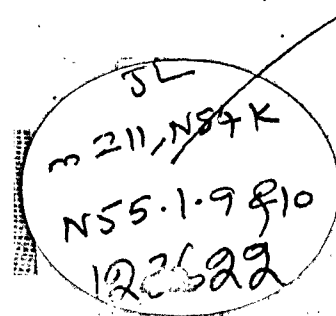


Kahamiga

Jamans, February

1955



JANUARY, 1955

Kahaniya

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THE NEW YEAR

We wish all our readers a happy and prosperous new year.

The year 1955 we hope will see *Kahaniya* grow in size and popularity. This should be easy if every reader recommends it to at least one of his or her friends. We hope we will have the co-operation of the readers in this.

We are glad to introduce to our readers this month one of the most popular Tamil writers,

Dr. S. Thirupurasundari, M.B., B.S., whose stories and serials under the pen name "Lakshmi" are avidly read by millions every week all over Tamilnad. It is our intention to give in English stories of celebrated

writers in other Indian languages also. Shortly we hope to give a serial story from our ancient Sanskrit works.

Another new feature this month is "The Student World" by Sri G. A. Dharmarajan M.A. (Oxon). This should be of particular interest to parents as well as students. Sri Dharmarajan is the Secretary of the University Information Bureau, University of Madras, and information given by him is authoritative.

As we progress we hope to open new sections which will be of interest to readers in addition to the stories. Any suggestion from readers will be welcome.

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FOR

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THE LADDER OF FAME

(By Dr. S. Thirupurasundari, M.B., B.S.)

Dr. S. Thirupurasundari, M.B., B.S., more popularly known by her pen name "Lakshmi" is one of the front rank writers in Tamil. Her short stories and serials are read with avidity by millions of Tamil readers. The following story originally appeared in *Ananda Vikatan*.

Vaidyabhushan Dr. Marthandam was about the best known man in the town. Few indeed could have afforded not to have known him or the great white building near the railway station, wherein he resided. Many have extolled him as a curer of incurables, one who by the magic of his concoction of oil had relieved cases left off as hopeless by the foreign-degreed allopaths.

At 68, Dr. Marthandam was in the full flood of his position and prestige. Money, status and fame came to him unsought and he had risen to dizzy heights. Yet for some days past, his admirers and intimate friends had detected a great change in his mental disposition, and were worried.

There was a time not long ago when the doctor with his uncanny skill could diagnose accurately and prescribe even as the patient was coming along towards him. But now what all he could say to any one who went to him for treatment was, "I cannot make out your disease. Medicine will not cure it. Better spend the money in propitiating Lord Muruga," or

"Today is Saturday, and my day of silence. I decline to see anyone," and so on and so forth. It was all so puzzling.

Naturally enough those who knew him attributed this strange behaviour to a variety of causes. "May be it is due to the passing away of his wife whom he had dearly loved," said some. "No, no. That is not the reason. His first son quarrelled with him and went away. Then his second son, eighteen years old, caught fever and died in eight days. This must have upset him," said still others. A third group just guessed, "Oh! We know the reason. He had been recently doing pilgrimages and seeing holy places and he has now a surfeit of piety and devotion. He is aged. It is all natural."

Sundaramurthi, the doctor's most intimate friend and persona grata, could not be persuaded that any of these theories were accurate. He wanted to solve it by putting a straight question to the doctor and know the fact. Straight he marched to the rail road bungalow.

The Ladder of Fame

3

He was as usual in his clinical room. He was then not his old self, full of his wonted buoyancy and imperiousness. It looked as if he had been immersed in sorrow. Talking about things in general, Sundaramurthi pointedly asked him, "How is it doctor you have changed so suddenly? What is it all about? I must know it and I have come for that."

Marthandam fixed his gaze upon his interrogator and for a while Sundaramurthi was non-plussed and feared if he had offended him. Pulling himself together, the doctor the next moment smiled feebly and said, "Sundaramurthi! It is good you have come now. Let me tell you a fine story. Listen attentively."

x x x
Forty five years ago, Andiar-puram was very much in the news. Dr. Amirthalingam was the cause and everyone in the village loved him. He was at the crest of his popularity. Doctoring was his hobby. He was in affluent circumstances and he did not depend on it for a living. But his love for the healing art was irrepresible and he laboured for a number of years to make himself proficient in the profession. His name and fame spread far and wide. He had established a free medical dispensary and he had also trained a number of young men in the art of healing. These were admitted into his household. Free boarding and lodging were afforded to them. Of the many who came to him, two young men, Marthandam and Loga-

nathan, soon became his favourites.

Marthandam came of rich parentage, heir to an estate of fifty acres. He too like his master came to learn doctoring only for the love of it. Loganathan was, however, an orphan and a very poor man. He had decided to learn the art and eke out his livelihood. But both of them excelled each other in their ability to grasp their master's teachings and it was difficult for Dr. Amirthalingam to pick out the cleverer of the two. There was also another problem which puzzled him most whenever he found them together. To whom should he offer his beloved and beautiful daughter Anandavilli?

But Anandavalli solved it all very easily. She was captivated by the energy and intelligence of Loganathan and his good looks had long ago made the most benumbing influence on her.

Sometimes the two young men used to wait at the garden with their collection of rare herbs at the behest of their master. Anandavalli bedecked in her best would put in her appearance. Marthandam could very well notice that she paid all attentions on Loganathan alone.

The time arrived when their two year period of apprenticeship being over, they had to take leave of their master and repair to their places to carry on their avocation. Dr. Amirthalingam blessed them warmly. But when the actual leave-taking came, the doctor

was overpowered with emotion and he could not even speak cogently. He said, "I wish to give one of you a prize. There is an old palm leaf manuscript which my master had given me. It contains the pharmacopia of many rare drugs. I had no leisure to experiment with them myself. You can do that, I suppose. But I am puzzled as to whom I should give it. I shall cast lots and abide by the verdict."

He sent for his daughter Anandavalli and requested her to write the names of his two worthy disciples in two separate chits, shake them well before the portrait of Lord Muruga and give one to him. She did so and on the one she had picked out the name of "Loganathan" was written. "You are the lucky man. Accept it with my good wishes," said the doctor and handed the manuscript to him.

Loganathan did not fail to notice Anandavalli's smile and the gleam in her eyes and he accepted the present overflowing with joy.

That night Dr. Amirthalingam had entertained his outgoing students to a dinner. Dinner over, Loganathan sat down for a while in the open lawn basking in the moonlight. Suddenly he felt the heavy thud of an arm on his shoulder and he was bewildered. He turned round. It was Marthandam.

"Lucky fellow! You have carried away the manuscript," said Marthandam in a tone of ill-concealed jealousy and sat

by his side. Loganathan did not reply but continued gazing at the sky.

"It does not matter after all," Marthandam proceeded. "I too have got a prize. I am to wed Anandavalli. I am sorry that you may not be able to attend the wedding," he said and abruptly left him.

Loganathan was stunned to hear it and he felt as if the whole world had been plunged into darkness.

The following morning a greater shock was awaiting him. Word was sent to him that his master wanted to see him urgently. He found Marthandam and a number of his colleagues gathered there in advance. Anandavalli was standing at the doorstep. Loganathan was very much puzzled when he found his master livid with anger.

"Have you seen this?" thundered Dr. Amirthalingam, holding out his diamond ring and pointing it out to Loganathan. "Yes sir, I know it. It is yours," replied Loganathan innocently.

"All right. How is it that this was found in your medicine chest? I know I had lost it two days back, in my bath room. But my suspicions were roused, and I had all your boxes examined when you were dining last night. Loganathan! I know you are poor. But I never thought that you would stoop to such a thing."

The master spoke no more and left the room. Loganathan, bent down with shame, came out, disliking to talk to anyone.

Loganathan went straight to his room and gathered one or two books of his. He was accosted by Marthandam and upbraided for his treachery to his master. Without saying a word Loganathan unlocked his almirah and took out the palm leaf manuscript given to him by his master. Addressing his friend, he said: "Marthandam. Look here. A man who could smuggle a ring into my box—why have you forgotten to take out this palm leaf manuscript too? I do not want it. Keep it to yourself. I am not sorry that my master had misunderstood me. But to give away his beloved daughter to a thief....." He had hardly finished but Marthandam, blue with rage, gave a swinging blow on his cheek. Loganathan retaliated not. He merely walked out of the room. Marthandam was unmoved. He took the manuscript and locked it up in his box.

Five years had elapsed. Dr. Amirthalingam had been gathered to his forefathers. Dr. Marthandam arrived with his wife and settled down in his place. He bought the big habitation adjoining the railway station and started his profession with great pomp. He had himself advertised even in the press. A specific for rheumatism which he had learned from the palm leaf manuscript was patented and put into the market. In a year it became the people's stock medicine and tinloads were sold. His name was on everyone's lips. One day when Dr. Marthandam

was driving his car in a bylane he chanced to come across a house with the name board of Dr. Loganathan. This rival in his student days had evidently been practising in the same place all the time without his knowing it.

From that moment, Marthandam was on the war path. He unleashed his terrific propaganda machine and Loganathan unable to stand it had to leave the place for good. Nor was this all. He contrived to implicate Loganathan in the sensational "Singapuram Zamin-dar Murder case". It was bruited abroad that with the help of a poison drug prepared by Dr. Loganathan the Zamin-dar had been killed by his agnates. They along with Loganathan were charge sheeted for the murder. The trial was long and arduous and lasted for two years. Loganathan was ultimately acquitted, but enough had been done to injure his professional reputation permanently. Who would go to him, he who had been suspected of poisoning? Time rolled on. Dr. Marthandam had risen high. He had no rival. He was conscious of it and he was puffed up with pride. He daily looked on at the queues of patients waiting at his threshold not unmingled with derision. Having ascended the top ladder of achievement, he soon became inaccessible to any but the high class gentry.

When at the crest of his popularity an incident occurred which portended grave things. His dearly be-

loved wife Anandavalli took ill and after being bedridden for two months died. But just a few minutes before she passed away she divulged to him a long kept secret. She said, "You have spoiled the life and the career of the poor boy Loganathan and helped yourself to a great position. Your sins should not be visited on our children. That is what I am praying the Lord for. Alas! Loganathan! He was a good boy," and she breathed her last immediately afterwards.

Marthandam now knew that she did her duty by her husband but that she had not loved him in her heart of hearts. That was enough to humble him.

Following the demise of the old lady his beloved second son too passed away.

Marthandam felt horror-struck and he became pretty sure that the ills he had caused to Loganathan had begun to retaliate themselves upon him. All his egoism and enthusiasm left him. And to crown all, in his last days, his first son openly quarrelled with him and went out of his household.

He started on a pilgrimage. His life had hitherto been spent or rather wasted in the glamour of ambition and achievement. The very sight of the holy places and gods transformed his outlook and gave him an inner joy and he finally reached the holy shrine of Vengayan-puram.

He was proceeding to the temple from his lodging, to attend the evening service

when he found all the passers-by sad and downcast. Even in the temple precincts he found knots of people gathering together and whispering something.

Unable to restrain his curiosity, Marthandam asked one of them what the matter was. He was told that the old ascetic of the town had died and that the funeral procession was about to start. Marthandam decided to stay with the others and witness the procession. The streets were crowded with people. It was one vast sea of human heads. People of all castes and creeds had come there and they stood quietly to honour the dead personage. At last the procession came near and Marthandam hied forth to a vantage position. People were throwing flowers. Women with tears in their eyes were waiting to have a glimpse of the body. Some students who were by the side of Marthandam remarked while throwing flowers on the dead body: "One should live for others, even as this worthy ascetic did. Victory to Loganathan who had lived nobly."

Marthandam was literally taken aback at these words. He asked a by-stander, "Hallo, sir! Who is he that has died?" The man replied, "Dr. Loganathan had been here for twenty years now. All his life he had laboured for the health and well-being of the townfolk, expecting no return but the joy of doing good to the needy and the poor. There is none, not

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even a child, who does not mourn his passing away."

The procession came still nearer, but the man who said all this, was overcome with emotion and had mingled with the crowd.

Marthandam was now within a few yards of the cortege. He became penitance. Then a thought flashed into his mind and that conveyed a truth too. Man ascends the ladder of fame step by step with great difficulty, labour and self sacrifice, and then when he ascends the sum-

mit, angels keep him company. What was he, a bundle of egoism and pride, deceived by false values, but still at the lowest rung?"

With eyes full of tears, Marthandam raised his hands in salutation to the heaven-borne Loganathan.

x x x

"That is the story," said Marthandam as he stood up, and Sundaramurthy could see that his unusually bright eyes were dim with tears.

MAN'S CONQUEST OF THE AIR

The following story was related by Lewis L. Strauss of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission:

There is a story about a small denominations college in the west in pioneer days where the president doubled as professor of physics and chemistry. An eastern bishop, in whose charge this institution rested, paid an annual visit to the primitive campus and on those occasions was put up at the president's house. The president would have his small faculty in to supper to give them the benefit of exposure to the bishop's wisdom and experience.

After supper on one such visit, the bishop delivered himself of the opinion that the millennium could not be very far off since everything about nature had been discovered, all inventions that would be made had been made, and more of the same. When he finished he turned to the president for his concurrence.

The president reluctantly said that he couldn't agree: that he felt that the next fifty years would produce more inventions than the world had ever seen.

The bishop was outraged. "Name just one thing," he demanded. "Well," said the president somewhat taken down, "I do think that at any rate within the next fifty years men will be able to fly like the birds."

"For that," declaimed the bishop, "you will surely roast in Gehenna. Flight is reserved solely for the angels."

I forgot to tell you the bishop's name which was Bishop Wright. He had two small sons at home and their names were Orville and Wilbur, who later invented the aeroplane.

THE ACE REPORTER

By Marcella Hardy, B.A. (Hons.) Oxon.

He was a precise, dapper little man, who always said A.C. instead of O.K. In the office, they called him Lexi, for short; a name he had borne with good humour and much distinction these many years—Lexi, short for lexicon and, more ceremoniously, A. C. Lexi. Lexi had remained, through thick and thin, connected with the *Daily Sun*; indeed, the journal could ill have dispensed with his attentions: more than once it had been threatened with an eclipse—total or partial—when the Editor, either suffering from the liver or unaware of the implications of his action, had ordered Lexi out of the premises.

The fact was—for which everybody worshipped him, though nobody ever told him so—that Lexi was an ace reporter. He had a flair for news, to the point of always being present, as if by chance, whenever anything happened; he even seemed, so one would have sworn, to cause sensational things to happen. Take, for instance, that memorable occasion when, after a night of reporting some political meeting, Lexi changed his mind as he left the office and started walking home by a circuitous route, just to breathe the clean morning air, instead of taking the first bus home or a lift in the

news-van. Well, he was just coming up under large apartment buildings when a man on the third floor threw his wife out of the window—an absolute scoop! Special editions of the *Daily Sun* were sold out almost at once; exclusive stories by eye witness; special interview with bereaved husband; circulation up by 30 per cent for ten days; pages full of advertisements for the latest plastic fall-proof two-piece suits. Everybody reaped benefits—all except Lexi, for he was fired.

