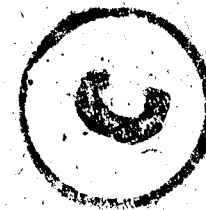


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WILL READERS NOTE

Pages 33 to 48 have been wrongly numbered 49 to 64. So pages 49 to 64 are being numbered twice over by oversight, but the reading matter is different, as readers will see and the continuity from page to page in this issue is perfectly all right. The mistake is regretted.

—EDITOR.

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No. 10

Should Voting Be Compulsory?

INTERESTING is the suggestion of the Chief Election Commissioner that voting by every citizen should be made compulsory by law. We doubt if it will be a measure of practical wisdom. We feel that freedom on one's part to exercise the franchise also implies the freedom not to vote.

It may be recalled that leaders like the late Dr. Rajendra Prasad expressed concern at the unwieldy electoral machine and the enormous number of illiterate voters under the new constitution. Would they be able to exercise their franchise intelligently? Was there no way to limit their number? They were much exercised over this problem.

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A Happy Deepavali

We fear that compulsory voting will create more complications. Not all can go to the polling booths because of personal difficulties. Some may dislike both or all the contesting candidates. During monsoonish or rainy weather many sick and ailing people may prefer to stay indoors for want of proper conveyance to the polling booths. Suppose members of minority communities fear violence to their person and danger to their safety in the face of intimidation by anti-social elements let loose by the various senas or those of some brute majority? Will women voters dare to go out under such circumstances? The truth is that our democracy is too young and that the Commissioner is far ahead of his times!

The Editor

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Most modern girls dress to kill, and cook the same way.

A woman stops telling her age as soon as age starts telling on her.

Though a man who remains a bachelor may be a fool, at least he's not reminded of it quite so often.

There are all kinds of ways to make money. That's why so many people are behind bars.

A woman never knows what kind of a dress she doesn't like until she's bought it.

A flat is a place where you try to turn off your radio and then find you've been listening to the one next door.

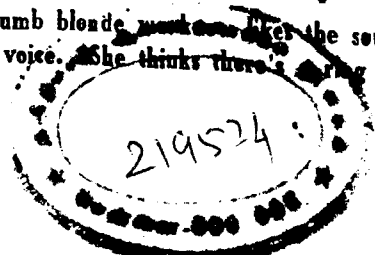
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ROMANCE IN THE OFFING

"HELLO! young man; here's a letter for you," said the garrulous old postman, whose gift of the gab increased with the miles he traversed. It was a hot May afternoon in 1960, he stood beside me, holding out the letter with one hand and wiping the sweat on his forehead with the other. I took the letter and read it. I heaved a sigh of relief.....

I was twentytwo and I had by then spent five years in the village since I completed school final. All that I had to do during this period was to read and re-read the fifty odd volumes of Telugu books in the village Panchayat Library. 'Andhra Bhoomi,' (Andhra Land) a Telugu Daily, which never ceased to come during this period, was the other prop on which I leaned for a few hours' browsing. I had no friends in the village to converse with on matters of any importance to me, for none of the villagers had education beyond the primary level.

Occasionally some illiterate peasant would come with an English letter from the Government and ask me to translate it. I began to get weary of my village life. Moreover, I had no desire to be a permanent parasite on my Uncle.

My parents died when I was still a child, leaving me to the care of my Uncle. I was the only child of my parents, none preceding or following me. Ever since I began to take notice, I knew only my Uncle and Aunt

whom I thought to be my parents and called them 'Daddy' and 'Mummy'. Indeed they were more than mere parents to me. They nursed me, brought me up and sent me to a neighbouring rural town for High School Education. They were childless and this increased their affection towards me.

Ours is a small village of about hundred houses and although people of different castes lived there, they mainly depend on agriculture. My Uncle had a few acres of land. Having been used to the snug

By

M. K. CHETTY

shelter of school buildings for over a decade I was utterly useless in farming and the red sun, who, to me always seemed hot, would make me wither in no time.

During these years when I was eating the bread of idleness my downy chin and upper lip began rather hastily to give way to those dark filaments called moustache and beard, that I had of necessity to frequent the village barber. With each visit my Uncle's uneasiness increased. There were a few girls in our village, some good and some bad, but my Uncle who had very orthodox notions about life in general, couldn't think of an outrage on me from the evil stock or some rash behaviour on my

part towards the virtuous ones. He had always a very high opinion about me, but then the ways of young are so unpredictable, anything might happen, anywhere and at any time.

Of course, he needn't have feared much for me. I for one had always been a connoisseur and held that if ever you wanted to taste it should be the best dishes; the best drinks; and the best...well, I needn't tell you what it is. And so these village damsels had always been an eye-sore to me.

I HAD always a secret longing for the posh city dames, I had once seen a girl, who was from Madras, when some years ago I was travelling with my Uncle in a bus. I admired within myself her black braided long hair; her rouged cheeks; her mischievous eyes, glistening with collyrium; her pouting small lips; her well formed breasts; and above all her narrow waist. I fell immediately in love with all city girls. I thought a city must be heaven, full of beaming young girls everywhere. How happy I should be if ever I could live in a city !.....

The letter was from the Head Office of Premier Insurance Company, posting me as a junior clerk to their Branch Office at Perur. The sigh of relief was for my prospective release from the clutches of rural idleness and perhaps into those of a petticoat.

My Uncle was at first unwilling to send me there. He remembered that he had once been to that place. The people were rough and primitive. The place was once notorious for

daily murders. Days, no doubt, had changed and with them perhaps people too everywhere, but still he had his doubts about that place which could neither be confirmed nor negated by anyone in the village.

At last he agreed to my going and so on an auspicious Friday I set out for Perur more in the hope of falling on the lap of a lass than for a bright career as a junior clerk.

THE place lies nearly a hundred miles in the north-westerly direction beyond hills and dales. I had to walk four miles to catch a bus at the nearest spot from our village and from there travel nearly ten miles to the nearest railway station. Although I put on a brave face at home when my uncle raised doubts about that place, I was not full of beans when I got down there and I could hear the twitter of my heart.

Perur was not a big town. It had a population of about twentyfive thousand. It lies at the southern tip of the Deccan Plateau, with a rural background. The place had nothing to offer for one like me who had travelled a near hundred miles with the fond hope of soft landing on an angel pavement. Oh! Where were the paragons of my imagination? Had I come to a wrong place for my adventure?

To mollify my troubled head I began to spend my week-ends visiting places of some importance near and around Perur. They were not many and unfortunately for me had no romantic associa-

tions whatsoever. There was a waterfall where I frequently bathed and there was a fort, a seventeenth century ruin where I meditated on the glory that was India's. I became tired of these places as I had no interest in places where I could not find my seraphs. Therefore after a three-year sojourn I asked for a transfer to Head Office at Madras, which was sincerely recommended by our Branch Manager. Soon I was transferred to Madras.

OUR Office is a five-storey building on the main thoroughfare which has three superlatives to its credit: the longest, the widest and the busiest. I was posted to the policy-holders' section which was on the second floor; and as I had some experience in the Branch I found no difficulty in adjusting myself to the Head Office procedures.

I stayed in a big lodging house with an acquaintance through a letter of introduction. It lay a few furlongs in the south-easterly direction to our Office. From here you could reach the Beach in few minutes. It had more than two hundred rooms with a big common hall for the nocturnal visitors. The near five hundred inhabitants (there were two for each room) were mostly celebrates. Their ages ranged from the raw twenty to the ripe sixty. They were no misogynists but simply women and marriage passed over them. My friend, who at thirty-five was still a bachelor, had an iliad of instances where artful jades slipped through his embrace.

Sitting in the second floor just in front of the entrance I had to perform double duties. I had to attend to granting of loans within a particular group of policies and also act as a receptionist. I was not specifically asked to act as a receptionist but this was inescapable as I sat just before the door.

AT first the city wore always a festive look for me. Whether in the morning or in the evening, whether at the theatre or on the thoroughfare, whether at a bus stop or on the beach, it was an endless flow of young ladies. I felt I was a bee in a garden of flowers but with one difference: I could not suck honey from any.

Days merged in weeks and weeks in months. It was time to replace the third calendar with a fourth since my coming to Madras. Unsatisfied desires and unfulfilled ambitions forced me to do certain things which were not altogether healthy or desirable. I kept reading books and tried to bury my grief in the pages I turned. I began to smoke and imagined I was puffing out my sorrows. I neglected my meals and thought an attenuated body meant diminished wants. As these things grew upon me, my eyes became sunken, my cheeks became hollow, and my hands and legs became weak and lean. The one part which retained its size or seemed to have grown bigger on account of general weakening of the body elsewhere, was my belly. And so at twenty-eight I might have passed for any one between twenty-nine and thirty-eight and certainly not

below that. I would have given up the ghost but for the timely succour of a young and sprightly lady. Wait, let me detail it to you.

IT was a fine Monday morning. It was 10-30 and the initial hubbub on the floor was beginning to die down. Everyone was getting busy after the week-end rest. I too was engaged in my work. I was bending my head over the table looking into some papers, when I heard soft and sweet words addressed to me.

"Excuse me."

I looked up and saw a young lady standing before my table. She was very fair and had rosy lips. Her apple-like cheeks had something of child-like tenderness in them. Her black and fish-like eyes seemed to conceal mischief. Her black and long hair was braided and hung down over her shoulder in front. Her straight breasts aided only by the orthodox bodice spoke of their owner's unruffled youth. She wore a blue saree and a blue blouse and these made her complexion more luminous. She appeared to be weak in only one

particular and that was her waist. It was not as narrow as it should have been.

"Yes, Miss," I said, smothering my emotion and putting on an undisturbed air.

"I'm Malathi. I'm newly posted here. I have been asked to report to the Officer-in-Charge here," she said, smiling.

Oh! mark her fine teeth, resplendent even under shade.

"He sits there, in that cabin," I said pointing to the left-side room at the other end of the floor.

She hesitated.

I said, "He's a nice man. You can go and see him".

"Oh, no, no," she said, "You see, I'm a new-comer. I have no desire to see him without a proper introduction." She stopped for a few seconds and then said, "Why not you help me?"

"Oh yes, most willingly," I said and led her to our officer-in-charge.

She was put in charge of the same type of work as I was doing but to a different group of policies. The Superintendent of

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that section asked me to help her which I readily agreed to and wishing my fair lady well in her assignment, I came back to my seat, where I could only contemplate and not concentrate at all on my work.

It was five in the afternoon and people were leaving the Office, some in groups and some alone. I waited for a few minutes in my seat. Presently Malathi came.

SHE said half playfully and half seriously, "Thank you for your forenoon service".

"Don't bother about it. How do you find the work?" I asked.

"The Superintendent has taught me the rudiments about it. I'm afraid I shall be a great botheration to you in the coming days."

"I shall deem it a privilege and shall always be pleased to help you in any way." The words rolled in spite of my pusillanimity.

"Thank you very much," she said and looking at her watch she continued, "I'm sorry I have to leave you now because my father will be waiting outside with his car."

"Good-bye, then," I said.

Back in the room that night, I lay on my bed and picking out Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" from the shelf I tried to read. I know not what bound me to Malathi but it was her countenance that greeted me on every page. I have no idea now how long I kept looking at her but I do remember that it was she in the pages who signified the

lateness of the hour and lulled me to sleep.

While our hero (the "I" of this story) is thus reportedly sleeping I, the writer, should like to take advantage of this interregnum to tell you a few details about our heroine with whose features our "I" of the story had dealt at some length.

She was indeed a graceful young lady at 21. She was a graduate and the second daughter of a now superannuated Bank agent. He now lives in affluent retirement as there were no wolves at his door when he left service. His first daughter, elder to Malathi by three years, had been married to an Engineer in Bangalore.

Malathi's girl friends whenever they saw her would burst with envy. They always feared that she was a powerful rival and would easily snatch away their boy friends from them. She was the pride of her College. There were in fact very few male students who might not have smacked their lips on seeing her. You could count such people on the fingers of your hand.

As she had to spend her time idling at home her father advised her to work somewhere for some time. It was her father's plan that she should continue in employment till such time he could arrange for a good alliance. She could then resign if she did not feel like working.

So it was, that she came to work in the Office in which our hero was employed and it was no wonder that our hero should

have fallen in love with her at first sight. She had pleasing looks and it was a pleasure to talk to her.

With these words I wish to take leave of you. I assure you I shall never again intrude upon you, as having entrusted the task of telling the story to the hero, I should not have thus interfered, but I hope you will excuse my indulgence when you remember that the talk was about a belle and there, any man is very likely to show up a little of himself.

Days went by and our acquaintance increased steadily. I took care to be in Office well before 10 O' clock daily so as to reciprocate the obeisance of my lady love and I never left the office at five in the evening lest I should miss her side glance at me. I would blush whenever I noticed a half suppressed smile on her lips.

I would occasionally invent an excuse; it might be to offer her my help and advice in her work or to borrow some stationery of which I had no stock; to steal towards her and look to her; She would most obligingly oblige when it was a question of giving me papers or forms and as politely decline my help saying that there was not much to learn in the seat and that she found the work very easy.

It was a few months later that I happened to see her parents. The occasion, even otherwise, was a memorable one.

It was a month-end Sunday and I was alone in the room as my room-mate was away in

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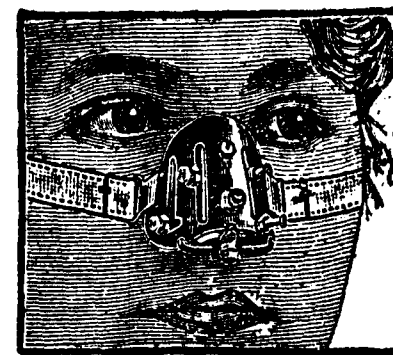
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his village on a holiday. I had no money on hand to think of any costly entertainment. I thought the beach was an admirable place for a few hours' inexpensive diversion. There, with four-anna worth groundnuts you could buy a three-hour relaxation.

I THEREFORE started for that place early. It was a few minutes' walk from our lodge. The northern part of the beach was already swarming with people. The rabble of the city frequented the northern part. I had no desire to sit with the stinking riff-raff. I therefore walked nearly two miles towards the southern side where the beach was somewhat narrower. But this place was the usual retreat of the wealthy. Here I sat looking absently at the sea and the waves which ran towards the shore chased by others.

I bought fried peas for a few paise from a hawker and sat there munching slowly. It was getting late but I had no mind to return to my room early, leaving the lovely sight and bracing sea-breeze behind.

I was gazing towards the sea and wondering whether the sea rose into the sky or the sky merged into the sea when I heard a familiar voice addressing me thus:

"Hello! Philosopher, you seem to be meditating."

I turned towards that side but look! My Malathi was standing there brightly smiling and adjusting her saree which seemed to defy her because of the sea breeze.

"Oh, no, I was just praying to the Sea God."

"What for?"

"For a maiden pure and simple".

"What did he say for that?"

"He asked me to close my eyes for a few seconds and then look towards my right. I did as I was asked, and am seeing you now".

She started laughing and said "You are a great wit."

"I'm sorry I didn't notice you. I was simply gazing at the sea and the sky," I said a few moments later.

