than even when he was in office. In or out of office, to Mr. Giri, Labour is his only concern. He has given proof of that loyalty by his uniform advocacy of Labour in and out of India. Perhaps, it might look as if there was a break in that Service for Labour when, for four years, he was High Commissioner for Ceylon, 1947-50; but, be it remembered, even in those years, he devoted himself more to the amelioration of the condition of the Indian labourers in Ceylon than to the other responsibilities that go with that high office.

In the undivided Madras State, he was Minister for Labour, which he resigned and was twice President of the All-India Trade Union Congress.

Ministers, to take up the places of the out-going Ministers, are not at all difficult to find; but, it will remain to the credit of this noble son of India, that there can never be found one who can worthily occupy the place he did, shedding such unselfish and selfless lustre on a job none the most easy or the most comfortable.

Perhaps, today Labour in India has more to gain by Mr. Giri out of office than by Mr. Giri in office.



Favourite of the Fortnight

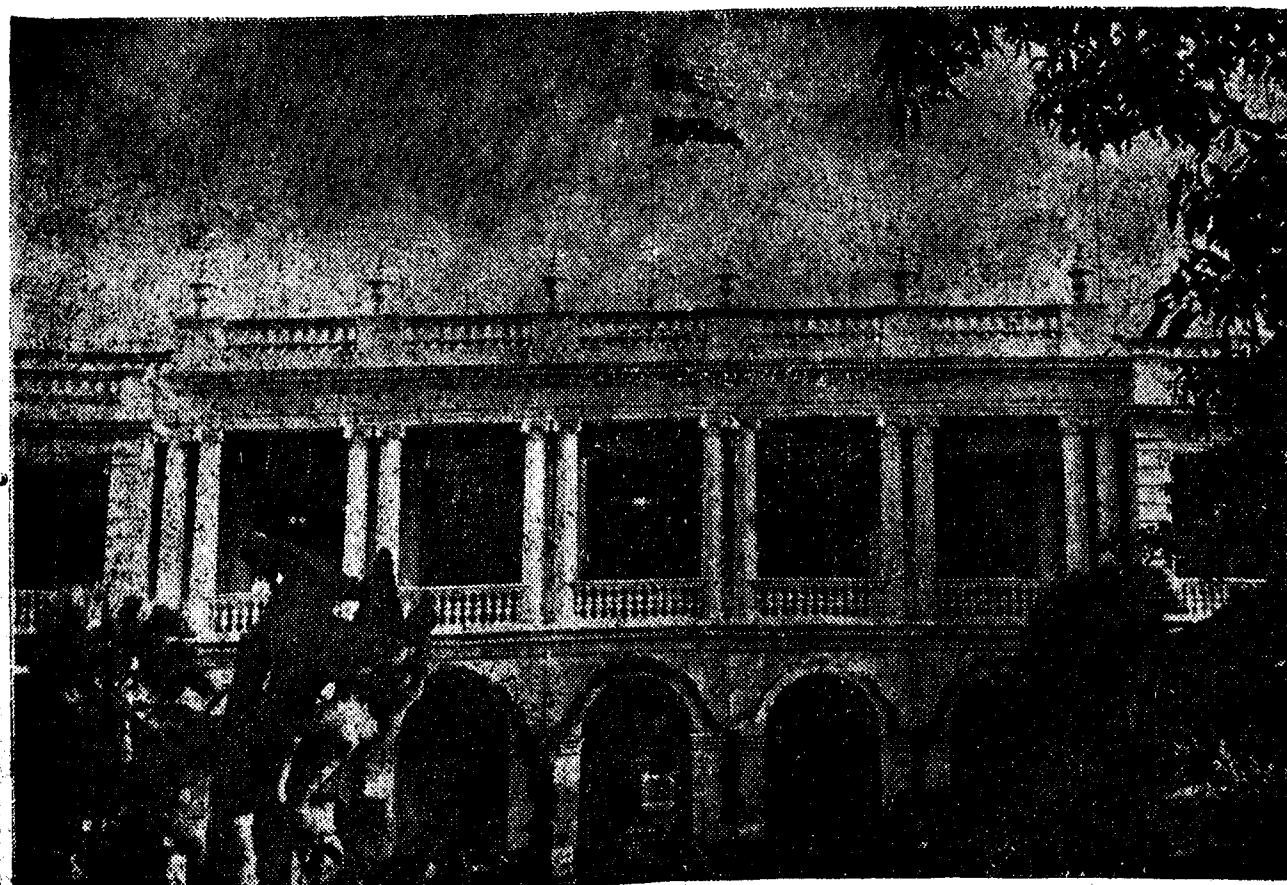
IN THE NEWS



MR. MAO TSE-TUNG, Chairman of the People's Republic of China, greeting the Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, when the Prime Minister met him at Peking during his recent visit to the city.



DR. J.N. KHOSLA, India's delegate for the International Commission for Supervision and Control in Laos.



The Government of India took over the administration of the French Establishments in India with effect from November 1, 1954. The formal transfer of Power Ceremony was held at the Government House in Pondicherry when Mr. Pierre Landy, Representative of the Government of France, handed over seals of authority to Sri Kewal Singh, Chief Commissioner Designate, who received the same on behalf of the Government of India. Photo shows the Indian National Flag flying over the Government House at Pondicherry, after the Transfer of Power Ceremony.

After French Rule

The French have left India for good after transferring all powers of administration to the Union Government. At Pondicherry, M. Pierre Landy, on behalf of the French Government, and Sri Kewal Singh, on behalf of the Government of India, signed documents effecting *de facto* transfer of the French Settlements. These now constitute a separate Part C State, administered by Sri Kewal Singh, the Chief Commissioner.

In a message to the people of the new State, Pandit Nehru from far-off China explained the significance of this development. A part of India, long separated from the Motherland, had returned to us of its own free-will. The policy of peace which the India Government had adopted and so actively pursued was vindicated. The Prime Minister expressed the hope that Pondicherry would continue to be a centre of French language and culture and would serve as a cultural link between the Republic of India and the Republic of France.

There is, however, a good deal of speculation in the daily press regarding the immediate future of these four areas. Customs barriers are to continue so that foreign goods when they come up to the surface should not escape duties. As prohibition is not likely to be introduced here for some more time, Madras State will tighten up its cordon to prevent any smuggling of liquor.

Since it is expected that the *de jure* transfer of power will follow very quickly, people must prepare to go to the polls to elect their own Government. Anticipating this possibility, Communists and other parties are busy outlining their programmes and manifestos. But the brightest feature of the New State's economic side is that the Five-Year Plan is being extended to it. There is every indication that the people of the former settlements will thoroughly identify themselves with the rest of India.

But Portugal has been given a pat on the back by the French Minister for Overseas Territories, M. Robert Buron. He openly

stated in Paris that it was not imperative on the part of Portugal to follow in the footsteps of France. "Portugal," he said, "has a territory at stake whereas France had only settlements—that is to say, warehouses, docks and trading centres." This mischievous remark seems to have given cause for much elation in Portuguese official circles. It is to be feared that the struggle for the liberation of Goa may be prolonged.

Little Progress

The Madras Corporation's Administration Report makes depressing reading. The amenities provided for the citizen are very few although, as *The Mail* very shrewdly points out, the present incidence of taxation per head is nearly double that in the last decade. It is deplorable that the Corporation has not paid the least heed to the rate-payers' demand for economy and wise spending. In his report, the Commissioner lists three main causes that handicap the Administration and worsen the financial position. The extended areas of the City are badly in need of development. They require well-laid roads, good drains, water supply and more lights, to begin with. Owing to the continued

drought in recent years, there has been an influx of lakhs of poor people from the neighbouring villages and, as a result, the City has more than 250 slums today. Thirdly, there has been a steep rise in the cost of the administration.

During the year under review sanitary conditions in the City were anything but satisfactory. An outbreak of cholera in August, 1953 was brought under control only towards the end of the year. The underground drainage scheme was hardly pushed through. As the daily suggests, much of the rate-payers' money could be saved if the Corporation turned over the Infectious Diseases and T.B. Hospitals to the Government. A sense of false prestige perhaps stands in the way.

Andhra Ministry Resigns

On the issue of prohibition the Prakasam Ministry has sustained a defeat. The Andhra Assembly adopted a no-confidence motion after a three-day debate. Sri G. Latchanna, former Minister, moved the resolution criticising Government's failure to implement the Ramamurti Committee's recommendations for scrapping prohibition.

It was recalled by the critics of the Government that Ministers

had gone back on their own earlier assurance that any findings, arrived at by the Ramamurti Committee, would be implemented. The report was put in cold storage. This action of the Ministry was condemned by the Assembly as undemocratic. 6 members voted for the no-confidence motion and 68 against. This Opposition majority of one must have come as a surprise and a jolt not only to the Ministry but to the public as well, now confronted by the prospect of a general election.

As a sequel to this motion, the Prakasam Ministry has resigned. It is doubtful if the Opposition is strong enough to assume the reins of administration. The Communists are jubilant but even with the co-operation of the Praja-Socialists they cannot form a stable Ministry. Popular support for it is bound to be lacking. For a little more than thirteen months since the formation of the Andhra State, Sri Prakasam carried on

the Government ably and energetically, infusing enthusiasm among the people and commanding the confidence and admiration of the neighbouring States and the Centre. That a serious crisis is brewing in the infant State is regrettable. Elections have been rendered inevitable ultimately, although President's rule under Section 92-A may have to be imposed for the present.

Birthday Tribute

Pandit Nehru was sixty-five yesterday. Birthday tributes and messages of greetings to our matchless leader are pouring in from all parts of India and the rest of the world. The years sit lightly on him. During his tour of China our Prime Minister fulfilled as many as six to ten engagements a day; his tireless energy and enthusiasm astonished the Chinese who refused to believe that he was past sixty-four. As we often stated, one is as old or as young as he feels. Pandit Nehru is remind-

ed of his age only on occasions like these.

We daresay no Prime Minister of any country carries such a heavy burden of responsibility as Pandit Nehru. On average, he devotes twelve to eighteen hours a day to his official routine as Prime Minister and Congress President. Now he has called on Sri U.N. Dhebar to assume office as Congress Chief. But there is little time that Pandit Nehru can call his own. The Congress still looks upon him as its steward. Either he is on tour, addressing more than a dozen meetings a day or busy attending conferences of international importance in some foreign country. Yet he seldom feels tired or fatigued. What is the secret of his perennial youth? It is easy to guess that his love for the country and zeal for service provide the fountain-head of his inexhaustible energy. We respectfully offer our felicitations to the leader and wish him many happy returns.



An Agreement between the Government of India and the Government of France for the settlement of the question of the future of the French Establishments in India was signed in New Delhi on October 21. According to the Agreement the Government of India took over the administration of the territory of the French Establishments in India with effect from November 1, 1954. Photo shows Sri R.K. Nehru, Foreign Secretary of India (2nd from right) and His Excellency Count Stanislas Ostrogorski, Ambassador for France in India, signing the Agreement on behalf of their respective Governments.



The Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, visited the Young Pioneers Palace in Shanghai on October 28, during his recent tour of the People's Republic of China. Photo shows the Prime Minister being presented with a scarf by a child during his visit to the Children's Palace.

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THE FAIR LUNATIC!

By Miss J.N. COOPER

It was on the day of the Solar Eclipse in June that my bullying, elder brother brought me to the Lunatic Asylum, a mile or two away from our bungalow. Its inmates were in an uproar, each screaming at the top of her voice. Someone pulled at me to ask me, "Isn't my voice the sweetest you ever heard?"

"Aren't you enchanted with my lovely melody?" demanded another.

"Did you ever listen to the nightingale of the South? That's me!" boasted a third.

I know not what explanation or proof of my insanity was given to the Superintendent, but anyhow he seemed to be mighty afraid of me as if I was an animal, who might pounce upon him at any moment, though I am the meekest girl you could ever find.

Only one long-nosed brain-specialist, Dr. Bose, was friendly with me. Indeed he was over-friendly, and evinced a keen interest in my case. As I scored well at Healy's Picture Completion Test, he started with the Projective Tests in which we have to interpret ink-blot. I was asked what the first blot suggested to me. I replied, "A bat with one of its wings partially wounded in the fight that took place between the bats and crows just the other day."

"O.K. girlie," said the doctor as he took out another card with several reddish ink blots on it.

This brought to my mind the image of "Hens laying eggs and cackling away to their hearts'

content to inform old Mrs. Hastings that she had better take up the eggs before the next-door villains snatched them away."

The third card had a large blot (in the centre) and several thin, curved ones. On the top of the card were two marks which seemed like rich curtains.

"It is a representation of a castle with Beauty and Beast romancing within, and the reptiles-in-waiting gazing at them from a distance."

AS I gave him such answers, he caught hold of my chin, and said, "You seem to be thinking of animals and birds more than of human beings."

"Yes, I prefer the dumb creatures as they do not think a hell of themselves as you men do."

"What makes you believe that I think much of myself?"

"If you didn't have a notion of your own brain being superior to mine, you wouldn't start testing me, but submit to the tests I give you."

"All right, I submit."

"Stand still. I want to test your nerves," said I, as I boxed him just below the chin.

He was taken unawares, lost his balance and fell with a thud, banging his head against his chair which was nearby.

I was myself scratching my head in bewilderment as the two orderlies dragged me to a cell which

was meant for the most violent lunatics. Its only inmate was a skinny young woman, who, I believed, could not possibly be violent. That was my first impression.

She called herself Ophelia, and seemed to be engrossed in writing a long letter to her Hamlet who was in the male ward. However, she was up and energetic the very moment that our meals were brought in. She threw the bearer to the ground by a blow on the head, and started gorging her mouth with all the rice and vegetables that had fallen to the ground from her dish as well as mine.

I slept hungry that night.

NEXT day I was sent again to the brain-specialist who reported on duty with a bandaged head. Of course, for the first half-hour two orderlies stood by me to prevent any repetition of the previous day's incident. He started with "Visual Imagery Tests," and was so thrilled at my performance that he brought his throbbing heart so near to my ears, that I could not only hear his heart-beats but also smell the onions he must have eaten before reporting himself on duty.

His fingers travelled a little further down my shoulders as he said, "Now I'll test your heart-beats."

"No fears. That can be easily done by the lady doctor next door."

Being snubbed thus, he started with the "Personality Inventory." I smelt a rat, because some of the

(Continued on page 52)

THE ROSE PERFUME



By
K.T.C.

THERE was a long queue at the bus-stop heralding that the "peak hour" rush had commenced. When Kumar joined it, he could not ignore two things: the sweet perfume of rose which floated in the air near him, and secondly, the head which was originating the said perfume — none other than a young woman ahead of him in the queue that was now fast growing.

No doubt, our hero took stock of her during the half hour that they had to wait before their bus arrived. But there was nothing that he could do about it, except to dream. And this he did so thoroughly that when the bus came, and the orderly queue broke into a disorderly crowd fighting to get at the entrance, he was severely left behind. It is needless to say that he missed the bus. He would not

have worried over this, had it not been for the fact that he missed the girl also, although the perfume lingered in the air around slightly mixed with the diesel oil odour of the bus.

Kumar was not a sentimental lad, normally. Nevertheless, his missing the bus worried him and continued to worry him long after he had caught the next one and

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reached the office. The week after this was uneventful. A fortnight or so later, the rose perfume began to cross his path once again. He had gone to the school to admit his daughter when the luxurious smell confronted him and later on the young woman herself. She was a teacher and espying Kumar, who looked puzzled as to where to take his child for the preliminaries before admission, volunteered with these words: "The office is upstairs, to the left, please!"

KUMAR looked at her and lost all presence of mind to say "Thanks" for the timely information. His mouth opened to utter the monosyllable "Oh" and, having uttered it, remained open. Memories, deeply embedded in his mind, began to stir now. Hastily he withdrew from her presence and proceeded towards the office room, with his bewildered daughter following.

Meena, wife of Kumar, was a typical household girl with all the foibles and virtues common to such a one. When her daughter faithfully reported her father's talk with a lady teacher, she did not attach much importance to it and dismissed it after a casual enquiry with Kumar.

As the days went by, she found her husband always talking about the school her daughter studied in; she now began to suspect that something was fishy about her husband's movements. What it was she wanted to find out. This she did when they went to the local temple on a festival day. All the local people had arrived there, and more were pouring in. There was to be a music concert by an eminent artiste and rows of people were sitting down in vantage points near the dais. Soon the musician came and after a few minutes, the performance started. It was then that Lakshmi, the daughter, pointed to a young woman with roses in her plaited

hair, sitting at the end of a particular row of people. Sitting next to her, who should be there but Kumar, enjoying the music perhaps—but certainly enjoying the company of the woman better?

Meena was not surprised to see the girl with the roses. Kamala was one of the girls Kumar had known before he married Meena and rejected by his parents as too poor. But she was astonished to see Kumar nestling closely by her side. For one thing, Kumar had not revealed that he would be going to the temple—much less did he say with whom. "So, this was the teacher he had been going with," thought Meena. She could not stand the sight of her husband sitting with another girl so shamelessly. The monotony of it and his open unfaithfulness to her wounded her to the quick. Clutching her daughter's hand she returned home hastily, with tears coursing down her cheeks.

THE calm, serene, harmonious household of Kumar began to change fast. The calmness was still there—but it was like the calmness of the grave. Of harmony there was no sign. In fact, there were any number of indications pointing to the contrary. Even the patient Meena could not brook Kumar's wanton neglect of herself.