The occasion came back to him as typical of editorial block-headedness; in fact, it was one of the scenes—and there had been many—that pungently illustrated a point which to him was axiomatic, i.e., the block-headedness of editors. On this particular and memorable day, Lexi had handed over his crisp report of the sensational scoop to the Editor.

"What's 'defenestration'?" demanded he roughly.

"To throw out of the window," came the precise reply.

"Why don't you say so?"

"I have, Sir."

"You've said 'defenestration'."

"That's what I mean."

"For God's sake, why can't you write proper English?" The editorial temper had risen.

"I do, Sir; concise, precise, to the point English."

"I'm the Editor here," shouted the other, "and I'm the judge of what you've written."

"Yes, Sir ; but you said I had not written proper English when using the word 'defens....'"

"Don't argue, damn you !" the Editor cut him short. "Get out of this office and don't set foot in it again !"

"Such heated unreason is unworthy of your ipsity, Sir," said Lexi sadly before closing the door : but he never knew whether the Editor had heard, for he left unscathed.

With a shrug of the shoulders in the direction of the News Editor, Lexi walked out not too depressed, on the whole. The News Editor sighed ; he knew what would happen to the paper if Lexi left, while the idea of some other organisation taking him up gave him nightmares—all hope of keeping up with news would be lost. Up to now, by some amazing good luck, Lexi had remained faithful to the orbit of the *Daily Sun* ; but, supposing he met an editor who saw eye to eye with him on the ticklish matter of language...the news Editor wiped his dripped brow at the very thought. What a devil of a fellow he was ! It was sheer pride to have him on the staff : always some scoop, miles ahead while others came rushing up hours later...When he left, the circulation went down, advertisers grumbled, news-agents became unmanageable, and what not ; and then, good little Lexi would turn up again from

nowhere with some scoop, and all went smoothly again.

That time, the News Editor grinned even through his anxiety. Lexi had walked out of the Editor's office with the characteristic gait after a tussle—my, that was a great one, that time ! He could still see the Editor's face...Lexi had characterized local society as only fit for ptochogony.—The office had been a shambles for days afterwards. This clash was followed by a period of absolute dullness : not a fly stirred, not a circus lion escaped, not a copper coin was filched, people went about with fountain-pens full displayed, not one wallet disappeared. The nearest thing to news was when a street loafer picked up a hand-bag containing a good deal of money and handed it back to its lady owner. It is true that the incident had provoked a certain amount of correspondence and some doubts as to the value of the money ; so much so that the owner of the hand-bag had, to rehabilitate herself, to give some of it to the rescuer. But that was not the sort of thing that made the circulation shoot up ; it scarcely produced a half-hearted two-by-two advertisement for some new design of safety attachment to hand-bags, not yet tried out. And all the while Lexi was not even in his room. After this, the News Editor still remembered the whole office had gone dumb with consternation : could some wily, scoundrelly rival editor have got hold of Lexi and sent

him off to another part of the country ? A total eclipse had never appeared more inevitably imminent. Even the Editor, during those tragic days, seemed to sense that something was not all right. He mentioned off-handedly to News that the paper needed brightening up. News agreed gloomily, but refrained from suggesting where the fault lay—after all, the Editor and he were old colleagues, and he might say just too much....

Then, when all seemed just about lost, a plain cover bearing neither stamp nor mark of any sort found its mysterious way into the office. The News Editor read : "Panic among Pyrolaters." "For some time past the nemoral communities of Africa...." That was enough : the non-committal FOC could not conceal the identity. "Here, you fellows," shouted News to the depressed staff, "stand up and all together give a prayer of thanks for Lexi—he's turned up trumps again. God bless him !" A large grin spread over the office like a ray of sun emerging from behind some planetary obstruction ; everybody stood up like one man. It was at that moment that the Editor strode in ; he stopped aghast at the sight before him. The explanation that they were all about to sit down, sounded inadequate to him, but there was nothing more to elicit from the News Editor. This latter, after the Chief had left, rolled up his sleeves, loosened his tie, and sat down to Lexi's report with all the office dictionaries around

him ; he hadn't enjoyed himself so much for months ! One expression, however, drew some comment from the Chief.

"A bit pedantic for us, this : what's come over you ?" he asked.

"Well, Chief, it's a quillet," the Chief's eye met his, "er.... a verbal nicety..." he hurriedly explained. Only just in time, my hat, he chuckled as he regained his chair.

Somehow, and incredibly, this about the pyrolaters excited public interest—some largely forgotten echo of primitive life vibrated in urban-bred hearts. Letters poured in from readers of every shade of learning and sanity ; advertisers had plastic clubs, stream-lined axes, bark-fabric jack-knives, stone-fabric stoves, imitation bear-skins, and all sorts of useful novelties likely to attract the attention of forest dwellers ; not to speak of soaps recommended by the chief of the fire-worshippers to remove all traces of smoke or burn, and cement guaranteed fire-proof. Everything went fine ; the circulation shot up by many points.

"You see," said the Editor at a conference of departmental heads, "it's quite unnecessary to have that fellow Lexi about, if we want the circulation—this scoop about the fire-worshippers is a case in point. We'll have to reward the fellow," he turned munificently to News, while an expectant hush fell over the assembled men. News nearly scribbled something on his pad which, luckily, the Editor never

saw, but which helped News to keep a straight face.

Next day more copy came in: "Business Magnate sustains Crural Injury," it read. This, too, was dressed for the Editor's table. "We've got a promising reporter, here," remarked the big man genially. "Where did you get him?"

News hesitated for a flash; "It's sent by Lexi," for truth must out.

The Editor grinned kindly. "Oh, he's not at all bad, Lexi, as long as he doesn't dish up his trash." Prudence prevailed over sorely tried loyalty and editorial good humour was not disturbed.

Yet still Lexi had not turned up at the office. The business magnate had all but recovered from his leg injury and the matter had been settled with the culprit. It was time for another scoop to rekindle the flagging flames of circulation. Then it burst on the setting *Daily Sun*: "Mr. ..., well-known registrator of this city, has just been murdered in his bed. At 9 p.m. this evening, your correspondent who happened to be conversing with the now deceased, looked up just as a face peeped from behind the curtains and a crash of glass followed by a groan from the man in the bed told of planned foul play," it began. "Good little Lexi!" exclaimed News, as he loosed his tie and rolled up his sleeves while calling for the office dictionaries to be pillowed round him. He would not have entrusted this job to anybody in the world.

Good little Lexi had not let down the old firm; he must have gone off on some well-deserved holiday, and must have been trying out his hand before resuming a reporter's routine; conjectures were rife and occupied more time than did the legitimate work for the rest of the night and much of the next day.

"We've beaten the others to it again, Chief," bubbled News almost breaking through the Editor's door. "We've been the first to carry this—received it only a few minutes after the occurrence. It's Lexi again, Chief!"

"It's a good story, though such fantastic coincidences don't happen to anybody..."

"Except to Lexi!" News interrupted without ceremony. "Remember that time, Chief, when..." his voice trailed off as a warning red light appeared in the editorial eye.

"Such coincidences do not happen to anybody," he repeated ponderously; "wouldn't be surprised if the fellow had made it all up." As indignation was flaring up in News' face, the Chief added: "About his talking to him at the time it happened, I mean. Now don't waste time, mind you," he barked, "holding Lexi League meetings while you should be at work!"

"A. C., Chief," cried News as he ran from the room; he was luckily spared the look that followed him out.

Next day a neat, precise, dapper little figure slipped into the office and stood in front of

News before the latter had even noticed his entrance. "Why, Lexi! You little rascal!" His face was a bunch of smiles. It was strange that nobody ever thought of addressing Lexi as 'you old' anything; it was always 'you little' this or that.

"Yes, News, my friend; I am back again after an absence of some duration."

"Where've you been?"

"Oh, here and there; mostly there, it being anywhere except here," Lexi smiled at his friend.

"Anyway, it's here now," News slapped him on the back, "and a good thing too." As the other let his eyes wander round the office, in case any changes had taken place during his absence, News added: "I messed about with your copy a bit, you know, so's Chief shouldn't cut up rough. Hope you didn't mind; it was the only way to make things smooth again."

"My dear fellow, not at all; you've always been eupractic; it's one of your better characteristics."

"How d'you spell it, Lexi?" At that moment the Editor came into the office.

"Oh good morning, Lexi," he greeted the little man generously. "Good stuff, that about the murder. Sure you didn't do it yourself?"

"Quite sure, Sir." Under cover of his galleys News murmured! go it, boy! Lexi had not finished: "That would constitute an ultracrepidation, and, moreover, had I myself reported my own deed, it would obnubilate the issue."

The Chief walked away with dignity apparently unmoved and, for once, determined not to spoil the chances of further scoops. News sat back, uncorrected proofs scattered around. He looked up at his friend with an innocent air. "Say, Lexi, how do you propose to your best girl?"

A voice on the telephone talking to the headmaster.

"Is this the Headmaster?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, I am calling for Raman. He has a cold and can't go to school today."

"Oh, I am sorry. Who is this calling?"

"This," came the solemn reply, "is my father."

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He was unemployed for nearly four years. Finally he decided to try at least some film studios where he thought he could get a job as an extra. He approached the director and told him that he had been unemployed for four years and would be grateful if he is given some job in the studio.

"What?" cried the director. "You have been unemployed for four years and now you want to give up that life for this life of insecurity?"

Proddatur Town Murder Case

(By S. Rajagopalan)

Chinna Kondiah, a Vaisya in fairly affluent circumstances, lived in a prominent locality in Proddatur town (Cuddapah Dt.) with his wife (40) and mother-in-law Venkatammal (60). He was an elderly man and had an only daughter aged 18. He took a great fancy to his neighbour's son Ramudu aged four, and was actually contemplating to take him in adoption, a cause which was, however, objected to both by his wife and mother-in-law. On 2-4-1931 as well as on the following day, he was away from town. The child Ramudu was seen in the street outside the house at 6 p.m. on that day, but was not traced subsequently. His parents were unnerved, and their search proved fruitless. A reward of Rs. 50 was offered by his father to anyone who could find him but nothing happened. He informed the police the next day.

He had also sent an emissary to consult a certain astrologer and he came back with the news that the women in the northern home (where Kondiah lived) had killed the boy and that his body would be found on Saturday 4-4-1931.

The boy had apparently been decoyed into the house by Kondiah's wife and mother-in-law on Thursday evening and killed with the body retained in the house itself. Kondiah who had been away, returned to his house on Saturday 4-4-1931. He noticed an unpleasant smell

in the house and was told by his people that it was due to a dead bandicoot. He then took his meal and went out. The womenfolk were by now becoming much too nervous. The body of the boy was certain to be traced if they kept it in any longer and so they acted desperately. It is easier to commit a murder than dispose of the body especially in a crowded locality in a town. What they did was to take out the body from where it had been hidden, to carry it up the stairs to the roof and thence to throw it off on the adjacent roof of the boy's house. However, by a strange end, for them the most unfortunate coincidence, they happened to be observed by a passerby who had also known about the disappearance of the boy and the astrologer's prediction. He saw the boy's body being thrown out of a basket by Venkatammal, followed by her daughter who was screening it with a cloth. He raised a cry and informed the boy's parents at once. Two others also saw the ghastly happening. One of them was easing himself near a dustbin when he saw the women on the terrace, Kondiah's wife holding the cloth screen and her mother carrying a basket from which the feet of the child was protruding. Ramudu's parents were communicated with instantly by these people, and the police were contacted immediately.

Proddatur Murder Case

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The head constable went to the house and found the dead body on the roof which was in an advanced stage of decomposition. It was there only for a few moments, because had it been there for a longer while, the birds of the air would have made short work of it. Sometime later the Police Inspector came on the scene, and he examined Kondiah's house, as suspicion fell on his womenfolk in the first instance.

The Inspector found in the kitchen a trough full of sand, where water pots were usually kept, from which a very offensive smell came. In the sand there was a hole in which the boy's body had evidently been buried. In another room he saw a basket which also smelt very badly. He proceeded to the bath room where he found a woman's cloth from which the same odour emanated. He followed the smell up the staircase and saw drops of serous fluid on the stairs. He was also able to trace a shirt which was the dead boy's from a heap of groundnuts. He put two and two together, and came to the conclusion that the boy's body had been buried for sometime in the trough and that it had recently been removed from it and taken to the roof. No suspicion was attributable to Kondiah who had been absent from the house all the while. The only two people who could have done all these were the women of the household.

After the discovery, a crowd of people collected in front of the house, amongst whom was one K. Subbiah Chetty, a pro-

minent and influential citizen of the town. In his presence, Kondiah asked his wife to tell the truth. She then made a long statement, the effect of which was to place the entire blame on her mother and exculpate herself completely. Her mother it was who did everything, killed the boy, buried the body and carried it up the roof.

"I asked my mother," she told them, "what was in the water trough. She replied that she had thrown Ramudu into it. Do not cry out. She said that she did it and that she should not be exposed as she was her mother."

"Ramudu's parents were searching him. I was also searching him. Then I went into the house. I saw the body of the boy placed near the water trough on the slab floor by my mother. My mother asked me to go outside because if both were inside, they would be suspected."

"A little later I went in. I saw the body kept near the trough. My mother dug a pit in the sand trough. She asked me again to go out. I went out. My mother then came out a little later and told me that she had set right everything."

In short Ramudu had been decoyed into the house and drowned in the water trough and then taken out and the body hidden and later carried out and thrown on the roof.

Venkatammal and her daughter were charge sheeted for murder under sec. 302 I.P.C. and for causing disappearance of evidence under sec. 201 I.P.C.

The Sessions Judge held that the confession made to K. Subbiah Chetty was not admissible in law and that before the magistrate was not a confession. He felt that he was unable to decide who had actually killed the boy, and acquitted them of the murder charge. He, however, convicted them under sec. 201 I.P.C. for concealing the evidence of the commission of crime and sentenced Venkatammal to four years rigorous imprisonment and her daughter to imprisonment till the rising of the court.

Ramudu's parents were by no means reconciled to the way the case had been dealt with and they preferred an application to the High Court to set aside the acquittal and enhance the sentences. The Government also moved in the direction.

At the High Court, there was a remarkable difference of opinion. One judge felt that as both Venkatammal and her daughter were acting in concert, both were guilty of murder. He

sentenced them to transportation for life. His colleague differed, and opined that it was quite easy for one alone to have caught hold of the boy and kept him under water till drowned and that as it was not clear that both were participants he could not find them guilty of murder, although it had been done "with brutal and devilish cruelty." He, however, felt that both the mother and daughter had acted in concert to keep the murder a secret and escape detection and convicted them under sec. 201 I.P.C. He sentenced Venkatammal to four years rigorous imprisonment having regard to her age 60, and her daughter to 7 years rigorous imprisonment. The case then went up before a third Judge, who said that they were not guilty of murder but only of screening it. He sentenced them both to four years rigorous imprisonment and the curtain was finally rung down on this woe-ful tragedy.