"I came just a few minutes ago. I came with my parents. I asked them to sit there and on seeing you came here," she said pointing out her parents who were sitting a few yards away.

"I don't think you will be hurt by the sand and the small shells if you sit for a few minutes," I said as she was still standing there.

"You seem to think highly of me. I'm no child, nor am I delicate" so saying she sat on the sand a few feet before me.

We talked that evening various things. Although I put a cheerful face all the time were talking I was not unconscious of the urge within me to express my deep and sincere love towards her and if only she should accept me as her husband how happy I should be on this earth. Couldn't we disprove the old adage which says that real marriages are made in heaven? But this urge was veiled by a membrane, by no means thin, of

fear that as our acquaintance was only a few months' old the time was not yet ripe to broach on subjects of personal nature. Moreover, as the saying in our tongue goes, you may measure the depth of a sea but can't gauge the mind of a woman. I decided, therefore, within me to be satisfied with the pleasure of talking to her on matters of general importance and to postpone the more important and the more urgent (I was already twenty-eight) subject of our matrimony to an unknown auspicious day in the future.

It was nearly eight o' clock. We got up on a call from Malathi's parents. I was soon introduced to her parents. I was given a lift upto my lodge. After dropping me there they drove away.

THAT night when I lay down on my bed looking at the ceiling I felt I saw Malathi laughing through the rafters at my predicament.

Ever since that evening when I had the good fortune of talking to Malathi pleasantly I was always on the look-out for the opportunity to meet her and

talk to her privately. Then I could tell her how deeply I valued her friendship, and what a blessed soul I should be to have her as partner in my life. But such an opportunity did not seem to be in the offing, for, our friendship which appeared to have a solid foundation did not begin to grow. For quite some time afterwards it reverted to the old pattern of an affable nod and a gentle wink. I became impatient. I was beginning to lose heart, but one evening I brightened up, for the much awaited opportunity did present itself.

After the close of office hours I was standing on the road-side platform leading to the entrance of our office. I was silently gazing towards the noisy vehicles passing on the road. Malathi, who was held up at her seat on account of a late visit by a lady colleague, started somewhat behind her usual time. She accosted me thus, "You seem to have no work this evening."

"Yes, I'm a free bird. A bachelor can't have much work," I said.

"I intend going to a picture this evening. Why don't you

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keep company with me?" she asked.

"I'm your faithful servant. I shall follow you," I said playfully.

"You see, my father is away from the town and the car is at my disposal. I told my mother that I would be late tonight."

"Then we shall have some pleasant time one beside the other.... I mean at the theatre," I said correcting myself, as I noticed a puzzled look on her face.

"Sure, but not beyond that." So saying she laughed heartily in which I too joined readily.

WE got into the car and drove to a nearby hotel. We had just enough time to take some tiffin and then drive to the cinema house. We bought tickets for the highest class, sat comfortably and enjoyed the cinema unobserved by others.

When the cinema was over, she said she would drop me at my lodge and then go to her house. The distance was nearly four miles and we had to pass through the big thoroughfare on which our Office building stood. The road looked somewhat deserted with very little pedestrian and vehicular traffic. The comforting warmth beside Malathi reminded me that it was an admirable opportunity to speak to her of my deep love towards her. Indeed the cool sea breeze did whisper to me of its support in my venture. I decided to tell her of my warm feelings towards her, but (curse my stars!) just at that moment I found a big

mosquito on her left hand poised to hurt and perhaps harm her too with its bite.

Within seconds of its alighting, my palm was on it; or rather, at that part of Malathi's hand where it landed, for I didn't find afterwards that wretched mosquito (my blood boils whenever I think of it) dead on her hand, with so much force that her left hand suddenly came down which gave the car an abrupt swing towards the left, as she was holding the steering-wheel tightly. No damage was done and soon Malathi could regain control; but what about the look on her face at that moment! It spoke of her sudden hatred and anger. I offered my apologies but she received them coolly and didn't speak a word of reassurance. I didn't speak a word afterwards. Oh! How I detested myself at that moment! How I cursed my stars for what had happened!

Presently, we came to our lodge. After giving a disinterested "goodnight" she drove away. Didn't she at that moment drive away all my hopes, desires and aspirations? She did, in fact.

That night I wept bitterly like a child until the pillow was wet with my tears. I knew not how long I wept in that darkness, but it was long enough to melt the heart of my pillow which began to speak some philosophy. It said "The sun has no doubt set for the day but he will rise tomorrow. Present troubles might only be forerunners of future pleasures. Be Brave. You may yet be fortunate." I did indeed find

solace in the words of my pillow and soon fell asleep.

The one thing that I wanted to do the next day was to take advantage of the first opportunity and offer my sincere apologies in the humblest way and to re-establish our relations on the former footing. I could not succeed in this as Malathi was absent on that day.

AS days went by Malathi's chair too went without her occupant, for, Malathi did not return. It was soon rumoured that she had resigned her job and left service. This piece of information was brought to me by a tipster by a secondary profession. I didn't give credence to his words as I never believed in what he said.

I began to despair as Malathi continued to be absent. Sometimes ideas would flood my head as to the possible methods of seeing her. I would think of going to her house and seeing her but I would soon become despondent and abandon the idea. For some reason or other, she had never invited me to her house, even once, while we were on cordial terms. Moreover, I should be ill at ease before my parents whom I saw only for a few minutes and that too in half darkness.

My sorrows began to tell on my mind. I would often sit in my seat, unable as well as unwilling to do work. Sometimes friends would come and ask me, "Hello! friend, you look so woebegone. What's wrong with you?" But what was wrong with me? Everything. I say everything because I lost that, on

which I placed so much of confidence for my future happiness and with that I lost all hopes. When there's not an iota of hope what could still be right with me? In my absent-mindedness I would often mutter to myself, "Could I see her at least once in my life?" "Could I see her at least once in my life?"

I could indeed see her but only once afterwards. It was nearly after a month since she stopped coming to the Office. The clock was striking five and Malathi entered our floor through the door-way like an angel visiting her earthly friend at an appointed hour, or might I say like a ghost in a detective story? She brought with her a bunch of envelopes and giving me one said, "Mr. Rao," (mind you, it was the first time she addressed me by name) I'm getting married on the twenty-fourth. Will you be kind enough to attend?"

I could muster enough strength to stand up and wish her rather laconically thus, "Thank you, I wish you all the happiness." The moment she left me, which she did instantly, I sank into my chair.

To brush all this aside as a bad time in my life it took nearly three months of my furlough and when I returned I was nearly my former self, by which I mean I sat there prepared for another bout at love.

But do you think I shall ever be successful? ★

"I don't see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown."

"No; he stays at home now and enjoys life in his own as I want him to."

LORD SRI KRISHNA

★ By H. H. SRI SWAMI SIVANANDA ★

SALUTATIONS to Lord Krishna, the Supreme Lord who is the indweller of our hearts, who is Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute, who is the Soul of this universe, who bestows Immortality on His devotees, who is the source for everything and who took a human form to please the gods and His devotees, to destroy wickedness and establish righteousness.

Avatars appear for special reasons in special circumstances. Whenever there is much unrighteousness, whenever confusion and disorder set in on account of unrighteousness and baffle the well-ordered progress of the people, whenever the balance of human society is upset by selfish, ruthless and cruel beings, whenever irreligion and Adharma prevail, whenever the foundations of social organisations are undermined, Avatars appear to establish Dharma and to restore peace. Avatars are a descent of God for the ascent of man. A ray from the Hiranyagarbha descends on earth with mighty powers to keep up the harmony of the universe. The work done by the Avatars and their teachings produce a benign spiritual influence on human beings and help them in their upward divine unfoldment and Self-realisation.

Bhudevi (Goddess of earth) was very much oppressed by the burden of several Asuras—evil-minded in the form of haughty

kings. Therefore she sought refuge in Brahma, the lord of creation. Brahma said, "Lord Narayana is going to incarnate in the house of Vasudeva as Krishna. Adisesha will be born as his elder brother to do service to Him. The celestial women also will be born in the world to serve Him. The sages will take the forms of cows. You will not be troubled any more. Lord Krishna will punish the wicked and establish Dharma."

In the city of Mathura a king named Suasena reigned over the kingdom of Surasena. He was the chief of the Yadus. On one occasion in that city, Vasudeva, the son of Sura, ascended his chariot as bridegroom with his bride Devaki for a procession. Kamsa, the son of Ugrasena and brother of Devaki, who had imprisoned his father Ugrasena and was reigning over the kingdom himself, drove the chariot to please his sister. On the way an aerial voice said to Kamsa, "Oh! fool! The eighth child of Devaki, your sister whom you are taking, will kill you." At once the wicked Kamsa caught his sister by the hair and tried to kill her with the sword in his hand. Vasudeva pacified Kamsa and spoke to him in sweet words: "O Kamsa! You are a great hero. How can you kill a woman, and that too your sister, during the marriage occasion? Be not afraid of the aerial voice."

(Continued on page 65)

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THE LOVE-CRAZED WOMAN

ON a bracing November afternoon in 1928, the Portland Harbour presented a scene of great festivity. The pier was gaily decorated, and throngs of pleasure-excited people walked its spacious wide looking out at the approach to the harbour.

The S.S. *Malolo*, the newest and biggest ship the Maston Line's Oriental fleet was returning home Oregon from her maiden voyage to Chinese waters.

Presently the ship hove into sight. It nosed its way majestically to the pier, almost at imperceptible momentum, like a huge, kindly disposed leviathan of the seas.

The ship berthed amidst a great, joyous yell. The gang-planks were down. The crowd waiting on the pier rushed up the planks to greet their friends, their relatives, returning from a holiday tour of the Orient.

By
JOE O'HARA

A Junior officer of the ship, Gilbert Pinto, outstandingly smart in his uniform navy blue and gold, stepped into the great dining saloon. He watched with pride and happiness, through the plate glass sides of the saloon, the great happy crowd milling around on the main deck and the pier. He was looking at nobody in particular; he was just taking in the whole animated scene.

A shortish woman, supple as a cat, detached herself from the pier. With graceful, agile and quick movement she shot up the gangplank, on the main deck of the *Malolo*. She cast her eyes round, hesitated a moment, then moved along with a set face towards the dining saloon.

She entered the saloon. Gilbert Pinto was still in the same position. His back was towards the woman.

The woman laughed.

Pinto spun round. His face blanched. The woman came near, stood facing him. Suddenly she whipped out a pistol.

"No! No!" yelled Pinto in horror.

She pulled the trigger. Pinto threw up his arms. He sagged to the floor. He was dead.

The crowd all around the dining saloon heard the pistol shot, so out of place on board a ship just royally welcomed. A thousand eyes turned to the saloon in horror. Across the glass panels, in the middle of the saloon, the woman looked at the crowd coolly. Once more, she raised her pistol. She placed it in her mouth, and pulled the trigger. There was no explosion. The gun's hammer caught her lip. Her lip saved that woman.

And then they disarmed and secured her—but not without great expense of perspiration! She fought like a panther and kicked like the main-spring of a tower-clock.

That woman was Dorene De Silva, who, if fate had not kicked her about so callously, would have lived a humble, useful life, and died a peaceful death.

Immediately after the dramatic killing of Gilbert Pinto while a thousand witnesses looked on, Dorene's life story was dramatised and glamourised by the entire western press of the United States of America. Sob-sisters got busy with their musty pens, and filled up hundreds and hundreds of columns of the papers with Dorene, her life, her work, her philosophy of life—as they called it.

Much of this sob stuff was the product of prolific, sentimental imaginations. Much of it was trash.

Dorene De Silva was born in 1893, to Belgian parents, in the city of Omsk, in Western Siberia. When she was a tiny tot of three, her parents were killed in one of the many upheavals that Russia suffered from the turn of the century. A Russian couple befriended the orphan, renamed her Dora Georgieva Korabinakoff, and adopted her. Later, she took her original name when she faced the world for her bread.

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Very early in her womanhood, when Dorene was only 16, she married a common Russian soldier. Two children resulted out of the union.

The World War broke out in 1914, and Dorene's husband was called to the front. Nothing was heard of him after that. Dorene's two children, too, died before their fifth birthday.

Once again, Dorene was all alone in the world.

Came the end of the War. A mighty revolution shook the vast empire of the Czars to its very foundations. And Dorene floated along the uncertain stream of Russian social life, apparently unconcerned about the vital changes around her, dancing at taverns, at port towns, waiting at table in cafes, somehow, anyhow.

What kind of woman was Dorene? Was she a woman of wandering morals? Was she a beauty? Was she anything other than her humble origins would indicate?

She was a complex personality—the psychologists' delight.

HER morals, if by that is meant her sexual reflex, were air-tight. She was above blame. She had so much respect for her own person, that she erupted with the ferocity of a volcano if so much as an indecent pass was made at her by any rascal. Yet, she earned her bread by dancing in low taverns for the edification of a low type of humanity.

She never yearned for plural masculine indulgences. In this she was a cent-per-cent Oriental, and she guarded her respectability with a ferocity born of a deep inner conviction.

She was not a beauty. She had, however, that elusive something that marks a woman from the crowd, that magnetic invisible beckoning that always attracts all manner of men, like moths unto a flame. She had an indefinable grace to her carriage, a sinuosity to her shapely limbs. Her body was beautiful.

She was very ill-read, almost to the point of illiteracy. Yet she was quite a linguist, speaking—apart from her native Russian, Polish, French, Spanish, German, and later Chinese and English. She was not a perfect talker in any of these languages, but she spoke them alright.

She was born in the humble circumstance of a peasant's home, but her soul envisioned bigger things, of the stage, of the Grand Opera, of universal applause.

She was a natural dancer, but not a good one. She had the knack of learning new steps in dancing with incredible speed, as she had the knack of picking up strange languages.

And so she existed, dancing in cheap houses of entertainment.

Towards the end of the War, Dorene came across a young well-spoken Russian in one of the cafes in which she was dancing.

The Russian told her that he was touring Russia looking for beautiful girls to dance in the grand hotel he was running in the Far East. Each girl approved by him was to receive 40 silver dollars along with 90% of the money each girl persuaded the customers to spend at the tables and the bar. "So, little Dorene," said the Russian in conclusion, "if you are smart and worth your salt there is no reason why you should not earn 100 dollars a month. You eat at the hotel, and live in nice rooms on the second floor of the hotel."

Dorene never managed to earn that much money so far. 100 dollars a month appeared fabulous. And life in the Orient stood for romance that could only be imagined!

The Russian was able to sign up Dorene and about 20 other girls for his grand hotel in the East. He made each girl sign an agreement which was printed in English, a language of which all the girls were ignorant.

THE party came to China, to Hankow. The grand hotel described in hyperbolic language by the Russian was actually the Carlton Hotel; its magnificence existed only in the Russian's imagination.

Very soon the girls learnt that they were expected to pay for their board and lodging in the hotel, while they were told in Europe that their keep was free. And a little later the Russian told the girls bluntly what was expected of them besides their duties at the tables. They were expected "to go on the line," to serve as prostitutes.