Kumar, who sought the company of Kamala often, could not find time to see her since he was transferred to a busier section in his office. He returned late in the evening, completely exhausted, and had to take his meals and then his bed. When several days passed without his seeing Kamala, he became like a fish out of water and had to devise a plan to ensure her company: she should teach his daughter an hour or two every day, and to this she readily agreed, but Meena would not. Soon the daughter's failure in that year's examination helped Kumar's case, and Meena, although she had

acquiesced outwardly, was grieving in her heart of hearts.

While Kumar and Kamala were having a good time in each other's company, Meena's health deteriorated visibly. At last, she was taken to a specialist who pronounced her affliction as tuberculosis. Kumar was perturbed and hastened to make amends for his injustice in the past. He gave her the best medical aid and was constantly by her side. Kamala too, in her off-hours, nursed the ailing Meena back to normal health. But it took an unbelievably long time for her to be out of the danger zone. The infinite patience and magnificent efforts of both Kumar and Kamala wrought the change not only in Meena's health but also in her mind.

ONE DAY the convalescing Meena called Kumar and said she would be happy if he married Kamala and settled down. She would give her whole-hearted consent to such a development. But, strangely enough, he would hear none of it. He had already stopped Kamala's tuition, he announced. In spite of Meena's protest that Kamala was a good girl and had not only loved him but also herself (Meena) as well, he refused to hear anything about her plan.

"Why did you sacrifice your love for her?" Meena finally asked.

"Weren't you about to sacrifice your very life for me?" he countered.

The postman just then delivered a letter. Kamala had written to say: "I have been transferred to the next district school. Give my respects to Meena and do take care of her health. Love to Lakshmi."

Kamala's sacrifice seemed to equal theirs, and the air around seemed to carry a trace of the rose perfume.

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Problem For The Wife!

THE ward was full at 5 p.m. as usual. No white-clad, freshly starched nurse was to be seen anywhere. Now the ward looked like a regular bazar with its peculiar hum and people wandering here and there. They were relatives, friends and acquaintances of the sick people who occupied the ward. It was the visiting hour. Some women, dressed to kill in fine silks, glittering jewels and flower-decked hair, were also seen there. They certainly did not come there to flaunt before the suffering humanity. Actually they had come to visit some one in the Maternity Ward—no cause to go in a sober mood to that ward—and on their way back home they had decided to see some one in the Surgical Ward. It was intriguing to see humanity helpless and chained to the bed.

Of course, there was the usual slipshod lot, with untidy hair, crushed clothes and worry written in block letters all over their faces. Their dear one was ill—maybe it was first an ordinary ailment—but to them, it was serious. The visitors were expected to give their condolence in anticipation. Some patients had as many as six visitors around them.

Bed No. 18 was occupied by Ajit Singh, a young handsome man of twenty-five or so. He looked unnaturally straight, under the sheet. Except for that, no one could say that he was ill, or how ill for that matter. He had a cheerful face, with laughing eyes. His cheeks were flushed and rosy red. On a little high stool by the side of him sat Vilma, his wife. She was hardly twenty-one and was pretty, dainty and small. She looked so pale that at a casual glance at the pair, one would wonder if their places were wrongly taken. It was she who should have been in bed, and he on the stool and Ajit voiced that opinion. Vilma pulled herself up with a jerk and smiled at him.

"No. I am all right, Ajit. I want you not to worry on any account, but concentrate on getting well."

"But I am not worrying seriously, darling. I am first wondering how you are going to manage. How long did the Doctor say I should be in this straight jacket?" He touched the stiff plaster case humorously.

Vilma was alarmed. When the Doctor diagnosed Ajit's trouble to be T.B. spine, he advised that Ajit should go straight to bed, in plaster case, and remain there for a complete year. Ajit, of course, was not told this truth, because of Vilma's earnest request. Vilma knew her Ajit. He would never have agreed to remain in bed for a year, if he had known, because they were poor and could not afford it. So the doctors gave vague answers when Ajit taxed them as to how long he should be in plaster.

"Why don't you answer me?" asked Ajit suspiciously.

"What did you ask me, dear?" Vilma pretended that she had not heard.

"Now, where is your mind wandering? I asked how long I am to be in this prison?"

"Oh, that!" Vilma laughed lightly. "Six weeks, seven, maybe eight."

"Eight weeks!" Ajit almost jumped off his bed. "Vilma, I can't afford to be in bed for eight weeks. Who'll look after you, and what about money?"

It was then that awful sickly sweet fluid began filling in Vilma's mouth. She was scared. Once it started, she knew that it would flow out like a broken pipe, and at the same time, her stomach was turning inside out.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked Ajit anxiously. "You look green!"

No. Vilma couldn't control. She rushed to the closet and held on to her stomach. She was as sick as she could be, which relieved her no doubt, but it left her very weak. She leaned back on the wall for support, and waited to recover. Then she slowly went back to Ajit.

"What's the matter, Vilma? Tell me." He was frankly worried.

Tell him? Tell him the truth? She was getting these awful attacks ever since Ajit came to hospital. If she told him, that would have been his death warrant. So Vilma again just laughed. "Ajit, you know what a coward I am. While coming up to this ward, I saw an accident case. He was a mess of raw flesh and blood and —"

Ajit laughed with relief as he took her cold hand in his hot one. They talked of other things for a while and suddenly Ajit became silent.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Vilma timidly.

"If I have to remain in bed for eight weeks, I am wondering what is going to happen to you. I think I had better ask the doctor to make it four weeks. I will be careful at home. How much money have you, Vilma?"

"Oh! a little over Rs. 200/-, I guess," said Vilma carelessly.

TRUE, she had Rs. 200/- before. Ajit was admitted to the hospital. But she had paid the Specialist his fee of Rs. 100/- and had purchased his medicines for another Rs. 50/- Ajit would never have agreed to consult or be plastered by a Specialist if he had known that he had to pay Rs. 100/- for it, but Vilma wanted the very best for her husband. So she had arranged without Ajit's knowledge for the Specialist, and Ajit innocently thought that all that was free because he was lying in a free hospital. Now Vilma had less than Rs. 50/- in hand and there was a whole year before Ajit could go back to work.

"You are asking the Doctor nothing," chided Vilma firmly. "You think you know better than the Doctor, do you?"

"But Rs. 200/- won't be enough for you to carry on for eight weeks," argued Ajit.

"That is plenty. And what more, I can always take teaching. I used to teach,

my marriage. Don't you remember?" she asked archly.

"Teaching?" Ajit mused. "It isn't easy to get a job in Bombay. Plenty of highly qualified teachers are looking for jobs ... and ..." he hesitated.

"Never mind them. I teach small children, and there are plenty of children in Bombay."

"No, Vilma, we can't take chances. I'll ask the Doctor to discharge me. He said that my case was first a suspicion. I'll be very careful. I think I'd better get out of hospital, work, save, provide for you, and then get into my plaster case for those jolly eight weeks."

VILMA was alarmed to see the determined look on Ajit's face. She knew her husband. When he made up his mind, wild horses could not drag him off his track. And the Specialist had definitely warned that he would succumb within a year if he did not take vigorous treatment. The Doctor was not much worried about the bone that was slightly affected. It was Ajit's blood that made him anxious. Vilma remembered all this and began lying recklessly.

"Now stop being childish," she scolded him. "I was just wondering if I should tell you or not. I've already got a job. Pay Rs. 125/-." Triumphant she lied.

Ajit looked at her with admiration. "You did? I know you are a smart kid. What is the name of this school of yours?"

"Sarla Bai Bala Vidyalaya," lied Vilma.

"Once you start lying how easy it is to lie more and more," Vilma told herself.

"And where is this school?" asked the inquisitive husband.

Vilma wanted to slap him for being so insistent.

But she readily added another falsehood to her chain of lies. When it was time to go, she was happy to escape being cross-examined more. The moment she got out of the Hospital, other worries stared her in her face. She reached the tram stop and took her place in the queue. The tram came jingling its monotonous bell, and Vilma got in. She sat by

a window. The tram began moving at a snail's speed, and that gave ample time for Vilma to reflect and ponder over her troubles.

Both Vilma and Ajit were like a couple of young spring leaves that were cruelly torn off and tossed into a whirlwind. They were orphaned during the great riots of the Punjab, and they had no one to go to in time of trouble. But so long it had worried neither of them, for one was enough for the other. She was again seized by the green mood, and was sick at the window.

"Whatever is the matter with me? It's no use my seeing a doctor, because I have no money to take treatment," she told herself sadly.

by "NITHYA"

SHE reached her home which consisted of two rooms in a chawl of twenty-four. Both Ajit and Vilma had been very happy in their home, and now Vilma felt lonely and blue. As she sat on the bed, she said to herself, "Now I have nothing to do, but think, think and—think. It was all right lying to Ajit in the hospital. I almost thought that that cushy job waiting for me ready on the plate, asking to be taken, was true. But now? Oh, hang it all." She heaved a deep sigh. "Surely I'll get a job in this big city. I'll have to shoo off this Big Black Monster that sits on my shoulder, weighing me down."

She stepped out into the common verandah that ran from one end of the building to the other. In front of the chawl was the Babies' creche belonging to Kamla Mills, separated by a broad tarred road. Beyond the creche rose the chimneys of Kamla Mills, smoking leisurely. Vilma looked along the verandah. At the further end of it was old Mr. Kamat, seated in his ancient, canvas easy chair, with his spectacles perched precariously on his nose, scanning the newspaper. Vilma did not know him very well, but she had heard him say that he was a retired teacher, and he might be of help to her. She walked up to him slowly and greeted him.

The old man lowered his paper and looked at her over his glasses. "Ah! It's Vilma Bai. Come in, come in—Ai Tulsi! Tulsi Ai!!" he shouted out to his daughter. "Bring out a chair. Vilma Bai has come."

"Don't bother, Pitaji," protested Vilma shyly. "I really came to ask your advice."

Meanwhile, Tulsi brought the chair.

"SIT down, sit down," pressed the old man, as he carefully removed, folded and put away his steel framed glasses. While he arranged and folded the paper, he asked, "Yes? I am ready to help you. And, by the way, how is your husband?"

"He is..." She hesitated. "He is well, as well as we can expect him to be. Doctor says he has to be in plaster for one year."

"A year! It is a long time. I suppose you'll go away to stay with some one?"

"No—I haven't any one to go to. That is why I have come to you. I used to teach little children. Is there any chance of my getting a job as a teacher?"

Old Mr. Kamat adjusted himself in his chair, and smoothed his wrinkled chin with a withered hand. "Very little chance, my dear, very little. Bombay is swarming with graduates and foreign-returned folk looking for jobs. Men are many, but jobs are few. That is the situation."

"But surely these graduates won't want to teach small children? Even if I get Rs. 100/- a month, it'd do."

"Graduates would be glad to get Rs. 80/-, my girl. Still we will see what we can do."

Old Mr. Kamat tried his best to help Vilma get a job, but he failed. Vilma was getting desperate for, in spite of her counting every pice before spending, her money was fast disappearing. The whole chawl came to know, by then, of Vilma's troubles, and like the generous poor, every one tried to help. Thus it was that Shanti Bai, a tenant of the chawl, solved Vilma's problem for her.

(Continued on Page 38)



BABA DOODLE welcomes the Slaps of Our Great People with feelings of gratitude, for, but for their amiable and delightful Slaps, Public Life would be so dull as if a City had only houses and Warehouses without Parks for play and fun; hence his Slaps are mere gentle Slaps of cheerful fellowship.

Talkathon

Kevin Sheehan talked exactly for 127 hours in a "talkathon," the previous "talkathon" record being only 36 hours in Russia.

Here are our felicitations to Sheehan.

But, is this achievement of any value except for its eccentricity?

"Silence is golden," that is what sages have taught us. *Munis* practised "mounam." Our Mahatmaji observed a day's silence every week. But there are a good many wise ones who speak only when necessary or when spoken to.

To give exhibitions of "cran-ki-than" or "freak-ithan" or "eccentricity-than" is setting up undesirable exemplars.

Oh, would some commonsense folk cure such votaries of idle or "fejune-thans"!

Mistaken Gratitude

Mr. P. L. G. Irwing, in the *Sunday Times*, suggests that no attempts should be made to get up the Kanchenjunga with a view to "conquer" it, as it is claimed.

The plea is that this high peak should be left unconquered as "a token of the profound gratitude we feel for what mountains have given us."

Surely, no country is blessed unless it has its own mountain system. Any child with its Geography study knows what all people owe to the mountain as well as Mr. Irwing does.

But, to leave Kanchenjunga unmounted, does that show our

gratitude? Is complete neglect or non-approach a sign of love or reverence or gratitude?

If abandoning a place is a sign of reverence, you should avoid your loved friends, your beauty resorts and, above all, your sacred places of worship.

No, we should approach, attempt to mount and achieve intimate acquaintance of what it might have to reveal. That is better gratitude, Mr. Irwing.

Sirdar Vallabh Bhai's 80th Birthday

We celebrate his 80th birthday anniversary. To him we owe the bringing in "under one umbrella" all India, no matter what resistance was exhibited and no matter what the backing behind such resistance was.

Sirdar was the "Iron-man."

Sirdar played the Bismark and unified India. He was stern when he had to be stern, soft when he need not be stern. Even Mahatmaji came round to his "iron-glove" hand of fellowship.

So that, every birthday of Sirdar is a lesson that "soft" would be a blunder when "stern" is needed; so that "soft" misapplied is a sin.

Colour Bar: Britain for it; U.S.A. ending it.

In the U.S.A. army, all Negro units have been abolished and integration programme has been carried out.

But, regarding influx of Jamaican coloured Labourers into England, what perturbation! What anxiety! What antagonism! What animosity!

Yet, Jamaica is part of the British Empire. Jamaica yields splendid harvests of banana and other fruits and so a splendid revenue.

And, India is found fault with for feelings about colour or caste. Why not Britain remove the beam in her eye before detecting the mote in the Indian eye?

Look at France, and Be Wise!

All eyes in the World are now turned to Portugal.

France has acted in the only way it ought to have: today it has handed over its settlements in India in the most democratic manner that a Republic ought to, when its coveted slogan is: Equality, Liberty and Fraternity.

What about Portugal?

What about the noble and truly democratic exemplar that France has set?

True, that a French politician drew a difference — a most fantastic difference — between French and Portuguese settlements and possessions. Portugal hailed that difference with a childish glee.

But, pity Portugal, if such error leads to Portugal having to submit by force to the inevitable! She can yet hand over with grace and dignity.

Better Portugal ponder over what Mr. James Griffiths, Labour Member of British Parliament and a former Colonial Secretary, said about a Commonwealth without Colonies.

"A Commonwealth without Colonies was a great challenge, yet a majestic vision, but I believe it is attainable."

Colonies today are not what they were yesterday. Woe unto the State that has not learnt the

15th November 1954

MY MAGAZINE

15

patent fact and does not profit by it.

Nehru's Mission: A Message of "Peace On Earth, Goodwill toward Men"

Nehru said the other day that getting the Portuguese settlements merged into India was the work of a day.

No, Nehru does not deal with Force; he does not achieve by Power.

Nehru's weapon is Peace inflicted by the Force of Reason and Humanity.

Sringeri Swami's Plan for Harijans

The new Head of Sri Sringeri Mutt gives a truly commonsense advice about Temple-entry by Harijans.

Says the Swami:

"A group of Harijans being led into a temple with fanfare would serve little purpose. The Spiritual urge should come from within."

It is so amusing to see our Ministers standing in the middle of a group of Harijans in front of a Hindu Temple, the Minister, as usual, profusely garlanded and photographed.

And, if photos also gave sound, we should all hear, "Jai Minister Somebody; Jai Minister who-is-it; Jai Minister in our midst."

A few hours after the needs for publicity are carried out, where is the Minister? Has he the least idea of what the Harijans who were ushered into the temple, did or how they fared?

It is against such political or commercial exhibitions of sympathy for Harijans that the Sringeri Swami bluntly and even unpalatably raises his voice.

The Sringeri Swami does not care a brass button what a Minister of Madras State or Mysore State might feel about his caustic remarks. I hope henceforth at least our Ministers will give up their mock humility, theatrical tears, dramatic poses of solicitude for Harijans.

Barring very, very few, nobody is deceived by those shows. An

ounce of natural and sincere deed is worth tons of such got up shows of love and speeches of hollow love and feeling of Brotherhood.

When will Ministers give up such too transparent shows?

Why not a Faculty of Architecture?

That is what Dr. P.V. Cherian suggested when he declared open the Exhibition of "premiated designs."

The Madras University, along with other Indian Universities, have already been asked to start a Faculty for Dressing, one for Coiffleur, for Dancing, for Social Behaviour and Good Manners, for Spending Leisure Hour, for Occupation for Men and Women in various stages or ages of Life.

This new faculty of Dr. Cherian will only add to the number.

New Leader of Andhra House

Mr. Prakasam, Chief Minister, announces that Mr. N. Sanjeevi Reddy will henceforth be the Leader of the House in his place; this is a step that Mr. Prakasam ought to have taken long, long ago. For one thing, perhaps due to his pretty venerable age, Mr. Prakasam's memory is playing him false.