(Copyright with the author)

Issacs entered the bank with his little boy. Producing a bundle of papers, from his pocket, he extracted from them a cheque and presented it to one of the cashier.

"How will you have it?" asked the cashier.

"I want ten five pound notes," was the reply.

The notes were handed over, and Isaacs proceeded to count them.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—"

He broke off, stuffed the notes in his pocket, and made for the door.

Quickly his son exclaimed: "You only counted nine five-pound notes."

"Shush, my boy! never count the last one. There might be another underneath," was the cautious answer.

DETECTIVE STORY

The Missing Brooch

(By George Goodchild)

Inspector McLean decided to see Sir Caleb Manson in person—mainly because he was curious. He had heard tales of the magnificence of Sir Caleb's home, his famous orchid house and his water garden.

The business which had induced the wealthy person to call in the aid of Scotland Yard was the disappearance of his eighteen-year-old daughter.

Sir Caleb's huge mansion lay only ten miles from the centre of London. McLean and Brook drove very slowly up the long, twisting drive.

Everywhere there were statues and strange garden ornaments, grottoes and quaint bridges over narrow streams, and a great number of trees.

Suddenly the house came to view and it begged description—quite unlike anything McLean had seen before.

McLean left the car and walked through a glazed portico to the entrance door. On ringing the bell a man-servant came. He took McLean's card, and without a word stood aside until McLean was in the domed great hall.

From there McLean was piloted to a sun parlour, where he found a dark-skinned, corpulent man sitting staring through the vast glass window which framed a lovely view. His face broke into a smile of welcome.

"Good of you to come promptly," he said. "Please sit down."

McLean occupied an Eastern chair made of ebony and inlaid with ivory. Sir Caleb offered him a cigar, and McLean took one and lit it.

"I'm worried about my daughter," said Sir Caleb. "Her name is Audrey, and she is only eighteen. Two days ago she went out and hasn't been seen since. My wife and I have telephoned various friends and relatives, but all to no purpose. I am very worried."

"Did she take any baggage with her?"

"Yes. We have discovered that she took a small case, a toilet set, and pyjamas, also a handbag in red leather."

"By nature she is a lively, gay girl, but she has been moody lately, eating very little, and sleeping badly. We both tried to get some explanation from her, but she insisted that nothing was the matter."

"Any love affair?"

"Not that we know of."

Sir Caleb gave McLean a photograph of a very attractive girl.

"Is she an only child?"

"No. She has a brother—John. He is four years older and is at Oxford."

At that moment a dark woman some years younger

than Sir Caleb and looking very perturbed, entered the sun lounge.

"I hope I'm not——" she commented.

"Not at all," replied Sir Caleb. "Inspector, this is my wife. Edna, Inspector McLean of the C.I.D."

McLean bowed and Lady Manson begged him to be seated. She herself took a seat on the end of a divan.

"The Inspector knows the details," said Sir Caleb. "Do you wish to ask him anything?"

"What is there to ask him? I'm bewildered. Audrey was always happy here until recently. We've never had any secrets from each other."

"Had she much money with her?" asked McLean.

"I really don't know. She has her own bank account."

"Did she ever suffer from mental lapses of any kind?"

"Oh, no. She is a most healthy girl," replied Lady Manson. "Perhaps I should explain that I am her step-mother. I married my husband a year after the death of his first wife."

"How long ago was that?" asked McLean.

"Thirteen years. I knew the children before that, and there was never any reluctance on their part to accept me. In fact, I was their nurse."

McLean promised to do all he could to trace the missing girl, and left the big house.

"I think I'll run up to Oxford," he said to Brook. "The son may know something."

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At Oxford McLean had no difficulty in finding John Manson, but he denied all knowledge of his sister's whereabouts, and could think of no explanation.

"Some people can lie naturally," McLean said when they left the young man's room. "John Manson isn't that type. I think he's lying."

"You think he knows where his sister is?"

"That wouldn't surprise me. I want you to keep him under observation. He may try to phone her. We might be able to trace his call."

This was exactly what John Mason did an hour later. Brook dived into the call-box immediately the boy had vacated it, and pretended he had been cut off.

The operator asked him the number, and Brook said, "Bother! Now I've lost the number." Finally the girl re-connected him, and he learnt he was speaking to a hotel two miles out of the city. At that he rang off.

Within ten minutes McLean picked him up. "It may be a forlorn hope," he said. "But it's worth trying."

On reaching the hotel and asking for Miss Manson, McLean was informed that no lady of that name was staying there. He thereupon produced the photograph.

"Oh, yes, she's here. But her name is Miss Groves."

Audrey Manson put in an appearance a minute or two later. She looked pale and

worried, and admitted her name was Manson.

"I—I suppose you are the police?" she asked.

The girl led them to a waiting-room which was unoccupied.

"Now, Miss Manson," said McLean. "Why have you behaved like this?"

"I can't tell you," she replied. "I'm sorry if I've caused trouble, but I can't go back to London."

"Why not?"

"There's a reason, but I'm not going to give it."

At that moment John Manson entered the room looking very embarrassed.

"I'm glad you came, Mr. Manson," said McLean. "Perhaps you will explain why you lied about your sister."

"John!" ejaculated Audrey. "Please—please——"

"It's only fair to tell you that your sister refuses to explain her conduct," said McLean. "Aren't you both acting very foolishly?"

The boy glanced from his sister to McLean, and was clearly troubled.

"Inspector," he begged, "may I have a few words with my sister alone?"

McLean and Brook went out and were re-admitted a little later.

"My sister has agreed that I should tell you everything," he said. "It's horrible—the whole thing. For two days we've lived in hell, and we can't go on like this any longer. This is what happened."

"When mother was alive we

lived in Devonshire at a place called Wingate Bay. My father kept a small motor cruiser.

"About thirteen years ago father and mother left Wingate Bay and motored to Exmouth to spend a holiday cruising along the coast. I was at school just outside Exmouth. So on the way to the boat father and mother called at my school."

"I remember it quite well. Mother looked beautiful in a white jumper and slacks. On the jumper was a silver brooch which father had given her. Her name was Diana, and the brooch was a replica of Diana the Huntress."

"They stayed for half an hour, and while they were there I took a photograph of them. That is the photograph."

He produced a wallet and took a print from it. McLean could see every detail of the two heads and shoulders. He also saw the brooch to which the boy referred.

"We—we never saw mother again," said John huskily. "The boat was wrecked that evening off Berry Head in a sudden gale. Father managed to keep afloat for three hours and was picked up. Mother—mother's body was never found, and nothing was recovered from the boat."

"A year afterwards, when we had got over our terrible blow, father told us he was going to marry our nurse—Edna."

"Then father gave up his quiet life and went into business—high finance. He built that huge house in London, but still

kept the old place at Wingate for holiday purposes. We were all very happy until about ten days ago, when my sister went to spend a few days with a friend in Exeter.

"While she was there she motored over to Wingate because we had just lost the gardener who used to keep the place. While she was in the garden she found this—near the rubbish pit."

He asked his sister for her handbag, and from it took a silver brooch. It showed Diana holding hounds on a leash, and it was blackened by the passage of years. McLean immediately saw the significance of it.

If Mrs. Manson had been wearing this on the day she and her husband started their cruise, which ended so disastrously, how did the brooch come to be in the garden at Wingate?

"You are sure this is the same brooch?" he asked.

"Yes. We didn't know what to do, but Audrey said she couldn't live at home thinking —"

McLean now found himself in a dilemma.

"You had better stay here," he said to Audrey, "until I get in touch with you again."

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On the following morning McLean saw an Exeter newspaper file containing the report of inquiry.

There was much in the evidence which had to be taken on trust. Two witnesses had seen the boat making out to sea, but

had not seen Mrs. Manson aboard.

Manson's explanation was that she had been in the cabin unpacking supplies. There was one time gap that was not satisfactorily filled in—a gap of two hours between the time when the couple had left the school and the time they had picked up the main supplies.

Manson's explanation of this had been that he and his wife had lunch in a local restaurant.

"The possibility is that Manson might have called at the school to have it in evidence that his wife was with him, and then have disposed of his wife and gone back to the house —"

"And buried her body in the garden?"

"You're going too fast, Brook."

The next day was occupied in looking up Probate and other matters connected with the past. It was established that Mrs. Manson had inherited nearly half a million pounds from her father.

It was only after her death that Manson had gone into high finance, obviously as the result of his huge inheritance.

"Quite a delicate business," said McLean. "But I've got to do something about it."

The something was done that evening, when Brook drove McLean to the big house.

"I've been expecting to hear from you," said Sir Caleb.

"This silence is worrying us to death. Have you found any trace of my daughter?"

"Yes," said McLean. "She's

The Missing Brooch

alive and well. But I must ask you a few questions. Sir Caleb, do you remember the day your first wife met with her tragic accident?"

"What a question!" he muttered.

"Do you remember a brooch she was wearing?"

"Yes."

"Is this the brooch?"

McLean produced the tarnished article, and Sir Caleb drew in his breath in amazement.

"Yes—yes," he said. "But where did you get it?"

"It was found in the garden of your home at Wingate recently."

"But that is impossible. Diana was wearing it—when—when the boat capsized."

"Your daughter found it. She went to Tideway while she was staying with her friend."

Sir Caleb was silent for a moment. Then he saw it all—the reason for his daughter's strange behaviour—her flight from home. He stood up and clenched his hands. Swiftly his wife hastened to his side.

"It's all right, darling," she said. "I—I think I can explain." She went over to a

bureau, unlocked a drawer, and, after a search, fished out an old receipted bill.

It was an invoice of a silver-smith in London, and McLean read aloud the item on it.

"To making replica brooch Diana and Hounds in silver—twenty guineas."

"I can explain, Caleb," said Lady Manson. "Diana lost the original brooch. We hunted for it for days, but never found it. She didn't want to tell you that she had been so careless, and she went to the man who had made it and asked him if he could make a duplicate."

"He was able to do the job. This must be the original brooch, and that's how it came to be in the garden at Wingate."

Sir Caleb looked across at McLean.

"Does that meet the case, Inspector?" he asked.

"I think it meets it perfectly."

"Now, about my daughter?"

"I shall be happy to make the situation clear."

"Do, please. And tell her that is the last word. The matter is closed."

He : "Are you married?"

She : "That's my business."

He : "How's business?"

x x x

Bore : "Yes, I'm a born enthusiast. Whatever I undertake I throw myself into whole-heartedly."

Victim : "I wish you'd undertake to dig a deep hole."

x x x

"And do the people next door borrow much from you?"

Borrow ! Why, I feel more at home in their house than in my own."

THE STORY OF GANDAKI*

(By Swami Sivananda)

Gandaki was a Veshya (prostitute) in the country of Magadha. She was the most beautiful of all the Veshyas. She earned plenty of wealth.

One day she went to the satsang of a monk of the place Swami Brahmanandaji. Swami Brahmanandaji used to discourse on spiritual topics every evening in the local Vishnu temple. On the day Gandaki went for satsang, the Swamiji was discoursing on the subject of Sthree Dharma with special reference to Pativrata Dharma. Gandaki was much impressed by the lecture of the Mahatma. She repented and wept bitterly. She returned home. That night she could not get a wink of sleep. She thought "I am a wicked woman! I am living by selling my chastity. I will fall into the greatest of hells. Who can save me now? I have wasted my life. I am no better than a beast. Who can be more foolish than me to waste away the precious life in this wretched manner?"

The next day Gandaki approached the Swamiji wet with *bhakti* and full of *bhav*. She said, "O Swamiji! Thou art my sole refuge. I am the worst of all sinners. I have been much impressed by your talk of last evening. I have a new inner life. Kindly lead me on to

nobler life. There is no end of sins committed by me. Is there any hope of my redemption? Can I also become a Pativrata following my position in life? Please enlighten me. I shall do as commanded by you. I shall strictly follow your instructions."

Swami Brahmanandaji said, "O Gandaki! Do not be worried. Do not weep. There is hope for you also. Even a Veshya like you can become a true Pativrata. Follow my instructions carefully. Accept the first man who calls at your door on a particular day as husband. Serve him with great faith and devotion. Think that Lord Himself has come in His form to bless you. Do worship and serve him wholeheartedly. See Lord Vishnu in the human form of your Pati. Do not care for his beauty or the high offer of wealth. Even if another suitor offers lacs and crores you should not accept it. Serve the very first man who comes to your door."

Gandaki took the instructions to heart and went home duly prostrating before the revered Swamiji. Gandaki put into practice all the instructions of the Swamiji strictly and followed the Pativrata Dharma strictly.

Once in Vaikuntaloka a discussion arose as to who was the most devoted of all ladies, who strictly adhered to Pativrata Dharma. Many names were suggested but no definite conclusion was arrived at at the conference. In the meanwhile Rishis Narada and Durvasa stepped in. The Rishis were duly honoured by the assembly. Narada accepted the kind hospitality and enquired of Lord Vishnu the purpose of the meeting. Vishnu apprised Narada of the point at issue. Then Narada said, "None can equal Gandaki in Pativrata Dharma. Gandaki is a Veshya in Bhuloka in the city of Magadha. She excels all others to-day." The whole assembly of Devas was astounded at this strange revelation of Narada. They all decided to test Gandaki. Narada narrated fully her principles and Vishnu agreed to go and test her.

Vishnu assumed the form of a leper and called at Gandaki's house. Gandaki responded to the call and came out to see an ugly looking leper with bleeding wounds all over his body. She enquired the purpose of his visit to her house. The leper said, "Today I wish to live with you. I have heard much of your devotion to Pati (husband) for today."

Gandaki accepted most willingly the offer. She said, "O Lord! Thou hast graced my house today and blessed me. Really you are my Patidevata. I shall serve you nicely." She led him on into her inner apart-

ments, washed his wounds, dressed them after giving a good bath for the whole body. She dressed him in rich costume. She prepared the best delicious meal and fed him sumptuously. She danced and sang highly devotional songs. Her husband was highly pleased. She took him to a well-decorated bedroom adorned with best of flowers, curtains, drawings etc. There were sweet smelling flowers, scents, agarbattis and the whole room was illumined on all sides by lamps, fed by ghee. She spread the best of fine silken beds and made him sit on the bed. She shampooed his legs, fanned him, anointed him with scents and adorned him with beautiful garlands.

Due to overeating, the leper began severe purging and the whole bed was defiled by his motions. Gandaki removed all clothes, washed them, dressed him fresh and made him sit on fresh cushions. Again the Patidevata started purging. Gandaki again washed the clothes, removed the faecal matter. She spent the whole night in changing the clothing, cleaning the excretions etc. She did all the *Seva* with absolute calmness, without the grudging or repugnance or *grinha*. She exhibited wonderful patience and strength of devotion to the Pati.