Armistice—November 11, 1918. That day was celebrated with a wildness rarely witnessed in the history of the world. Four years of taunted nerves snapped into wild explosion, and men, women and children escaped out of themselves with a frenzy bordering on madness.

Armistice night in Hankow was wild and gay. French, American and British soldiers and sailors broke away from discipline and went on the loose! Drink literally flowed.

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biggest surprise in his life. Dorene was there in his home with his father and mother, and quite happy she was too!

Immediately after Clark left Shanghai, Dorene wired to Clark's mother at Echo saying that she was expecting a baby and that she would come down to deliver the baby in Echo if mother-in-law would send her the passage money. Clark's mother cabled Dorene 350 dollars, and Dorene took the first available boat to America.

Whether Dorene really believed that a baby was coming is not known, but it proved to be a false alarm.

Dorene didn't care much for life in Echo. She was itching to get away to New York, to Hollywood, and earn millions.

She did go and interview all the big shots in the show world, and she was disillusioned at last. No first rate show would have her.

Meanwhile Clark got employment with a firm in Portland and he moved down there with Dorene.

HER miserable failure to shine in the dancing firmament of America, sored Dorene's fiery temper, and she made her husband very uncomfortable with her uncomplimentary talk of the tastes of Americans. Yet, the good Clark supported her for two years, beseeching her to settle down with him to the duties of her home and to forget her crazy ambitions of making millions on the dance floors.

She wouldn't settle down. It was during this time that whenever she disagreed with her husband, Dorene would threaten to jump down from the window and end herself, or alternately, she would whip out a gun and aim it at her husband. Clark was not only good, but he was brave. He would walk up to her and gently take the gun out of her hand.

This life was impossible for either of them. So at last Clark succeeded in persuading Dorene to divorce him. She saw the impossibility of their life—the basic clash of their temperaments. She divorced him.

For three years Clark did not hear anything from her. He married again and was quite happy with his new wife.

During these three years Dorene went to Hollywood, starved there for a time looking for work in the studios. She moved from place to place, seeking work, failing. The most she could secure was small engagement in second and third rate touring companies. It was during this time that she came across the handsome Gilbert Pinto, the Junior Officer of the steam ship Malolo whom she had shot dead on board his ship so dramatically. The extent of their intimacy never came to light. Dorene never disclosed it. And Pinto was dead.

All that is known of the history between Dorene and Pinto was that he promised to marry her and later refused to do so.

On the day previous to the shooting of Pinto, she came by plane from San Francisco to Portland and phoned up her former husband Clark and asked him to meet her that evening at a certain place in the town.

Clark met her and found that she was quite gay.

"I had to see you, darling," she smiled as they parted, "and bid you good-bye."

"Good-bye! Are you going back to China, Dorene?"

"Well, yes, in a way. Good-bye, Marc, and thank you for all the nice time I had with you. I wish you and your wife great happiness."

They parted. As she left she turned back and said, "Look up the paper tomorrow, Marc. There will be something worth reading there."

Clark didn't quite catch the sense of that remark. He came away musing on his past life with this inexplicable woman.

Next morning Dorene boarded the *Malolo*, as already described and shot her lover, Gilbert Pinto, dead.

All the sob-stuff and ballyhoo that grew around this murder, had its effect on the judges. They gave her an indeterminate sentence on a charge of manslaughter.

In jail, this strange woman canonised her dead lover. She put up a large photograph of Pinto on her table in the cell and dramatised her dead love affair by singing improvised love songs to the photo. Always her songs ended with the refrain:

*It was raining, my lover, when I met you;
and Bang! it was raining when I killed you!*

When she came to that "bang" she would point her finger at the photo as though it were a revolver.

Dorene was released from prison in the spring of 1932 after serving a term of a little over three years. Immediately after her release she went to Portland and received help from the Prisoners' Aid Society.

Again she went around trying to find work and fame. It was mid-depression time and few jobs were going.

A year after release, one sunny afternoon, Dorene engaged a taxi, asked the driver to take her to the Portland Bridge which spans the beautiful harbour of the town. Arrived there she got down, paid the driver double his fare and laughed happily, as if she had no care in the world. Before the taxi driver realised what she was doing, Dorene ran across the bridge to the parapet, jumped on it lithely, balanced herself gracefully for an immortal moment—and plunged down far, far below into the water.

Her body was recovered late that night.

At her lodging she left a note requesting that her body might be cremated and the ashes scattered in the sea.

★

THIS AGE OF BOREDOM!

NEVER before did I understand why headache pills were becoming increasingly popular as well as necessary. Recently I undertook a journey by bus I got a seat in the last row, and consequently innumerable jolts. On top of it, a fellow-passenger 'regaled' us throughout the journey by giving us his views on everything under the sun.

"Look at these modern women. They go about without covering their heads. What is modern civilization coming to?—And the young men of today?

Unfortunately I cannot reproduce faithfully all the enlightening things he said, not only because I do not know shorthand, but also because he interspersed his orations with several silly words. The pitch of his voice would have made a microphone blush. Was it not G. K. Chesterton who said that the loudspeaker has been invented in an age which has nothing worthwhile to say?

Throughout the journey I felt as Cheapside must have felt after his dumb wife was able to speak. At the end of the journey, I had to take a saridon and a cup of tea—the nectar of the present age.

I reached my destination and after sometime I entered the sanctum sanctorum of a 'Scientist'. He would not let me go without having tea. Meanwhile, he started dilating upon the qualifications of his fellow

Scientists. "Do you know how Mr. X got his Ph. D? It was all manoeuvred and fake.—Are you aware that Mr. Y was rejected for this post thrice and was selected when his friend happened to be the expert?—Are you in the know of the fact that Mr. Z used to lock his wife in his house before he went to his office?"

Now, I was not interested in Mr. X or Y or even Z. I asked him if he could procure an aspro. He readily got two, but would not take the hint and I had

By

Deoki Nandan Mathur

to pay a heavy price for that cup which of course did cheer.

Then I had to attend an inaugural lecture by an eminent scholar. He spoke for ninety minutes, at the end of which my friend said to me, "We are reduced to a pulp." God only knows on what subject he spoke!

So this is the age of Inaugurations, speeches and consequential boredom. Everyone in our country thinks that he possesses the gift of the gab. We look forward to making speeches without realizing what a torture we inflict on the audience.

It is not travelling (by bus or train) of "speechification" that

has made the age one boredom. Whenever a person gets it into his head to get married, the microphone and the gramophone are made to perpetrate oft-repeated banalities on unwilling people or busy examinees who naturally curse the fellow, who thereby announces to the public that he is being made a fool of? What terrific noise they all make!

No less boring are some of the so-called Cultural Shows which include items like *bhangra* (which, however, serve to remove the dust on the carpet) or a group folk song.

The crying need of the hour is that an instrument should be devised by which people may be gagged. ★

Domestic: There's a man singin' outside the door, ma'am. He wants to know if you'd help him.

Mistress: Tell him, I don't sing.

"Have you heard that the Willsonaire is dead?"

"Yes, I am terribly sorry."

"But he wasn't a relative of yours, was he?"

"No, that's why I am sorry."

He: "If I posted a letter addressed to the silliest man in England, I wonder who they would deliver it to?"

She (innocently): "They would probably return it to the sender."

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SWEET REVENGE

By YASODHA SAMPATHY

"DOCTOR....Doctor please" begged Kumar.

"It is midnight do you want me to see patients all twenty-four hours?" bawled Dr. Krishna Mohan, with prosperity shown on the front.

"My father is seriously ill Doctor," pleaded Kumar.

"Bring your father to the hospital to-morrow morning. I can see no one now," shouted Dr. Krishna Mohan.

Kumar's entreaties fell on deaf ears.

The irate doctor went in. The swing doors shut with a bang.

Kumar stood at the doorway a long time, he did not know what to do.

"What shall I tell mother, how long is father going to suffer his agony?" Kumar said to himself.

Two days back he had seen Dr. Krishna Mohan hurrying to Mr. Sheety's house to attend to his ailing wife in the middle of the night, but why should he not come to attend on his father. Well, the Sheety's are rich, used, Kumar bitterly.

Kumar was sixteen years, within these years he had tasted

poverty and suffering even to surfeit. His father Kumarswami was a watchman in a tobacco company and earned the paltry sum of Rs. 90. His mother stitched clothes and earned enough to send Kumar to school. He was the only son, and it was the wish of his parents that he should study hard and come up well in life. He had just passed his high school with flying colours.

Kumarswami had been complaining of pain in the chest for the past two months, but he never took notice of it, this evening the pain had increased tremendously.

Sudha Kumarswami paced many times towards the door to see if her son was returning with the doctor. The agony Kumarswami was suffering brought tears to Sudha's eyes.

"Just be patient a little while, dear, the doctor will be here, you will be alright," Sudha tried to comfort her husband.

She heard footsteps.

"There Kumar has come, the doctor too must have come," said Sudha going to the door.

There was Kumar, but he was alone. There was no doctor with

him, head bent, shoulders drooped, and with heavy steps she saw Kumar coming.

"The doctor would not come, Mother," said Kumar not looking at her.

"But why?" said Sudha nervously.

"He just would not come, Mother," said Kumar sadly.

"Who cares for us? God himself who made us has forgotten us," said Kumarswami bitterly groaning with agony.

"Kumar, you should become a doctor and treat the poor free. Promise me, Kumar," said Kumarswami turning to his son.

"Of course, father, I will surely become a doctor," said Kumar placing his hands on his father's, "but you must rest now."

It was nearing dawn, when a loud wail awoke Kumar rudely from his sleep. He got up and rushed to his father's side. His mother was sobbing loudly, Kumarswami had closed his eyes forever, there was a calmness on his face, the calmness which Kumar had never seen before.

A month passed since Kumarswami's death. Kumar did not know whether to look for a job or continue his studies to fulfil his father's wish, but where was the money to come from?

"Kumar, you need not worry about me, I will somehow earn the money for education. I have already planned with your uncle. One Mr. Dharmaraj has agreed to give you a scholarship. When you go to the city for your studies, remember you must

listen to your uncle, don't forget the promise you have given your father and do not join bad company. As a mother this is the advice I can give you," said Sudha looking at her son tenderly.

YEARS passed by. Sudha worked day and night stitching clothes, making paper bags and such other odd jobs, she got now and then a post card from her son. She never wrote back to him nor visited him for it would be unnecessary expenditure nor did she indulge in any sort of luxury. She lived on bare necessities and saved every paisa for Kumar. The only luxury she indulged in was giving the postman ten paise every time he brought a letter from her son and read it to her.

Time and tide would wait for no one, nor did it for Sudha. Seven years passed by. One night as Sudha was preparing to go to bed she heard a tap at the door. "Who could it be at this hour?" thought the puzzled Sudha.

When she opened the door there stood a young man, with a suitcase in his hand.

Sudha looked at him for a long time without bating an eye lid and then she cried out "Kumar" and hugged him to her bosom. Tears welled in her eyes, her frail body shook with emotion. Her son had grown up so big, she caressed him again and again. Seven years were long enough for any mother and son to be separated.

"Mother," said Kumar, "You took so long to recognise me."

"You have grown beyond recognition, Kumar, seven years Kumar, how many nights have I dreamt about you? How have I longed to see you, Kumar?" said Sudha caressing him again.

"Father's wish has come true, mother, to-day your son is Doctor Kumar," he said.

Kumar noticed how frail and thin his mother had become, the face showed the stormy days she had passed "all because of me" thought Kumar as tears filled his eyes.

"Mother, from now on you need not work, I have got work in the Government Hospital and I have come to take you with me."

Kumar took a small house in the city. His mother urged him to get married. Kumar got married to Radha, his uncle's daughter. Kumar worked in the hospital with single-minded devotion. His seniors were pleased with him, his colleagues admired him and he was a living god to the poor people. He was very kind to the poor, never turned away any patients; in fact he was available all through the day.

Kumar rose high in his profession. He was made the first surgeon of the hospital. People came from far and near flocking to him, but all this did not turn the head of the young doctor.

It was nearing dawn, when Dr. Kumar came out of the operation theatre after a tedious operation which took four hours. Kumar was very exhausted and tired. All that he longed for was some rest.

As he was about to step out an old man came running towards him and caught hold of his hands.

"Doctor—doctor, you must save my only son, the other doctors have given up hope; you must somehow save him," begged the old man in despair.

Kumar stood still for a minute. The old man looked familiar, but he could not recollect where he had seen him before.

"Who are you?" asked Kumar, looking at the old man.

"I was also a doctor in Yennur but I have retired. Doctor, you must save my boy," pleaded the old man again.

"Your name," asked Kumar with eagerness.

"Dr. Krishna Mohan."

Dr. Krishna Mohan it was. It was the same Dr. Krishna Mohan who was responsible for father dying without medical attention. If only he had come in time father might have lived.

The old man seeing Kumar thoughtful begged him once more.

The young man laughed within himself, "What a strange world this is? Is not life a merry-go-round?" Several years back he had fallen at Dr. Krishna Mohan's feet and begged him in the same way as the old man was now begging him.

A sudden thought struck Kumar. "Why should I not take revenge?" He had waited all these years for revenge and now it had come seeking him. Yes the man who made him fatherless

and his mother a widow was seeking his service.

"I will make him feel what he had done."

He was about to move away. He remembered his mother's words.

"Kumar, you have become a doctor. Remember always that your first duty as a doctor is to serve the poor and the rich alike. Let not personal feelings interfere with your sense of duty."

The tired young man looked at the old man, who was clinging to his hands all the time.

Dr. Kumar came out of the operation theatre. The old man came running to him.

"How is he? Will he live?" asked Dr. Krishna Mohan eagerly looking at Kumar.

"Your son will live. You can see him after a few hours," said Kumar who was feeling very tired.

"You have saved my son, doctor, I will be grateful to you all my life."

"It is not I who saved him, it was my mother" said Kumar leaving the puzzled old man wondering what the young doctor meant.

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The Boomerang

SITTING on his stool, peon Shyam let his eyes wander over the bevy of beauties walking on the roadside. But every second moment his eyes returned to the typist Saroja.

"These delicate fingers should play on a piano and evoke the melody of love. Poor girl, they are roaming on a damned typewriter"—he thought.

To him she seemed an exquisite sculpture carved out of a curious combination of ivory and sandalwood. The sparkling bright eyes, the bewitching smile, the comely shape, the red tinge rushing to her cheeks often—all drew him towards her.

"Ramesh," called Saroja.

Ramesh came rushing towards her and they both exchanged smiles.

Shyam's heart burnt in jealousy.

"This idiot Ramesh is junior to me by two years. Even then everybody loves him. See how Saroja talks to him, smiles at him. Never had she passed such glances towards me."

Shyam wanted to catch hold of Ramesh and crush him.

"Shyam".

Shyam looked up. There was Jenny the telephone-operator. She was so commonplace that he even detested the shade of her. Yet she called him often and that too only for some errands.

"What, madam?"

"You see how Ramesh and Saroja are behaving? It is a shame. This fellow tells her some nonsense and she thinks herself to be a beautiful dame."

"Really, Ramesh is useless, madam."

"I know. But he knows how to please people and get things done. That is why he gets all the favours while you, in spite of your sincere and hard work, are not achieving anything worthwhile."