Just one instance:

The late revered Potti Sriramulu, the true hero, the self-sacrificing hero, who ushered in the Andhra State, went on a fast unto death in Madras no matter what people said.

Mr. Prakasam was one of those so loud against the fast of Potti Sriramulu. He opposed the fast with all the emphasis that he could then command.

Potti died fasting. At once the Andhra world recognised that Potti was a true and rare Andhra patriot. At once, Mr. Prakasam joined with the masses and began to sing praises, and panegyrics and paeans in praise of Potti, forgetting completely all he said against that great patriot who dedicated his life to the Andhra cause when he fasted.

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LION FABRICS MILLS, Ludhiana.

A FEW days ago, Dr. Nesan and his wife invited my wife Sundari and myself to lunch. We gladly accepted the invitation as we had not met them for sometime and it was many days since we had tasted the aromatic and exhilarating coffee brewed by Mrs. Nesan. At that time public excitement over the new law of divorce by mutual consent had reached its peak. My wife was thoroughly upset by the furore created in Lok Sabha by women members of Parliament who clamoured for thorough and unrestricted freedom of divorce.

mutual consent. He said in the Lok Sabha: 'It came as a dark horse but at full gallop and it got away with it amidst thundering cheers from a section of the House. If I have correctly judged the sense of this House, I believe that the majority of members here are against such a provision.' In spite of this warning, the members of the Lok Sabha passed a similar clause, evidently taking the cue from the Prime Minister."

I told her: "My dear, why do you think that it is unwise legislation?"

Even there it is in a state of experimentation. Why take a leap in the dark in the name of modern progress?"

"My dear, there is much in what you say," I agreed.

She continued: "Mr. Biswas pointed out also that, apart from the sacramental character of marriage, it is not regarded anywhere as an instrument for the gratification of a transient passion. There are more than two parties to a marriage. It should not be a mere contract dissoluble at will.

EVE IS MILITANT!



BY K.S. Ramaswami Sastri.

She said: "Look at this monstrosity. The Law Minister, Mr. C. C. Biswas, a mere man, cautioned the legislators against such a provision. But the women legislators fell on him tooth and nail."

I replied: "My dear, you seem to me to be in a curious mood today."

She said: "No, no! I did not mean any offence. Mr. Biswas pointed that out against his wishes when the Rajya Sabha passed a clause in favour of divorce by

She warmed up and said: "I never thought that you also would lose your head like this. Marriage is a sacrament, is it not? The Vedas say that a union between a man and a woman should be for life and would continue from birth to birth till Moksha (salvation) is attained."

"Christ also prohibited divorce but in the West the legislators have enacted that divorce can be had under certain conditions alone. Divorce by mutual consent is unknown except in Russia and China.

"We must remember that it has far-reaching and vital social consequences. The welfare of society is a far more important factor than the satisfaction of a mere urge or a whim. Divorce by mutual consent followed by a fresh marriage for either or both is really a case of camouflaged polygamy. It is successive polygamy. Do you not remember the telling cartoon in *Dinamani*?"

I enquired: "What is it? I did not see it."

SHE laughed and said: "You never read the Tamil dailies. They are often very shrewd. One morning A and B exchanged garlands in marriage. So did C and D. In the evening, there was a garland-shifting. A and C garlanded each other. So did B and D. I do not like this fatal law of divorce by mutual consent."

"Yet the Lok Sabha has agreed to such a clause. The Deputy Speaker, Mr. M. Anantasayanam Ayyangar, warned the legislators that 'an army of unmarried men and unmarried women and children without parents will come into existence.' And yet he also heartily supported the measure."

I replied: "When a couple die like each other is it not as if one is dead to the other? Why should not each marry afresh after effecting a divorce?"

My wife flared up and retorted

(Continued on page 26)

THE EXQUISITE MIX-UP!

THE following advertisement in the local daily caught Ravi's eye.

"Wanted: A tall, healthy, young Hindu gentleman well settled in life, between 24 and 27, to marry a very beautiful girl aged 19, musically talented, well accomplished and trained in household duties. Correspondence confidential. Apply Box No. 769 C/o"

Ravi was on the look-out for a job right from the day on which he came to know that he had a first class in Economics Honours. And that was seven months ago. Till now all his quest to get some work was in vain. He had made it a habit to read through the whole of the advertisement columns.

Though not interested in marriage, he read through the matrimonial column also merely to enjoy the fun. He had read through hundreds of "wanted" without any kind of emotion. But today's advertisement set him thinking. He was tall, had a good education, was healthy—everything except 'well settled.' Nevertheless, he decided to reply to the advertisement simply to have a good laugh. He could very well reject the proposal after getting the reply, he thought.

"Hello, Ravi! What are you writing?"

Ravi was startled to see his friend Chandran stepping in. He quickly placed the newspaper over his letter-pad. Chandran sank comfortably into an easy-chair. Both were great friends right from their college days. Chandran joined the Engineering College when Ravi went for his Honours.

"How goes my result?" Chandran asked.

"What is your number?" Ravi demanded.

"136," Chandran replied.

"Let me see Oh, my hearty congratulations! You have a first class. You owe me the dinner

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you promised if you got a pass. Now you have got a first class. So! I must get two." Ravi shouted.

"Let us go to the beach and have a jolly time. Afterwards we can have dinner or anything else you like," suggested Chandran.

"Please wait. Let me finish this. I want to post this today itself."

"WHAT is it? Is it a love letter that you should be writing with such care?" Chandran remarked jocularly.

"I am applying for a 'situation vacant' advertised in the paper. I am badly in need of a job." Ravi tried to hide his tremor.

"Would you like to get the job of an assistant secretary in a good firm?" Chandran inquired.

"Oh, yes! I would very much like it." Ravi grinned.

"THEN see this advertisement. 'Wanted: A smart young man having good qualifications—at least a Master or Honours degree—to work as Assistant Secretary in a well established exporting and importing firm. Salary 250—10—350. Good chances of promotion. Apply with copies of testimonials to Box No. 796 C/o ...'" Chandran read aloud from the newspaper that he had brought.

"How do you know I will get it?" Ravi inquired.

"My father is one of the directors of the firm and do you think he will not help me if I want my best friend to get a good job? By the way, my parents and all other members of the family have come

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and settled down in the city, don't you know?" Chandran said.

"Today is a very happy day in our lives. We must celebrate this double happiness. But before that, let me write that application," Ravi said brimming with happiness.

"Did you get any reply to that application?" Chandran asked Ravi one evening.

"Oh, yes! I got the letters inviting me to be interviewed. How can I thank you for your timely help?"

"LETTERS? Did you say letters? Are you seeking some other job also?"

"Er Nothing. Some other job. I am not very enthusiastic about it. Well, what about our programme to go to pictures?" Ravi tried to evade question.

"Well, well, don't fool me. Which is that other job? Let me also know." Chandran was persistent.

"Oh, nothing. It is a little job. I shall let you know everything about it some other day." Ravi tried to save his face.

"Well, I can find no reason why you should hide anything from me.

But if you think that will help you in any way, well, I don't mind. Come on, let us go to the pictures," said Chandran.

ON the way, Chandran noted that Ravi was unusually thoughtful. So he asked, "Why, Ravi, are you ill? Why are you not so talkative as you used to be? Tell me honestly. Is anything worrying you?"

"I am quite well. But don't laugh at me. What are your views about marriage?" Ravi asked.

"Ah! the cat is out of the bag. Why should you worry about it this evening? Everything will come in its natural course. Today's worries are enough for us. Why bother about tomorrow when you are going to see *Quo Vadis*? Are you in love with some girl? Let me also know. Who else will help you but your dear Chandran?"

"Well, I am not exactly in love. I got a letter from her. That is all. But don't ask me her name or anything else and you will hear no lies." Ravi managed to speak out at last.

"I am not troubling you with my questions. But I can boldly say that there will be nobody else



SUBRAY-

"(They say I'm one of their best clients and they have allowed me the maximum discount possible on this!"

but me to help you out," Chandran retorted.

"YOUR name please," one among the four elderly gentlemen who were interviewed by Ravi asked.

"K. P. Ravindra Nath," the young man answered.

"Why didn't you apply properly?"

"I had applied before the last date," Ravi submitted. But the elderly gentleman frowned.

"But since we can find no proper application in your name, we can't help you in any way. You can go."

Ravi was taken aback. He tried to speak but no words came out. He got up and walked out. Chandran was waiting outside along with the other applicants.

"Did you get the job?" asked Chandran as soon as they were out of hearing.

"No, I will never get it," Ravi said sighing.

"Why? I had arranged everything with Father, who was today's board chairman and he had agreed to appoint you and I myself posted a letter for the interview," Chandran said.

"My application has been lost or mislaid. Then how can your father help me? That chance also is gone," Ravi replied curtly.

"I can't understand this. Something somewhere has gone wrong. It was I who put your application in the cover and posted it on that day itself. But Father saw it and perhaps he lost it later. Well, don't worry. I shall see you tomorrow morning," assured Chandran. He then ran up to the waiting city bus.

Ravi looked at his watch. It was 4-45. At 5 p.m. he was to see Latha. She had replied, "Please see me on Monday at 5 p.m. I shall wait for you on the bench at the eastern gate of the X Park—Latha."

Ravi walked on brooding over his wretched plight.

On the bench at the eastern gate sat a Punjabi with his father, wife, four children and a big food jar. Ravi thought, "That girl wearing the red sari must be Latha. She is somewhat beautiful. But I don't think I can love her."

Ravi walked nearer and sat on the grass where the youngest child was beginning to play with a rubber ball. Ravi was thinking of a plan to start talking with the family—only to know whether their daughter's name was Latha. At last he decided to ask that small child playing with the ball. She ran up to him as soon as he beckoned to her to come to him.

He asked, "What is your name?"

"Pushpa," came the smart answer.

"What is your eldest sister's name?"

"Chechi," was the sudden reply.

So Ravi had to ask the father of the girls to get the information needed. Slowly he walked up towards them, took out the letter from his pocket, and asked the elderly gentleman, showing the letter, "Am I late, sir?"

The gentleman—he seemed to be an officer in the Army—slowly took the letter and read it. At once the letter came dashing against Ravi's face. But Ravi had understood his reply from his expression, quickly turned aside and hurried away.

ABOUT ten or fifteen yards away a young lady was sitting on the grass, reading some novel with rapt attention. Ravi slowly walked up to her. How could he start talking to an unknown girl when his previous experience taught him the probable result? But he wanted to ascertain whether Latha had been actually sitting on that bench at 5. Now it was 5-15.

So he asked, "Excuse me, madam. May I trouble you a bit for some information?"

"Yes, what do you want?" came the toneless reply.

"I want to know whether you were sitting here for some time?"

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"Why? I came here some five minutes ago. Why do you want to know the time of my arrival?" she demanded, smiling.

"I wanted to ask you whether at five somebody else was sitting on that bench yonder."

"Are you looking for a man or a woman?" she asked without replying straight to his query.

"A woman," Ravi answered.

"How could she sit on a bench completely occupied by a family? She must have gone somewhere else," she remarked.

"Thank you, madam. May I know your name?" asked Ravi, turning to go away.

"Latha," was the laconic reply.

A NEW kind of fear caught Ravi. Till now he was anxious to see Latha. Now he was face to face with her. And he knew at once that he could not turn round and walk away. He was fast thinking of finding something to tell her. At last he remarked, "I was looking for you on that bench."

"How could I sit on it when it was already occupied by—let me see—two plus four—six people?" Latha protested.

"I was beginning to think that somebody was playing a trick on me," Ravi said. "Why did you send me that letter? Don't you know that it is not quite proper for a young and beautiful girl to meet a stranger in the park?"

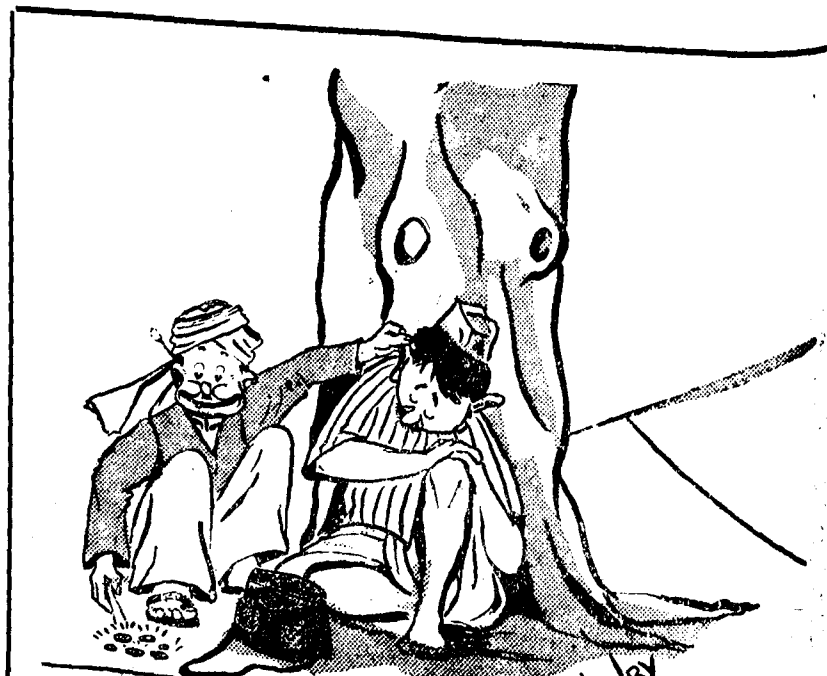
They were fast becoming familiar.

"I SENT that letter just to see you and to talk to you. But for your other question I have to let you know that you are not at all a stranger to me," Latha replied in her cool and calm manner.

"Why? How did you know me earlier?" Ravi looked confused.

"It only matters that I know you and your family well. It doesn't matter how I knew about it. Does it really matter, Ravi?"

"Not at all, Latha—now that we have become good friends. It does not at all matter how we became acquainted."



"Good gracious! You surely haven't had your car attended to since you were born, chum!"

Ravi soon regained his self-composure.

"But how did you imagine that I wanted an assistant secretary? You have sent me an application for an assistant secretary's job," Latha asked casually.

"Ah! What?" Ravi gasped. "That fool of a Chandran put my application for that job into the envelope on which I had written your box address. I lost a nice chance to get a job," Ravi said sighing.

"Don't you worry about such little matters. I shall tell my father and get you an assistant manager's post, if you want it." Latha tried to encourage him.

"Oh! It is getting late," he observed.

"Please come to my house tomorrow at 4 p.m. House No. 37, New Street. My father wants to interview you. Good evening," she said.

She walked away without waiting for a reply.

Who was Latha? What was her father? Would he be doing a foolish act if he married Latha? These were the questions that troubled Ravi while he was waiting for the city bus. Would there be other young men coming to see Latha? If Chandran were here he would have lightened my heart by his pleasant talk, Ravi was thinking. He noticed a car coming at a high speed. Already he had lost a city bus. Perhaps he was too late. The car was in front of him. Who was that? It was Chandran, driving the car. "Chandran!" he called out. But he did not hear. The car had gone away and Chandran had not noticed him.

RAVI slowly walked through the gate. A young man was sitting in the front room. Who was that? Maybe some other man who wanted to marry Latha. "Hello, Ravi," the young man greeted, standing up.

"Chandran! You here!" shouted Ravi.

He was taken a back. He noticed that Chandran was wearing his best suit. Ravi's head began to reel. Still he stepped in



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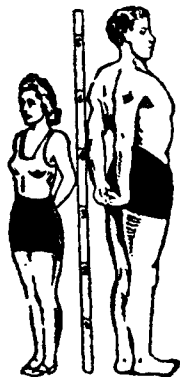
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and staggered into a chair. Latha appeared with two cups of tea. Ravi found it very difficult to talk to her. His lips were trembling when he said, "Thank you, thank you very much."

AN old man suddenly barged in. He asked, "Chandran, have you bought that ring?"

"Oh, yes, I was afraid I may be late. But I came here before Ravi," Chandran answered.

"Oh, by the way, father, this is Mr. Ravindra Nath, my best friend."

"Glad to meet you," said the old man gaily.

Ravi's eyes popped out in amazement. He recollected that the old man was the chairman of the board which interviewed him in connection with the job.

The old man went on, "My son, Chandran, has given a very good

account about you. I would like you to marry my daughter Latha. I have arranged everything with your father and he has consented if you are willing. I shall call him if you agree. He has come here at my request. Well, what do you say?"

The old man paused for an answer with eager expectation.

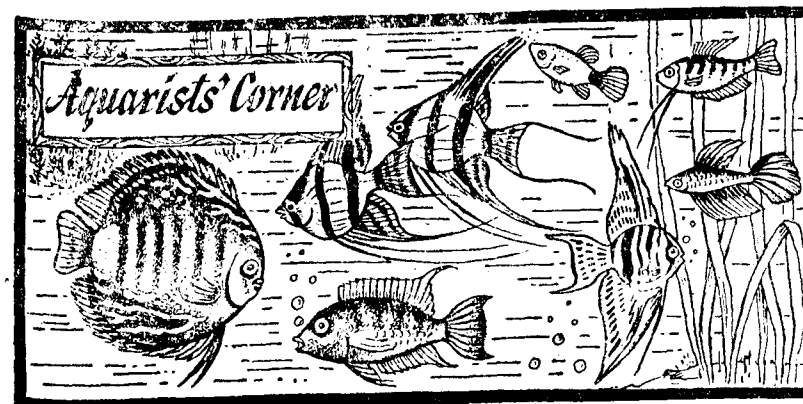
"Call him, please!" urged Ravi with an aching heart.