Early morning the poor husband breathed his last, being unable to stand the effect of the night's purging. Gandaki wept bitterly. The news spread everywhere. The dead body

gave out the most dirty foul gas that no one dared to come near. The dead body was so fierce to look at as if it was some ghost or devil. Gandaki herself attended to the funeral rites of her husband. She prepared the funeral pyre in front of her house, placed the corpse on the pyre. True to the vow of Pativrata Dharma she decided to consign to the flames her body also together with her husband. She meditated on the form of the Lord in the form of the husband lying dead, set fire to the dead body and she also jumped in the burning fire. She did not want to love anybody after the death of her husband. Glory, glory to Gandaki!

Lo! At once Lord Vishnu appeared before her. There was no dead body, no pyre or funeral. Gandaki prostrated before the Lord in all love and sincerity. The Lord blessed Gandaki and said: "You are the best of my devotees. Today I have seen your glory. Today I have witnessed the glory of Pativrata Dharma. May you

live long! May you choose a boon from me." Gandaki said: "O Lord! I crave for nothing. You are the goal to be attained. What shall I do with boons? I want nothing."

The Lord was still more impressed by her one-pointed devotion and dispassion. The Lord said: "I am particular in giving you a boon. You must accept something from me. Tell me what you like. Do not delay any longer."

Then Gandaki said, "Blessed Lord! I am thrice blessed. May you be pleased to ever live in my lap and make me happy for ever. I want no other boon."

The Lord said: "Be it so. You shall be a river in Nepal and shall be known by the name Gandaki and I shall ever dwell in your lap in the form of Saligrama," and disappeared.

Even today Saligrams of Vishnu are seen on the banks of river Gandaki in Nepal. This is the origin of Gandaki river.

Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and then following them reach your destiny.—*Carl Schurz.*

As a map thinketh in his heart so is he.—*The Bible.*

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all.

Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.—*Longfellow.*

True Psychic Experiences

That it is possible to communicate with the discarnate spirits of the other world has been proved beyond doubt. It is said, that under certain conditions it is possible to invoke the spirit of a man in flesh, while he is asleep. One such remarkable case is given in *The Other World* (By Minocher K. Spencer, the Spiritual Healing Centre, Coimbatore.)

An English officer, on pension, living in Paris, entrusted some very important documents to a friend of his a Frenchman, who was living in the rooms below his residence. They were good friends and the Colonel thought he could rely on him. But the Frenchman's cupidity was aroused by the possession of the documents and it occurred to him to make use of the same, for advancement of his own ends. He refused to give them back to his English friend. The latter was in despair. He coaxed him. He argued with him but all was in vain. The demon of greed had so overtaken the Frenchman that he refused to give back the documents. It was not possible also to institute any legal case for their recovery.

The Englishman had a friend, who was a medium of high order. The latter, besides possessing mediumistic powers, was a strong magnetiser. He was a firm believer in invoking spirits of those in flesh. He at once saw the feasibility of regaining the lost documents by summoning the spirit of the illegal possessor. Both friends

were of a religious temperament. They spent a whole day in meditation and prayers and at night when the Frenchman repaired to his room and was wrapped up in sound sleep, the medium invoked his spirit. It came, but not without violent opposition. It refused at first to give any indication of where the documents had been hidden. But under more powerful influence of the medium, he gave in reluctantly and confessed where he had kept them. He was compelled to write out a chit to the custodian of the place where the documents lay safely in the cup-board, to hand over the keys and the documents. As soon as the day broke, the two friends repaired post haste to the address given and with the help of the letter written by the spirit's hand obtained the documents and sent them away by post to their solicitors, in England.

The Frenchman when he awoke in the morning began to think of the strange dream he had. Was it a dream or reality? He re-repaired to the place where the documents had been secreted and to his utter frenzy found that his opponents had taken possession of the papers. He threatened to sue his English friend, if the papers were not restored to him and, in fact, a case was filed. The story related appeared so fantastic to the presiding magistrate, that the complainant was declared insane and the court offered apologies to the injured accused.

The Tamarind Tree Ghost

Sridhar was sipping his coffee leisurely. On his thighs he had spread out the evening paper and he was reading it. In his left hand he had a buttered piece of bread. His pet dog Tiger was sitting by his side looking expectantly at the piece of bread.

Sridhar was a prosperous businessman who had made a couple of lakhs during the war period and had recently moved into the new house built at a cost of nearly eighty thousand rupees. He was happy with himself and had no worries whatsoever.

While he was sipping coffee, Tiger suddenly dashed towards the door and began to bark furiously.

"Sit down, Tiger," sternly commanded Sridhar. But Tiger did not heed to its master's command and went on barking and at the same time backing away from the door as if afraid of someone outside. Sridhar got up and went to the door. "Shut up," he told the dog and holding it by the collar dragged it towards his armchair and pacified it.

This strange behaviour of the dog which was well-trained puzzled Sridhar a little but he was soon absorbed in the paper and forgot about the incident.

But when the incident occur-

red the next evening and almost every day, he got concerned. He had also noted that at such times if the house cat happened to be there in the hall it always purred and walked round the hall as if accompanying someone not visible.

This continued to happen for about a fortnight and Sridhar who looked forward to returning home for a quiet evening after the day's work in office, gradually began to stay late at the office.

It was remarkable that this strange phenomena occurred only when he was in the house. His wife had told him that on the days he was late in the evening Tiger was quiet and nothing unusual ever occurred.

But Sridhar was not left long in peace. The mysterious influence which disturbed his evenings now disturbed peace in the night! There were unaccountable noises in the house. Doors were shut and opened, furniture moved, and as months rolled on he found there were moanings in the house.

Kamala, Sridhar's wife, had borne it patiently. In eight months she had to engage six cooks and all the neighbourhood had by now known that the house was haunted. When the seventh cook left after just

two days' stay she remonstrated with her husband and said that it is time they vacated their house and went to some other house where they could live in peace.

"I can't bear this any longer. I am not getting sleep in the nights and if we continue to stay here any longer I may become a physical wreck or go mad."

"You are unnecessarily perturbed, Kamala," said Sridhar. "The ghost or whatever it is has not harmed us. I have spent eighty thousand rupees on this house. If we vacate this house who will come here and stay?"

"You are always thinking of money and not about me. I have to stay here the whole day alone. Now there is no servant even, I am getting afraid and more and more nervous."

Just then there came the sound of a violent slamming of the door. Tiger, the dog, came in rushing, violently barking. Sridhar could not account for it. And just as he was about to open his mouth to order Tiger out, he saw Tiger jump high up as if at some invisible object and the next moment it fell down with a stifled cry and lay quiet on the floor. Sridhar got up from his chair and went to the dog and found to his horror that its neck was twisted and broken. Tiger was dead.

This incident completely unnerved Sridhar. Kamala and my couldn't utter a word. She was so thoroughly paralysed by fear,

Sridhar made a quick decision. He decided to get a tantric and by his help rid the house of the evil influence.

"To-morrow morning I will get Mr. Namboodry. I have heard it said that he can bring into control any devil. He may be able to help us to get rid of this evil spirit here," Sridhar said to his wife.

But Kamala did not reply. As Sridhar looked at her he saw a sudden change come over her. Her eyes were wide open, and her body stiffened. There was a violent shake of the body.

"No," she cried out with emphasis. "I don't want him to come here."

"But, my dear Kamala—"

"I am not Kamala speaking, can't you see it? I have been hovering over this place for many years. At this spot before you built the house there was a tamarind tree. I committed suicide by hanging myself from one of its branches."

"That tamarind tree was cut," said Sridhar.

"Yes. This house was built. But I am rooted to this spot. I want to get myself released."

"How? Can I help you?"

"Yes; that is why I have been making my existence known to you."

"How can I help you?"

"Go to Mr.—and ask him to offer prayers to me."

"Does Mr.—know you?"

"Tell him about the suicide and my request. He will know."

"Why did you commit suicide?"

"Don't pry into my private affairs. I won't trouble you if you do as I bid you."

Sridhar was now a little bold. He looked at his wife. Her body was still stiff. He wanted to say that he would do the spirit's bidding so that he could make it leave his wife's body. But his curiosity got the better of him and he asked:

"Answer me one more question. Why do you oppose Mr. Namboodry's coming here?"

There was a violent shaking of Kamala's body and Sridhar almost regretted asking the question. The face contorted. "No, you won't get him here. He will try to bind me to the earth for his own ends. I want to attain *Moksha*. If you defy me I will take vengeance on you and kill your wife."

"No, no," Sridhar said frantic with fear. "I will do as you say, to-morrow."

Immediately Kamala relaxed. Sridhar felt immensely relieved. He stroked Kamala's brow and after she had completely recovered he related slowly what all had happened.

"You must go to Mr.—to-morrow and pay him amply to offer the prayers," said Kamala nestling close towards Sridhar.

"To-morrow itself I will do that," said Sridhar.

Next day Sridhar found no difficulty in locating the house of Mr.—He told him the previous day's happenings and said that he would compensate him amply if he did the spirit's bidding.

"Gladly will I do so," said Mr.—"Did the spirit tell you anything about myself or..."

"No. I have not withheld anything from you."

"Well, he was the husband of my eldest sister. A few months after the marriage he heard somebody remark that his wife was unfaithful to him. He did not care to verify the truth of the matter. That night he hanged himself from the branch of the tamarind tree. He was of a very delicate temperament. There was of course, no truth in what he had heard. This man who accused my sister met with a violent death a few days later vomiting blood. My sister lived with me all these years. She died eight months ago."

Sridhar paid hundred rupees to Mr.—and left.

The prayers were offered by Mr.—and Sridhar's house is now free of ghostly visitations. Lately he had bought a young pup too and named it Tiger.

Husband: "Lying is not one of my failings."

Wife: "No dear, it's one of your accomplishments."

Hostess: "This is Captain Banks, who has just returned from a visit to the Arctic regions."

Pretty Guest: "Oh, do come nearer the fire, you must be cold."

Wiles of the Wicked

(By A. Madhava Rao, B.A. B.L.)

Some centuries ago, there lived near Kashi, two characters by name Kutila and Vittala, who by association and similarity of circumstances became fast friends. They were noted for their cupidity and craftiness. They had some abilities, genuine and dubious, with which they progressed in life, but often they got into trouble. Kutila became involved in debt and made enemies, all through his follies and wickedness. He decided to leave his old town and seek "fresh fields and pastures, new." Just at this time, his friend Vittala also lost his job, having been found guilty of misappropriation. They together journeyed southwards and entered another state and planned afresh in new surroundings to recapture the smile of that fortune which had frowned on them. In furtherance of their plan they employed a cunning goldsmith to fashion with his deft hands enormous gilded ornaments set with flashy stones. So clever was the goldsmith in the execution of this work that only an expert could say that they were not real gold ornaments.

Having filled their boxes with these and carrying them like merchants' goods the two friends arrived in the capital of a southern State and waited for an opportunity to turn the wares into wealth. They sought introduction to persons who had

influence in the palace of the Raja. Kutila in his endeavours stumbled on a victim, an avaricious Brahmin by name Lubdaka, who as a 'purohit' in the palace and in the houses of richmen had amassed considerable wealth. He quickly formed a scheme and confided it to his willing co-operator, Vittala. He directed Vittala to put on the garb of a yogi and seat himself in a solitary Mantapam attached to a neglected temple on the outskirts of the town. Kutila himself proceeded, in ceremonial dress, attended with servants, to the spacious residence of Lubdaka, the rich Brahmin. Having saluted him and taken a proffered seat by his side, Kutila addressed Lubdaka thus: "You are a Brahmanasreshtha. The fame of your learning has led me to this place to make your acquaintance."

"I may say at once, that I am a well-to-do person, who has come to your town to seek honourable employment in the service of the Raja. I have brought with me letters of introduction to you from high-placed persons in my former place of domicile. My request is that you will help me in securing employment in the service of the Raja and meanwhile find accommodation for myself, my possessions and servants."

Lubdaka was favourably im-

pressed by the personality and pompous retinue of his visitor and offered to accommodate Kutila and his retinue in a portion of his spacious house. He also promised to find favour for him in high circles.

Thus ensconced, Kutila set himself to the task of depriving Lubdaka of a portion of his wealth and attaining a position of power and profit in the Raja's service. Having first got a job in the palace, he leisurely confided in the believing ears of Lubdaka the story of his own vast wealth, in evidence of which, he opened his boxes and showed some meretricious items of jewellery, whose gleam was capable of deluding for a moment at least even the wily craftsman who made them.

One day he requested Lubdaka to have the jewel boxes in his safe custody. Lubdaka gladly agreed and put them in the secret chambers of his house pleased with Kutila's trust in him.

After a few months of regular occupation in office, Kutila feigned sudden illness and taking leave, remained at home, bed-ridden, complaining of weakness and pain in the body. By careful abstention from food he reduced his weight and lay in bed appearing very much like a person emaciated by illness. The good Lubdaka was very solicitous about his friend's health.

He pleaded for calling in the best physicians to treat the patient. But Kutila would not have such medical aid. He told Lubdaka that the illness was due

to the influence of planets and his past karma. All the while he was in secret communication with his friend Vittala, who was sitting like a yogi in the Mantapam, and apprising him with the progress of the plot.

A few days passed. One day Kutila called Lubdaka to his side and addressed him thus: "Oh! my benefactor, this illness of mine is not an ordinary one. It seems to me that I have to wash of my sins by making a high sacrifice, a *hyaga*, which will please the Gods. I have resolved to give away the greater part of my treasure to the most worthy and pious individual in the city. Kindly bring to me such a person and to him I will make the gift and wash off my sins so that I may be cured.

Lubdaka, out of politeness commended this worthy resolve and brought his own relatives one by one to Kutila's presence to receive the gift; but Kutila invariably said that those persons were not worthy enough.

One day a servant of Kutila rushed into their presence with the information that a great yogi was squatting in the Mantapam not far off, who was silently blessing those who sought his grace. Kutila immediately expressed his desire to see him. Lubdaka reluctantly visited the yogi and requested him to come to his house to bless his friend and in return receive some presents.

The yogi (who was no other than Vittala) protested that in his state of renunciation, the wealth would be of no benefit

to him, unless he plunged again into samsara by reverting to Grihasthasrama. He said, "Even assuming that I consent to be a Grihastha which Brahmin will bestow the hand of his daughter to me who has long worn this garb and done penance?" Hearing this, Lubdaka thought of his own grown up daughter, Sushama, and replied, "My own daughter, O! Swami deserves to be wedded to you, after you cast away this sanyasa asram. Accept my invitation and save my friend." Vittala agreed with a show of reluctance. Lubdaka was highly pleased with the prospect of getting a rich son-in-law.

Vittala came and Kutila made a remarkable recovery. Vittala thus got all Kutila's gold and Lubdaka's daughter also in the bargain.

One day Vittala told his father-in-law that he desired to take up separate residence, along with his wife. He requested Lubdaka to keep the jewel boxes in his custody, till their contents could be advantageously sold and in the meanwhile to advance three fourths of the value to him to enable him to set up home and business. Lubdaka readily agreed to the request and gave the greater part of his own wealth as ready money. Thus they parted. Vittala and Kutila spent away or secreted within a year the whole of the money. Lubdaka not finding any near prospect of getting back his money from his extravagant son-in-law, decided to sell a portion of the treasure. How great was his shock when

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he was told by the jewellers of the town that the wares were fake! Stung by the fraud he rushed to the Raja and made his complaint.