"Thank you for the compliments."

By

S. L. V. MOORTHY

"I wanted to inform you of something important, Shyam. I just forgot. You know that clerk Iyer has resigned. Our manager has decided to promote somebody to that post."

"Naturally as the senior I should get it."

"Don't be so confident. You know that Ramesh is a cunning fellow. The competition is between you and him. Although by any means of selection you should win it he will try to get it by some underhand dealings. Better be careful."

"Thank you very much, Madam."

Thoughts began to confuse Shyam's mind. What could he

do to push this fellow away from the field?"

"Shyam"

"What, Ramesh?"

"Please take two chocolates."

"Why, what is the celebration?"

"Today is typist Saroja's birthday."

"Why are you distributing sweets for her birthday?"

"Fool, she is not my love. She just asked me to distribute. So I am doing."

The chocolates tasted bitter to Shyam. He was in a mood of desperation. A gnawing fear began to eat his heart that Ramesh would snatch the promotion too. He wanted to do something to prevent its occurrence, but was at a loss to know what to do.

Shyam was sitting in the marina in the evening still caught in the whirlpool of confused thoughts. Darkness was spreading everywhere. The soft sound of a girl's laughter woke him from his obsessed thoughts. A flash passed through his mind. It was one of the most familiar noises. He wanted to ascertain himself. Slowly he moved sideways and peeped. There, behind a boat what he saw, confirmed his suspicions. There was Saroja in the arms of a young man. Shyam could not see that man's face in the darkness. Blissfully forgetful of the world, they did not notice him.

Shyam's calculative mind began to plan. That fellow should be Ramesh! This matter should be reported to the Office and the black-mark earned for

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Ramesh would ensure Shyam his promotion. That night Shyam could not sleep as he was imagining himself to be a Clerk, sitting near Saroja and ordering Ramesh for all kinds of jobs.

"Dear Ramesh, Saroja will forget you and will love only Shyam."

Next day he went to the Office early and waited for the Manager to come. Shyam was sure that Mani the Manager would take stern action as although young, he was a strict disciplinarian and wanted everybody to uphold the dignity and fair name of the company, inside and outside Office.

Shyam opened the door of the Manager's cabin.

"Good-morning, Sir."

"I have to tell you something Sir, and I hope you won't mistake."

"Not at all. Be free."

"What I am going to say Sir involves the fair name of the company. Yesterday I saw two colleagues of ours behaving in a bad way at night in the Marina."

"Really? Did you notice them? Who are they?"

There was emotion in his voice and feeling in it, Shyam's heart was pounding with joy.

"Don't mistake me, Sir. Our Ramesh and Saroja were there. I will punish them please. I just had to pass on the information to you. That is all."

"K. Thank you very much Sir. I will take action."

"Thank you, Sir."

Shyam felt restless sitting on his stool. He felt pity for Ramesh. Time moved at snail's pace and evening came. Everybody started for going home.

"Shyam," Jenny called him.

"What madam?"

"What happened boy so suddenly? They were searching for a man to be sent to that remote corner of Ramanathapuram. Suddenly our manager has decided on your name and you will get the intimation tomorrow. I am very sorry for you."

"What.....?"

Shyam felt as though a thousand hammers struck him on his head at once and became unconscious.

Manager Mani and Saroja were sitting side by side in the cool comfort of the air-conditioned theatre.

"Saro, we have to be a bit more careful."

"Why? What happened?"

"Yesterday we were at Marina you know, that fool Shyam had seen us. But in the darkness he mistook me for Ramesh."

"So to avoid him in future you have transferred him to that god-forsaken place?"

"Yah."

"You are very intelligent dear."

"But my I.Q. can't match yours Darling."

The blush made her red face redder and the world was lost to them for a few moments. ★

FESTIVE DIWALI AND SWEETS! FEW OF THEM BITTER!

DEEPAVALI fascinates mainly children. Next come the year's bridegrooms to whom the promising 'Thalai Deepavali' accomplishes many cherished expectations. The rest are usually humbled by the burdensome strains of direct and indirect levies on the exchequer.

Govind set off on the indispensable rampage to his father-in-law's home, a straight Madras to Madurai rail trip, after having sent his wife a month early for the express purpose of supervising arrangements for his reception! Many lucid hopes were buoyant in his glistening mind: his lotus-eyed dreamy hankering sweet-heart hiding behind the half open door when he ceremoniously alights from the jutka, the father-in-law receiving him at the gate, his pot-belly sagging mirthfully, the affectionate mother-in-law watching with a smile of satisfaction beside her massive husband, plus plethora of young ones, all of post-independence origin, and the inquisitive neighbours.

Sweet sequences thus reeling before him edited to his taste, he hailed a taxi. The impertinent driver asked the first inauspicious question "Where to?" Govind viciously frowned at his unorthodox enquiry, yet his need was urgent. Taming his shooting vehemence, he quickly flung an answer lest the driver speed away "To Egmore." "No Sir, I am going to Adyar." Before Govind

could launch persuasive tactics, the taxi was lost sight of!

Holding his knapsack bulging like a pregnant goat, and raging with indignation he waylaid another yellow-topped vehicle. Slowing at the human barricade, the driver hurled a volley of abuses, for, Govind was at fault this time; a young couple was crouched in the rear seat tightly sandwiched together occupying hardly a third of the available space! The vehicle was on 'engagement'.

THE next cab was definitely destined for him. He stopped

By

S. N. NARAYANAN

it and soon drove to the railway station.

A long bee-line had already formed into irregular coils around the counter—most of the standees apparently novice grooms out on similar mission. Govind too joined the queue. By the time he reached his turn, there were just five minutes for the train to steam off. Hurdled he searched his pockets, but to his grave bewilderment, the purse was missing! He had just paid the taxi and so soon it has disappeared!! He frantically scanned all other slits in his drapery, in vain!

By then, the impatient men behind him began rumbling.

Govind had therefore to reluctantly step aside. It was no moment to fret over the lost purse! He at once extricated a couple of tenners from the bag and jumped to the counter again. "One Madurai, please" he barked. The whistling of the train aggravated his anxiety and added impetus to his action. Snatching the ticket and the balance he darted to the platform and dived horizontally into one compartment in the moving train. "Oh!" he heaved a sigh of relief, though of course a wave of depression cast by the missing purse was furrowing his countenance.

HOLDING his luggage he advanced through the narrow corridor. Comparatively this compartment was less dense, but what surprised him most was the absence of any male passengers inside, except his privileged self! All the occupants were women!

"Thief! Thief!" a shuddering cry of alarm suddenly raised in chorus by the inmates shook him off his feet! Then only it dawned on him that he was an illegitimate intruder inside a ladies' carriage, though the crime was committed unwittingly. But before he could explain the situation, a panicky young girl pulled the chain; brakes jammed. Govind was now fully aware of the dangerous predicament he was involved in.

The train came to a halt midway between Egmore and Chetput. Many people jumped out and raced towards his bogie. In no time, he felt unfriendly grips clutching almost all parts of his person. His efforts to

explain his *bona fides* went unnoticed; his excuses dissolved in the furore that ensued. "Look at his vulturish eyes and bald head. No doubt he is a seasoned thief" a psychologist from the crowd that quickly assembled pronounced an expert opinion. "Search his baggage for tools, daggers and other aids" another rejoinder from an apparent student of Perry Mason. Meanwhile a young passenger in Beatles style was eager to interview the owner of the feminine hands that manipulated the alarm chain. He stared at her in obvious admiration as though he would have accepted her hands if offered just then!

THE 'burglar' was then bodily dragged to the brakevan by the crowd under direction from two constables of the Railways. Govind then remembered the inauspicious interrogation by the first taxi driver! How accurately omens predict, he wondered! Yet luck had not entirely deserted him. Holding him in a coil of ropes, the Railway Guard inspected his knapsack. While the saree, jewels etc. contributed to their suspicion, his employment identity card with photo and his marriage snap established his *bona fides* beyond doubt. Truth thus triumphed. However the mob was liable to lynch him if allowed to go out, hence the kindly Guard offered him shelter in the brakevan itself. At every Station, people peered into the brakevan; Govind had become a criminal VIP all on a sudden! What will his 'in-laws' think if they ever come to know of this

catastrophe! His throat dried at the very thought!

At Madurai, his brother-in-law was awaiting him. The host felt proud of the 'mappilai', for, a wide circle of 'friends' were gazing at him at the Station! But the moment Govind spotted his brother-in-law at a distance, he bailed out in a frenzied fury and together they made a hurried exit! Govind's discourteous attitude towards the 'admirers' did surprise the 'host.'

THEY reached home in a jutka. The reception was very grand as anticipated by him and Govind gradually managed to forget the ill-effects of the phantasmagoria of the earlier events. Soon he got into the festive groove. Children got their cracker packets and his wife the jewels and saree. The snag was then discovered that he had brought a nine yards saree for her, the compensating error being the despatch of the six yards saree intended for the young girl, to his mother! The young wife was disdained and the natural consequence was absolute non-cooperation thereafter!

Diwali day 3-30 A.M. Elders shovelled young ones off their vaults. Govind too was pulled up!

The convention is that the mother-in-law has to apply oil on 'mappilai's' head. A problem rose into prominence. How to deposit the oil on Govind's glossy smooth convex barren top? The old lady still attempted, but the entire oil dripped downwards right into his eyes, and his cornea started irritably itching. The mother-in-law was puzzled. Govind too felt genuinely sorry that he did not possess the right type of head that suited such occasions!

GOD frequently takes human forms to help mankind. In this context the family uncle Panchu Mama appeared on the scene with a ready solution to the ticklish riddle. "Make a paste of soap nut powder and oil and then apply it on his head. It will then stick on his bare scalp." The suggestion was at once implemented and it worked well! A brown oily paste was smeared lavishly on Govind's head. Eyes already veiled by oil, he thus sat motionless like a Buddhist monk in meditation!

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Adding insult to injury, fun-seeking urchins began their cracker explosions very close to Govind. The sparks incessantly rolled over his topless body, yet he was unable to move to safety due to the imposed blindness. How he wished that his wife rushed to his rescue, but she was busy otherwise unfortunately; the saree mix-up having annoyed her!

After the sustenance test for some time, Panchu Mama helped him to take his 'oil-cum-soap-nut powder' bath. The father-in-law brought a set of dress, a terylene shirt, jari dhoti and angavastram, plus a gold ring. Panchu Mama again assisted him to warp the dhoti in 'panchagatcham' style. But the shirt was lightly small for his girth, with the result poor Govind attired in the new 'suit' resembled a budding maiden in a salwar and kamiz!

SWEETS were in plenty and the feast was wonderful. Govind's appetite over grazed; but for a morsel of 'diwall medicine' to retard the belch, he would have had to carry too much of undigested stuff on his person for quite some time to come!

While relaxing in the afternoon after a heavy lunch, the lady of the house coyly announced that some neighbours wanted an audience with the 'mapplai.' Govind instantly stood up, re-adjusted his new dress and posed as though before a camera. He suddenly shrunk and stepped back as though he had sighted a ghost! There stood, in flesh and blood, the very damsel who pulled the alarm chain the night

before! His blood froze! The cat will soon be out of the bag; his prestige will be blown, shattered to smithereens, in the next moment! His terrible awe frightfully was reflected on his face!

The young girl however proved to be smarter and considerate. She caught the scent and read his thoughts. With a quizzical wink, she ejaculated "Oh! you were so bold as to catch a thief in the train yesterday who ventured into our compartment! But for your presence of mind and courage, we all would have lost all our belongings in the train. I am really surprised to see you again, that too here". She narrated to the people assembled there how valiantly he overpowered (?) a burglar and all that. Of course he could very well observe the irony streamlining each word she uttered! Still, he silently thanked the angel, patting his smooth top. All the 'in-laws' felt proud of their 'mapplai.' Naturally Govind felt a stream of icy stuff showering over him!

The shock that paralysed him a few seconds back when the girl appeared factually served as an antidote helping digestion of the many insoluble sediments!

"Oh!" said the nervous old lady to the bus conductor. "I do wish the driver wouldn't go quite so fast round these skiddy corners!"

"That's all right, lady," said the conductor. "You just want to shut your eyes, same as he does!"

IN SEARCH OF HER LOVER

VERY laborious journey' I thought when I got down from the bus at Kumta. I had travelled for almost two days. I started from Bombay the previous day morning by train. It was my visit to my grandfather's place after eight years. I quite remember the place when I visited last. I was almost sixteen at that time but my memory has been quite good. I remember all the places, even the roads and routes.

From Bombay, I travelled upto Dharwar by train. By the time I reached Dharwar it was about 8.30 P.M. I could manage to get accommodation in a hotel there though it was not quite a good hotel. For me it would not matter, it was the question of one night; the next morning I had to start my travel again by bus to Kumta. I finished my meals and went to sleep. The train journey from the morning had made me tired and I got immediate sleep as soon as I closed my eyes.

The next morning when I got up it was 8.30 A.M. already and I had missed the first onward bus to Kumta direct which was at 6.30 A.M. As I was tired I must have slept too long. The next bus was to start from there at 11 A.M. plenty of time. But it would reach the destination at about 6 P.M. and from this about seven miles to walk in the interior to Halangari. I would reach there at about 8.30 A.M. or 9 A.M. and it would be difficult to walk also on the lonely road. But there was no other go;

supposing I miss one more day, I could hardly spend five days at their places which would be too short after a long travel and particularly they would not like it.

SO I had to take 11 A.M. bus which took off with the jerks and jumps. In the middle of the journey the bus went out of order near Belgaum and it took a long time for adjustments making it more late than ever. When I reached Kumta it was 8.30 P.M. It was time for dinner and I took my dinner at the nearby hotel. Accommodation

By

RALPH ANDRADE

was not available at Kumta, I was determined to walk to Halangari and make it by 11 P.M. I had a small baggage and I knew that I could make it.

I started to walk briskly. In the beginning the road was wide but further and further I went it started getting narrower and narrower. It was dark, the path was not quite visible, I was walking over with my memory of eight years. I do not know with what confidence I had started, I could have as well put up at Kumta for the night and could have started next day morning. I had barely completed half a mile's journey, I started getting tired. Above all, I was never used to walk like this in Bombay

and I was tired after that jerky and jumpy journey on the bus since morning.

In the interior the forest side of the country approached. Thick trees on both the sides, the forest noises were familiar; the monkeys crying here and there, the frogs croaking in sequence and the grasshoppers and other creatures making 'jun-jun' noise. I must have covered about two miles. I was tired, too tired but I had to walk and I put forward my legs further and further. I had that determination. It was with that foolish determination I had committed so many blunders in my earlier days; only if I had that forethought of the difficulties to be undergone of walking alone in the darkness in the country area. But there I had started and there was no going back.

It was no easy job to walk on that rough road. Once if I happened to stumble on the sheath of big stones which lay on the road, the second which I happened to fall in the pits. My shoes probably were worn away by this time, they were biting me hard and yet I was putting my legs forward.