LATER on, after the marriage between Ravi and Latha, the truth came out. Both of the Ravi letters reached Latha's father. He read them both but forgot all about the application though Chandran had talked about his friend's qualifications. And Latha had taken both the letters and kept them with her. Her father was as absent-minded as he was rich and generous and that was why he denied all knowledge of Ravi's application. The bridegroom got the job all the same!



"Ours is always 'A' class stuff, Madam. See the wrong the bad varieties have done to your figure."

SUBRAJ



THE SOIL QUESTION

(Concluded from the previous Issue)

MANY of my readers may now perhaps object that our aquatics do not take up their nutrients by their roots alone but mainly by leaves. This is doubtlessly true of such plants as do not have a strong root system, as for instance the lovely and tender *Cardamine lyrata*, which only uses its poor roots to find a hold in the ground. *Ceratophyllum*, *Anacharis*, *Myriophyllum*, *Hygrophila*, *Fontinalis gracilis* and all the floating plants are in the same category.

All these aquatics mainly absorb their food from the water. They do it by means of their whole body, especially by the leaves. The water must therefore contain food in liquid form as for instance nitrogen, mineral salts and trace elements. But do not worry about an eventual lack of such liquid nourishment for your aquatics! In any well balanced tank with an adequate fish and snail population such plant food is always present.

In this connection it is very interesting to know that the following mineral salts are indispensable for the growing of our aquatics: potassium (K), magnesium (Mg), calcium (Ca), iron (Fe), phosphorus (P), sulphur (S) and nitrogen. These seven elements must be

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present in chemical compounds soluble in water. And as soon as only one of these elements is lacking (including the previously mentioned trace elements), then the plant stops growing.

EVERYBODY knows that every plant needs a rest period from time to time. This is generally in the winter months, especially December and January. But when a plant stops growing beyond this time, then something is wrong and at least one of the above mentioned necessary elements is lacking.

In such cases the sparing use of any good commercial plant fertiliser is adequate and it will generally start the plants growing again. But make no mistake. You cannot make up for lack of light with such commercial plant fertilisers! An over-saturation with minerals would only be reached and things would become even worse.

Generally it is not necessary to use any plant fertiliser at all. Only in very densely planted

tanks where a luxuriant growth of aquatics is desired and where a certain standstill in the growing of the plants is observed are small doses of plant fertiliser helpful.

SUCH a fertiliser is also recommended to give the aquatics a good start once a tank is freshly set up. We use a layer of slightly washed gravel of about one inch. This layer may be mixed with a plant fertiliser or with 1-2 millimetres of powdered cow manure. (One inch = 25 millimetres). Then fill in a top layer of about one inch thickness of well washed pure gravel without any fertiliser. A total thickness of 2" is sufficient for most plants. Only for plants with long roots such as *Ambulia*, *Amazon Sword Plant*, *Cryptocorynes*, *Echinodorus* and *Aponogeton* species, *Ludwigia*, *Sagittaria*, *Giant Vallisneria* and *Nuphar* a ground total of upto 3 inches is recommended.

These latter aquatics not only absorb the minerals necessary for their growing by means of their leaves, but also with their roots. These plants therefore need for best growing gravel well saturated with fish and snail droppings and occasional doses of good plant fertiliser as soon as they are growing slowly.

A much disputed question is whether the gravel should be rich in or free of lime. Most of our delicate tropicals and aquatic plants thrive better in gravel poor in lime. To the so called "problem" fishes (hard to breed fishes) belong the *Neon Tetras*, *Rasbora* species, most *Characins*, *Aphyosemions* and *Nannostomus* species. The "problem" plants are *Cabomba*, *Ambulia*, *Madagascar Lace Leaf Plant*, *Myriophyllum*, etc. These fish and plants are found in their native habitat in gravel poor in lime and soft water. Therefore it is only natural that

we should give them the same conditions in our tanks.

IT is quite easy to free sand from excessive lime by letting it stand in hydrochloric acid for about 10 hours. When gases are foaming up, this shows that the lime is being dissolved by the acid. When no more gases are foaming up, the acid has done its duty. The sand is then thoroughly rinsed with water and then used. Quartz gravel generally is free of lime and does not need any treatment with hydrochloric acid.

Of course, even the above-mentioned problem plants need a certain amount of lime for their growth, but this is supplied by the fish and snail droppings in sufficient quantity. Another reason for not using an earthen or loamy sub-layer is the simple fact that turbid water generally results when plants are taken out of the water with their roots.

As mentioned above, quartz gravel is the best. Of course, any other gravel will do provided it is not too fine and does not contain too much lime or other harmful minerals. But there are also aquatics which grow best in gravel containing a fair amount of lime. Among such ones are *Nitella*, *Anacharis*, *Vallisneria*, *Hair Grass*, and *Duckweed*. These plants also thrive best in not too soft water, which means water of more than 6 degrees of German hardness (about 100 ppm).

FINALLY, I still would say that it is possible to grow aquatics in cultures containing ground with sublayers of soil, loam and peat. Most of the professional growers of water plants are using such ground mediums with best success. But most of them renew the ground every few months. But imagine a well balanced 50-gallon tank with specific show effect and perfect aquascaping and beautiful

rock scenery which should be renewed every half year! I think this would mean the spoiling of a perfect picture. Let well enough alone, therefore, and use pure gravel in your tanks. It is fully sufficient for your aquatics and will last for many years without being renewed and set up afresh. ☺

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A. C. Williams, Empire Paper Mills, Greenhithe, Kent, England:— Without any prejudice, I hereby certify that the predictions in my entire Life Reading given to me by Pandit N. Amirtananda Saheb turned quite accurate so far. He predicted on 29th September, 1950, that I will get a son about January, 1951. I really got a son on 21st January, 1951.

Fred Andrew Murcutt of Messrs. V. Petervoschi, Valadivastoc, Russia:— I have occasion to consult Pandit N. Amirtananda, the Royal Astrologer of Mylapore, Madras, and also have my entire Life Reading. I was very favourably impressed with his vast erudition and keen penetration and no less by his genial courtesy.

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R. F. Wyatt, The Dugout Club, 235, East 52nd Street, New York, America:— Dear sir, congratulations to you because of your true prediction of President Roosevelt's re-election. This forecast you made in a letter to me 18 months before the voters went to the polls shows by subsequent events that you accurately discerned the public mind of America.



Smile A While

A CONTRACTOR borrowed a small and badly-worn car from a friend for an emergency trip. The owner apologized for the machine's condition.

"Oh, that's all right," said the contractor. "I can drive anything that has four wheels," and, calling to an employee to accompany him, he was off.

A little way down the road the contractor noticed the absence of a key to the ignition switch. Later, he discovered that the emergency brake did not work. After another mile or so he found himself rolling down a smooth, level road towards a bridge, and a second glance showed a great gap between the bridge and the bank. Viciously he jammed on the foot-brake, only to find that it would not work. Fifty yards from the bridge he stepped hard on the reverse, but the pedal was stuck and would not budge.

Turning to his companion, he grunted: "Well, let's hope the petrol gives out!"

Wait Off ...

"Your girl friend 'phoned. Said she wouldn't be able to see you to-night, after all."

"Well, that's a wait off my mind."

Dream and Meaning

"John, dear, I dreamt for three nights running that you bought me a fur coat. What do you think it means?"

"An awful disappointment!"

A YORKSHIREMAN came to London to buy a horse that would win the Grand National. At the stables he was shown one that was guaranteed as a fine jumper.

"But will it win the National?" asked the Yorkshireman.

"It'll win anything," was the unblushing reply.

"All reet. Aw'll tak'it," said the Yorkshireman. "But how'll Aw tell when it's goin' to joomp?"

"Oh," was the reply, "that's easy. When it's going to refuse a jump, it puts its ears back. When it's going to jump it pricks them up."

The buyer mounted and rode off down the lane. They came to a viaduct over which a train was passing. The startled animal stopped and pricked up its ears.

"Whoa, there!" said the astonished Yorkshireman. "Not on tha life. Tha goes under that one!"

Their Affair!

Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple): "Look out for the worms, sonny."

Little Boy: "When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves!"

Good for Business

Clara (a dentist's daughter): "Well, dear, have you asked dad for my hand yet?"

Henry (very bashful): "No. Every time I step into his office I lose courage. To-day I allowed him to pull another tooth."

One of the Twins

"I was once in love with a twin."

"Wasn't that awkward? I mean — didn't you ever kiss the wrong one by mistake?"

"Oh, no — her brother wore a moustache."

Funny Tricks

"Fate plays funny tricks on some men."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, I used to be a big-game hunter and now I'm a traveller in insect powder."

Mistaken

"I hear that Edith has married an old man with one foot in the grave."

"She thought he had, but only yesterday he bought himself another new pair of shoes."

Good Substitute!

Diner (examining the menu): "There's nothing fit to eat here — absolutely nothing! Bring me the manager."

Waiter (under notice, anyway): "Very good, sir. How would you like him — fried or grilled?"

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Eve Is Militant! (Continued from page 16)

"This is the unkindest cut of all."

In this way our heated discussion led to raised voices and when we went into Dr. Nesan's house he and his wife were surprised at our vociferous argument.

DR. NESAN said: "What, Ram! You are gentleness itself. Your wife is generally a miracle of silence. What has happened to upset both of you?"

I told him what we were talking about.

Then Mrs. Nesan intervened: "Forget all this storm in a cup and sit down and drink my coffee."

My wife said thereupon to her: "Look at the topsy-turvydom of today. They have enacted a law for divorce by mutual consent."

Mrs. Nesan replied: "Sundari, is that all? There is more to ponder over. The battle of the sexes is the beginning of the greatest of all human battles. The Wars of the Roses or the Hundred Years' War or the two Great World Wars of our century or even the far-famed battles of devas (gods) and asuras (demons) are but a flea-bite compared with it. Did you not read what happened on 28th September 1954 in the Lok Sabha?"

My wife was curious: "What happened? Somehow I missed it," she said.

Mrs. Nesan replied: "There was a fierce storm, a regular typhoon, in the Lok Sabha. The Home Minister, Dr. Katju, presumed, when the discussion about the position of married women in the Indian Administrative Rules was going on, that a woman's right place was in the home."

"This innocent remark touched off a controversy. We had a sudden unforeseen Diwali season. Crackers went off to the right and to the left. The various women's organisations in Delhi met and confabulated and decided in favour

of a huge feminine onslaught on the Home Minister in the true suffragette style, introduced and popularised by Mrs. Pankhurst in Britain. On the morning of 28th September 1954 more than one hundred and fifty young women, led by women members of Parliament—both Congress and Communist—suddenly surrounded the Home Minister in the Central Hall of Parliament.

"They vociferously and militantly demanded in a loud and hectoring voice that he should give an assurance that the clause in the rules which offended against the rights and privileges of women should be repealed. For a while, the Home Minister tried to reason with the besiegers and argue with them. But the weight of numbers oppressed him and the insufferable brilliance of the harangues dazzled and bewildered him so much that he was obliged to seek refuge in flight. He retreated to the safety of the Chamber."

I asked: "What was the offending clause in the administrative rule?"

MRS. NESAN replied: "It provided that women who got married while in Government service may be asked to resign if the maintenance of efficiency so required. The Prime Minister intervened in the debate and pointed out that the rule was only permissive in character and did not impose any ban as such on the continued employment of married women. He said that there would be practical difficulty to married couples being posted in the same city, and that, instead of allowing family life to be interrupted, it would be better to vest the authority in the Government to require the women to resign."

"But woman member after woman member rose and launched a powerful attack on the Government for what they described as a policy of discrimination. Mrs. Sucheta Kripalani led the revolt. Mrs. Tarakeshwari Sinha threatened that a country-wide agitation would be let loose on the Home Minister if he did not hasten

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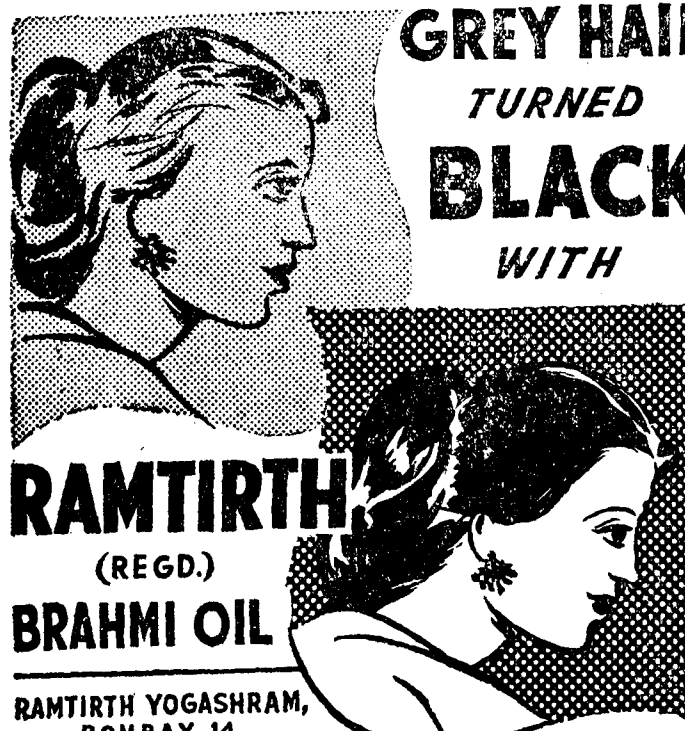
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DR. NESAN intervened at this stage and said: "Why are you surprised at such a state of things? Eve has been pugnacious down the ages. Why do you suppose that Eve was less pugnacious than Adam? Whenever they had a wrangle it was Eve who triumphed. Adam had to eat meekly the apple which she plucked from the tree of knowledge on the advice of the serpent and gave to him."

"Do you not remember the military as well as domestic exploits of Kaikeyi and Satyabhama? In the Ananda Ramayana there is a story that Rama failed to defeat the Mahi Ravana and that Sita fought and slew the demon. Coming down the ages we had such heroines as Chitrangada, Boadicea and the Rani of Jhansi. But apart from all legend and history, let us reckon with the fact that today Eve is militant!"

Great Expectations

By Edward S. Devasigamony

MALA paused in the middle of her eloquent address to survey its effect on the audience. Dame Fortune had taken me into her hands and planted me firmly in one of the front-row seats, and that was how I started to acquire cordiality for the proximities of mellifluous Miss Mala.

On this particular day (of happy memory), the day that was to raise great expectations in my throbbing heart, I sat enthralled as Mala's glance fell on me with that mysterious smile of hers playing about her rosebud mouth. I clearly and definitely felt the thrill, so famous in fiction pages, run through my entire anatomy!

Now, dear reader, I am not much conversant with the habits and manners of womenfolk, though I must confess that I am to some extent in the know of the little side-steps and punctual discrepancies which they are prone to. Nevertheless, watching Mala as her soft and sweet voice rose and fell in rhythmic crescendo, as she went on propounding her points in the debate that was in progress in the College Hall, was, indeed, a new experience to me. Never before had I felt this sort of exaltation—rather, exaltation. I did not hear a word of what she said. I merely looked at her glowing face, her large sparkling eyes and sat enthralled watching the play of light on her pretty lips.

I did a bit of thinking. How foolish of me not to have guessed it before! Ah, this was love! Now that I had begun to think about it, I was sure it was love, love and nothing but love! How pleasant it felt to be in love! I looked at her. Oh, for another smile from her!

That was the beginning. A new longing now filled my heart. The variations in the systolic beats in the region of the heart told me as plainly as if a doctor had examined me and told me, that the matter required my serious attention. An unquenchable desire possessed me—a desire to see her and listen to her voice, to talk to her and be near her.

I was in bad shape all these days. I mooned through the days and slept poorly at nights.

My friend, Rajaram, noticed my condition. You know, he is a bosom friend of mine, an excessively silent, shy and rather saturnine youth of my own age. He is a very intelligent fellow, I tell you, and I have great respect for him. But with all that, he was hopelessly shy in the presence of the fair sex.

"Sridhar, old chap," he remarked, as he saw my condition. "You look pretty rotten. What's been happening to you? You aren't in love, I hope?"

"Oh, my boy," I countered. "much you know of love! Why, you will run half a mile at the sight of a pretty face!"

He simply smiled, as was his fashion. Friend as he was, I felt it was unwise unbosoming myself to one who was unversed in the intricacies of love.

TWO days later, we sat in the College Library, Rajaram and I. I was idly glancing through the pages of Seeley's *Expansion of England*, but Rajaram sat deeply immersed in thought. From the way he was mauling the tip of his nose, I could guess he was breaking his head over some great problem.

Quite unexpectedly, Mala entered the Library. "Excuse me," she said smiling graciously. "I hope I'm not intruding. I came to find if I could get *Expansion of England*."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she hastened to add, as she saw the book she had come for, in my hand, "I did not know. I suppose, I'll take it another time."

I found my voice. "One minute, er, but you may take the book even now. I was merely glancing

through certain portions in it. But, as a matter of fact, I do not require the book at all."

"Oh, thank you very much," she said, "you are very kind indeed." And with a smile she took the book.