Kutila who was summoned before the Raja declared that it was possible that his goldsmith in his native country had deceived him; that he himself believed in the high value of the wares; that if he did not believe in their value, he would not have made *dana* of it to the holy sage and brought further trouble on himself when he himself was so ill from the effects of past sins; that if the jewels were not valuable, it was unthinkable how he got better so quickly after making *dana* of such things. He got well because his gift was efficacious and *a priori* the jewels were not faked at the time of the gift. He hinted that some substitution had probably taken place while the jewel cases were in the custody of Lubdaka subsequent to the gift. Further, he himself had never

asked Lubdaka to take any risk of his own on them.

Vittala's reply to the complaint was that at the time of taking the gift, he was a yogi, pure and simple knowing nothing about jewellery. He had not opened the jewel cases at any time; he left them in the

custody of Lubdaka, as a matter of course, without examining its contents.

The Raja's judgment was "not guilty." Lubdaka was aghast. He spent some days in shame and sorrow and then pursued his vocation diligently to make up for the losses.

BOOSTERS AND BOOSTERS

When a River valley land company in Texas, U.S., advertised that its climate was "so healthy that people rarely die except from accident and old age," fabulous California came out with the claim that "it is so healthy we had to shoot a man in order to start a graveyard." Not to be outdone Florida, famous for its salubrious climate, claimed that it had to kill a man twice before he would lay dead. It claimed that the corpse of a gangster had been imported from Chicago so that a funeral could be staged by the local dealer in cemetery lots. The coffin was taken to the graveyard and the lid was opened to give the bystanders a glimpse of the beautiful way the corpse had been laid out, a masterpiece of undertaker's art. As the Florida sunshine hit the body, there was an immediate stir. The gangster arose with a yell feeling for his gun. The bystanders had to kill him again before they could go on with the funeral!

The wife of a man who had enlisted in the Navy handed the pastor of a church the following note: "Peter Bowers having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced, "Peter Bowers, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

"Why don't you take him into partnership?"

"Well, he was engaged to my wife before I married her. I am not taking on a business partner who is smarter than I am."

Wealthy Father (irascibly): "Well young man—you wish to speak to me? Out with it quickly. Do you want to marry my daughter or borrow money?"

Suitor (cooly): "I don't mind—which would you prefer?"

For all your days prepare, and meet them each alike. When you are the anvil, bear—when you are the hammer, strike.—*Edwin Markham.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Carlo stood by the window making pictures. He made them by breathing upon the pane and drawing upon it with his fingers. His Papa was shut up in his study with all the nasty bottles and jars and things. His Mamma was where she always was now—upstairs in bed, looking so white and tired. The servants were in the kitchen laughing over the very biggest turkey you ever saw, and Carlo was just here in the parlor, alone and cross and tired. He was tired of his playthings; tired of the Christmas tree; tired of having a good time with his little cousins who had just gone home. He felt just like being a torment to somebody; that was what nurse called him when he began to fidget and ask questions.

Altogether there were many questions Carlo wanted answered, if only the grown-ups would tell him the same things. They didn't; they never did. When he asked his Papa what Christmas was, for instance, he said it was a "fool's day",—whatever that was. He said he wouldn't have a Christmas in his house if Carlo's Mamma were not so sentimental and so ill. And Santa Claus. His nurse had told him about Santa Claus, had even shown him the real picture of the saint. But when he had said, "Papa! what is

Santa Claus?" Papa and answered in his very gruffest voice, "A lie!" Only think! But how could there be a picture of him if he wasn't alive somewhere? Carlo asked his Mamma next, and she said, "Santa Claus is a real spirit of love and kindness, who comes every Christmas to children whose parents love them." The grown-ups all told you different stories, and frowned at you if you didn't believe them all at once. If they only knew how tired a child gets sometimes with all their mixed-up tales, and how many new questions come popping into his head then!

Now there was one, this very minute. It was a question that was an old friend of Carlo's. He had been asking it ever since he could remember, every once in a while. He wondered what "God" was, and why He let grown-up people be naughty, and not children. Nurse was always talking about Him, and how angry He would be for every fault. "The badder a boy is, the more God keeps coming around!" poor Carlo cried out. "I should think He'd hate to be so near, always getting children scolded. Why does not He come when I'm good? Perhaps because being good is so dreadful stupid," thought poor Carlo. Down deep in his little heart was a

thought he was afraid of; a thought which he knew would draw down upon him the frowns and anger of all his little world. It was a thought only to be whispered to a bird in a tree; or to the moon on bright nights; or perhaps to some trusted companion when you were both naughty and in punishment, two stubborn little rebels together. This was the thought—if only you please won't be shocked at it. "Perhaps there isn't any God at all! Perhaps He's just an ogre made up by the big people, like the one in Jack-the-Giant-Killer, on purpose to make boys behave!" Some days Carlo felt sure this was true; and he knew, his Papa would not scold him for saying so. What he feared was the sad, sad look in the eyes of his pretty Mamma. But he could think, and think he did, that if a boy were to behave like this God of theirs did, spying, meddling, killing people in Bible stories, and being different to everybody, always on the side of the grown-ups and always hard on the children, Carlo was sure such a boy would be put into dark closets for life. "It just makes me mad," thought Carlo, "to have them say He loves me. He's nasty; I don't want Him to love me. He made His little boy grow up so unhappy and be killed for me. I'm glad I ain't God's little boy and I won't be, either." By this it may be seen that Carlo's Papa was partly right when he said the boy would get no good from Sunday School. But like

Carlo himself, his Father dreaded the mournful look in the eyes of his dying young wife. "There are times in life," he groaned, "when a man has to choose between being a brute or a liar." Uncle Dick had suggested that there was a third way, a golden mean between the atheism of the Father and the strict theology of the Mother but while she lay there dying, trying with her last breath, as it were, to bias the fresh young soul of her son, for whom she feared perdition if she could not set his mind in a fixed direction before leaving him—while she so lay, it was impossible to wound her. Uncle Dick resigned himself and trusted Carlo to himself; to something that he was sure was in Carlo, and would some day speak to the boy. Meanwhile, how sad to see the awful waste of energies directed to the thwarting of nature, to the attempts to alter the immutable Laws!

Carlo's last thought made him fling himself impatiently on the rug by the fire, the better to gaze up at the Christ-child on the Christmas tree. It had wings, and a star on its forehead. It was all gold and pink and white, like pretty Mamma, and Carlo loved it. He hated to think that such a lovely being had been nailed on an awful cross, had grown up to be a man, just like Papa's friend, only better he supposed, and had been so good that people hated him and killed him. "It is stupid to be good, and people hate men for it out

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in the big world," mused Carlo. His little brain ached with all the contradictions about him. Unknown to himself, the child felt the strain of the contest which was killing his Mother; which was rending the world all about him; the contest between Science and Theology, and, still more, between Matter and Spirit. He looked up at the shining figure on the tree, and said in his clear young voice, "Christ-child, I do wish you would tell me the real, true Truth."

It was so still that Carlo heard all the clocks ticking. There was a pause. The child lay so still, with the fire shining on his curls, that would have thought him asleep.

Then the Christ-child spoke in a voice like the chime of bells, and said: "I will, Carlo! What do you want to know?"

You may be surprised, you big people Carlo was not. He had always known that there are fairies, and that things can speak. He once talked with a squirrel in a tree, though neither of them made a sound. Children know well that all that you can think is possible. So he simply answered in a pleased little tone, "Then tell me, Christ-child, how you can be God if you were a man, and if you're up there on my Christmas tree."

"I am not up on your tree," said the Christ-child.

"Oh! Christ-child! Do you tell stores too? I hear you speaking up there."

"That is not myself," said the Christ-child. "That is my

picture. You have known before now, Carlo, that pictures could speak."

"Yes; all the pictures talk to children," the boy assented. "I hope I shan't forget it when I grow up. But where are you really, then?"

"I am everywhere, Carlo. Everything is my picture, and all try to speak of me. I am in the stars and in the glow-worms; I am in the winds and in the mosses; I am in the fruits, in the oceans, in the storms, and in the heart. I am All. I am God."

"But how can you be so big, if you are just the Christ-child?"

"They call me that when I am young," the voice said. But I am not in one little body, like yours, Carlo. I am in all bodies, but they are not me. Listen! You will feel me in yours."

Carlo started. Down in his heart he felt a stir, a strange-sweet feeling that filled him so full of joy.

"Here I am," said the voice in his heart. "When you do wrong, it is I who speak to you, and make you sorry."

"I thought that was Carlo's own self," cried the boy.

"It is yourself, but I am yourself, Carlo. I am the inner Voice in your heart. I live in the hearts of all men and all things. I am *the within* of all creatures and all beings. Long, long ago I slept in the Heavens. Then I woke, and I came into the world. I came because even God wants to feel and to know the great world which is himself. When I came I was a child,

because I had not grown up in that world. You know what growing pains are Carlo! When I entered into all these bodies, when I tried to make them speak of me, and tried to make them so pure and good that they should become myself, and when they would not, then they crucified me. The nails and the thorns are their evil deeds. And when men are entirely wicked, then they kill the voice in their hearts."

"But you are alive all the same, and I don't understand that."

"I am alive because I am the Christ-spirit."

"What's a spirit?" Carlo interrupted.

"I cannot tell you. But you may feel it. When you gave your lunch to the lame beggar yesterday, you felt a spirit in your heart. When you said you had been good, and Mamma kissed you, but you knew you had told a story, you felt a spirit inside that reproached you and would not let you rest. When the storm howls outside and you lie listening to music stealing through the darkness and over the uproar of the storm, and you feel safe and happy without knowing why, then you feel a spirit. When you look up at the bright stars and one shines and shines till you can't look away, but you love it and something goes out of you to the star, and something comes from the star to your heart, then you feel your spirit and the star-spirit meeting."

"Then what I feel is a spirit?"

"No, Carlo. But that which causes all these things; that which is *behind* everything; that which you cannot see or hear, but only feel when you are very still; that is Spirit and *in it I am*. I ride in that feeling as your heart rides in you."

"And why do you take so much trouble for everything, Christ-child?"

"Ah, Carlo! My Carlo! I love men. They may be mine. They may grow up to be me. I cannot tell you how today. It is a long, long story. But I will tell it every day, if you will only listen. I will teach you better than any one can if you will only ask me in your heart."

"And what will you teach me first, Christ-child?"

"To love all beings, for all are mine and I am speaking in the heart of all. Even the stones grow through the wonderful music of my Voice. If you kill the bird, you kill my picture, and you drive me out of that pretty form I loved. If you strike a child, you strike my image. No one can hurt me, or pain me, or kill me. For I am God. But these creatures which I came to help, to raise up to great Beings, they can be destroyed and scattered for a time. Even a little child can interrupt my work for a while. If you do not listen to me, Carlo, if you do not obey me when I speak in your heart, and believe my voice above all others, then I cannot join you to myself; then we cannot grow up to be one great, wise Being; then I cannot take you home

to God where we are one, you and I. And thus you can prevent my work."

"When I want to be bad, is it you who speak to me then?" said Carlo, puzzled.

"No. It is yourself that thinks it does not know me. It is because you do not know that I am really Carlo; I am what Carlo may grow up to be, but what he is not yet."

"How shall I know which Voice is you then, Christ-child?"

"You may know by this. I shall never tell you to treat any person, or anything, any differently than you would treat yourself. I only speak to you in gentle, quiet hours. And often you will make mistakes, for that is just what you are put into the world for, Carlo; you are put there to learn, to know my Voice from all the rest. If you try, you will know. When people have puzzled you so much, it was I who said down in your heart 'Never mind! Let us go

play.' For it was not time for you to think of those things. Often I whispered to you, 'Carlo it is not true.' I am always speaking from your heart and from the hearts of all things. Listen for me. Try to know me when I speak from the lips of other people. For I love you! I am yourself. And you, little Carlo, you may grow to be everywhere in the great world. Wait, try, and you will understand."

"I will try, Christ-child! I will try!" cried Carlo, springing to his feet. The room was quite still. The shining figure hung upon the tree. Everything seemed as usual. Yet down in his heart Carlo felt a strange warm feeling, a something bigger than himself. When he tried to tell his Mamma, he could not make it real, and she said it was a dream; but whether dream or not, on that Christmas Day the Christ-child was born again.—J. Campbell Ver Planck in The Path.

He had gone to put the idea up to her father and she was waiting anxiously in the drawing room.

"Well," said the suitor, when he returned, "he asked me how I was fixed, and I told him I had £ 50 in the bank."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He borrowed it."

Bride: "Men are brutes. My husband promised me a surprise if I learnt to cook, so I took lessons."

Friend: "How thrilling! What was the surprise?"

"He dismissed our cook."

"Before we were married you used to think there wasn't anyone like me in the world."

"Yes, and now I can only hope there isn't."

OUR HERITAGE

STORY OF SATYAKAMA

(From Chandogya Upanishad)

(By A. R. Ponnuswamy Iyer, Retired Principal,
P. R. College, Kakinada.)

Once upon a time, Satyakama Jabala came to his mother Jabala and told her that he desired to live the life of a brahmacharin, a student of sacred knowledge. He asked her of what *gotra* he was. She said to him: "I know not of what *gotra* you are. In my youth, when I went about a great deal serving as a maid, I begot you. So I do not know of what *gotra* you are. Jabala is my my name and Satyakama is yours."

Satyakama then went to Haridrumata and asked him to accept him as his pupil. The tutor asked him of what *gotra* he was, for it was the custom in those days to accept as pupils only boys of good family and of proved good conduct. Satyakama replied that he knew not of what *gotra* he was, and he faithfully repeated his mother's answer to his query on that point. To him the teacher then said: "An a-Brahmana would not answer as you have done. Since you have not departed from the truth, I consider you a Brahmana, fit for initiation into sacred knowledge. So I will receive you as my pupil."

Some modern commentators on this episode interpret Jabala's

words as an admission that she was living a rather promiscuous life as a serving maid and that she did not know who Satyakama's father was. And they profess to admire her for her honest confession of her past sinful life to her son, and Satyakama for not withholding this shameful truth from the teacher. But there is really no warrant for this interpretation in the language of the Upanishad. Sankara explains Jabala's words thus: "During my youth when I got thee, I was busy attending on the many guests who frequented the house of my husband and I had no opportunity of asking your father about his *gotra*". That this interpretation is not a laboured whitewashing of an ugly spot may be inferred from the well-known fact that very few ladies of today know the *gotra* or *pravara* of their husbands.

After having received Satyakama as a pupil, the teacher separated out four hundred lean cows and asked him to tend them. As he was driving them out, Satyakama said to himself that he would not return till the four hundred became a thousand. So he lived away a number of years. When the

cows came to be a thousand, one day a bull (taken by tradition to be a mystic symbol of god Indra) spoke to Satyakama, asking him to take the cows to his teacher's house. In the meantime, he himself would tell him a quarter of Brahman. The bull then explained to him one aspect of Brahman, Brahman as Prakasavan. It then took leave of Satyakama, telling him that Agni would teach him a further quarter.