It was pitch dark outside, there was no sign of moonlight; it might have been a new moonlight. When I took my gaze up, the dark and empty sky seemed to stare at me and when I looked around, the thick forest seemed to engulf me. The jungle noise was more than ever in the thick darkness echoing 'Trunk-Trunk—geerin-geerin kookh—kookh—kookh—geerin' suddenly a fear gripped me. I was alone, all alone in that lonely, dark place.

A thud ran into me and seemed to sink in the bosom. My heart started beating faster, my pulse was unevenly fast; my hands began trembling and the throat suddenly went dry. I was alone all alone in that lonely dark place.

ALL of a sudden it started drizzling, the rain drops started falling on my head and I hastened to take shelter under a huge tree adjoining the narrow road. When I felt the trunk of the tree, I could make out it was a peepal tree, it had a broad, vast trunk; it was warm beneath the tree. The rain water falling close and noise of the frogs splashing the water made me think that there was a pond or lake beside. There was no strength in my legs, the fatigue had taken everything away and I sank beneath the tree putting my luggage aside. I kept the baggage under my head like a pillow and stretched out my legs. My! it was comfortable. I was dozing, I slowly took off my shoes and stretched my legs again and my legs caught something wet—it was water, the lake was too close aside. It was no matter of concern. I closed my eyes and dozed off.

I did not know how long I was asleep like that. I suddenly heard somebody calling close to my ears. "Shashi! Shashi! Shashi!!!" Who would it be, in that lonely place? When I opened my eyes, there was nobody! I looked at my watch. It was past twelve o'clock. Who the devil was calling in that ungodly hour? Was it a nightmare? Was I dreaming? I realised the place and time I

was resting in, it was impossible for anybody to be calling then—there would not be any other fool like me to be there at that time! I tried to close my eyes and sleep, the fatigue was still persisting.

"Shashi! Shashi!!!" the call again, more clear and a feminine voice too!

I opened my eyes and looked all over again and again. There! just in front of me there stood a figure, a female figure in white clad saree. I could see her clearly in that darkness. A female figure! a female calling out in that ungodly hour, in that terrible place? Was it true! I rubbed my eyes thoroughly to make sure that it was not a dream and looked at the figure again. Yes it was true. Could I believe it? I pricked my forearm, I pulled my hair. Yes! there was no doubt about it. It was the female figure standing in front of my feet, in the water! I gave a gasp "Ha! Ha!" No words came through my mouth.

"Shashi!" "This is me! Aruna, your Aruna! Don't you remember me!" A low wriggling female voice asked and suddenly she came out from the water and came close to me, very close. I was wonderstruck! I could see her closeby! What a beautiful face, her full blown breasts heaving rhythmically, the slim figure moving as if a plant was shaken by the wind. I was staring at her open mouthed, my tongue slowly moistened my lips.

Who was She? Had she lost her way and come here? But her question! Was she searching for her lover here? Was she

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awaiting for the love union; this beautiful woman? To me she looked like a love goddess! I ventured to reply her at last.

"Who are you? Who is Shashi? Hum...Er...What are you doing here at this place?"

"Shashi! You have forgotten me! forgotten me, I have been waiting for you for years together. You have left me in this dungeon and gone; now you are asking me who am I? Have you forgotten your Aruna? Have you forgotten those days we spent here together...How deceitful! I never could imagine that you would forget me like this!" Here she started sobbing loudly. It was a slow penetrating and heart-rending sob! I pitied her. Perhaps, she might have been waiting for her lover and mistaken me for him. I did not know what to do. I did not know how to sooth her!

"Aruna! Aruna! Please don't cry", I said. "Shashi!" She looked up at me, "Shashi, I am glad that you have come at last. I am glad—I am so glad that you call me Aruna in the same old way...the same voice—" "Aruna! you are mistaken. I am not Shashi...I am not sure which Shashi you are talking about. My name is Naren. Please let me know if I can help in any way".

"What...you are not Shashi? You are not Shashi!..." Here she started staring at me for the three minutes...and I blinked as she gazed at me that way. "You are not Shashi...You are not Shashi! You are not!" She sobbed for a moment and clenched her teeth and

said "Where is my Shashi! Tell me, Where is he? Where is he! You know it, tell me!" "I wish, I could be of help to you. But Aruna, I am new to this place. I have no idea whatsoever, I am sorry."

She looked at me for a full minute and took her steps backwards...back into the water...in the lake. Why...? was she doing something desperate after having come to know that I was not Shashi? Was she so utterly disappointed as to commit suicide? There was a possibility, she had been waiting for Shashi quite a long time and here she had come to meet him in the middle of the night, in despair, she might do anything.....

"Aruna! Aruna! Stop...Stop... Please Stop." I cautioned her.

"What for...?" She looked back, her sobs had stopped but there were streams of tears in her eyes.

"Aruna, you know, of course, I am new here and I am helpless as to give you any sort of information about your Shashi. But if you can give me the particulars about him, I may probably be able to help you. I can make enquiries and find him out for you." I gave her hope. There was a big black stone slab on the water, she sat on the slab facing directly to me. "We have.....We have been in love for a long time..... then he left for his studies for Karwar. He never came back....."

"How long back was it?"

"It's.....It's six years now."

"Six years!" I looked at her. She was sitting there with her

legs crossed on the stone. Her hands were resting on her lap. Her face was calm and innocent.

"Six years!" I repeated. "How sad! And you have been waiting for him all these years." I thought the boy had certainly received this beautiful girl. Suddenly a desire aroused in me, such a beautiful woman sitting in front of me all alone in the middle of the night!

"Aruna, Aruna! You have waited enough! He certainly does not deserve to have you. He has forsaken you! You ought to find some other man for you. Why, you are so beautiful!"

HERE I got up and stepped into the water, came beside her and suddenly tried to grab her in my arms. But she escaped so quickly that I could not even feel her. My sudden action towards her and her quick escape put me off balance, I tried to hold something for support lest I should fall in the water. The first thing I could get was that big stone slab on which she was sitting. When my weight fell on it, it rolled on my leg with a sudden force and I fell back. The heavy stone hurt my

leg thoroughly and I writhed with pain. The stone was still on my leg and I could not remove it. My head and the shoulders were further to the water level and the rest of my body was drenched in the water. The pain was so severe that I was slowly losing consciousness...there was nobody to help me out... She.....She was nowhere to be seen.....She had disappeared. I only heard a loud peal of laughter as my head reeled and reeled.

When I came to, it was broad day light. Somebody had removed me from the water and below the crushing stone. I was resting on the old place, just below the tree. The wet clothes were also removed and put for drying to my right side. I looked at my leg, it was badly injured. There was blood dripping out from various places. These injuries were soaked in the water for a long time and, therefore, might take a long time to cure, I thought.

By that time a couple of farmers came there, they were glad to see me awake. One of them addressed me "We saw

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*It may be a headache for mum and dad,
but it rarely harms a child!*

How much Homework is too Much?

By KENNETH C. HUTCHIN, M.D.

MANY parents who are worried about too much homework doing harm to their children should think again. Perhaps too little homework will do more psychological harm to your child by causing him to be backward.

It is easier to stay in the swim than it is to catch up. When the average child gets behind the others in his class he starts to worry. At first he tries to catch up but failure to do this leads to frustration and a sense of defeat.

This may show itself in numerous trivial complaints and reasons for staying off school. But it is a vicious circle as the more the child stays away from school the farther back he slips.

Some parents feel that it is their duty to limit the time spent on homework. But rationing your child's homework will only work if every other child is honestly rationed. No parent likes to feel that he has hindered his child from getting on, even if he knows that the teacher has laid down a fixed time.

What is there to say when he is confronted with, "But they all do a lot more than that, Daddy?"

With a fixed time for homework, those who need it least do the most work. The quick child can do three times as much as the dreamer. The quick child is not necessarily the most intelligent, although school results may make that appear to be the case. Many children who have to plod on for two hours to get through "one hour's homework" may well get as far, or even farther, in life.

Homework is only a menace to health if your child loses an undue amount of time from sleeping or from exercise in the fresh air.

It may also be injurious if it prevents the child from sleeping. Some children worry so much about their schoolwork that it takes them some time to relax when they get home. If the children do their homework late in the evening they are still "wound-up" when they go to bed and cannot sleep. As a rule they are the very ones who do not need to worry. Their homework can safely be limited and it should be done as soon as they get home from school.

Homework should be treated as a different problem in winter and summer. In summer less

homework means more fresh air and exercise. In winter it often means just more television. Does it ever mean more bed?

How much homework should a child do in actual hours and minutes? This varies, of course, with the child's age. In my view seven-and eight-year-olds may do half-an-hour without any harm at all, and nine-and ten-year-olds three-quarters of an hour. An hour is all right at eleven, and an hour-and-a-half should not harm a thirteen-year-old child.

At fifteen, two or three hours may be necessary, and this is all right in the winter. In the summer, however, this leaves hardly any time for fresh air. So I would say that the homework should be curtailed quite definitely at this time of year.

If your child is doing too much it is no good saying "Stop. I will tell your teacher it is too much." Children are not nearly as frightened of their teachers as they are of being different from the rest. If the child cannot finish his homework, it is far better to let him face the music than to interfere.

—Family Doctor.

"Of course, I must ask you for a deposit," said the landlady.

"Certainly," replied the new tenant, handing over the required sum.

"Thanks. Now, shall we trust each other, or do you want a receipt?"

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LET INDIA NOT FORGET GANDHIJI

(V. V. GIRI, Vice President of India.)

It is our great fortune and rare privilege that Gandhi, the great leader of eminence and the world's greatest apostle of peace, non-violence and truth, was born in our land. Seldom it is that a great personage accomplishes in his own life-time, the fulfilment of the ideals for which he dedicated himself. Gandhi touched nothing which he did not adorn. With him, social life was an integrated whole and practically every part of it received his alchemic touch and carried the impress of his dynamic personality.

The life and work of Mahatma Gandhi will occupy a pre-eminent place in the history of the world. He brought freedom to India and in that process he taught us many things which are of equal significance. He trained his followers to shed fear and hatred, and taught the people a spirit of unity, equality and brotherhood.

From his childhood, Gandhiji stuck to certain principles based on morality. He solemnly promised his revered mother that he would not touch meat, wine or women during his stay in England, and he fulfilled this promise both in letter and spirit. During his student days in England he came into touch with Sir Charles Bradlaugh, Dadabhai Naoroji, etc., and evinced a keen interest in the Labour Party of England, the Fabian Society and Karl Marks' teachings and appreciated the methods of men

of eminence such as Leo Tolstoy and David Thoreau.

Gandhiji's work in South Africa trained him for the future political leadership of India; he led the fight against a foreign Government through the weapon of Satyagraha and laid the foundation for his future work of emancipating his country from political thralldom.

Gandhiji was, thus, not merely an individual but an institution who moulded the destinies of not only the entire population in our country but whose ideals continue to hold sway over the minds of all peace-loving people throughout the world.

Gandhiji was a statesman, a politician, a social reformer, a writer, a teacher, a humanitarian, a cosmopolitan, a seeker after truth, a sage, a saint, and above all, a prophet all rolled into one. He possessed the courage of his convictions and did only what his conscience dictated. This doughty champion of humanity often stood alone, dauntless and fearless, to defy the whole world. Mahatmaj, whose leadership inspired not only our Nation, but served as a beaconlight to the entire world, was able to secure political freedom during a quarter of a century. This, he achieved through his unfailing, but entirely novel, weapon of Non-violence and Truth. The significance of this is greater when we remember, that this method achieved magnificent

results at a time other nations of the world were entirely relying on the deadliest of all weapons—the nuclear bombs.

Real Leader

Mahatma was a real leader of men: he led them, and was not led by them. He never played to the gallery or cared to secure encomiums from the crowds. We should, however, not be under any misapprehension that he was not alive to the circumstances of the moment. He did not forget to adapt or adjust himself according to the changing circumstances. But everybody reali-

sed that with regard to the fundamental ideals and principles, no sacrifice was too great for him and he never compromised with what he considered evil.

Basis of Gandhian Philosophy

Today, it is not befitting that we should analyse the basis of Gandhian philosophy which we continue to cherish and uphold. Gandhiji stood, as we all know, not only for the independence of the people of India, but of the entire humanity. His prophetic slogans, "Quit India—Quit Asia" had inspired millions and most of the nations in Asia

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY

"I ASSUME you do not believe in fables. I also assume that you would chide me if I spoke to you of the Supernatural, and it would be normal for you to be extremely cynical if I described to you a place on this Earth which comforts both body and Soul, and where pride, anger, hate, and jealousy are unknown."

Dr. Fernandes paused to light his cigarette, giving us time to look him over. The club lounge was now nearly empty, save for Dr. Fernandes and we four cronies, who at this age, preferred the club to the home as a place of relaxation. Dr. Fernandes, a retired Medical Practitioner from Calcutta, was a new addition to the club, and the moment he was introduced to us, we had taken a liking for him. At present, he was following the unwritten rule of this small but cosy club—relating to us the most intriguing experience of his life. He let the smoke drain out of his nostrils and continued:

"I will not try to explain my experience, for the simple reason that I myself did not comprehend it fully. All I know is that it was the most happy occasion of my life, and at the same time it left me mentally broken for a long time."

When I was twenty years old, I lived in Barrackpore, a suburb of Calcutta. My father had a small boat, and he used to ferry people across the Hooghly. When there were no passengers, he would either drink his Bhaang or beat me or my mother!!

He seemed to hesitate a little, as if wondering whether to go on. Removing his hand from his face where he had been smoothing his eyebrow with his fingers, he went on: "All that is not relevant. What matters is that I resolved to leave home."

I caught a train from the terminus. I had no money to buy a ticket nor any idea as to the destination of the train. I sat down at the door of a third class bogey, ready to jump at any emergency.

By

KARAN WALKER

A few hours later, the train stopped due to some reason. I could see no station nearby, but the lush greenery was so beautiful that I decided to get down. Somehow I drifted away from the train. Without warning, it started, but before I could reach it, it had gathered too much speed.

Suddenly, I became very scared, and started running in a direction perpendicular to the tracks. In an explanatory motion, he drew an imaginary line, and another one perpendicular to it.

"A few village boys, grazing their cows nearby, got into their heads that since I was running, I must have stolen something. With cries of 'Chor, chor,' they started to run after me and threw

stones at me. As I tried to escape from these hell-born creatures, I noticed a sort of a wall, about five feet in height, and immediately ran towards it with the idea of scaling it. Looking behind, I saw the boys frozen in their tracks, looking unbelievably at me, their eyes wide with fear. I did not understand the meaning of their behaviour, but I did not want to find out. I jumped down on the other side of the wall, and was at once enraptured with what I saw."

HE paused to look at us. His eyes were shining, his face was flushed, and his lips twitched as if he was trying hard to find words to describe the place. Then slowly, stressing each word, he said, "It was beautiful."

"I looked around, and let my eyes drink in the scenery. In front of me, stretched a beautiful, vast garden. I could almost feel the trees bowing down to me, I felt the grass caressing my naked feet, and from somewhere the cool breeze brought a fragrance never known to earthly nostrils. The branches and leaves seemed to whisper their sweet surprise at seeing a stranger in their undisturbed splendour, and the birds seemed to flutter with joy at the sight of me. Even Mother Earth had sprung up a beautiful red carpet of roses—I was welcome to their Paradise."