"Oh, don't mention it, please," I replied, pulling my features in an agreeable smile. But she

looking over my shoulders at something behind me. I turned and saw my friend Rajaram sitting bolt upright in his chair and looking uncommonly foolish. Evidently the presence of so much beauty at such close quarters had driven out all his graver thoughts.

"This is my friend, Rajaram," I introduced him to Mala. "Now, there, Raju," I said, addressing Rajaram, "drop that paper, man. You can't possibly be reading it. You are holding it upside down!"

MALA'S face wore an expression of intense amusement. "Certainly, Mr. Rajaram is well known in the College. He is the best student here," she said.

Rajaram mumbled something by way of reply which was quite

unintelligible. With another "thank you" Mala left the room.

"**MY GOD!**" wailed Rajaram. "This is very sudden. I am afraid I have behaved like an entire and unmitigated ass."

"Brother," I told him, "your reading of the situation is no less than correct."

At which assurance, Rajaram groaned audibly and requested me to leave him in peace. I obliged him and went out on to the verandah to catch a glimpse of Mala's retreating figure in the distance.

Days passed by. Mala and I had become friends now. I met her

frequently on the College grounds, and she always referred to me and my friend Rajaram in the most kindly terms. The world, to me, was now one of happiness and hope. I dreamt of some happy day in the future when Mala and I would be leading a splendidly happy life together! Oh, I had great expectations, my friends, great expectations!

ONE DAY Mala asked me to do her a favour. Mala asking me a favour! Ye Gods, I was only waiting to do her bidding! I assured her in the most proper and correct terms that she could command me.

Mala thanked me and asked me to get some difficult lessons prepared for her by my friend Rajaram. "You see," she explained. "Mr. Rajaram is so shy and reserved, I can hardly approach him direct for this favour."

I assured her that her wishes would be readily complied with. I would see to it that Rajaram prepared the required lessons for her.

"Oh, no, you should not compel him, Mr. Sridhar. I only hope Mr. Rajaram doesn't mind doing this for me." She smiled.

I saw much of Mala during these days. Rajaram had consented to prepare lessons as required by Mala, and the conveyance of these lessons to the girl afforded me more opportunities to talk to her in private. She expressed her concern



very often about the inconvenience caused to Rajaram.

"Don't you worry your head about that, Mala," I would assure her. "Rajaram is my best friend. He'll do anything for me."

Mala would look pleased. "Mr. Sridhar, your friend is a very brainy person, isn't he?" she would ask.

"Brainy? Why, Mala, he's a genius!"

"How fortunate that you and he are such good friends. I could never have obtained this help but for you, Mr. Sridhar. How can I ever thank you?"

SHE gave me one of her bewitching smiles, and I felt transported to the realms of happiness. How lucky I was to have fallen in love with the sweetest and prettiest of girls on the earth!

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"Where is Mr. Rajaram?" she asked.

"He has gone shopping, why?"

"That's fortunate. I was afraid I might not be able to talk to you alone."

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"Thank you, Mr. Sridhar. I'm glad you think so high of your friend. Frankly, I would be very sorry if you entertained any disrespectful opinion of my future husband!"

I STOOD stock-still as if my legs were afflicted by thrombosis. I opened my mouth, and shut it again. "Er..... what? Your future what?" I stammered out at last.

Mala looked at me rather slyly. "You see, I'm going to marry Mr. Rajaram. It is all settled by our parents. We are to be married next month. You are glad to hear about it, aren't you?"

I groaned.

"Of course, Mr. Rajaram will insist on your being the best man." She was obviously oblivious of my suffering.

HIS best man! Ah, he would insist on it, no doubt, the lucky devil! Here I was building up all sorts of plans, only to find that a shy fellow, who dared not even look up at a pretty face, jumping in and knocking off my bride. I felt an intense pain in the region of my heart.

I must have looked like a person suffering from an attack of angina pectoris, for presently Mala was bending over me.

"Mr. Sridhar, what's the matter? You are very pale. Are you ill?"

I pulled myself up with an effort and smiled. But the smile was that of a ghost.

"Oh, no, nothing at all," I said. "Only, you see, the news is somewhat sudden. Lucky chap he is, I am sure, to get such a charming bride. I'm glad to hear the news, Mala. Congratulations!"

I tried to look as cheerful as I could under the circumstances.

Mala was suddenly lost in thought, and there was a far-off look in her eyes. Evidently she was thinking of her man.

"Oh, my boy," I said to myself ruefully, "where are your expectations?"

How Strange!

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"Now, Tommy," he said, "tell me why I punished you?"

"That's it," blubbered the boy. "First you scold me, then you hit me, and now you don't know what you did it for!"



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" " Deluxe F.L.	0-8	5-8	Dur-Rex " " Trans. Extra	2-12	
" " Silk Trans	0-8	5-8	BirthCo Jelly Per Jar	2-4	
Dur-rer American Tips	0-8	5-0	Whirling Spray Syringe (U.S.A.)		
Silver Tex F.L.	0-4	2-4	Original Extra Sup.	9-0	
Paragon Washable Std.	1-0	10-0	Madenso Pills: — An invaluable remedy for delayed or even long stopped menses, and absolutely harmless. These pills should not be taken during pregnancy or it will lead to abortion. Price Rs. 5-8 per phial.		
" Extra Sup. Washable	1-4	12-8			
" Washable Extra Sup.					
" Trans.	1-10	17-8			
" Crocodile Washable	1-8	17-0	Madenso Pills Extra Strong Rs. 7-8		
" Croc. Trans.	2-0	22-0			
Massage Oil for Strength					
1 Phial	2-4				

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QUTAB ROAD, (S-M), DELHI



A view of the All India Radio Station at Jullundur.

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

D. Janardan Patnaik, Parlakimedi

Q.—I am married and am blessed with a son. Now I want to learn something about Yoga. From the several books written by H.H. Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati, can you suggest which one can give me good instructions on how to follow the steps of Yoga?

A.—Before prescribing any book I would suggest your writing to the Swamiji himself. Ananda Kutir, Rishikesh, is the postal address.

Satya Prasad Bamdh, Shillong

Q.—Can a girl love two boys at the same time?

A.—She might but will be foolish to let it be known.

D. Gopinath, Ongole

Q.—May I send poems and comments on politics?

A.—So you have been bitten by Bhava's bug and want to do *likhit dhan*, eh? You ought to be in the UNESCO, for that is the forum where conflicting political ideologies come together to get transformed as the moonshine called cultural co-operation on a global scale.

Abdul Salam, Naliapool, Assam

Q.—Is it true that kissing is not natural in India?

A.—Even the Western way of kissing on the cheek is considered cheeky here. Custom here restricts the act to adults who are yoked to face life together.

Udai Mathur, Hyderabad, Dn.

Q.—Now I am a student of Intermediate in arts and I am interested in agriculture. What can I do?

A.—Nothing worse than marrying a rich farmer's daughter. You will then be qualified not only for pursuits in agriculture but also for pursuits in all other kinds of culture.

K. MaWanagowd, Bangalore

Q.—Why do girls take "Home Science" as their optional subject in the Colleges?

A.—So that they can have the requisite scientific training to make a laboratory of the house with the hubby and the in-laws as guinea pigs!

A.R.K.B. Anand Row, Nellore

Q.—Why does Pandit Nehru always wish to play with children?

A.—Probably because he has become fed up playing with Congressmen in their second childhood!

K.M. Gaikwad, Bombay-18

Q.—The prize list of MYWORDS Competition is published after 15 days from the date of publication of an official solution. This period seems very long to Competitors who are very anxious to know the result immediately. Is it not possible for the Competition Management to publish the prize list within seven days from the date of publication of an official solution?

A.—Sorry, chum. This is a fortnightly Journal and that is the only handicap. A special supplement for the prize-list is not a practical proposition.

Ananta Patnaik, Puri

Q.—Tell me frankly, is woman a mystery to man?

A.—Yes, and that's why most men strive their best to unveil the mystery.

T. Bhaskara Rao, Gunupur

Q.—It seems honesty is not the best but the worst policy now-a-days. Is it not so?

A.—That is exactly because its surrender value will be practically a handicap.

T.G.T. Mudaliar, Bangalore 3

Q.—Is swash-buckling dagger-specialist Ranja married?

A.—Yes, and he is the gentlest of husbands!

P.R. Ganapathi, Chittoor

Q.—It is since a long time that I am trying to get a job in any one of the film studios. So far, I could not approach the right person to secure the job. Can you please help me to get a post in the studios?

A.—I will, but do let me know whether you wish to be a caretaker or an undertaker!

Dear Friends,

An appeal was made by Prema Dutt of Shillong for financial help as he is suffering from T.B. I promised to appeal to you all to help him and request you to send your mite. Remittances may kindly be sent to: Manager, *My Magazine of India*, 32, Broadway, Madras 1. Mention that it is for Prema Dutt.

Yours sincerely,
K.R.S.

YOU ASKED FOR IT! should be mentioned on top of the letters intended for this column. The views of columnist K.R.S. do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. The Queries decide the answers—serious, frivolous or informative. And if the answer irritates you, remember YOU ASKED FOR IT!

15th November 1954

MY MAGAZINE

33

Gleanings

CURIOUS PRANKS OF CUPID!

A DEVOTED couple, Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Metson, who were awarded a tasty gammon at the 600-year-old Dunmow Flitch Trial, began their courting, according to the husband's claim, beneath the waters of the Suez Canal. This, mark you, in a pre-frogman era (each happened to be enjoying an underwater swim).

Counsel for the bacon dismissed his account of submarine caresses as fantastic. But the judge, ermine-robed Sir Compton Mackenzie, accepted the claimant's tale, says a writer in *Tit-Bits*.

There have been stranger meetings. A Belgian couple, now living peacefully at Knocke-sur-Mer, met as children in an undertaker's hearse.

As choir singers they had taken part in a funeral service. To get them back to their home town, Jotend, the undertaker offered them a lift in his empty hearse. There they sat, white surpliced, looking like a pair of angels as they rumbled over cobbled streets. And there the boy held, for the first time, the hand of his wife to be.

Samuel in Distress

All sorts of accidents have led to romance; a flash of lightning, a broken limb, a missed train, a 999 call—Cupid shoots his arrows from the oddest corners.

Mrs. Blanche Austin Phillips, an ex-trapeze artist from South Africa, now turned evangelist, met her husband in a circus. In the arena, beneath the swinging bars, while the crowd gaped far below, she courted her. "I flew into his arms high up under the big top," she says.

An eighteenth century forbear, the present Duke of Somerset, and Francis Compton Seymour,

was strolling late one night through Lincoln's Inn Fields. Suddenly, a girl's sharp cries of pain roused him. Racing to the spot, he saw two ruffians man-handling a young woman.

Fortunately he carried a heavy stick. So when they turned on him with drawn knives, the good soldier parried their thrusts and sent them running with well-cracked heads.

Heads or Tails!

The girl, smiling faintly her thanks, disappeared. And he continued his night exercises, well-satisfied, no doubt, with a good deed gallantly done. Yet fate did not let him rest there.

A year later, strolling leisurely again, he met the very girl he had rescued. This time, she stopped to thank him, telling him that her sailor husband, John Hudson, had died at sea. Immediately Colonel Seymour, a bachelor, became interested. For she was a comely

lass. He married her and in 1925 his descendant successfully claimed the ancient Dukedom through this very marriage.

"Easy on the Eye"

How many young men, having flicked up a coin, with heads for "Sheila" and tails for "Rosemary" have married their Rosemaries when the coin fell tails? Young men of means, as Jane Austen shrewdly realized, need have no difficulty in getting a wife, but far more difficulty in selecting the right one. And choices, engineered by painstaking scheming, sometimes prove far less successful than those inspired by chance. But not in the following case.

During the war, an ambitious young soldier serving in an Army film unit thought he would like to get married. His first consideration was that his wife should be "easy on the eye." He began totting up his "musts"—an attractive figure, winning smile, blonde hair, shapely hands and a soft-spoken voice.

Picked from the Parade

"You're asking for the moon, chum," said a less romantically minded colleague, to whom he confided his ideas. But the photographer, a man of astuteness, conceived a plan.

He asked the C.O.'s permission to select and take for publicity purposes pictures of the most attractive (by his standards) A.T.S. girls at the mixed camp. The C.O.

Queer Facts

Simply by changing her surname to Inge, Miss Grizel Thompson, a 28-year-old British school-teacher, became 3,500,000 dollars richer. Only by such a change could she comply with the will of a cousin, Miss Hilda Mary Inge, and inherit her estate. Every family will since 1876 has stipulated that a person named Inge must have the holdings but this is the first time an actual change of name has been necessary to carry it out. Not only was Miss Thompson obliged to assume the new name, but when she marries her husband must do likewise.

Photographer-painter Cecil Beaton, addressing the Milwaukee Women's Club, became rapturous describing the most beautiful woman he had ever photographed. "First she stood stiffly at attention," said Beaton. "However, being naturally histrionic, she relaxed as we chatted and the beauty that unfolded was of the quality of a flower." His flower-like subject was—Greta Garbo.

The people on the earth have never seen more than one half of the moon, because the moon moves round the earth with the same side always facing it.

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" " Deluxe F.L.	0-8	5-8	Dur-Rex " " Trans. Extra	2-12	
" " Silk Trans	0-8	5-8	BirthCo Jelly Per Jar	2-4	
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" Extra Sup. Washable	1-4	12-8			
" Washable Extra Sup.					
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YOU ASKED FOR IT!

D. Janardan Patnaik, Parlakimedi

Q.—I am married and am blessed with a son. Now I want to learn something about Yoga. From the several books written by H.H. Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati, can you suggest which one can give me good instructions on how to follow the steps of Yoga?

A.—Before prescribing any book I would suggest your writing to the Swamiji himself. Ananda Kutir, Rishikesh, is the postal address.

Satya Prasad Bamdh, Shillong

Q.—Can a girl love two boys at the same time?

A.—She might but will be foolish to let it be known.

D. Gopinath, Ongole

Q.—May I send poems and comments on politics?

A.—So you have been bitten by Bhav's bug and want to do *likhit dhan*, eh? You ought to be in the UNESCO, for that is the forum where conflicting political ideologies come together to get transformed as the moonshine called cultural co-operation on a global scale.

Abdul Salam, Naliapool, Assam

Q.—Is it true that kissing is not natural in India?

A.—Even the Western way of kissing on the cheek is considered cheeky here. Custom here restricts the act to adults who are yoked to face life together.

Udai Mathur, Hyderabad, Dn.

Q.—Now I am a student of Intermediate in arts and I am interested in agriculture. What can I do?

A.—Nothing worse than marrying a rich farmer's daughter. You will then be qualified not only for pursuits in agriculture but also for pursuits in all other kinds of culture.

K. MaNagowd, Bangalore

Q.—Why do girls take "Home Science" as their optional subject in the Colleges?

A.—So that they can have the requisite scientific training to make a laboratory of the house with the hubby and the in-laws as guinea pigs!

A.R.K.B. Anand Row, Nellore

Q.—Why does Pandit Nehru always wish to play with children?

A.—Probably because he has become fed up playing with Congressmen in their second childhood!

K.M. Gaikwad, Bombay-18

Q.—The prize list of MYWORDS Competition is published after 15 days from the date of publication of an official solution. This period seems very long to Competitors who are very anxious to know the result immediately. Is it not possible for the Competition Management to publish the prize list within seven days from the date of publication of an official solution?

A.—Sorry, chum. This is a fortnightly Journal and that is the only handicap. A special supplement for the prize-list is not a practical proposition.

Ananta Patnaik, Puri

Q.—Tell me frankly, is woman a mystery to man?

A.—Yes, and that's why most men strive their best to unveil the mystery.

T. Bhaskara Rao, Gunupur

Q.—It seems honesty is not the best but the worst policy now-a-days. Is it not so?

A.—That is exactly because its surrender value will be practically a handicap.

T.G.T. Mudaliar, Bangalore 3

Q.—Is swash-buckling dagger-specialist Ranjan married?

A.—Yes, and he is the gentlest of husbands!

P.R. Ganapathi, Chittoor

Q.—It is since a long time that I am trying to get a job in any one of the film studios. So far, I could not approach the right person to secure the job. Can you please help me to get a post in the studios?

A.—I will, but do let me know whether you wish to be a caretaker or an undertaker!

Dear Friends,

An appeal was made by Prema Dutt of Shillong for financial help as he is suffering from T.B. I promised to appeal to you all to help him and request you to send your mite. Remittances may kindly be sent to: Manager, *My Magazine of India*, 32, Broadway, Madras 1. Mention that it is for Prema Dutt.

Yours sincerely,

K. R. S.

YOU ASKED FOR IT! should be mentioned on top of the letters intended for this column. The views of columnist K.R.S. do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor. The Queries decide the answers—serious, frivolous or informative. And if the answer irritates you, remember YOU ASKED FOR IT!

15th November 1954

MY MAGAZINE

33

Gleanings

CURIOUS PRANKS OF CUPID!

A DEVOTED couple, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Metson, who were awarded a tasty gammon at the 600-year-old Dunmow Flitch Trial, began their courting, according to the husband's claim, beneath the waters of the Suez Canal. This, mark you, in a pre-frogman era (each happened to be enjoying an underwater swim).

Counsel for the bacon dismissed his account of submarine caresses as fantastic. But the judge, ermine-robed Sir Compton Mackenzie, accepted the claimant's tale, says a writer in *Tit-Bits*.