When it was morrow, Satyakama started on his homeward journey driving the cows. That evening, he penned in the cows, built a fire and sat down beside it. The fire now spoke to him offering to tell him about a quarter of Brahman. And it explained to him a second aspect of Brahman, Brahman as the Infinite or Ananta. The next night, a swan (which is a well-known Vedic symbol of the sun) came to him and taught him about one more quarter of Brahman, Brahman the Luminous. Finally a diver-bird (a symbol of Prana or Life) flew down to Satyakama the next night and spoke to him about the last quarter of Brahman, Brahman as Support and Abode, Ayatanavan.

Then, Satyakama reached the teacher's abode. When the teacher looked upon Satyakama's face, he at once exclaimed, "Verily, my boy, you shine like a Brahmadev, a knower of Brahman. Who, pray, has instructed you?"

"Others than men," Satyakama replied. "But you your-

self, sir, do instruct me for I have heard from sages like you that the knowledge which is directly received from a teacher best helps a man to attain his end." To him the teacher then imparted without reserve the sacred wisdom. In it, nothing was omitted.

There are several lessons which this story teaches us. The first is that the sole qualification for discipleship is moral integrity. If one has it, he has all the preliminary training necessary for spiritual initiation.

Secondly, an essential part of discipleship is *susrusha* or devoted service of the teacher. By itself it can achieve everything, without formal teaching or set instruction. Without it no pravachana or learned exposition by the teacher will succeed in imparting education. In this story, Satyakama tended his master's cows with cheerful devotion for years without receiving any instruction from him or even getting the benefit of residing with him. But this service brought him the richest reward, knowledge of the four quarters of Brahman, or a comprehensive and discursive knowledge of reality. The gods were pleased with his earnest devotion and revealed the various aspects of the truth to him.

A modern mind may read another meaning into this part of the parable. While tending his master's herd, Satyakama was in daily communion with nature in all her forms and all her moods, with the sun, the stars, the winds and the waters.

Such intimate communion with nature gave him an intuitive understanding of the nature of reality, an intuition that went deeper than any oral instruction by a teacher would have done. The last lesson that we have to learn from the story is that the personal touch of a guru is necessary for the consummation of all study. It is only the teacher who has himself realised the truth that can light the divine spark in us. Verily, the teacher is a messenger of God, the bearer of His message, and the communicant of His wisdom.

"Why did you greet the man in that car?"

"He is a colleague."

"What work does he do?"

"Signs the letters I type."

x

x

x

Reporter: "Do you believe in early marriage?"

Film star: "Certainly, I always have the ceremony in the morning."

x

x

x

"I'm very tired," said the woman at the head of the supper table one Sunday evening.

"You shouldn't be," said the clergyman who had been asked to the evening meal; "you haven't preached two sermons today."

"No," said the woman, absentmindedly, "but I listened to them."

x

x

x

The dear old lady looked severely at the girl coming jauntily out of the night club.

"I wonder, young lady," she said, "what your father would say if he saw you here at this time of night?"

"Probably," said the sweet young thing, "he would say, 'Don't tell mother.'"

x

x

x

Irate Father: "You impudent puppy! You want to marry my daughter! And tell me, do you think you could give her what she's been used to?"

Suitor: "Ah, yes. I think so, sir. I've a very violent temper myself."

x

x

x

"Will you give me something for the suffering poor?" the woman asked the businessman.

He strove desperately for some excuse.

"Er—are you quite sure they are suffering?" he asked.

"Quite positive," she replied. "I ought to know, for I go into their houses and talk to them for hours at a time."

THE STUDENT WORLD

[By G. A. Dharmarajan, M A., (Oxon.)]

Students are inclined to think that many of the subjects that they study have had a distinct place in the curriculum. However, this is not quite correct. A new subject is like a tree; it has a seed-like existence in a parent faculty and after a period of nourishment comes of its age. Take for instance physics. For a long time it was studied as part of mathematics. At Cambridge and other European centres of learning it was considered a part of applied mathematics. However, the rapid development of physics, its peculiar capacity for exact measurements and its useful applications earned for it a separate faculty of physics. Now, studies in physics have a first rate importance especially in this atomic era.

It is good to know the various ways in which talent and skill in physics is used. First, of course, is the teaching profession where physics graduates keep alive the elementary knowledge of physics. There is next: All India Radio where physics men keep the radio network efficient. There are the physics men who work at the meteorological departments. There are physicists who work in telegraphs, telephone and cables departments. They work

in studios, in oscillograph cars, signals, and in technical schools and colleges.

Physics is versatile next only to mathematics. New uses for physics are found almost every day. And it is more and more becoming an attractive branch of study in our schools, colleges and universities.

When Johnny touched the "dewpoint" his eyes watered; this in turn touched the "melting point" in Johnny's mother. This indulgence of the mother raised the "boiling point" of the daddy; this is called "chain reaction."

Physics laboratories are expensive. Even in U. S. A. only a few colleges have top quality labs. Chicago has a cyclotron lab.

The following are some useful guide books for physics: Cajori's *History of Physics*, Pollack's *Careers in Physics* and Samuel's *Essays in Physics*.

Famous foreign professional institutes of physics are: Institute of Physics, London; Soviet Academy of Sciences, Moscow; Paris Academy of Sciences, Paris; Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; and Royal Society, London.

"Yes, but has this dog got a pedigree?"

"Pedigree, lady? Why, if this dog could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us!"

A Mysterious Murder

"Really, it's quite impossible for a community of our standing to tolerate such an abominable crime!"

It was the mayor of a little Danish village near Aarhus who was addressing his fellow-villagers gathered in the big hall of the inn.

That very morning a local peasant had unearthed the horribly mutilated body of some unknown person in a field. Who could it be? No one had been able to identify the corpse with the crushed skull and the gashed throat.

"The public must be informed of this immediately so that the murderer can be caught before he is out of our reach," continued the mayor. The villagers drank up their beers in silence. They were deep in thought. Then, forming a procession, the little crowd made for the police station.

When the village constable eventually arrived at the site of the macabre crime, a large crowd was gazing at the horrible scene, awaiting the authorities' verdict.

The constable leaned over the gaping hole as he examined the disfigured remains. Apart from the crushed skull and gashed throat, he noticed the coagulated hair and swollen face. And, strangely enough, a thick beard covered the man's chin. His

right arm rested on the peat-covered field, and although the left arm was still partly covered, the constable could see that the finger nails were intact.

"It can only be a foreigner," said one of the peasants, "he has the tanned skin of a gipsy." Indeed, the skin of the corpse was very dark.

No trace of a gipsy having passed through the region could be found, however, and the constable was exceedingly sceptical. He knew the gipsy population of the whole district, and felt quite certain that the dead man was not one of them. He decided, therefore, to call in a higher authority. It was not long before Professor Glob, of the faculty of medicine at Aarhus University, arrived on the scene.

The policeman gave him a detailed account of the discovery, and when he showed him the corpse he noticed, with no little concern, that the professor seemed deeply moved. Could it be one of his relatives, the constable wondered?

The professor examined the corpse with minute attention, and at length the embarrassed constable felt constrained to ask: "It is a crime, doctor, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a crime, a fearful crime, in fact. But one thing is certain, my good fellow,

you'll never be able to track down the man who did it."

The policeman blushed with indignation. He was just about to vaunt the ability of the police force when the doctor added in solemn tones: "No, you will never get hold of the murderer—and that for the very good reason that this crime took place two thousand years ago."

The policeman glanced at the doctor incredulously; could he be making fun of him?

"I want you to do a post-mortem examination, doctor," he said severely, "and kindly furnish us with a written report as soon as you can." For the constable, the first stage of the inquiry was now over. He was convinced that the crime was of recent date. If the doctor had been joking, he would see to that later.

The body was exhumed and transported to the university at Aarhus, where it was anxiously awaited. Finger-prints and photographs were taken of the discovery, and a detailed list of every characteristic was entered in the records, according to the requirements of the Danish law.

But, in fact, it was the photograph of a prehistoric man that was placed on the criminal records. It didn't take long for the scientists examining the case to decide that if the man had been murdered, the deed had been enacted at some time during the Iron Age, and the man had probably been the victim of a religious sacrifice.

They also came to the con-

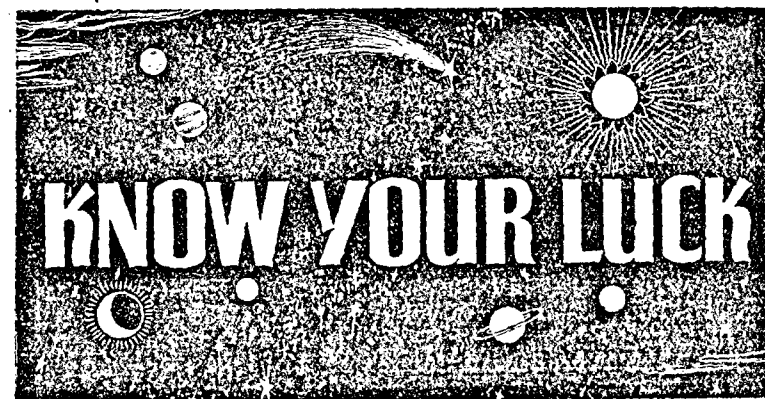
clusion that the exceptional state of preservation in which the body was found was due to the fact that it had been buried in peaty soil. Their report stated that the man had been murdered by a blow on the head with some kind of bludgeon. The throat wound had been inflicted later, probably to make doubly sure that the man was dead.

The post-mortem showed that the victim's organs were in excellent condition. His brain, though partly disintegrated, was put under x-ray scrutiny. The heart, kidneys, and liver were in first class condition. It was even possible to ascertain that the man's last meal had consisted of wild plant-roots and porridge, and that it had been meatless.

The present problem is to find a way of keeping the body from now on. After some careful consideration the scientists have decided to place the body in an oaken trough full of peat and allow Nature to continue the task which she has been performing for over two thousand years.

Later the body will be injected with some plastic liquid in order to make certain that it does not disintegrate in the coming two thousand years.

It may, indeed, be necessary to place a notice over the body, explaining matters, otherwise some generation in the distant future may once again take it to be the victim of some freshly perpetrated crime!—*Aleko Lilius in Samedi-Soir, Paris.*



The predictions given below are based on a thorough interpretation of the planetary positions of the month. Those who have favourable ruling *dasa bhukti* will experience the evil effects mentioned herein to a lesser degree.

(By Leo)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary positions are in no way better this month than in the last month.

Aswani
Bharani and
Krithika
Financial pressure, fear of Government, domestic trouble, distant journey are the features of the month. Expenditure is seen rising beyond your income. Important domestic change will occur. Health of your wife will degenerate. Financially though there seems to be much pressure, there will be timely help. General health will be disturbed after the 6th. Avoid altercation with others or any complication in business matters. Business will not be encouraging. There will be no advantage in service.

2, 4, 5, 9, 13, 18, 27, 29 are lucky days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURAS

The is a month of both good and bad results. Health will be disturbed. Financially there will be greater demands.

Some anxiety or trouble will start regarding your house. A distant journey will occur. One of your children will cause you anxiety regarding health. Guru in the exalted house will not tend to your mental peace. Metaphysical subjects will appeal to you. You will have to fight your enemies or ill health. Business people will fare better in this month. Partnership will work well.

2, 4, 8, 9, 13, 14, 18, 27, 29 are lucky days. 24th will not be favourable.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

This is slightly a better month. Financially you will feel better encouraged. Wife's health will suffer. There will be opposition to you. Mentally you will not feel happy. After 7th, since your ruler enters 8th house your health might be below par. Avoid distant journey. There will be slight improvement officially. Businessmen will not do well in their speculation. Legal proceedings, if any, may be postponed. There will be new friends made in service.

2, 4, 8, 9, 12, 13, 14, 18, 25, 29 are better days.

KATAKA RASI or CANCER

This month will prove more beneficial to you than the last one. The Solar course through the Vith house is calculated to settle favourably many of your pending affairs. To those already indebted to others financially there will be relief and part repayment of the loan. In a few cases new debts may be created. Health will be ordinary. Domestically you will be slightly better. Officially there will be encouragement from the 6th Jan. Businessmen will have some loss or some sudden difficulty in the first week only.

2, 4, 5, 9, 13, 18, 27, 29 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Opposition from outside, heavy expenditure, trouble from enemies, financial worries are characteristic features in the first half of the month. Second half will prove more encouraging. You may meet men of education and high ranking position and may be benefitted by them. Children's affairs will worry you often. Your system will get heated. Unexpected worries will depress you unnecessarily. Incur not elders' displeasure. Officially, your affairs will improve in the 2nd half. Businessmen will be speculatively inclined.

2, 4, 9, 14, 18, 25, 29 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

Planetary alignment during this month is in no way good. Domestic and family affairs will occupy your mind seriously. Yet the position of Guru in the XI house will make it easy for you to tide over the same. Financial worries will continue as before. Second half is better officially. Merchants will find hindrances in the onward march of their business progress owing to Kuja in the 7th house from the 6th Jan.

2, 4, 5, 9, 13, 14, 18, 25, 27, 29 are good days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Much improvement in all your affairs characterises the events of this month. Financial conveniences are encouraging. Domestically you will be happier officially. You will be likely to get the advantages in view. Merchants will have good turnover resulting in heavy profits.

2, 4, 9, 14, 18, 25, 29 are better days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

You will have no mental rest either at home or outside. Financially you will not be worried much. But children will disturb your peace of mind. Official favours are envisaged in the 2nd half. Merchants will find foreign business more lucrative. Machinery business will not be encouraging. The month favours all spiritual activities. You may visit holy places and saints.

2, 4, 8, 9, 13, 18, 23, 27 are lucky days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary positions have not yet improved in this month. There is no mental satisfaction owing to irritable surroundings in the domestic circle. Financially you will have heavy commitments. 2nd half also is in way more promising. You

will meet your rare relatives. Your general health will be below par. Officially you will have no encouragement. Merchants will be labouring under financial disadvantages.

2, 4, 5, 9, 13, 18, 27, 29 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

First half is full of worries. Owing to the malefics converging in the XII house you will meet with difficulties in your professional activities. Reading, writing and correspondence work will be very much emphasised. A journey is envisaged in a few cases. Financially improvement is registered from the 2nd week onwards. You will have favours from public men of name and position. Officially you will be satisfied from the 2nd half. Merchants will have encouraging business from the 2nd half onwards in spite of the obstacles placed against them.

2, 4, 9, 13, 27, 29 are better days.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

First half might prove slightly better than the 2nd. Financially there will be heavy pressure. Help of friends is more manifest in the first half. You will be popular in the sphere of your activities with good in-

couragement from friends and relations around you. Officially you may stand to gain slightly. Expenditure increases. Businessmen will fare well during the month. Distant business or foreign business will be encouraging.