I ventured further. With every step I took, a night's dream seemed to come true. What with smiling petunias swaying in the breeze, radiating their fragrance, allowing it to entrap the whole of their

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Virginland, and the birds and animals, as if sensing my thoughts, providing a ballet on every tree and every clearing, dancing to the tune of the rustling grasses and the nearby rippling, gurgling, laughing brook. What else could a man want but to live a life in this fantasy, away from the corrupt and scheming world of deception and unhappiness? Not having got over the effect of this beautiful place yet I lay down on the grass, feeling weak and very hungry.

I heard a faint rustling of the grass, and the musical notes of a low, humming voice came to my ears. I raised myself on my elbow and looked towards my left, and noticed a beautiful girl coming out of a small cave. Emerging from under a bow of trees, she looked like a fairy goddess leaving her grotto for a romp across fairyland. She walked, barely touching the ground, skimming the surface of the grass, with a daintiness and elegance unheard of in my world. She was clothed in grass and leaves woven around her hips and breasts.

SHE was humming a tune, a tune which only poets speak of and which only the imagination can dream of. She soon saw me, half lying on the grass. She came towards me, reminding me of the time when, at the age of twelve, I used to sit on the shore and watch the waves coming towards me. She knelt down and bent over me and smiled, and I was almost well again. As if reading my mind, she looked towards my wounds, and sighed. She went toward the brook and returned

with water in a cup of leaves, a few blades of grass, and a bunch of flowers. She washed my wounds and rubbed them with flowers, her finger-tips kissing them back to health.

WE did not speak. We understood each other perfectly. She helped me limp towards her home, a small cave, the entrance to which was decorated by a haloed arc of lovely creepers. This was her abode, and wonderfully suited to a goddess, the queen of beauty, the daughter of Nature. She made me lie down on a soft bed of leaves and flowers. She brought wild fruits from her wild kingdom, and a bowl of the most sweet intoxicating wine. We ate and drank, smiling at each other, gazing at each other with loving eyes. Then she started singing a song of the fairies, a song fresh from the wilderness, in a voice sweet as honey, in a tune true to her magical world. I joined her in singing.

We sang like two children mad with a new found happiness, crazy as the peacock and his mate, insanely intoxicated by that sweet thing called love. We danced wildly all over the cave, holding hands, our bodies hot with excitement, our song travelling across the wild lands, announcing our new found happiness.

Then, tired, excited, we went towards the leaves and grass laid invitingly on the ground. We lay down on this soft bed of nature and held each other tight. The night enveloped us in a protective blanket of darkness, while the brook flowed even faster, gurgling loudly, giggling shamelessly,

while the birds and animals raced from one place to another as if playing a game of hide and seek. All Nature's forces joined hands in proclaiming to the world our happiness, bound in an everlasting embrace.

I awoke with the sun streaming in through the opening of the cave. I thought of my goddess and smiled. How different my new life was going to be from the life I used to live in my world. Where this was a life of love, happiness and beauty, the other twenty years of my life were spent in hate, sorrow and misery.

I FELT around for my Princess, but she was not there. 'Maybe' I thought, 'she had gone to bring me more wine, or something to refresh me with. Perhaps she was at the brook, bathing herself in the cool, scented waters. I got up, went outside, and looked around. I went towards the brook, looked for her in the trees, but she was not there. I went back to the cave and realized that I was hungry. I went out again in search of fruit, but the fruit seemed tasteless. I had a drink from the brook, but was not at all refreshed.

All was quiet around me, and there was no sign of life in my Paradise. I ran around like a mad drunk, in search of my lost dream, but Nature gave me a cold shoulder. I felt thorns in my feet, and my wounds started burning painfully. Still I kept running, now here, now there. My body was hot and feverish. I went back to the cave and lay myself down on the grass bed, sad, broken and disheartened and desperately sick.

A strange thirst came over me, and I glanced at the pot of wine from which I had drunk the previous night. I drank from it. It tasted like poison, still I drank it all up. I made myself garments of leaves and grass, and wore them, and lay down on the bed."

THE cigarette that I held had burned down to my fingers. I dropped it into the bowl and looked across to Dr. Fernandes. I was shocked. His eyes had taken on a mad, glassy look, his nostrils flared wide, and he was sitting straight up in the deep, cushioned chair. Without warning, he started gesticulating wildly and shouting madly. He seemed to relive his experience in the garden.

"Don't crowd around me, you dogs! Don't...don't look at me. I am the Queen of Beauty. Yes, Idiots. I am Cleopatra. Believe me; fools, I am beautiful. See, I wear the clothes of the fairy princess. You think I am a madman? You are wrong, pigs! See, the world dances at my feet. See, I drink the nectar of the Gods. You are all fools, you think I am drunk. No, believe me, ah...believe me, fools, believe me... I am a princess, the Queen of beauty, I am...ahh... I am the daughter of Nature....."

Dr. Fernandes had become very excited, and his voice had become very loud. He was shaking hysterically, deliriously trying to prevent imaginary figures from getting at him.

Suddenly, he stopped, and brought himself back to the present. In a very low voice, almost a whisper, he said,

the I.C.S. because of his nationalistic views.

At the age of twenty, after 13 years' stay in England, Sri Aurobindo returned to India, but his father had died a few days before his arrival, owing to heart failure. He joined the Baroda State Service on Rs. 200/- per month and worked in the Survey and Revenue departments and the Secretariat, and finally joined the Baroda College, first as part-time lecturer in French and later as Professor in English. He was a fluent and effort-less speaker. He was simple in his habits and did not care much for food, dress or money. The Maharaja used to requisition his services, on occasions, to draft letters, memoranda and important documents.

In 1901, he married Mrinalini Bose, who was fifteen years younger than him. During holidays he used to go to Bengal and interested himself in the secret revolutionary movements there, whose aim was to secure the freedom of Mother India at any cost. There were a number of such groups in Bengal, whom Sri Aurobindo tried to unite under a single central body. Aurobindo was against isolated terrorist activities and his idea was an armed revolt in the whole of India.

In 1904 Sri Aurobindo was appointed Vice-Principal of the Baroda College. At this time he began practising pranayama and the result was increased health and outflow of energy, a great output of poetic creation and certain psycho-physical phenomena. In 1905, he wrote a letter to his wife, referring to his

three "madness," firstly that all his virtues and wealth belonged to God, secondly that he was intent on God-realisation, and thirdly that he worshipped his country as the Mother.

In 1906 the National College was started at Calcutta and Sri Aurobindo became Principal. He wrote editorials for the flaming newspaper, "Bande Mataram", which struck a ringing new note in Indian Journalism. Sri Aurobindo took an active part in the Congress sessions held at Calcutta in 1906 and Surat in 1907. In the tussle between the moderates and the nationalists, Aurobindo aligned himself with the nationalists. After the Surat Congress, Sri Aurobindo went to Baroda to meet Vishnu Bhasker Lele, a Marathi Yogi, as he wanted to get guidance about his sadhana, which was getting interrupted due to the pressure of his political work. Lele expressed his readiness to help and Aurobindo spent three days with Lele, in silent meditation.

Lele asked him to make his mind quiet by pushing out the thoughts as they came. At the end of three days, Aurobindo's mind was filled with an infinite calm and silence. He saw the unreality of the world against the silent Infinite, which alone seemed real. He decided to surrender himself absolutely to the Divine Will, a principle he followed throughout his sadhana.

On 30th April 1908, Mrs. and Miss Kennedy were killed by mistake by a bomb intended for Mr. Kingsford, District Magistrate. Sri Aurobindo and several

members of the secret society were arrested. The case, known as the Allpore Bomb Case, was committed to the sessions and continued for nearly a year. Aurobindo was defended by R. Das and finally acquitted. In the jail, he spent most of his time in meditation and reading the Upanishads and the Gita. He also fasted for eleven days to see how far spiritual results could be attained by fasting. The nature of his experiences during jail life completely changed his outlook and had decisive effects on his inner and outer life. After release from jail, he started the magazine "Dharma" in Bengali and "Karmayogin" in English. On 30th May 1909, he made his historic speech at Uttarpara, which is a public document of his spiritual life and contains in seed form the basic principles of the yoga he evolved.

In February 1910, he got information that a search of the "Karmayogin" office and his own arrest was imminent. In obedience to an inner call, he immediately left by boat for Chandernagore, accompanied by two young men. At Chandernagore, he was received by Motilal Roy, who made secret arrangements for his stay. After one and half months, he had another inner call asking him to go to Pondicherry. He left secretly by boat for Calcutta, where arrangements had been made for his passage by the steamer, Dupleix, under an assumed name. Sri Aurobindo arrived at Pondicherry on 4th April 1910. At Pondicherry he lived in seclusion, due to financial difficulties. Motilal Roy, whom Sri Aurobindo had initiated in

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yoga, rendered financial help and also published some of his books. Many friends and sympathisers of Sri Aurobindo also sent help through Motilal Roy. During this time, he fasted for 23 days as part of a spiritual discipline.

In 1914, the Mother came to Pondicherry, accompanied by her husband, M. Paul Richard. The meeting between Sri Aurobindo and the Mother was but the beginning of their pre-ordained spiritual Odyssey. Along with her husband, she joined hands with Sri Aurobindo to edit two philosophical journals, "The Arya" in English and its counterpart in French. In 1915, the Mother had to go to France on account of World war I. In 1920 she returned to India and, at Aurobindo's request, took up the work of organisation and management of the Ashram. The work of guiding the sadhaks in their outer and inner life gradually fell on the Mother and Sri Aurobindo remained very much in the background.

Sri Aurobindo's life has been a unique and glorious one. His literary and intellectual output has been tremendous, consisting of poems, plays, essays and philosophical treatises. His book, "The Life Divine," is the crowning glory of his writings contains the quintessence of his Philosophy. The aim of all traditional yoga has been God-realisation and the merging of the individual soul in the Absolute soul or Para Brahman. But the aim of Sri Aurobindo's yoga is not only to realise the Higher Consciousness, but to bring it down to the individual

self and transform it physically, mentally and spiritually. He envisaged the gradual evolution of a society of perfected or divine beings, as the final destiny of mankind. From 1920 to 1926, Sri Aurobindo was concentrating himself not only in the ascent towards the Higher Consciousness, but also on bringing about its descent into Nature. On 24th November 1926, the Descent of the Higher Consciousness took place and it is known as "Siddhi day."

Even in his retirement, Sri Aurobindo kept a close watch on the events in India and the world. In 1942, he urged unconditional acceptance of the Cripps proposals and sent a message to Gandhi and Nehru to that effect. It is futile to speculate what the result would have been if his advice has been accepted. On 15th August 1947, when India achieved independence, Sri Aurobindo wrote, "It is of significance not only for us, but for Asia and the whole world; for it signifies the entry into the comity of nations of a new power with untold potentialities which has a great part in determining the political, social, cultural and spiritual future of humanity."

Sri Aurobindo entered *mahashamadhi* on 5th December 1950.

As the regiment was leaving and a crowd down at the Union Station was cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all those people and why are they cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

WHO WERE THOSE DACOITS ?

It was the case with many villages Sonapur also had a Police Station, under the charge of a Sub-Inspector. Raj Mohan was the Sub-Inspector. He was in his early forties. Raj Mohan rose from the scratch. He joined the department as a Constable, when he was only 25, got his first promotion as Head Constable at the age of 30 and took charge as Sub-Inspector at 35. After that, he ever remained as a Sub-Inspector. Somehow he managed to remain at Sonapur only. His friends wondered why his promotions should not have taken the same progression throughout. When actually a chance of promotion came, he declined it simply because it was linked with a transfer to Bhopal. At Bhopal, he was supposed to work under big bosses, 'Better reign in hell, than to serve in heaven' was his slogan throughout. He did reign in Sonapur, but Sonapur was not a hell. He remained not only as a Sub-Inspector to maintain 'law and order', but he was a philosopher, a guide, poor man's friend and what is more, a persona grata.

On an early summer morning, a group of villagers, wielding sticks of various proportions, was readily marching towards the Police Station. The influential man of the locality Punau Ram Dauji headed the procession. For leading such processions, one should concede, Punau Ram Dauji had had a wide experience. As a true follower of Gandhiji, he was believed to have led

a batch of Satyagrahis before Raipur Collectorate in 1939, and a dozen other times thereafter. After independence he took to agriculture, giving the political lead to the younger generation.

For his unstinted services, it was settled to bestow on him the Presidentship of the village Panchayat—A man of means and influence. But for his not even having education upto 'seven or eight classes', the villagers concluded, he would have been a Deputy Minister at least.

"Raj Saheb, a great danger is about to fall on this village."

By

V. SUNDARESAN

We have come to report to you and to seek your advice about the further course of action." Dauji said, sternly looking to the processionists to keep quiet. The band now abandoned their sticks and took to their sticks and took to their betel, lime and tobacco. One or two men went behind the compound wall to light their 'bides', so that Dauji might not see them, such was the respect he commanded.

Raj Mohan decided to give a patient hearing, so far it was in his capacity to give.

"Dauji, what is worrying you? Why have you, so early in the morning, come to see me? You say something of reporting. What is this? Any of your oxen got

lest or what?—Raj Mohan asked with a light concern.

"Raj Sahab, do you really think that it is an ox, that has worried me this much? The oxen are intact. I talk for the welfare of the entire village. We should nip it at the bud, that is, what I say. What is going to me, may well happen to anybody else tomorrow. This is in no way an end, but only a beginning"—Years' long association with Congress and Gandhiji enabled Dauji to assume leadership in time and deliver a fine lecture.

Raj Mohan lost his patience. He took out his diary to record the statements. The Police Diary has got a magic spell. The outbursts that come as a tidal wave, stop stock, lock and barrel. The threatening inundation turns into a mere dripping.

"Say from the beginning what has happened"—urged the Sub-Inspector, now assuming the Police tone.

"We have got the boy here; he will tell you all things"—Dauji made a quick retreat, casting an annoyed look on a young sobbing boy, brought by the group.

The sobbing boy started telling:

"Sahab, I don't know anything. As usual, I was taking tea this morning in Panditji's hotel. A fierce looking, black man with a thick moustache came on a motorcycle. Another man of fair complexion was also with him. They stopped the motorcycle suddenly and called me near them. I was first afraid to go.

But they again and again called. Finally I had to go. They asked me a question."—The boy stopped and hesitated a bit.

"Tell what question it was. I will thrash you, if you do not tell everything. Stupid ass, you don't know what to tell and why not to tell." Dauji raised his voice as also his fists.

The frightened boy stepped near the Sub-Inspector and told:

"Sir, I am innocent. I don't know anything, Sir. The black man asked me," Who is the richest man of this village?

"What have you told him?" asked Raj Mohan.

"I told Dauji's name."

"Then....."

"Then, the black man told the fair complexioned man to write down the name and address."

"Then....."

"Then, Sir, they went away. While going, Sir, the black man told something to the other man. I came running and told everything to Dauji".