There have been stranger meetings. A Belgian couple, now living peacefully at Knocke-sur-Mer, met as children in an undertaker's hearse.

As choir singers they had taken part in a funeral service. To get them back to their home town, Ostend, the undertaker offered them a lift in his empty hearse. There they sat, white surpliced, looking like a pair of angels as they rumbled over cobbled streets. And there the boy held, for the first time, the hand of his wife to be.

Damsel in Distress

All sorts of accidents have led to romance; a flash of lightning, a broken limb, a missed train, a 999 call—Cupid shoots his arrows round the oddest corners.

Mrs. Blanche Austin Phillips, an ex-trapeze artist from South Africa, now turned evangelist, met her husband in a circus. In the air, beneath the swinging bars, while the crowd gaped far below, he courted her. "I flew into his arms high up under the big top," she says.

An eighteenth century forbear of the present Duke of Somerset, Colonel Francis Compton Seymour,

was strolling late one night through Lincoln's Inn Fields. Suddenly, a girl's sharp cries of pain roused him. Racing to the spot, he saw two ruffians man-handling a young woman.

Fortunately he carried a heavy stick. So when they turned on him with drawn knives, the good soldier parried their thrusts and sent them running with well-cracked heads.

Heads or Tails!

The girl, smiling faintly her thanks, disappeared. And he continued his night exercises, well-satisfied, no doubt, with a good deed gallantly done. Yet fate did not let him rest there.

A year later, strolling leisurely again, he met the very girl he had rescued. This time, she stopped to thank him, telling him that her sailor husband, John Hudson, had died at sea. Immediately Colonel Seymour, a bachelor, became interested. For she was a comely

lass. He married her and in 1925 his descendant successfully claimed the ancient Dukedom through this very marriage.

"Easy on the Eye"

How many young men, having flicked up a coin, with heads for "Sheila" and tails for "Rosemary" have married their Rosemaries when the coin fell tails? Young men of means, as Jane Austen shrewdly realized, need have no difficulty in getting a wife, but far more difficulty in selecting the right one. And choices, engineered by painstaking scheming, sometimes prove far less successful than those inspired by chance. But not in the following case.

During the war, an ambitious young soldier serving in an Army film unit thought he would like to get married. His first consideration was that his wife should be "easy on the eye." He began totting up his "musts"—an attractive figure, winning smile, blonde hair, shapely hands and a soft-spoken voice.

Picked from the Parade

"You're asking for the moon, chum," said a less romantically minded colleague, to whom he confided his ideas. But the photographer, a man of astuteness, conceived a plan.

He asked the C.O.'s permission to select and take for publicity purposes pictures of the most attractive (by his standards) A.T.S. girls at the mixed camp. The C.O.

Queer Facts

Simply by changing her surname to Inge, Miss Grisel Thompson, a 28-year-old British school-teacher, became 3,500,000 dollars richer. Only by such a change could she comply with the will of a cousin, Miss Hilda Mary Inge, and inherit her estate. Every family will since 1876 has stipulated that a person named Inge must have the holdings but this is the first time an actual change of name has been necessary to carry it out. Not only was Miss Thompson obliged to assume the new name, but when she marries her husband must do likewise.

Photographer-painter Cecil Beaton, addressing the Milwaukee Women's Club, became rapturous describing the most beautiful woman he had ever photographed. "First she stood stiffly at attention," said Beaton. "However, being naturally histrionic, she relaxed as we chatted and the beauty that unfolded was of the quality of a flower." His flower-like subject was—Greta Garbo.

The people on the earth have never seen more than one half of the moon, because the moon moves round the earth with the same side always facing it.

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Beni Prasad, Agra.

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Madan Swarup, New Delhi.

Girl Friend: She was rude towards me, but OM Charm made her my True Girl Friend. OM is a worthy Charm.
Hamid Siddik, Poona.

Won In Race: With the Holy Aid of your OM Charm, I won \$1000 in one day and I have now recovered all my loss. Really your Charm is a Gem of Gems.
D. Edwin, U.S.A.

Good Luck: Since wearing OM Charm, I won 7 prizes in Crossword Puzzles and I am greatly satisfied with your OM Charm. True—OM is a Good Luck Bringer.
Mann Raj, Singapore.

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**R. K. Madhav,
Masulipatam.**

spoke to the A.T.S. Senior Commander and it was agreed.

Some three hundred A.T.S. girls were paraded, and the photographer walked slowly up and down their ranks selecting his perfect model. He picked out three girls, rejected two of them, but the third whom he selected as his model is to-day his partner for life and the mother of three bonny children.

Sequel to Mishit

A keen cricketer first met his future wife by giving her a black eye via a shockingly bad mishit through the slips. He proved most solicitous for her welfare. No wonder; she was exceedingly pretty. And, blessed to-day with a happy home, he will be grateful for the rest of his years that once he mishit badly, instead of driving the ball sweetly through the covers.

Former London beauty queen, Pamela June Soar first met U.S. Air Force Sergeant Donald Moxham while she was waiting in a cinema queue at Kingstone. To-day she is supremely happy as Mrs. Moxham, her marriage being an all out triumph of love, since she, poor girl, is an invalid. As she proudly says: "Donald would not take 'No' for an answer."

Courting couples can choose the oddest surroundings. Seventy-six-

year-old Harry Willett, in charge of the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussauds, admits to being startled sometimes by the many American soldiers who do their courting beneath the life-like gaze of Crippen, Charles Peace and Brides-in-the-Bath ogre Smith.

The girls, apparently, find it shrieking good fun to be kissed with the world's worst murderer looking on.

At Belsen Camp

In my own experience, I never saw Cupid behave in more startling fashion than at Belsen camp. Although our soldiers, in taking over this camp in April, 1945, were violently incensed against the Nazis for creating that virtual charnelhouse of dead, unburied corpses and half-alive skeletons of men and women, Anglo-German romance was actually born there.

From outlying villages, German female labour was requisitioned to help in cleaning up the horrible typhus-ridden place. Montgomery's non-fraternization order was strictly enforced. Yet in these circumstances of deadliest hate, some of our soldiers met their future wives. Horrors, certainly, however frightful, cannot thwart Cupid.



Putting one of his firm's extra strong nylon stockings through a tug-of-war test with three girls on his factory staff is Mr. Kenneth Trent, the joint managing director of a nylon hosiery factory at Duffield, near Derby. Mr. Trent was showing representatives the remarkable strength and elasticity of the firm's new crepe nylon stockings. These stockings, which are bringing the firm orders from all over the world, are claimed by the firm to be six times stronger than the average 30 denier nylons.

Thousands Died to Build China Wall!

Stretching for 1,145 miles across China is the famous Great Wall. Rebuilt in the form of a wall eight feet high and three feet wide, it would circle the earth. Astronomers state that it is the only Man-made object in the world which would be visible from the moon.

In 240 B.C. an Emperor Chin Shihhuang was ruling in the feudal state of Chin. With force and cunning he had subdued his neighbouring states, and so lived a life of fantastic luxury. Only one threat remained to his empire.

He found it impossible to quell the roving bands of horsemen from the north. They terrified his people by making sudden barbaric raids. Chin decided that his only solution was to build a vast barrier and bar them from his domain.

All Driven to Labour

Practically every able-bodied man in China was drafted to work on his project. Scholars, murderers and thieves were driven to labour by the long whips of brutal taskmasters. Those who refused to work or sickened and became weak were thrown into the earthworks, transforming the wall into a vast cemetery, states a writer in a British weekly.

Terrified labourers chiselled out two parallel furrows twenty-five feet apart and then laid granite slabs in them to a height of twenty feet. The roadway between was filled with earth, and a five-foot rampart built on the top. The taskmasters ensured such good workmanship that experts reckon the wall could scarcely be improved if built to-day.

Where loamy soil was encountered, heavy logs were dragged into place to make walls. Earth was pressed between them, and when the section was finished the logs were removed, leaving the earth-standing.

Hugh Garrison Stationed

A huge garrison was stationed behind each section of the wall. Bowmen stood guard in the watch-towers, nine men defending a mile portion of the wall. In between their periods of active service the soldiers tilled portions of land, which they were allotted as pay-



Chris Chataway, British runner and former Oxford Blue, who recently won the 5,000 metres race in the London-Moscow athletics match at the White City, London, in the record time of 13 minutes 51.6 seconds, beating his Russian opponent Kuts, holder of the world record, in the last few strides of the race.

ment for their support. Chin had the first standing army in the world, and it numbered more than 3,000,000.

Some historians say that the wall took over thirty years to build even with the vast numbers employed. When completed the wall served its purpose. It kept out the wild northern horsemen for 1,400 years, and although one generation was nearly annihilated building it, more than a hundred were saved by its presence.

Drug That Induces Calm!

A new drug discovered in the U.S.A. has been found to affect that part of the brain said to be responsible for panic and fear in human beings, states a British press report.

More than 700 people have tested this drug in a London hospital before undergoing dental operations. In every case they approached the chair with absolute calm.

The drug also induces sleep in many sleepless people because it prevents worry which, according to the medical profession, is one of the main causes of insomnia.

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RASHTRAPATHI MEETS SIVANANDA

13th OCTOBER, 1954,

was a red-letter day in the history of not only the Divine Life Society but of India herself. On that memorable day, the President of the Republic of India visited the holy abode of Sage Sivananda. It was as if politically liberated India sought the alliance of the mighty force that is striving to show mankind the way to liberate itself from the domination of the dire forces of disharmony, strife, warfare and hatred. It was as if the awakened national consciousness of Bharatavarsha sought to claim its national heritage of the soul-awakening spiritual message, in order that India might give the right lead to the nations of the world towards the attainment of the much-sought-after world peace, international understanding and human brotherhood.

On arrival at the Holy Ashram of Sage Sivananda, on the banks of Mother Ganga, the holiest of rivers at the foot of the hoary Himalayas, the gigantic *Vibhuti* of God Himself, the Rashtrapathi alighted from his car, and, quickly advancing towards His Holiness who was coming to greet him, met him right in front of the Vishwanath Mandir overlooking the Ganges, at the beautiful spot at which the great Parliament of Religions met eighteen months ago. Perhaps even the spot chosen was not without its own significance; for that was where the message of peace was born eighteen months ago, and perhaps even the Gods enshrined in the Temple and the Ganga flowing peacefully by, ceaselessly carrying her life-giving waters to the plains of India, were showering their invisible blessings upon this great event. The Rashtrapathi and the saint bowed to each other.

Then Sri Swamiji Maharaj garlanded the Rashtrapathi, Sri K.M. Munshi and Srimati Lilavati Munshi (who had accompanied the President). Sri Venkatarama Sastrigal "Vedajna" presented the *Purna-Kumbham* in the traditional fashion, with the recitation

of the Vedic declaration that Immortality could be attained only by renunciation and not by any kind of activity, by wealth or by progeny. Sri Satchidananda Maithani, with *Swasti-Vachan*, applied the *Tilak* on the foreheads of the distinguished visitors.

HIS HOLINESS then introduced to the Rashtrapathi Sri Swami Chidanandaji, the General Secretary of the Divine Life Society, who, in his turn, introduced to the President the other office-bearers of the institution. Then the President and party had *Darshan* of Lord Vishwanath in the Mandir. This was followed by their inspection of the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University Press. The spirit of selflessness and worshipfulness with which all the work was carried on in the Press was pointed out by Sri Swami Chidanandaji to the President who was also shown the various journals that were issued from the press in their mission of *Dharmic* and *Adhyatmic* Prachar.

The Rashtrapathi was then conducted to the Bhajan Hall where a reception had been arranged in honour of his visit. The programme commenced with *Ganesh Kirtans* sung by Sri Swami Chidanandaji. This was followed by Sri Swami Sivanandaji's own "Mother India" song, sung by Sri Sivananda-Vijayalakshmi (the "Echo of Sivananda"). Equally interesting

was the "Eat a little" dance by Kumari Vasanta, six-year-old daughter of Dr. K.C. Roy. Then came recitation of a very interesting poem "Tor ka Dur" (as well as another passage from Sri Swamiji's writings) by Sri Krishnamurty, son of Dr. K.C. Roy, and the enactment of another humorous poem "I.C.S. in summer and P.C.S. in winter" by three young boys of the Ashram. Sri Venkatarama Sastrigal chanted Veda Mantras. H.H. Sri Shad-Darshanacharya Raghavacharya delivered a short speech in Sanskrit welcoming the Rashtrapathi. Sri Nada Sudha Nidhi M.R. Sastry sang a song specially composed by him for the occasion. Sri Gana Sudhakar Sri K.V. Rajamani Bhagavath gave his unique *Konnakkol* performance.

SRI SWAMI CHIDANANDAJI then read and presented to the Rashtrapathi the Address of Welcome on behalf of the Sanyasins and Students of the Yoga-Vedanta Forest University. This was followed by another Address presented to the Rashtrapathi by Sri Kamalji, Publicity Officer, Tehri-Garhwal, on behalf of the people of Tehri-Garhwal, and of the Town Area Committee, Muni-ki-Reti. Little presents from the different departments of the Divine Life Society's Headquarters (Continued on Page 44)

The Tribute

Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the Rashtrapathi, made the following short but inspiring speech at the end of the function.

I am very happy to be here. In your company I have experienced an inward satisfaction and peace. The purpose of my coming to this place is to have the *Darshan* of Mahatmas like you and to hear you. I came here to take something from here and not to give; I have nothing to give you who are here. I hope your *Ashirvad* will be upon me.

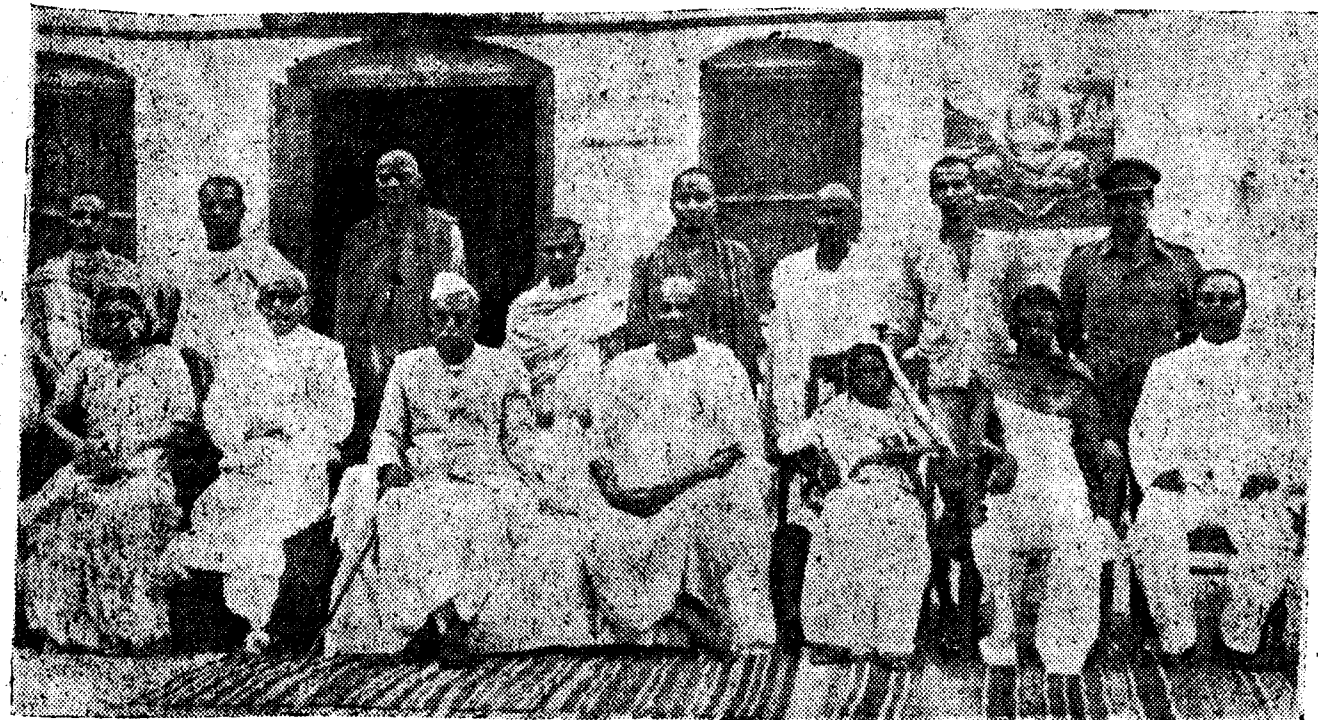
The work that you are doing not only for the good of this country, but of the whole world, and the *Bhav* that you are awakening in mankind, I hope you will continue. There is great need for this work.

The country has attained to freedom. But, there are even now great and difficult problems facing the nation that only God's Power can enable us to solve. That *Daiva-Shakti* should descend into us and work through us. It can be generated only in places like this. I do hope that, towards this aim, you will continue your work for the good of our motherland and the whole world.

15th November 1954

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This Group Photo was taken on the memorable occasion of Dr. Rajendra Prasad's visit to Ananda Kutir, the Headquarters of the Divine Life Society. Seated are (left to right): Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Sri K.M. Munshi, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, H.H. Sri Swami Sivananda, Smt. Rajendra Prasad and two other members of the Presidential party.

Sivananda's Speech:

Become A Dheera Here And Now!