2, 4, 5, 9, 13, 27, 29 are better days.

x
MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planetary positions are more encouraging in this month. From the 6th financial conveniences are brighter. There

1 Poorvabhadra
Uttarabhadra &
Revathi

will be opportunities for you to visit holy places and meet men of spiritual culture. Officially you will have appreciation of your work from the 6th. The aspect of Kuja to the VIII house from the 6th will cause you pain, worries through friends and relatives. Your health might get disturbed. Relations might blame you unnecessarily. Businessmen will have a very anxious time of it. Either heavy loss or gain according to the planetary strength at birth will result.

2, 4, 5, 9, 18, 27, 29, are good days.

WORSE LUCK

Two friends were discussing the various events which had taken place in their lives since last they met—a year ago.

"I've not done anything much at my job," said one. "I took a job as groom, and I've not had a minute's peace since—on the go day and night and ordered about."

"That's just how I've been treated," broke in the other.

"You!" said the first, surprised. "How can you be putting up with my sort of life? You never took on as a groom!"

"I did," said the other, gloomily. "I took on as a bridegroom."

A lad who looked about thirteen was leaning against a wall smoking a cigarette, when an elderly woman approached him.

"Does your father know you are smoking, little boy?" she inquired, bitingly.

The boy regarded her open-mouthed. He took a few more puffs from his cigarette and looked her up and down steadily. Suddenly he caught sight of the wedding ring on her hand.

"You're a married woman, aren't you?" he said.

"I am," agreed the woman.

"Then," snapped the boy, "does your husband know you speak to strange men?"

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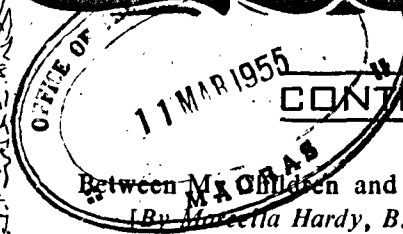
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No. 10

RAJAJI ON SHORT STORY

Who made the first short story in the world?

This was the question posed by Rajaji in a broadcast talk over the AIR, Madras, and he answered it by saying that the earliest short story artist was the dream mechanism of the brain.

"The gland or whatever other physical mechanism there is in the child's brain which makes it dream is really the source of this form of literature that has now become so popular and useful as a medium of enlightenment in emotional education."

Fiction making, Rajaji said, is inherent in the structure of the living mind, as inherent as is thought and memory. He also gave an example of a

beautiful folk tale and then added that "there are some beautiful stories that float in my memory which as a child I heard dear people tell me by whose side I lay to sleep."

These stories, he added, have not been written or printed and he himself has half-forgotten them. But on that account, should they be allowed to go into oblivion? Cannot Rajaji "invent and fill the gaps" so that "the divinely simple stuff of the old days" may be passed on to posterity?

x x x

We acknowledge with thanks

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Between My Children And Me

(By Marcella Hardy)

I am supposed to be master in my own house, and yet all sorts of things are taking place which sometimes make me wonder whether I am not living under some delusion.

As the family bread-winner, I strongly resent, for instance, being presented with bills for goods in the ordering of which I was not consulted. I do not speak of the small daily household necessities, but of such things as large stocks of grains of all sorts for which our house—and I am the first to regret it—is not at all suited. Just fancy, twenty bags of rice, and as many of various sorts of pulses all at once! Angry enquiry brought the explanation that we would not have to by anything more for a whole year. But why was I not consulted? That my eldest son had thought it a good idea, and that I should not be bothered for small matters was, to my mind, an unsatisfactory answer. Just imagine, a bill for twenty bags of rice and twenty bags of pulses, and just at the very time when I had to pay my income tax..... Since the arrival of this stock, the house has been overrun with rats, of course, which no cats dare tackle. The nightly loss, added to the generosity with which my wife distributes largesse to all and sundry and overfeeds the family, result in

that barely ten months have elapsed and the stocks are running out. I am instructed to make further provision!

Blessed be the innocent, for they have a knack of putting others into trouble while extricating themselves from it with the help of God. My good wife, bless her, has a weakness for her cousin, a rascal if ever there was one. Smooth of speech, charming of manner, and sharp of practice, he is the perfect specimen of one of the stock characters in those detective novels which I sometimes happen to write, and which just make it possible for me to maintain my ruinous family. Cousin R is always in and out of the house with excellent propositions consisting mainly in my advancing biggish sums to him. At first, largely to humour my wife, I used to give these sums but—and thank the Lord for that much innate caution—only half of what he asked, much to my wife's indignation and tears over my niggardliness. Regularly, the promising enterprises flopped, and I was left the poorer; but not so Cousin R, who always appeared to flourish. At last, I refused to give anything more; but then I discovered that the household expenses had gone up by ten times. Enquiries only elicited the explanation that the children were

Between My Children And Me

3

growing up and that, by the grace of God, I had an excellent appetite!

It is true that the children are growing up: my eldest son is theoretically at college—or was—until I learnt one evening, when he turned up unexpectedly, that he had left, after consulting his mother, and intended entering a tailor's establishment which Cousin R had just started. Not unnaturally, I became an angry man. My wife blocked her ears to the big words I used, and wept that I should be so unreasonable as not to see the practical sense of running a good tailoring concern with Cousin R. My son, of course, was indignant at what he called my stubborn adherence to old-fashioned prejudices that had no longer any relation with present-day socio-economic conditions. When I pointed out that even atom-bomb makers and doctors and technicians needed education, my son accused me of making jokes in very bad taste, as the case did not apply to him at all—I agreed, but nobody understood the sting of my agreement, except my wife who has a flair for anything aimed at her children. It all came, she explained, from my being blind to anything but my own views: here was an exemplary son, ready to take up manual labour in order to relieve me of the expenses of a college education (and college education was poor in this country anyway, and did not fit anyone for sensible practical work—oh, echoes of Cousin R!), and all I did was

to storm and get angry, instead of thanking my model son for his thoughtfulness. Since I am reputed to be the essence of impracticality, I asked my model son what he was receiving as pay, in this tailoring establishment of Cousin R's, and in what way his work would relieve the financial situation at home. My model son replied that, of course, he was not receiving anything as pay, since he was working for his cousin: it was all in the family, I was glad to learn. Well, did Cousin R feed my son? No, my son must eat at home, said his mother, because his stomach was delicate. Did Cousin R clothe my son, then, I enquired; at least, my son could try out some of the establishment's manufactures. Oh, no! my son must be clothed by his father; it would never do to have employees using articles made on the premises and thus reduce possible sales. Then, I asked, what was the advantage of helping Cousin R? Both my wife and my son looked at me with pity. Did I not realize that, having learnt the trade, my son would be able to start a business of his own? A tailor's business, I asked, was that his vocation? I confess that such a revelation was somewhat humbling: the thought that my eldest son would one day be somebody, 'a pride to the family', as the saying goes, had always been dear to my heart. There were so many professions in which he, so gifted with brains as he had been, could have shone; but no, it was

tailoring that he hankered after, I thought ruefully. Perhaps I murmured something to that effect without knowing it, because a storm of near abuse broke over me at my being so snobbish in this age of reason: all professions were honourable, I was told for my edification, and nobody wanted to be an old fogey like me, writing tripe for money and pandering to unnatural desires for fortuitous excitement (I merely repeat the filial words). When I pointed out that the 'tripe' and the tainted money had been found useful enough by every member of the family, including Cousin R, and that my sons had been my most assiduous readers until lately, my wife cried and had some things to say regarding my sordid attitude to life (she meant the money, of course), and my son pointed out, not without some irrefutable logic, that they must all live and that it was my duty to provide.

Argument had reached this inconclusive point when, head swimming, I decided within myself that it was fruitless pursuing the matter further: it was too painfully like catching a slip of soap in a whirlpool. However, mean and sordid fellow that I am, the next day I placed the whole matter in the hands of my solicitors, instructing them to make discrete enquiries, and so to dispose my finances that, if driven to the stake by demands from the family, I would be able to reply truthfully that my solicitors alone would decide. Despite

my reputation to the contrary, I have a tender heart,—or am an ass, according to my friends—and my love for peace might dictate surrender instead of sense. I was only just in time for, the next day, Cousin R burst into my study and informed me that my son's training was costing him good deal, and he would need an allowance from me. I grinned amiably and told him to approach my solicitors, as they were in sole charge. The look on Cousin R's face and my wife's subsequent reproaches of meanness proved to me what a despicable fellow I am.

Meanwhile, my daughters have not been idle. All to the good, as I had always inculcated into them a love for work and a hate for the idle life; but, the activities which shortly came to light, were not what I had fondly been expecting. Left in the immediate care of their mother, when not at school, I imagined that their domestic and ethical education (always that dreadful, old-fashioned word) was being attended to. But what was not my surprise when, quite by chance in the street, I was told that my eldest daughter, two years younger than my son, was known around the town as the equivalent, so my informant enthusiastically put it, to 'the cat's whiskers.' A father has many things to learn, and the least of these is to keep up with juvenile slang. That was how I was able to simulate familiarity with a term which my instincts warned me to suspect. At dinner that

night, as my daughter happened to honour us with her presence, I broached the subject of her activities and asked the meaning of the jaunty phrase. A chill fell over the meal, and my daughter appeared to take an instantaneous dislike to her food; she told me, however, that she was engaged in social work. What social work, I asked; this was less easy to answer, so my wife had to explain that it meant working for the poor. Glancing at my daughter's clothes, I could not help remarking that they were scarcely designed to inspire confidence in the needy; but my wife protested, saying that if she were poor, she would love seeing a colourful butterfly flit through her drab life. I agreed that there certainly was colour, and that butterfly was doubtless most appropriate in this case, but the humdrum went down badly and had to be dropped. Then I went on with exasperating innocence, since social work meant helping the poor my daughter could take her mother along with her, as she seemed to know something about their needs. At this point, my daughter was taken unwell—I could see it by the palor of her face, and her mother told me I was a brute to tease, since the girl was over-worked. Then let her stop working. This was an even worse suggestion, and I was told that, abusing of the fact that I was master in my own house, I was tyrannising over my daughters. So there it rested.

Then, a letter in a strange hand (I was about to say illite-

rate) found its way to my desk: it bore no stamp and I had to pay the fine. It turned out to be a letter from a youth whose name was barely known to me, but only just enough to conjure up the face of one whom I had always considered as a nit-wit and a blot on the family circle of friends. This youth wrote to inform me that he had decided to marry my second daughter the month after next (how precise), the date being left to her mother to choose (how considerate), and would I therefore make all necessary arrangements for solemnizing and celebrating the wedding. Had a doctor come in just then, he would probably have diagnosed mine as a state of shock; with the incriminating document between trembling fingers, I went straight to my better half, only to be told that she knew all about it, and had almost decided on the 13th as a suitable date. She noticed that I was taking things hardly, and explained that the boy came from a family well-known to Cousin R, but in poor circumstances, and that, after the wedding, Cousin R would also find a job in his auctioneer's establishment (what about the tailoring?) for my son-in-law. Words, just then, were so far below my requirements as to expression, that I disdained to utter a single one and, to my wife's horror—I could see it in her face—I tore up the letter and stamped on it.

Locking my study with its single key, I took up my hat and stalked out of the house,

slamming the door behind me—
God, how it relieved me!

And here I am, gazing at the depths of the ocean before me. I seem to notice for the first time how truly immense it is, and this somehow relieves the tension and enables me to think. What has happened since yesterday, when these school-agers used to crowd round me, asking advice, showing their work, confiding in me, romping and playing, and doing what I suggested? Where had we strayed, they and I, that we should be such strangers under the same roof? Had I taken it too much for granted that an easy-going father was an object of love, of respect—for I am not particularly disreputable. Had I been neglecting some-

thing vital in my children, or forced myself too much upon them? Had I not taken it too much for granted that, once started properly, things would continue properly of their own accord? What had they been learning, at college and school, whom had they met, to what influences had they been subject, were all youngsters like mine, and all parents as 'overtaken' as myself; what had suddenly gone awry and when, and was it no longer possible to repair the damage; what was my wife's role in all this (most painful thought)? The ocean is beating out the questions one by one; it has not yet answered, but I am sure that, one day, it will...

Modern Wooer: "I say, old thing, may I attend your wedding?"

She: "Why, I'm not even engaged!"

He: "Oh, as bridegroom, I mean."

A child of ten was explaining to her five-year-old brother how very wrong it is to work on Sunday.

"Why?" said the boy. "Policemen work on Sundays; don't they go to Heaven?"

"No," explained the little girl. "They are not needed there."

Client: "She has been saying the most dreadful things about my face."

Solicitor: "Yes, yes, I know. But I don't advise you to sue. It would cost more than the whole thing's worth."

"I hear that young doctor son of yours has made his mark already."

Proud Father: "Yes; did it on his first case."

"Good! What did he do?"

"Vaccinated a baby!"

FAMOUS TRIALS

An Insane Killing

By S. Rajagopalan

Murder by lunatics is by no means uncommon in the history of crimes, but the means to establish legal sanity as contradistinguished from medical insanity are difficult of clear appraisal, although definite principles have been laid down in England which have been adopted by the other countries as well. They are the well known Macnaughten case rules which were evolved by fourteen Judges of the highest eminence in 1843, in a series of answers to hypothetical questions. They have been incorporated in the Indian Penal Code, which declares that nothing is an offence which is done by a person who at the time of doing it, by reason of unsoundness of mind, is incapable of knowing the nature of the act or that he is doing what is either wrong or contrary to law. This has got to be established by cogent evidence and a murderer to escape the gallows has to be shown that his behaviour during and before the act as well as subsequently was inexplicable except on the basis that he was not in his senses.

Deoras (30) was a resident of Rajura in Yeotmal District and a police patel. He had been married twice. His first wife bore him a son and daughter

and by his second wife Saraswati (25) he had a son. His first wife had long been ailing and finally died on 3-2-1945. Sometime before this, he had been behaving somewhat rudely and even abnormally. He and his brother were disciples of Bowa Swami whom they would entertain annually at their residence. On 3-1-1945, they gave a feast at which 1000 or 1200 persons were present. Whilst it was going on, Deoras appears to have thrown away the dishes of the guests, drove away their carts and even beat them. He did not sup himself. It was also noticed that during this period he was assaulting others, one of them with a shoe without any reason. He was extraordinarily remiss even in carrying out his official work. Insanity was there in his family members too. His brother Anand was an idiot by birth and died as such; and his own uncle was a mental wreck.