"You say, the black man was telling something. What was that? Could you understand that?" Raj Mohan asked.

"Yes, Sir." He was telling. "Note down his name and address. While coming back, we can handle Dauji properly. We can get easily 50 to 60 thousand rupees." Sir, I don't know anything" the boy again started weeping, now more loudly, in order to establish his innocence.

"Young stupid ass, run away from here. Let something

happen. I will tie you to this tree and whip you bleed—Dauji said, prescribing the punishment on very clear terms.

The council of villagers then took note of the great imminent danger. Dauji drove home the point very clearly what was in store for him that night, might well be another man's lot the other day, quoting Gandhiji now and then. He called for joint action. After much deliberation, the advice of the Sub-Inspector should keep vigil whole day and night around Dauji's residence—it was decided. The young men then armed themselves with the sticks and proceeded to their posts.

The sun was slowly setting in the west, as if reluctant to be absent from the impending scene. The sound of the approaching motorcycle was heard. The sound drew nearer. The youngmen stood alert. The motorcycle came to a rattling halt, near the village hotel. The two men got down and approached leisurely Dauji's residence.

The Sub-Inspector was perplexed. "Very punctual, these dacoits are"—he took note of their punctuality with a shudder. His handling of Sambal Valley dacoits, when he was there on a brief deputation, came to his memory like a flash. Caution, caution—urged his inner heart. After all, Police blood is Police blood.

"Hands up," the Sub-Inspector roared, pointing his pistol towards those two dacoits. "You will get 50 to 60 thousand rupees. Why not, sure, sure, but

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only over my dead body—sarcasm entered in his bitter speech.

"Why are you holding me thus threateningly, Sahab"—the black-fierce looking man said—"we are not having any ill-intentions towards you. We are your friends. Let's talk for a while and then you shoot me, if you like."

The Inspector then lowered his pistol. The offer of the dacoit was quite reasonable and the Inspector was not also unwilling to hear the defence. The dacoit then started telling :

"Friends, you are under gross misunderstanding. We are not dacoits. We are coming here to sell insurance. Your welfare is our welfare. We help you in many ways. 'Yogakshemam Vahamyagam'—Have you not read 'Gita'? See, what is written here, the same things."

He took out a paper and displayed it.

The angry crowd then became sober, at the mention of 'Gita'. He continued :

"I asked the young boy there, this morning, who is the richest man. Why have I asked—you wonder. I shall tell you, it is to sell insurance to him for at least 50 to 60 thousand rupees, not to rob him, as you have thought! We always do this. We first spot out the persons, to whom we can sell insurance and who can afford to pay. Do you think your money is safe at these places? Real dacoits may come one day and raid your places."

As their minds were always preoccupied with 'dacoits' and raids, this point of his appealed to them. The salesman then started his sales-talk.

On his part, Raj Mohan was pleased. 'Law and order' was established in the village of Sonapur once again. He wended his way to the Police Station.

"Inspector Sahab, the rate of bonus is now Rs. 16/- but it is bound to go up," a trailing voice kept pace with the brisk walk of the Sub-Inspector!

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LORD SRI KRISHNA—(Continued from page 16)

I will surrender to you all the children from whom the fear arises." Kamsa desisted from his wicked act. Vasudeva praised him and reached his palace.

The six children of Devaki were killed by Kamsa. Kamsa put fetters for Devaki and Vasudeva. The seventh conception was that of a ray of Ananta. This was the boy Sankarshana, so called from his being drawn away from Devaki's womb.

The Lord ordered Yoga Maya, His own Shakti and said, "O blessed Devi! Go to the hamlet Vrija in Nanda Gokula. There lives Rohini, the wife of Vasudeva. There is Adishesha my own Amsa (partial Avatar) in Devaki's womb. Take him away and place him in Rohini's womb. I will be born as the son of Devaki. You must be born in the womb of Yasoda, the wife of Nanda."

Yoga Maya agreed and went to the earth and acted accordingly. The all-pervading Lord entered the mind of Vasudeva in full form. Devaki shone with the holy spirit of the universal Lord imparted mentally by Vasudeva. Vasudeva and Devaki did severe penance in their former lives to have Krishna as their child.

Kamsa was more watchful at the eighth time. He kept Devaki and Vasudeva under close custody.

Then the auspicious hour came. Lord Vishnu incarnated himself with lotus eyes, with four hands, armed with conch, disc, mace

and lotus. Vasudeva saw this marvel of a divine child. Devaki beheld marks of Vishnu on her son and praised Him, "Thou art beginningless, Omnipresent. Kindly do not show me this form with four hands. Let me see you as an ordinary child. We are afraid of Kamsa."

The Lord assumed the form of a handsome baby through his own divine power. The Lord said, "If you are afraid of Kamsa, then take me to Gokula and bring my Maya that is born there of Yasoda immediately." The sentries became stupefied under the influence of Lord's Maya and the people were all asleep. The doors which were locked opened of their own accord. The river Jamna which was in floods with strong currents made way for Vasudeva.

Lord Krishna was the highest incarnation of the great Vishnu. He was the unique and crowning incarnation of all. He was the Purana Avatar. He had sixteen Kalas or rays. He was a noble scion of the illustrious Yadava dynasty. He was a world-teacher. He was the one Lord of love. He was the lover of men. His divine form holds the heart of every one captive in chains even to-day.

Lord Krishna has played various parts during his stay in the world. He drove the chariot of Arjuna. He was an excellent statesman. He was a master musician. He gave lessons to Narada in the art of playing the Vina. The music of his flute thrilled the hearts of Gopis and all. He was a cow-

herd in Nandagaon and Gokul. He exhibited miracles even when he was a child and a boy. He killed many Rakshasas. He gave Visvarupa Darshan to his mother. He did Rasallia, the secrets of which can only be understood by devotees like Narada, Gouranga, Radha and the Gopis. He taught the supreme truth of Yoga, Bhakti and Vedanta to Arjuna. He had mastery over the sixtyfour fine arts. That is why He is regarded as an Avatara with sixteen Kalas.

Krishna was a man of action. He was a history-maker and righter of wrongs. He stood for justice and righteousness. His policy was to defend the oppressed from the oppressor. He was a master of superphysical powers. He was a man of knowledge and a world-teacher.

He was a celestial musician. He was the Lord of Yoga. He was the friend of Arjuna and Uddhava. He was the greatest Karma Yogi of all time. He held up the torch of wisdom. He was an embodiment of wisdom and selfless action. He combined in his life all that is best, highest, purest and the most beautiful, sublime and grand in heaven and on earth. He was all love for the cowherd boys, cows and Gopis. He was the friend and benefactor of the poor and the helpless. He was a versatile genius.

Lord Krishna was an embodiment of humility, though he was the Lord of the universe. He became the charioteer of Arjuna. He voluntarily accepted the duty of washing the feet of the visitors in the Rajasuya Yajna performed by Yudhishthira.

Once Durvasa came to seek Yudhishthira's hospitality with a large number of followers. Draupadi, who was the last to eat, had also finished her meal and there was nothing to offer to the guests. She prayed to Sri Krishna and he appeared there, ate a particle of vegetable that remained in the vessel of Draupadi and made Durvasa and his followers feel as if they had a most sumptuous meal, when they were still taking bath. They had to go back with their heads down, with a sense of shame.

Sri Krishna was a great statesman. The world has not witnessed a greater statesman than Sri Krishna. He was a companion of liberty and a peace-maker. He had wonderful foresight and held extremely liberal views. Even when he was a boy, he taught people the essentials and the true significance of religion, when he rose against the popular worship of Indra for getting rains.

Krishna was the greatest of the political heroes. He was a King-maker. He was the founder of the city of Dwaraka. He was a great historical person. He was the greatest of spiritual heroes.

The Bhagavata Purana says that Sri Krishna lived for 125 years on earth. Lord Krishna appeared as Para Brahman to the sages, as the supreme Tattva to the Yogins, as Lord of Beauty to the Gopis, as a Warrior to warriors, as a child to Vasudeva and Yasoda, as Lord of Death to Kamsa, as King of kings to the kings, according to the view and understanding of the seer or subject. The object was the same.

He appeared different according to the viewpoint of the beholder.

Apart from the Bhagavadgita, the immortal gospel, Sri Krishna's teachings to Uddhava are memorable. Just hear the most valuable instructions of Sri Krishna to Uddhava. The Lord said: One should neither praise nor condemn other's natures and actions. Whoever censures or praises the natures and acts of others will begin to think that the world is real and will fall from his purpose of attaining wisdom. The mind is directed in a false channel and it deviates from the right path.

He who has attained Knowledge and Self-realisation neither praises nor censures anybody. He moves in the world like the sun (which shines alike on the waters of the Ganges as well as on dirty gutter waters, on a palace and a cottage alike) making no difference between things. So long as there is contact between Atman and the body, the senses and the Pranas, Samsara is real to one who has no discrimination. So long as the organs of sense and action draw the mind outwards, till then, the chain of births and deaths must continue as the result of delusion and ignorance.

The dream brings troubles only to a sleeping man, but it no more deludes him once he wakes up. Similarly ignorance creates delusion and the claim of births and deaths to a man. When one attains Knowledge or Self-realisation he is free and such delusion vanishes. Just as the appearance of the sun dispels only from the eyes of men the veil of darkness but does not

create anything new, so also knowledge of Myself destroys the veil of darkness from a man's intellect.

Here are the further instructions of the Lord to Uddhava. The Lord said: I will briefly describe to you the path of righteousness by following which diligently one can overcome death and attain immortality. One should do all works for My sake, always remembering Me, devoting his mind and heart to Me, while his mind finds delight in My duties.

He should conduct for Me separately or conjointly with others festivals on important days with royal splendours in the shape of music, dances and other splendid arrangements. He should with a pure mind see in all beings and in oneself Me, the Atman, who am both inside and outside and all-pervading and pure like the Akasa or sky.

He is regarded as wise man who takes his stand on pure knowledge, regards all beings to be Myself, treats them with respect and perceives Me to be the same in a Brahmin, a Chandala, a thief, one devoted to Brahmins, the sun or a spark of fire, a cruel man or a kind man.

He who constantly thinks of Me in all men becomes rid of rivalry, hatred, jealousy, reproach for others and egotism.

Giving no attention to his friends who laugh in ridicule, leaving aside the bodily differences that may cause a feeling of shame, one should prostrate oneself on the ground before every creature down to a

Chandala, a cow, an ass or a dog.

To regard Me as the one present in all beings, to look upon all beings as Myself in thought, word and deed is, I think, the best of all methods of worship.

O dear one, whosoever devotes himself to my worship and service without desire or expectation of reward, will never go wrong or lose the benefit of any portion of his service. Not even a little of the labour in My righteous course, even a beginning of it, would be lost. There is not the least chance of fear in the spiritual path. Even what is otherwise fruitless,

becomes Dharma when it is unselfishly offered to Me. So has it been ordained by Me, because it is unaffected by Gunas, it is free from desire. It is a law of righteousness that discharge of duty without expectation of reward must lead to good. Any trifling activity whatsoever, such as running or crying or lamentation out of fear or sorrow of the like, if it is resigned to Me unselfishly becomes My Dharma. This is the wisdom of the discriminating and the highest skill of the intelligent that in this very birth they, through this mortal and unreal body, attain Me, the Immortal and the Real.

There was some jealousy in the circus, and the giant and the dwarf were not on the best of terms when the little man complained of indisposition. "Throat trouble, I think," he said.

"Nonsense," snapped the giant. "A man of your laches couldn't tell whether he'd got laryngitis or housemaid's knee."

"I've just been congratulating Colonel Blaze," said a guest at a luncheon. "He's been appointed governor of a prison."

"Really?" asked his pretty neighbour. "Now for a job like that does one need influence, or does one just start as a convict and rise from the ranks?"

Teacher: Give me an example of indirect taxation."

Willie: "The dog tax, sir."

Teacher: "How is that?"

Willie: The dog does not pay it."

STAGE AND SCREEN

Burton And Rex Starrer "Staircase" Now Filming In Paris

RICHARD Burton and Rex Harrison stepped before the cameras in a secluded park on the outskirts of Paris, signalling the start of production on 20th Century-Fox's "Staircase," based on the Broadway and London hit play.

Producer-director Stanley Donen and a combined French-English-American crew will be filming the "Staircase" over the next four months. The attraction marks the second appearance together of the stars who previously were seen in "Cleopatra."

In writing the screenplay, the play's author, Charles Dyer, has removed any touch of the "proscenium arch," with the story of the two aging London barbers lengthened and broadened to meet the cinematic medium. Harrison will play "Charlie," and Burton "Harry," the two lonely men living together for years in their Brixton torsorial parlor under the shadow of the symbolic "Staircase" which neither are able to climb.

Under Donen's direction, art director Willy Holt has erected an exact replica of a London street and square on the banks

of the Seine, complete with a pub, butchers, bakers, candlestick makers, and of course, barber shop. Roughly four weeks of shooting are planned in this "London-sur-Seine."

Donen's off-beat casting of Burton and Harrison is typical of the imaginative director, whose "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Funny Face" were musical landmarks, and whose "Charade," "Arabesque," "Two For the Road" and "Bedazzled," the last two for 20th Century-Fox, all were highly praised.

The Look Of A Millionaire's Apartment

DE LUXE FILMS' production unit, and their art director Sudhendu Roy have been very busy visiting flats in Bombay's elite residential area of Malabar Hill. They were in search of an intimate peep into the apartments of the fabulously rich, and which they hoped to reproduce on the screen for the new Eastman Colour film "Sajan" which is being produced and directed by Mohan Segal. The set that they built at the Ranjit Studios is, in the story, the residence of hero Manoj Kumar who plays the son of a millionaire industrialist. Sudhendu Roy got the inspiration for the final design from

an ultra modern block of flats on Mount Pleasant Road, though the apartment as it will appear in the film shall, for obvious reasons, remain anonymous.

Mohan Segal began shooting on this set during the week, and the stars enacting scenes were Asha Parekh, Manoj Kumar, Sapru, Brahm Bhardwaj, Lata Bose and comedian Om Prakash. The schedule called for a three-day programme of shooting. "Sajan" is being photographed by M. N. Malhotra in Eastman Colour for processing by Film Center. The dialogue for the film is being written by Vrajendra Gaur. Other important artists in the star cast are Shabnam, Raj Mehra, Janakidas, and Madan Puri.

The music for "Sajan" is being composed by Laxmikant and Pyarelal, who set the lyrics of Anand Bakshi to tune. The film will be edited by Pratap Dave.

New Filmyug Offering

PRODUCER J. Om Prakash has just announced the title of his new film, which till now had been billed as Filmyug's Production No. 4 in Eastman Colour. He has named the film, "Aaya Sawan Jhoom Ke." Considerable shooting of the film has been already completed. It is being directed by Raghunath Jhalani.

The stars of "Aaya Sawan Jhoom Ke" are Asha Parekh and Dharmender, Rajindernath, Nazir Hussain, Laxmi Chhaya, Aruna Irani, Jalal Agha Shrivastava, Brahm Bhardwaj, Master Shahid, Ravindra Kapoor, Bindu and

Nirupa Roy. The film is based upon a story by Sachin Bhaumick, and the dialogue is written by Sarshar Sailani.