The following is the superb speech delivered by H.H. Mahamandaleshwar Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati, the Founder-President of the Divine Life Society at the function.

Adorable Param-Pujya Rashtrapathi, Sri K.M. Munshi, Smt. Rajendra Prasad, Srimati Lilavati Munshi and all children of Immortality!

We rejoice today heartily, whole-heartedly, because we have in our midst a supreme splendid personality, our Dr. Rajendra Prasad, as well as an illustrious torch-bearer of wisdom, Sri K.M. Munshi. Sri C. Rajagopalachariar, Sri Munshi and our worthy President Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Dr. Katju — these are all spiritual pillars, jewels of wisdom for the whole world at large, not only for our country.

A country should be ruled by a philosopher-king, a sage king. Then only the administration will be just. A mere politician will not do. That is what Plato also says. A sage who has got knowledge or consciousness of *Dharma* — only he can rule the country righteously and ensure peace, plenty and prosperity. Here in India we have got such a philosopher-ruler, not an ordinary king.

Plato says, you must first have physical education — physical culture. A good body, sinewy frame,

good health, you should possess. Then you must have training in music. Music produces harmony and increases *Satwa* in the system, fills the mind with *Satwa*. Then, after having some education in the different subjects of arts and sciences, you should take to philosophy. You should be a practical *Vedantin*, not merely a dry philosopher. Then practise *Ahimsa*, *Satyam* and *Brahmacharya*, and all the various virtues that are enumerated in the thirteenth and sixteenth chapters of the *Bhagavad Gita*.

This is your foremost duty for which you have taken birth in this world. Your foremost duty is the cultivation of these virtues.

Always remember the nature of this world: "Dukhalayam Asaswalam, Anityam Asukham." Even if you possess the wealth of the three worlds, you cannot enjoy eternal peace and perennial joy. "Yo vai Bhuma Tat Sukham. Na alpe Sukham asti, Bhumaiva Sukham." The Rishi again emphasises *Bhumaiva Sukham* because, otherwise, you may forget it. The supreme satisfaction which the mind is hankering after, you can get only in the *Bhuma*, Unconditioned, Infinite, Eternal, Immortal, *Satchidananda Atman* or *Brahman*, the Light of lights which is within your own heart.

(Continued on page 44)

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Problem For The Wife!

(Continued from page 13)

"Why don't you come and work in the Biscuit Factory where I work? You'll get Rs. 3/- a day, and when you get a better job, you can always leave."

VILMA was grateful and accepted a job as a packer. Every one liked Vilma in the Factory, not only for her efficiency in work, but for her gentleness. And the Foreman was thinking of promoting her to the post of Supervisor, when the thing happened. As she was crossing a hot passage by the side of a large oven where the biscuits are baked, she felt giddy and tumbled down. When she opened her eyes, she found that she was lying on a narrow bed. A white-coated man was bending over her. She recognized him as the Factory Doctor. "Don't you know better than to neglect your health?" the doctor was raving at her. "In your condition, you ought to be in bed."

"What is wrong with me, Doctor?"

"Don't you know?" smiled the old man. "You are going to have a baby."

"A baby!" A rosy blush mounted up her pale cheeks. That explained all those green moods. How happy Ajit would be to know! She must tell him when she went in the evening to see him. She remained in the Dispensary till the Factory closed.

The Foreman sent for her. "Vilma Bai, we regret it very much, but we can't have a sick pregnant woman on our labour list. It is against rules. If you must work, get a job that isn't hard on you."

So she was sacked. No, it was not now possible for her to tell Ajit about the baby. He would not remain in bed. She would first secure another job, and then tell him. She must look for a job, where they would not mind her being pregnant. Thus, once again, Vilma was on a job hunt. She could not get another job, and

even when she got one in the Soap Factory, she was turned out when her condition was discovered.

"If only I weren't pregnant..." sighed Vilma. "I'd have managed this year somehow."

It was then that the 'big idea' came to her.

In the chawl, there lived a woman named Paroo. None of the chawl mates had anything to do with her, because she was supposed to be a bad character. They whispered that Paroo had an equally wicked friend who practised illegal operations on women who got into trouble. Vilma was first shocked at herself for even thinking of it, but once the raw edge of this awareness was worn out, Vilma thought more and more about it. She faltered for a long while and at last, one day, taking her courage in both hands, she approached Paroo. The latter was all that the chawl people said she was and more. She was a brazen hussy, in fact. So Paroo said, "That can be arranged. I'll take you to my friend who'll put you right in a jiffy."

SO one evening Paroo, accompanied by Vilma, set out to meet that friend. The friend turned out to be an old hag, blind of one eye, with an evil face. She was dirty both in body and soul. Her methods were primitive and her fees high. When Vilma saw the surroundings, she felt sick. She wanted to rush out into the clean fresh air outside.

She suddenly escaped from that nefarious pit, and ran into the bright sunlight of the street. It was then that sense came to her. "How could I? How could I?" she scolded herself. "What a fool I was to think that I could destroy a life that was entrusted to my care! It is worse than murdering a grown-up person. At least a grown-up person can defend himself or herself, but a helpless child in the womb? By God! What might not be the reward for my wickedness? Perhaps I

have to pay it with my life or worse still, I may not have another child. How disappointed Ajit would have been!" She was walking fast towards the bus stop. "Forgive me, oh, God!" she prayed silently, "Help me find a way." She trembled. "There must be a way. I think I'd better tell Ajit the truth from the very beginning. He'll find a way."

SO, that evening, she had prepared herself to tell Ajit the whole truth, keeping nothing back. When he knew how ill he was, perhaps, he would not insist on coming out of the hospital. He would find a way somehow. As she was about to enter the hospital, Vilma found Ajit's Specialist about to get into his car. Seeing her, he came over to her with a cheerful big smile. "Good news, Vilma Ben. Your husband is improving by leaps and bounds. His blood tests also show remarkable improvement. At this rate, he'll be out of the hospital within six months. But he must continue the treatment, the same treatment for these six months."

Vilma did not even thank him. She stood there dazed.

"You look queer, Vilma Ben, what's the matter? Aren't you happy that Ajit is improving?"

"Yes," answered Vilma, still a dreaming.

So, Ajit cannot move for another six months and the doctor said the present treatment must be continued. Part of the treatment is a big part, as the Specialist had emphasized, she thought.

Now, if she told Ajit about the baby and her unemployment, he would certainly worry, even if he were sensible enough not to get out of hospital. If he worried, his temperature would rise, and all the good work done would be washed off. No, she must bear her burden alone. She could not go and face Ajit.

So she turned back and walked towards the tram stop. On the way, she noticed a peepul tree. At the foot of it stood a goddess, so much smeared with shindoor and covered with flowers that she



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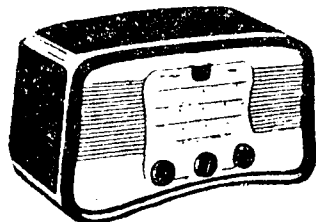
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couldn't recognize the idol, "People still believe in God," she thought. "I used to believe, too, but have I lost faith in God? No, no, I'll go mad if I do. That is the last straw to which I cling. God'll help me somehow if only I stick to the right path, in spite of troubles."

SHE had reached the tram stop, and took her place in the queue. The lady who stood before her turned round and exclaimed in surprise, "Why, it's Vilma if I am not mistaken!"

Vilma looked up. It was Veena Ben, a social worker, whom Vilma knew a few years ago. They were glad to see each other and started chatting. They sat together in the tram and Vilma told Veena Ben about all her troubles.

"Why didn't you register at the Employment Exchange?" asked Veena Ben.

"I never thought of THAT!" cried Vilma.

"And, as it happens, I know they are looking for a young

teacher to teach in the creche of Kamla Mills—"

"Kamla Mills! Why that creche is just in front of my house!"

"That is good. We'll go and see. I am sure you'll suit the post."

"Now, why didn't I think of getting into that creche and asking for a job? It was under my very nose!"

Veena Ben smiled. "We cannot often see for ourselves that which is right under our very nose. Usually some one points it out to us."

THE job suited Vilma and Vilma suited the job. Ajit was discharged as cured after four months of stay in hospital. Vilma was delivered of a son—a bonny healthy baby. Often when she looked at his chubby fists and the cherubic face, she used to tell herself with a guilty conscience, "And I was going to destroy you! Thank God! I had the strength to resist that Evil Den, in spite of all my troubles."



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FROM 15TH TO 30TH NOVEMBER '54

Nov. Pandit Nehru awards a prize of Rs. 1,000 to "Mr. Indian Republic, 1954" for the best development of body and for strength as well.

16th Tues. People of the former French Indian Settlements are rushing to all parts of India to get into intimate touch with the beauties, with the Culture and with the Arts of All-India of which they were in the dark till now.

17th Wed. Following the example of Hyderabad, Mr. Kamraj Nadar of Madras today gives a dinner in Madras to which 2,000 guests have been invited, at the rate of 180 from each district of Madras State, half of each 180 to be Harijans; the dinner will be partaken by both the Harijans and Caste-Hindus sitting in mixed rows.

18th Thurs. As Vice-Chancellor of Annamalai University, Sir C.P. Ramaswami Ayyar announces that on the day of the Silver Jubilee, all those who have in

any manner helped the University will be granted the Title of F.A.U. or Fellow of Annamalai University. All those who have any claim to the Title are requested to immediately intimate their claim with details to avoid disappointment.

19th Fri. Of the 60,00,00,000 of Chinese population today, there are 3,334 who are more than 100 years old; the oldest Chinese is 155.

The University of Yale offers 100,000 dollars to him if he would visit the University for investigation.

20th Sat. Smt. Durgabai Deshmukh opens today 50 creches in Delhi city to receive children, from 6 months to 5 years, of mothers who have to work for wages, not merely of mothers employed in factories; this is done in pursuance of her idea to open creches for all working mothers' children.

21st Sun. Pandit Nehru observes silence.

22nd Mon. A father complains in a Daily that his boy breaks the toys made by Cottage Industries; when he was questioned, his reply was that he wished to encourage Cottage Industries. Is the child to be punished? asks the father.

23rd Tues. An invention has been sent for Registration to protect against fraudulent imitation; this invention is an ingenious thing which gently draws out purses from pockets. The government has sent the invention to its Legal Adviser whether granting Protection rights

would amount to connivance of pick-pocketing.

24th Wed. Mr. Achuthan, Minister for Public works in T.-C. State, who was a carpenter before he took up the trade of Minister of State, announces that in his spare hours he would do Carpenter's Job as he finds that more honourable and less invading on his moral principles.

25th Thurs. Today Eisenhower finds himself between his Republican Party and the Democratic mighty wall. Which then is the devil, and which the deep sea? He pauses for answer.

26th Fri. Bus authorities announce half fares for children: by age or height or weight?

27th Sat. Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras State, today with religious rites, begins the study of Tamil; he sits on the floor, cross-legged, dhoti, with his religious marks; his first book of study after the alphabet, being the Tirukkural of Tiruvalluvar.

28th Sun. Maharshi Balraj announces that the infallible cure for snake bite is "Atikama Midi" (Boothavia diffusa) or spreading hogweed.

Those who are curious are welcome to test it.

29th Mon. Good news to Lovers of Art and Beauty: Miss Costanda, Greek by birth, now living in Egypt, the winner of the title "Miss World", is visiting India; a fee of Rs. 100 for a sight of the Beauty is to be collected and handed to Mr. Nehru and Smt. Durgabai for charitable or public use.

30th Tues. To correct the error of the three classes of Padma Vibhushan, three new ones Padma Vibhushana, Padma-bhooshana and Padmashri were introduced; but today it is learnt that even these are to be replaced by Padma Vilasa, Padma Jaya, and Padma Bhuti. Those holding the old ones will be brought in into the new Awards.

Mallika Tests A Lover

"PROVE all things and hold fast that which is good" is what the Holy Bible teaches us. To Mallika, this wise advice was the guiding Star of the East in all matters where she had to make a choice of her own or when she did not have the lead of her good Aunt, Vinaya, or her kind Uncle, Kasyapa.

If she subjected any suitor or lover to that examination that the Scientist puts a new mineral or a new plant to, it was just because by force of the advice of sacred books and her elders that she did so. Though a young woman just out from the College, she never trusted herself to impulses of the moment. Be it a new saree or something of a new pattern in her dress, she took care to see that it had those qualities by which Dr. Primrose chose his good wife, Dame Deborah, that is, whether the new article had the quality of, apart from attractiveness, the durability or utility.

Maybe the lover who approaches his lady-love may not relish such scrutiny, especially if he is foolish enough to flatter himself that, with his qualifications and accomplishments, he must not only prove acceptable but covetable.

Jane Austin gives us an excellent specimen of the young man who so highly estimated his own social position in comparison with the lady whom he courted, that he actually expressed that his offer must prove a lucky chance to her, and so expected to be received with open arms. On the other hand readers of "Pride and Prejudice" cannot forget with what dignity and self-respect Elizabeth not only rejected Darcy's offer, but, when the opportunity came, she told him that he was a man who was too self-conscious and so made himself reprehensible and not respectable, least of all lovable.

By ORR-BEE

The fact is such swelled head Darcies are to be found to this day, not only among the young, but more among the superannuated, if they happen to have pretty large incomes.

Gulab Rao was one of the good friends of Kasyapa. He was on visiting terms with Kasyapa, in fact, whenever he spent some time in Kasyapa's town, he would call at Kasyapa's, chat for a few minutes and pass. That was his morning constitutional. He was known to have made an ample fortune in business. But it must be said to the credit of Gulab that his prosperity was shared by many institutions of charity, education and poor homes. He had sent on a number of occasions to Mallika sums like a thousand or two. These cheques were sent with just a note containing "To Miss Mallika Kasyapa, to be used as she thinks most useful."

ON such occasions she would tell her Uncle about it and how she was going to use it and then use the sum; only this must be noted, that not a single rupee of that sum was spent on herself. About how Mallika spent this gift or even her own money or the money gifts from her Uncle and Aunt, we shall learn on a later occasion. Enough if we note that the gifts of Gulab were not spent for Mallika's personal wants.

If however Gulab expected that Mallika would invest his gifts on ornaments or stylish apparel, he was quite mistaken. Poor Gulab, whenever he saw Mallika during his visits to Kasyapa, was disappointed to find nothing new in ornaments or no improvement in her dress. Of course Gulab did not express his

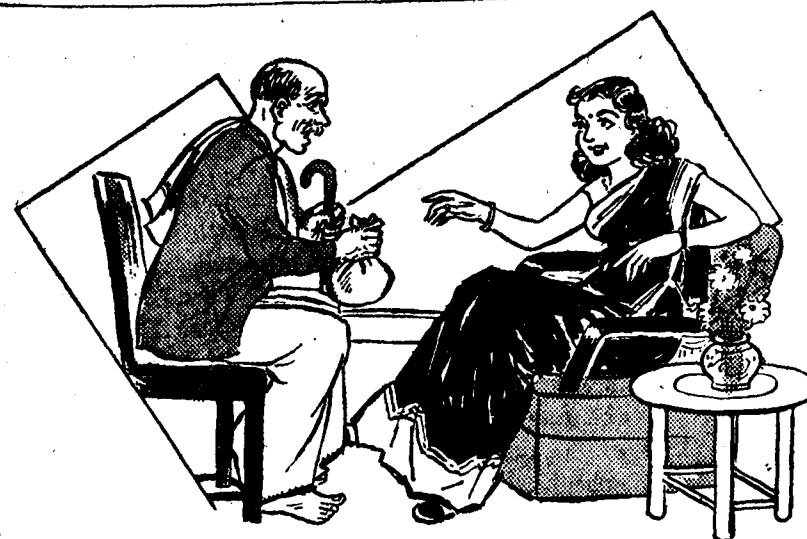
disappointment but felt it. Nay more, Mallika had not the least vestige of anything that might be called ornament.

Though Gulab was very curious about this, that a young lady in the position of Mallika should have absolutely no ornaments, yet, he felt that it was not a point about which he could question either Kasyapa or Mallika. Gulab felt that as he was the giver, it would be far from graceful and too delicate to question about his own gifts.

IT was a pleasant morning in the cold season. It was the first visit to Kasyapa that Gulab was making after he came down from the Hills. Kasyapa rose, took Gulab's hands and told him how grieved he and Vinaya and Mallika were to read in the papers about the demise of Mrs. Gulab. But Gulab seemed to have taken the blow more calmly than Kasyapa expected, because it was Kasyapa's aide that Gulab was a bit too much attached to his wife, though all Kasyapa's friends thought that he was himself too much attached to his wife, though there was the excuse that Kasyapa and his wife had lived most happily for over half a century. But the fun of it is that almost every obedient husband thinks that his friends are too much under the thumb of their wives. And Kasyapa was no exception.

Gulab, after a few minutes' chat wanted to have a talk with Mallika. Mallika was sent for and she took Gulab to her room.

"Sir," began Mallika, "Uncle and Auntie and myself are so sorry about the blow that fell on you about six months back. Uncle wrote to you about our grief. Mrs. Manorama Gulab was so kind and good to us. We can never forget



her. Even six months after the sad event the other day Auntie spoke about her. Let me thank you for the sums you have been sending me to be used as I thought most useful. I only wish I could assuage your grief for the irreparable loss...

Before Mallika finished, Gulab began, "Look here, Mallika, you can do a lot to bring relief to my wounded heart: in fact, you can, if only you will, completely save me from the blow. I feel that you can and that only you can."

Mallika could not understand what Gulab meant; she could not think of any satisfactory solution. She looked blank.

GULAB laid aside his bag and his case. With all the earnestness he could command, he began, "Mallika, pardon me for referring to it, it is only just a trifle. The small cheques I have been sending you are simply tokens of my regard for such a young woman as you are known to be among all your College mates and Professors. It was my desire that you, my good friend Kasyapa's beloved child, should know how I esteemed you. You know that now I am a homeless forlorn creature. What is the use of all that I have in the various banks and the bungalows and estates and the business which brings me annually a few lakhs. She is gone; nor have I anybody to whom I can leave these things which not every man can claim to have. And yet, what is the use of it all?"

"Why, sir, there are so many ways of usefully spending your fortune. So many in our own land and so much help. Misery,

disease, poverty through lack of employment, which again is the result of lack of small capital for small handicrafts, crimes, the result of want, all these loudly call for help from the 'Haves.' One of these days I wanted to speak to you about these public duties; but you have yourself started it."

"Excellent, Mallika, you will find me ready to take your advice and you have only to tell me what I should do and that shall be done," said Gulab.

There was silence.

Gulab began, "Mallika, I have a suggestion to put before you. You know how I am situated. I have always been a businessman. I must be active. To be active is to live. But then I want somebody to take care of me, my wealth and earnings. I am now simple and frank. Why not you take charge of it all?"

"Sir, who is to look after my aged uncle and aunt?" asked Mallika.

"**P**ERHAPS you have not understood me. I shall make myself plain. My simple prayer is, why not you take the place of my late Manorama?" explained Gulab. "Here too I have brought a few thousands and here are my cheques. I shall transfer some of these to your name and you can draw as and when you please."

The light now came to her! Mallika never for a moment dreamt that Gulab would be so wild and atrocious as to make a proposal for

(Continued on page 46)

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BECOME A DHEERA HERE AND NOW!—(Continued from page 37)

"Jyotishamapi Tat Jyotih Tamasah Paramuchyate

Jnanam Jnaneeyam Jnanagamyam Hridi Sarvasya Tishtitham."

You must realise this Light of lights. This is your foremost duty. Then only will you be happy. Otherwise, however much you may try, you cannot derive any happiness, peace or satisfaction in these perishable objects; they are the wombs of pain.

"Ye hi Samsparsaja Bhogah Dukha Yonaya Eva Te
Adyanta Vanta Kaunteya Na teshu Ramate Budhah."

You will have to repent in your old age. Therefore, equip yourself with the Four Means—*Sadhana-Chaturshraya*—*Viveka*, *Vairagya*, *Shad-Sampati* and *Mumukshatwa*. When you grow old you cannot sit in *Padmasan* even for a few minutes. Therefore, start right now. You must offer a beautiful, fresh flower to the Lord—a young pure mind, youthful body to the Lord. People think whether they can practise *Sadhana* when they become old. It is not possible. When all your energy has been squeezed out in the office and at home, how can you sit for a little while in *Padmasan* with a steady pose? If you cannot sit in one *Asan* even for a few minutes, how can you practise concentration? If you cannot practise concentration and meditation how can you have peace? Therefore, you must start doing *Sadhana* right now. Equip yourself with the virtues like humility, tolerance, love, truthfulness, which our worthy President is endowed with. Only if a philosopher-king like him is at the top of the administration will the people be inspired to cultivate all these virtues. Not only the ruler, but all those who take part in the administration must become spiritual giants, must be endowed with divine virtues like

serenity, equal vision, *Shraddha*, faith. They must all be *Dheeras*.

Who is a *Dheera*? "*Paranchikhan Vyatrinat Swayambhuh Tasmad Paran Pasati Na Antaratman, Kaschit Dheerah Pratyagatmanamaikshat Avirita Chakshuh Amritatwamichchan.*" Lord Brahma created the senses with a little bit of *Rajas*. So you behold the external universe and not the inner Self, which is the Source or Substratum. This *Rajas* exists as the mind in man. The mind is nothing but the play of the three *Gunas*—*Satwa*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*, which continually generate various kinds of *Vrittis*. You should know at what time which *Guna* is operating. Even when you possess much wealth and enjoy a good position, you are tormented by some *Vritti* or other. Just as you remove a pebble from your shoe, you should know how to remove the *Vritti* that is troubling you. Then only can you enjoy real peace and happiness. The *Dheera-Purusha* alone can do that. Desiring to realise the Inner Self, he withdraws the rays of the mind from going outwards and turns his gaze within. He is a *Dheera*. India and the whole world is in need of such *Dheeras*. *Nachiketas* was such a *Dheera*. *Maitreyi* was such a *Dheera*. *Yagnavalkya* was such a *Dheera*. No bank balance will make you a *Dheera*. Only spiritual qualities will make you a *Dheera*. Turn the gaze within. Control the *Vasanas*. Still the *Vrittis*, with a burning aspiration to attain Immortality. You will become a *Dheera* here and now.

Therefore, apply yourself to this *Sadhana*. Cultivate all these divine virtues. We have before us today a great exemplar of all the virtues enumerated by Lord Krishna in the *Gita*. May Lord bless Sri Dr. Rajendra Prasad and family, Sri K. M. Munshi, Srimati Lilavati Munshi, all the administrators of India and the whole mankind, with health, long life, peace, prosperity, Eternal Bliss and *Kaivalya*.

RASHTRAPATHI MEETS SIVANANDA—(Continued from page 36)

like the Pharmacy, the Sivananda Publication League, etc., were offered to Dr. Rajendra Prasad, as also Sri Munshi, in token of our great love and reverence. A nice Rudraksha Mala centralised on a satin Map of India was one of these presents. Then H.H. Sri Swami Sivanandaji Maharaj gave his thrilling discourse.

Light refreshments were served. Then, Her Excellency Srimati Lilavati Munshi recited the prayer compiled for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan, Bombay. Now a short movie-reel of various Yoga *Asans* and *Kriyas* was shown. The memorable function concluded with an inspiring speech in Hindi by the Rashtrapathi himself, and the final chant of Shanti Mantras.

The Rashtrapathi's *Dharmapatri* together with his elder sister and his grand-daughter also graced the function with their presence. Among the audience were all the high officials of the Districts of Tehri-Garhwal, Dehra Dun and Saharanpur and also Sri M.C. Bijawat, retired Vice-Chancellor of the University of Roorkee.

Shri K.M. Munshi made kind enquiries of Sri Swamiji's health and invited him to Lucknow.

THE Rashtrapathi, during the course of his conversation with Sri Swamiji, enquired of the latter if admission to the Ashram was restricted to people from any particular State, etc., and Sri Swamiji explained to him that even at present the Ashram has on its role inmates who hail from several parts of India and that any aspirant might join the Ashram without any distinction whatsoever, —caste, creed, religion, sex or nationality. To the Rashtrapathi's enquiry "You do not go out anywhere for a change?" Sri Swamiji replied, "Generally, not. After my recent all-India Tour, I have constantly been living here. In August this year, I went for a change to Roorkee."

The devotion of the Rashtrapathi's *Dharmapatri*, and of his sister, towards saints and Sanyasins, was something that belongs to another age altogether; and it was reminiscent of the good old days of the Ramayana when even Kings and Queens bowed reverently before sages of Self-realisation. Glory to Indian Womanhood!

After a group photograph along with Sri Swamiji and some of his disciples, the presidential party took leave of the sage of Ananda Kutir. The solemn and sonorous sound of the *Pranava-Dhwani* filled the air as their car moved forward at the moment of their send-off.

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Mallika Tests A Lover — (Continued from page 43)

marriage. She was not sure whether Gulab was sane or if the loss of his wife had unhinged his understanding.

For a moment, Mallika was a bit put out at the audacity of the proposal. But Mallika had the soul of a real and practical humorist. She saw the splendid joke of it all.

MALLIKA thought that there was some very excellent fun in the ludicrous idea of Gulab. So she got into one of her playful moods and changing from a sympathetic friend, she began, in her own playful manner, to question Gulab, "I now understand you, sir; may I know how old you are."

"Not yet seventy, only sixty-nine."

"Not bad," said Mallika, suppressing any inclination to laugh, and looking as earnest and serious as she could, "Do you go out on long walks?"

"I was doing it. In fact, it was in my morning walks that I used to meet you all. But now I feel I cannot go out."

"So you stay at home all the time?"

"I do," answered Gulab.

"That means you will be in a corner where you are placed like a statue."

"No, no, I can and do go out in the car; only somebody has to lead me to the car," said Gulab.

"How is your sight, sir?"

"How can you expect the sight of a man who has passed sixty to be as good as a younger chap? The surgeon tells me that after some attention to it I should be quite independent of help."

"How about health?"

"I am not a grumbler, I am a contented fellow, I have been one all my life. With some helpful medicine, I manage to control troubles about food. Mallika, good lady, are you afraid I shall die soon? Granted I die in a few years, you are so well provided. You get all I am worth. Is that not enough for you?"

"So I shall be a rich widow, is that what you mean?"

"Not necessarily; far from it. I am assured, by the horoscope that my father had got written that I am to live to my 82nd year. But last year, the astrologer whom the richest and the highest in the land consult, told me that not the least harm can touch me till I reach my 90th year," assured Gulab.

"I am so glad that you are given so many more years by the astrologers; but what I meant by my questions was whether yours was a case of psychopathy or merely a temporary feeling of despondency after Smt. Manorama's demise or a hallucination that comes upon men at your time of life. Sure, you don't take me amiss. Sir," replied Mallika betraying herself to a smile which, do what she could, she could not suppress.

"What do you mean?" asked Gulab in a desperate state.

"Why, sir, I may tell you that whatever you had sent me was never spent in the least upon me

"What, not upon you?"

"Never, sir, never."

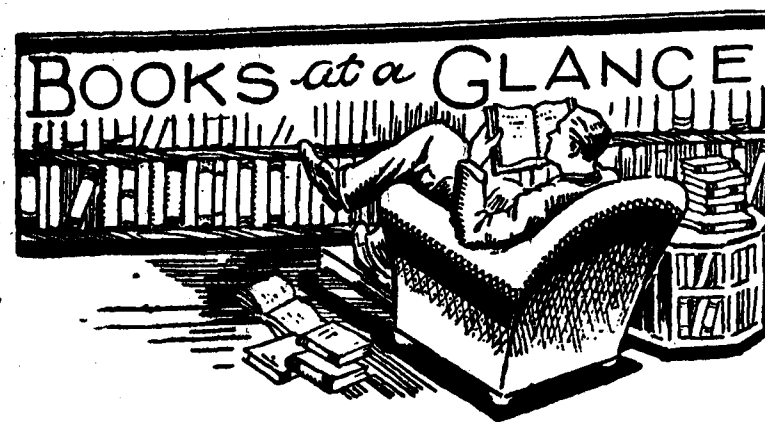
"What happened to it all?"

"THE best use of it was made. But, as to what you want, hand over to me now, I can accept it only on the former terms. For your idea of wedding me, I frankly advise you to seek a young lady, whom coin, cars, mansions are the end of life. Such a person will run to you with eagerness. But, as I have made the forlorn sisters of my motherland my sole duty, my only sacred duty of my life, you will give up such thoughts about me. But after thinking as earnestly as you can, you may, of what remains of your life, devote yourself to your all to my Duty, and join hands with me," said Mallika.

Gulab sat silent.

He thought. It was a flash he had

"Mallika," Gulab said, "from this moment I give up all thought of seeking a wife; I shall carry on my business as till now. I shall leave you all I have. Your noble pure spirit has purified me as well. Yes, I shall live precisely as I desire. You are not Mallika, you are something far, far above."



Arabunattu Kathai (Published by Shajehan Book Depot, 460, High Road, Madras-5).

Practically every man and woman has heard about the famous *Arabian Nights' Tales*. Hollywood too has produced pictures, silent and talkie, in black and white and in colour, about these *Arabian Nights' Tales* but based on their own version, of course. *Arabian Nights' Tales* are also known as *Thousand and One Nights*. These are the tales said to have been told by Shahrazad at the instance of her sister to the Sultan and by means of the entrancing tales told, each of which she ingeniously left unfinished at break of day, Shahrazad was able to escape the fate of having her head cut off. The Sultan, owing to a spite he had against women, was in the habit of marrying a young girl each night and ordering her head to be cut off the very next morning!

These tales were first written in Arabic called *Alf Laila Wa Laila* about 650 years ago. It is not known who was the author of these tales nor who it was that compiled the tales orally then current. These tales in Arabic were first translated into French by Antoine Galland and from the French version into English.

The books under notice are a literal translation into Tamil. While it is one thing for a Frenchman or an Englishman to translate from the Arabic original, it is altogether another thing for a Muslim knowing Arabic, Urdu and Tamil translating the tales.

The publishers did not like to publish the tales. To publish all the tales in one or two volumes would mean the book not only

being bulky but also too costly. Hence, they have hit upon the happy idea of publishing three or four tales in one part and pricing each part at Rupee One only. We have received the first five parts and the publishers say they are arranging to publish the remaining forty and odd parts at one each month.

To those who wish to read the *Arabian Nights' Tales* in good and easy Tamil, we would confidently recommend this series.

It would be nice if the publishers could find it possible to bring out translations in other important regional languages.

Indian Banking Analysed

(By J.P. Jain. Published by The Banking Experts, Jama Masjid, Delhi. Price Rs. 15 or Sh. 22/-).

This is the third Edition of this book which is quite comprehensive in its treatment of the subject. The book is divided into two parts, viz., Analytical and Statistical. In the Part titled Analytical, the author has taken considerable pains to give as many details as possible. This Part is divided into chapters dealing with topics like Concept of Banking, Growth of Indian Banking and Its Present Position, Banking in Pakistan, Burma & Ceylon, Banking Legislation in India, Pakistan, Burma & Ceylon, Working of Banks Abroad, Safety Tips of Bankers, Banking Terms Defined. In the Statistical Part are chapters devoted to Management and Analysis of various types of Banks in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, Clearing Houses in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, Locational Position of the Offices of Banks, etc. The

Bankers' Who's Who at the end of the book is not only a labour of love but a very useful one too for which the author should receive credit.

In the analysis of the working of the various types of Banks, the author gives details regarding each bank, one to a page, like the banks' Address, Management (Directors, etc.), Short History, Branches, Capital, Transfer Details and a Comparative Statement regarding the structure viz., Paid-up Capital, Reserves, Deposits, Loans from Banks, Investments, Profit or Loss, Balance Sheet, Dividend Percentage, etc., etc. To all students of Banking in India and especially to such of those who wish to qualify themselves for inclusion in the Institute of Bankers and all Bank Officials, this will prove to be an invaluable book.

That the author had undertaken a herculean task is evident. That he has succeeded in his attempt is really a matter for pride. He has not merely written and published a book but has also rendered a really good service to the Banking Institution of our country and to all those connected with banking either professionally or otherwise.

Those in the South can write for the book to: The Banking Experts, Madras-17.

All India Industrial Exhibition Hyderabad — 1955.

This booklet, released by the Exhibition Committee, gives us an idea of the aims and objects of the Exhibition proposed to be held from 1st January to 10th February, '55 in Hyderabad City, the fifth largest city in India. The Exhibition site will, it is stated, cover an area of 32 acres in the heart of the City. All details regarding the scope and nature of the Exhibition including the details for Exhibitors (stall-holders) are given. Several photos taken in connection with the Exhibition held last year are included. A plan of the Exhibition site and the position of stalls, etc., is also included. Those who wish to get the booklet may write to: The Hon. Secretary, All India Industrial Exhibition, Mahanagar Road, Hyderabad, 17.

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Have you failed to convince your beloved of your sincerity? Is she fascinated by another? Banish all disappointments from your life; follow the spiritual way to make your affairs successful.

Do you suffer from an inferiority complex or fear of any sort? You can protect yourself from malefic influences, witchcraft or sorcery, accidents and misfortunes. The mysteries of life will reveal to you with amazing clearness, the primal source of happiness leading you to the path of success. You can obtain this indispensable Gift of Divine Guidance.

Are you blaming world depression or adverse influences? There is only one factor in any business; that is to buy cheap and sell at a profit. If you are unable to tackle this simple problem then you require spiritual guidance.

Has medical aid failed you? There are over 3,000 different diseases in this world. So far only one-third have been conquered by medical science. No known specifics have been found for the remaining diseases. If medical aid is of little help to you, then you should place yourself under spiritual treatment. Regain good health and enjoy the fruits of healthy life.

There are two actors governing the wheel of fortune — TEJI AND MANDI. Are you unable to correctly assess the trends of markets in spite of all your experience, trade conditions, newspapers' and brokers' reports? If you have the right intuition at the right moment, a fortune is yours. Read the booklet, "SOURCE OF SUPERNATURAL POWER." It is free.

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Resolve today to receive the blessings of Divine influence; be forewarned against failures and know the simple rules of life. A valuable illustrated booklet, "SOURCE OF SUPERNATURAL POWER" containing detailed guidance to overcome all your life's problems, printed in two colours on art paper neatly compiled at a considerable cost in simple English language will be sent to you free. (If you desire enclose As. 4 in stamps to cover postage, etc.)

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— (Sd.) His Lordship Bishop D.Q.A., L.Th., (London).

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