Extensive outdoor shooting of the film has been planned for Kerala just after the monsoon. Producer J. Om Prakash has returned to Bombay after a three thousand mile road trip and has brought back hundreds of colour photographs from which he will select the final locations.

"The Chairman"

"THE Chairman," is now before the cameras on location in London, with Gregory Peck and Anne Heywood in the starring roles.

Peck will portray a Nobel Prize-winning scientist who enters Red China on a secret mission in the motion picture, which also features Conrad Yama, in the title role; two new Oriental actresses, Francisca Tu and Zienia Merton; and Alan Dobie, Eric Young, Alan White, Burt Kwouk and Ori Levy. Arthur Hill, one of Broadway's leading actors and winner of Tony Awards (for his role in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf") will also co-star in the film.

After the location work in London, the film unit will move to Pinewood Studios for interiors. Further location shooting is planned for Wales and the Far East during a 14-week production schedule.

J. Lee Thompson will direct the explosive contemporary drama for producer Mort Abrahams in Panavision and Deluxe Color from a screenplay by Ben Maddow.

After Fifteen Years.....

IT was the year 1953. A youngestman has just got his first independent assignment as a director. One of the roles in his film, that of the mother, was giving the producer casting difficulties. The young director shocked his elders by daring to approach a reigning heroine to play the role of the mother. The heroine was Nirupa Roy, and the director Subodh Mukerji. His enthusiasm won her over. She agreed. Her performance in the film, "Munimji" won her great praise and she was named as the best supporting actress of the year. It probably established her as an emotional actress and revealed her talent in difficult dramatic episodes.

Fifteen years later. The director was again about to make a new film, which he was to himself produce from his own story. Subodh Mukerji again approached Nirupa Roy to accept the mother's role in "Abhinetri" and it goes without saying that she immediately accepted. 'It is just like old times,' she mused, when Subodh Mukerji welcomed her on the sets of the film at the Filmstan Studios. Nirupa Roy plays the hero Shashi Kapoor's mother.

Starred opposite Shashi Kapoor is the new glamour star of the day, Hema Malini, and they both appeared along with Nirupa Roy in the scenes that were being shot. "Abhinetri" is being photographed by N. V. Srinivas in Eastman Colour on sets designed by art director Shanti Das.

"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

A FULL-SIZE replica of the World War II Japanese battleship "Nagato" will be constructed at Kyushu, Japan, for sequences in "Tora! Tora! Tora!" according to producer Elmo Williams and director Akira Kurosawa.

The film set will be 660 feet long and 115 feet high, with exact exterior details of the former Japanese flagship of Admiral Yamamoto, which was subsequently used as a target in the 1946 United States atom bomb tests.

The land-locked "Nagato," to be built on a concrete base, facing the sea, will be mainly wood, with steel girders for support. Scenes involving Admiral Yamamoto, Commander in Chief of the Imperial Navy, will be played on the decks of the huge structure.

"Tora! Tora! Tora!" story of the events leading up to the attack on Pearl Harbour, will begin filming in Kyoto, Japan, during this month.

Screen Idols 100th Film

M. G. RAMACHANDRAN who is still the rage of Tamil screen's masses first made his film appearance in 1936 in the Tamil film Sathi Leelavathi and completed his 100th screen appearance with the release of Gemini's Eastmancolor Oli Vilakku (beacon light).

Incidentally, the story for the screen of Sathi Leelavathi produced by Manorama films was written by S. S. Vasan and thus latter is associated with MGR's first film and his 100th film role.

YOU CAN LIVE LONGER

MEDICAL science is gradually unravelling the mysteries of ageing and how and why people grow old. The knowledge acquired in the process is daily making more possible the prospect of living to be 100 or even 150 years old.

In 1900 the average age at death was forty. Today it is seventy. The mastery of the infectious diseases that brought about the early deaths and the minimising of the disabilities of old age has made that possible.

And the life span is continuing to stretch year by year.

The outstanding discovery that medicine has made is that "age begins in youth." It does not strike suddenly at sixty-five or seventy-five or eighty. It is a slow-moving process that begins at thirty and goes on throughout the life span. It is in youth, then, that the foundations must be most carefully watched.

The discovery has been very important in the treatment of the "killing" diseases like those of the heart and blood, however, and is also paving the way to the mastery of arthritis, rheumatism and mental diseases.

And science not only says that you will soon have a longer life: It also says that you will have a merrier and a more intelligent one.

The medical researchers now agree that neither smoking nor drinking is harmful in moderation.

The intelligent part? That rests with the fact that your

mind never stops growing. Your brain as a structure reaches maturity before you stop growing physically, but your mind goes on growing just as long as you go on exercising it. All it needs is oxygen and glucose to keep it going. If your blood vessels are all right, your brain is all right.

So the old saying that the older you get the less you can learn is a fallacy. It is also a very good excuse. The fact is: you don't learn because you stop trying to learn. You are suffering from the greatest cause of old age known to science: bone laziness.

The "Diet or Die" theory is another of the fallacies that modern scientific research has exposed. It is the diet faddist, in fact, same size. It needs to employ a far smaller staff, and can often manage with women only—whose wages are only 70 per cent. of those paid to men. Their labour costs can be anything up to ten per cent, less than those of a restaurant. So they can either make a larger profit, or give the customer better value for money—without tips. Clearly, snack bars have come to stay, and could probably do even better business if they also offered the type of food which would attract the discriminating customer. It isn't only the people who like bright yellow buns who are often in a hurry to get a meal.

As a nation, we seem to be proving that we like courteous and helpful self-service; and it equally seems to suit the people in the business. So why not

extend the principle even further? Think what a help it would be if the Post Office adopted it for the sale of all stamps, instead of only pennies and half-pennies. We shouldn't have to wait for half an hour behind a woman who was going through all the paraphernalia of sending a box of toilet soap to a second cousin in the Fiji Islands, in order to buy

a single sixpenny stamp. The Post Office would save wages, and then we might get our stamps more cheaply. It's a safe bet that cosmetic sales would go up by leaps and bounds if women could easily lay hands on them in chemists' shops. Almost anything packaged or standardised lends itself to the help-yourself principle—even pound notes! ★

VALLALAR'S BIRTH DAY

CHIDAMBARAM RAMALINGAM, the divine Poet of the 19th century sang Arutpa containing more than ten thousand songs. He is also called as Thiruvartu Prakasa Vallalar.

He stands unique among all divine people because he preached Universal Brotherhood, World Integration and spiritual communion.

He had a wonderful power in him to convert flesh-eaters into vegetarians.

A (charity house) Dharmasala was started at Vadalur in South Arcot District near Neyveli, 152 miles from Madras to feed the poor and the poor without any caste difference.

Satyagnana Sabha the temple of divine light was established at the same village Vadalur to preach the spiritual ideals equally to all. It was open to all devoid of caste and religious distinction. It is a beautiful lotus-shaped octagonal building well planned for common worship. Satya Jyothi (truth-light) is worshipped there. He set up hygienic rules for long

life to family men. He showed them how to keep the body young and agile.

The 146th birthday of Vallalar was celebrated under the auspices of Madras Samarasa Suddha Sanmarga Sangam, 7/99, Ammen Koil Street, Madras-1. on 23rd, 24th & 25th September 1968, at Dr. Guruswami Mudaliyar T. T. V. High School, Vallalar Mandapam, Madras-1.

On the 23rd September '68 Mr. R. Kothandaram, B.A. sang Arutpa songs with orchestra.

On the 24th September the birthday of Vallalar was celebrated as World Integration Day. The Portrait of Vallalar was taken in procession to Kandaswamy Temple through the Main Streets of Madras.

This celebration was marked by spiritual discourse by Sri Pulavar Thanigai, Ulaganathan, and Sri Ovvala D. Natagan, M.A. M.LITT.

On the 25th September '68 the Animal Welfare Board were kind enough to evoke the audience by showing depiction of cruelty to animals and killing to animals.

Life and Laughter

A Selection of the world's Contemporary Humour

THE best man was doing his utmost to make the groom brace up.

"Where's your nerve, old man?" he asked, "You're shaking like a leaf."

"I know I am," said the groom. "But this is a nerve-racking time for me. I've got some excuse for being frightened, haven't I? I've never been married before."

"Of course you haven't," said the best man. "If you had you'd be much more scared than you are."

She waited at the corner, joyously—then pensively—then expectantly—then casually—then anxiously—and an hour passed.

"Man," she said, "is a brute, faithless and untrue, incapable of keeping a promise."

Two hundred yards down the street he said the same things about women. She was at the wrong corner.

"Something's wrong with me, Grandmother," sighed the young lady. "I've been a bridesmaid twice. I caught the bride's bouquet too, but I'm still single."

"Well dear," advised Grandma, "next time don't reach for the flowers reach for the best man."

THE young mistress of the house entered the kitchen, carrying herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.

"Jane," she said, "I must insist that you have less company in the kitchen. Last night I was kept awake by the uproarious laughter of one of your women friends."

"Yes, mum," said Jane, cheerfully. "I know; but she couldn't help it mum. I was telling her how you tried to make a cake yesterday morning."

An editor at dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction: "Owing to a crowd of the other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

The gentleman was gazing rapturously at "spring," a large oil painting of a shapely girl dressed only in a few strategically arranged leaves. Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped. "Well, what are you waiting for—autumn?"

He: Some day, infallibly, I shall die and leave you.

She (tenderly): How much?

AN admirer, visiting the home of a famous novelist, could not conceal her disappointment at the modest surroundings. "Is there something wrong?" asked the host.

"Well," confessed the lady, "the homes you describe in your writings are so magnificent, I can't understand why you built such a modest one for yourself."

"My dear friend," answered the novelist, "words are cheap, but materials are expensive."

Returning from his day's toil to his happy little home, father greeted his family.

"What have you all been doing to-day?" he asked.

"I washed all the dinner things!" said Ann proudly.

"And I wiped them!" exclaimed Sheila, just as proudly.

Father turned to his only son. "And you, John?"

"I picked up the pieces," was the brief reply.

"Archie," asked the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes, miss," answered Archie.

"Well then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All of 'em," was the reply.

A boy who had failed in an examination telegraphed to his brother: "Failed, prepare father."

The brother replied: "Father prepared, prepare yourself."

ABOUT midnight the drowsy sentry decided it was safe to take a short rest. He sat on a large rock with his rifle between his knees and began to doze off.

Notselessly the officer of the guard approached and, shaking the sentry roughly by the shoulders, said: "You are under arrest for sleeping on duty!"

Mindful of the weight that religion carries, the sentry replied: "A man can't even have a minute of prayer without someone coming along to spoil it."

A Glasgow telephone supervisor received a complaint from a subscriber that one of the operators had been too familiar.

The girl was alleged to have said: "You can get the number yourself, my darling." Inquiries proved that what the operator had actually said was: "You can get the number yourself by dialing."

The nurse notified the hospital visitor: "Your mother-in-law needs a blood transfusion, but we can't find blood to match hers."

The visitor eagerly asked: "Have you tried a tiger's?"

"Jack, dear, why are some women called Amazons?"

"Well, my dear, I remember learning that the Amazon River has the largest mouth."

And then the door slammed.

GLEANINGS

MUSEUM DIRECTOR AT AGE 14

14-year old high school student Hendrik Klein of Leonberg near Stuttgart is the youngest museum director in the Federal Republic of Germany. He has been working on a natural history collection of his own ever since the age of eight. This collection has meanwhile become so comprehensive that experts and museums have already voiced their interest in his treasures. The fact that he was accepted as a member of the Palaeontological Society in 1967 and also invited to the next scientific meeting this fall is proof of the high esteem in which the young colleague is held, writes Ito Ulrich.

Hendrik Klein no longer wanted to keep his fossils packed away in crates and boxes and his parents' apartment offered no space whatsoever for his collection. The pupil then decided to open a museum of his own. With his father's help and the advice of a scientist at the State Museum for Natural History in Ludwigsburg, he soon filled up a 60 sq. meter large private museum with show-cases, shelves and pedestals. He showed no lack of exhibit pieces.

The prize piece of the museum is the some one million year

old upper jaw of an Ice Age elephant which Hendrik Klein found himself in a gravel-pit along the Upper Rhine. Innumerable fossils of spineless animals, grass, snails and individual animal bones are on display in the show-cases. Rock fragments, which Hendrik Klein believes to be the fossils of a saurian, are still packed away in boxes. A number of years will certainly pass before this primeval animal can be prepared in the proper fashion and put on display in the museum. But the young museum director knows that he has plenty of time. He is also quite sure that he will later dedicate his time to geology and palaeontology. He has already reached his first goal. He recently opened his own private museum, which had hitherto been limited to visits from school friends and acquaintances, to the general public.

New Cure For Snake Bite

A REVOLUTIONARY new treatment for snake bite known as "exchange transfusion" has been discovered by a team of doctors in the Department of Medicine University of Colombo.

Believed to be a major breakthrough in snake bite cure, it was tried with success on a youth bitten by a Russell's Viper.

The treatment involves the complete draining of the venom-tainted blood and simultaneous transfusion of fresh blood from donor.

A team of doctors led by Dr. Oliver Pieris at the General Hospital, Colombo, treated the youth who, it is reported, was admitted in a state of complete collapse following failing respiration and mental blackout.

Severed Arm Re-Grafted

A COMPLETELY severed arm of a 12-year-old boy, who met with an accident was successfully re-implanted to his body by the surgeons of the Municipal Corporation-run Nlar Hospital in Bombay.

This implantation operation is believed to be the first done in India though encouraging results had been obtained in such operations abroad.

The separated limb was brought by the police, along with the patient, and the entire team of surgeons, resident and nursing staff of the hospital laboured for over nine hours to keep the severed limb alive and attach it to the body of the patient.

"The progress of the patient is encouraging", a hospital press release said. He was now talking and had his normal food.

The surgeons at the hospital had learnt the technique of implantation operation through film of such an operation shown by Prof. Kotani, a Japa-

nese surgeon, who visited the hospital some time back.

Drug To Prevent Miscarriage

A DRUG, used to prevent patients rejecting grafted foreign tissues, has enabled an Italian woman to have a baby after seven miscarriages in 18 years, a doctor of Rome announced.

The treatment with cortisone, believed here to be the first of its kind, was given to 40-year-old Mrs. Rina Ruffini by a leading Rome doctor, Prof. Onorio Costantini, at his clinic.

He treated Mrs. Ruffini with the drug when her eighth pregnancy showed signs of ending in a miscarriage like all her others.

She went home after a month and gave birth by caesarian operation to a healthy boy.

Both mother and son are doing well.

The doctor told reporters that some miscarriages—as in Mrs. Ruffini's case—could be caused by the same organic incompatibility that causes rejection of foreign tissue.

He warned that cortisone treatment might cause malformation in a baby, but the Ruffinis had been willing to accept this. Their baby was completely normal.

"It is, however, an isolated case and it is difficult to say how this treatment can further be applied," he said.

Back To Nature

A MODERN home with all the latest gadgets held no attraction for Stefan and Jennifer