On 21-2-1945, Deoras left his village at day break with his wife Saraswati, and his mother to see their Guru Bowa, who was camping in a nearby village. In one cart he and his wife were sitting and another was occupied by his mother. After they had gone about a mile, he forced his mother to go back to

his village; and he and Saraswati continued their journey in their cart. They had proceeded for about two miles when he asked his driver peremptorily to stop the cart. The driver hesitated; but he kicked him out, took the reins of bullocks in his hands, turned the cart towards the village of Rajura and furiously drove the bullocks. But instead of proceeding to Rajura, he by-passed it and went toward Khopdi, another village where he had a residence and reached there between 9 and 10 a.m. His brother Bhaurao came to know of all these in the meantime, and he with four other persons went to meet him there. They arrived at his house between 2 and 3 p.m., but found the door of the house chained from inside. They knocked at it and it was opened by Deoras. What they found was something very shocking indeed. They found Saraswati lying dead on the floor with a number of injuries on her person and his own hands and clothes stained with blood. Apprehending danger they caught hold of him and tied him. A crowd had collected round the house. Intimation was sent to the police at 6 p.m. that Deoras had murdered his wife. The police arrived and an inquest was held between 7 to 7-30 p.m. Deoras admitted that he killed Saraswati. The Police Inspector seized a copper bharana (pitcher) which was blood-stained and with which apparently he had killed her. Post-mortem was held at about 11-30 a.m. on the following

day. There were fifteen injuries on the unfortunate woman mostly on the head and some on the face. Skull had been extensively fractured. The medical opinion was that death had been due to pressure on brain caused by the extensive compound and the comminuted and depressed fracture of the skull.

Deorao was chargesheeted for murder on 15-3-1945. On the following day it was represented that an enquiry into his mental condition might be made before the case started. Accordingly he was kept under the observation of Dr. Banerjee, civil surgeon, Yeotmal, from 17-3-1945 to 27-3-1945. The civil surgeon recorded his opinion that he was not of unsound mind. Then efforts were made to transfer him to the Nagpur Mental Hospital but they proved unavailing. He was committed for trial before the sessions court on 3-5-45. The trial commenced on 26-5-1945. Three days earlier it was sought to examine the Superintendent of the Nagpur Mental Hospital, Dr. Roy, and he was examined as a defence witness on 28-7-1945. Dr. Roy was a specialist in mental diseases. He had obtained recognition in London and had been superintendent of the Ranchi Hospital with an experience of about twentyseven years to his credit. He gave evidence as a specialist on the question of insanity objectively: he did not examine Deorao and he based his conclusions only on the facts stated in court by Deorao's lawyer. Dr. Roy said

that Deorao was at the time of the commitment of crime suffering from a mental disease and that he did not know the nature and quality of the act: he could not have known what he was doing was wrong. He concluded that "from the data given to me, I can say that Deorao's impairment of consciousness was so profound as to have negatived his *mens rea*."

At the trial the Sessions Judge accepted the testimony of Dr. Banerjee, found the accused guilty of murder and sentenced him to transportation for life. The High Court on appeal came to a different conclusion, and basing itself very largely on the evidence of Dr. Roy, found him insane at the time of the murder and acquitted him and ordered his detention in the asylum. The judges were moved to do so not only by the opinion of Dr. Roy but on the proved facts of the case which threw a flood of light on the behaviour of Deorao before the murder as well as at its time and subsequently, which aptly illustrated the view of learned psychiatrists that the greater the crime the more repugnant to the normal mental content of the patient, the more likely it is to have been committed during a period of clouded consciousness. The facts were clear enough. There was evidence that before the murder Deorao was behaving abnormally. His first wife's long illness and death shortly before the killing must have unhinged his mind. Even on

the fateful day he changed his plans abruptly, and assaulted his driver. If he had planned to murder Saraswati he would have taken some convenient and handy weapon—but he did not have any, but only a copper bharana (pitcher), an unusual and unwieldy thing, for that purpose. There were besides axes and other implements in the house, if he was minded to use them. The deceased was lying supine in normal posture. There was no evidence of a struggle having taken place. The extensive injuries on the head showed that she must have been killed while her head was resting on the floor. The numerous injuries suggested that they had been caused mechanically by a madman rather than a murderer who would have finished it off with a heavy blow or two. Saraswati was clearly done to death when fast asleep. Subsequent conduct of Deorao was not that of a rational being. He did not run away or wash his blood-stained hands and apparel. He did not bestir himself to bury the dead body or throw it into the well. Nor when he was accosted by his people did he give any false excuses or explanations. If he knew that what he did was wrong or contrary to law, he would have run away, concealed all evidences of killing and of his blood-stained articles and eluded the police by establishing an alibi.

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Appearances Are Deceptive

(By Poovai P. Adimoolam)

It was Sunday evening and the Marina beach was full of people enjoying the cool breeze. I was sitting on a bench. At the other end of the bench was seated a young man. He was dressed well and his bearing showed that he must have had good college education. At the moment he seemed preoccupied.

Just then an old man came along hawking groundnuts. "Groundnuts; hot groundnuts," he was saying in a sing-song way. I have a partiality for groundnuts and whenever I visit the Marina I particularly make it a point to buy half-anna worth. I called the man and made the purchase. The young man sitting at the other end of the bench also asked for half-anna worth. He gave the boy a four anna coin and received the change. He carefully scrutinised the coins and evidently he found that one of the anna coins was a dud one.

"Oh, you are a dishonest man. You wanted to pass off this bad coin on me in the darkness. This is not the first time that men of your ilk have played this trick on me in the beach. Take this back and give me a good coin," he said.

"No, sir, I did not know it was a bad coin. Someone must have given it to me. My eyesight is poor. I am not dishonest, believe me," said the

hawker and taking back the coin gave another which the young man pocketed.

"You dishonest people have always an excuse; go away," said he angrily.

I thought the young man was rather harsh on the poor old hawker and said that the old man, after all, might be right when he said that some previous purchaser had given him the coin.

"Ah, don't you believe these rogues," he said. "They always say the same story."

The ice between us having been broken we went on chatting. I found that the young man was a journalist who had already made his mark in the local press by his thought provoking articles. "But demand for good articles is not much," he said. "Editors who have their eyes on circulation go in only for such writers who can pander to the vulgar taste of the masses. Most of the material that is published now is just trash. There is no originality. One tries to imitate the other. Have you read the parody on Harischandra which appeared in *Daily Progress*? What do you think about the writer who wrote saying that Bharata had employed some mathematicians to calculate whether Rama actually lived in the forest for full fourteen years? He is applauded as

Appearances Are Deceptive

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a great writer. History is being distorted. Our great epics like the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are being ridiculed. And such stuff sells well now and people who are prepared to prostitute their pens to such ends are having a good time."

"You are taking a very pessimistic view, my friend," I interrupted him. "What you say may apply to a very small section of the Press. I can tell you from my experience that papers which publish such trash do not sell much and such papers are short lived."

"Are you in a newspaper?" asked the young man moving a little closer to me.

"No," I said. "I am a news agent and I have the chief agency of several good newspapers and periodicals. I am personally acquainted with several newspapermen and I will be glad to introduce you to some who I am sure will be glad to encourage original writers like you."

"Thank you for the interest you are evincing in me. What is your name and address?"

I gave him my address and added, "Why not come to my office tomorrow evening? I might be able to help you."

"Thank you," he said and he got up. It was getting late and I too started for home. I had decided to help this young man by introducing him to my friend Mr. Piraman, the editor of a cultural weekly. His house was close to my office and invariably he used to visit my office and sit there smoking and chat-

ting and telling me all the gossip about the big people.

Next evening my editor friend came as usual and I told him about my meeting with the young man in the beach.

"Ah, every young man thinks that he is a good writer. Let me see. I will be glad to encourage him if he really has some stuff in him," said he puffing at the cigarette.

Just then I saw the young man coming. He recognised me and there was a smile on his face. He greeted me with folded hands and stepped into my office. I was glad to see him, glad because I knew I will be doing him a good deed. But the moment he saw my editor friend sitting there his smile froze and he looked confused.

I was bewildered for a second only. It was evident that the two knew each other already. I turned to my editor friend and asked "You know him?"

He did not answer immediately. He looked at me steadily with the cigarette in his mouth and after exhaling the smoke said, "Oh yes, I know him well. He came to my office last week with some of his articles and stories. And what a surprise I had. One of the stories he wanted to sell me was my own which I had contributed under my pen name to a monthly some years back. He had not even changed the title of the story."

"What!" I cried out unable to contain my surprise but my friend of the previous evening was not there. He had disappeared.

£ 2000 Ransom

(By George Goodchild)

The young woman who presented herself at McLean's office, following a telephone call to Scotland Yard, was of outstanding beauty and elegance.

She had given her name as Mrs. Densie Wilmot and from her slight accent was obviously of French origin. McLean already knew the kind of trouble she was in.

"Tell me about your husband," he said. "When did you last see him?"

"It was two days ago—on Wednesday evening. He came home from business, and was about to have a meal, when the telephone rang.

"I did not hear what he said but a little later he told me he must go out at once. I asked him stay and have his dinner first, but he shook his head and went."

"And never came back?"

"No. I am terrified something must have happened to him."

"Did you not hear anything of the conversation over the telephone?"

"Nothing at all. I was in the kitchen."

"What is your husband's profession?"

"He is a partner in his brother's business. It is called Wilmot Brothers, and they import goods from France. His

brother is in Paris now, choosing the new fashions. I was a model in Paris before I met my husband, Edward."

"You know of no reason why your husband should go off like that?"

"None at all. I telephoned his brother, Jacob, last night, and he advised me to get in touch with the police. He said he will be home this evening."

"Where do you live?"

"No. 26, Western Avenue, Highgate."

"And your brother-in-law?"

"No. 24, Panding Lane, Hampstead."

"Has your husband any financial troubles?"

"Oh, no. The business is prosperous."

Finally McLean promised to look into the matter, and Mrs. Wilmot thanked him and was shown out.

McLean followed the usual procedure in such cases—checking up the accident lists in the Metropolitan area, but nothing came of it.

Then, barely two hours after Mrs. Wilmot had left, she rang up in a stage of great excitement to say that she had received an extraordinary message over the telephone.

"It was a man talking slowly and deliberately," she said. "He said my husband was quite well, and that I wasn't to do

anything—go to the police or tell a soul—until I heard again from him. If I did, he couldn't guarantee my husband's safety."

"What did you say to that?" asked McLean.

"I asked him when I should hear again, and he said it would be soon. Then he rang off."

"It looks very much like a kidnapping. If you hear from him again, I want you to phone me immediately."

"Yes—I understand."

"Is your husband's brother home yet?"

"I don't know. I expect he will come by air."

"I'll probably call on him on my way back. Don't forget—if there is a demand for a ransom, play for time."

Mrs. Wilmot rang off, and McLean and Brook went straight to Jacob Wilmot's house, where they were informed Wilmot had just arrived from London airport. McLean was shown into the sitting-room where Wilmot was seated. He was a well-built man of about forty.

"Is it about my brother Inspector?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes. Your sister-in-law reported the matter to us this morning. It looks as if your brother has been kidnapped."

Wilmot stared incredulously.

"What on earth for?" he asked.

"For a ransom presumably. Your sister-in-law was rung up on the telephone a short while ago to be informed that her husband was safe, and that she would hear again soon."

"Did they ask for money?"

"No. But there's doubt that they will before long."

"What an extraordinary thing! I suppose this is genuine? Not some sort of silly practical joke?"

"People don't usually carry jokes that far. But no doubt we shall be in a position to decide that when there is another communication."

* * *

The day passed without any further communication from Mrs. Wilmot or her brother-in-law, and on the evening of the next day McLean called on Mrs. Wilmot. He found her in a curious state of nerves, and could not help suspecting that, despite her denials, something had happened.

Then, while he was there, Jacob Wilmot called. McLean heard some whispering at the door, which confirmed his suspicions. Then Jacob came into the sitting-room and nodded to the visitors.

"It's very curious that the kidnappers have not rung up," said McLean. "I suppose you have heard nothing, Mr. Wilmot?"

Wilmot looked at his sister-in-law.

"Well, have you?" asked McLean.

"You tell him, Denise," growled Wilmot.

Mrs. Wilmot wrung her slim hands together.

"I—I didn't tell the truth just now," she said. "I did hear from them—this morning. The voice said he knew I had already communicated with the police. He said that would

cost me another thousand pounds.

"He told me that unless I paid the sum of two thousand pounds I should never see my husband again, and if we went to the police again, or told them of the call, my husband's life would pay forfeit."

"Go on," said McLean grimly.

"He said I was to pack two thousand old one-pound notes in a bundle, and have the bundle placed in the first haystack on the farm which fringes the Watford bypass, just short of the Eagle Garage.

"The bundle was to be covered over with hay, and to be on the side off the road. It was to be delivered punctually at five o'clock today, and the person who delivered it must leave the area at once."

"Nothing more?" asked McLean.

"No. He rang off abruptly. I was terrified. I had no means of getting the money. I went to see my brother-in-law. I begged him to help me, and finally he consented."

"What else could I do?" asked Wilmot. "I went to my bank and drew the money in used notes."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Mrs. Wilmot. "The voice promised me that if the instructions were carried out, my husband would be returned safely."

"Well," continued Wilmot, "I found the place all right. Just near the haystack there was a farm gate, and I went through and carried out the instructions.

"I saw nobody hanging about, and I got back into my car and came straight here. I'm sorry, Inspector, but my sister-in-law was so terrified, there was nothing else I could humanly do."

"You could have telephoned me," said McLean angrily. "We could have taken action, which might have resulted in the arrest of the kidnappers."

"It was my fault," said Mrs. Wilmot. "I take the whole blame. I believe they would have killed my husband. I want him back safe and sound."

Finally McLean decided that nothing was to be gained by staying on.

"I must leave," he said, to Wilmot. "I suppose you will stay here for a while?"

"Yes. I can't leave Denise alone in her present state."

"Then telephone me if anything happens."

McLean heard nothing more that night, but the next morning Mrs. Wilmot telephoned him and told him tearfully that her husband had still not returned.

There was little he could do to comfort her, but before he rang off he asked for the name of her brother-in-law's bank.

Later in the morning he called at the bank with Brook, and found the cashier who had cashed the cheque.

"It was a lot of money for a sudden call," he said. "Especially as he insisted on having used notes. But we managed to dig them up, and wrapped them in a single package in bundles of one hundred."

"I presume there is no means at all of checking any of the notes?"

"No."

"What about the wrapper?"

The cashier reflected for a moment.

"It was a printer's wrapper," he said. "A sort of light grey colour—and very stout."

McLean had to be satisfied with this very meagre information. He had hoped there might have been at least one packet of new notes, so that the number could be traced. But where was the missing man?

It was ten days later that the body of a man was taken from the Thames. It was in a shocking state, but identifiable as Edward Wilmot.

After a prolonged examination of the corpse, two doctors were in agreement that death must have taken place more than ten days earlier. They favoured thirteen or fourteen days as the more likely period. He had been struck a heavy blow with a piece of metal, and was dead before he entered the water.

"That means he was already dead when the ransom was asked," mused McLean.

"Probably put up a resistance and was killed earlier than was planned. But where do we go from here, sir?" asked Brook.

McLean needed time to answer that question. One fact that stuck in his mind was the dead man's alacrity in responding to the telephone call.

Who was it who had lured him to his death, and later had

the audacity to go out for ransom? What plea had been put up to cause him to act so promptly, and not to confide in his wife? Was the murder planned from the start, or had it been a silly blunder on someone's part?

On the former theory—who would gain from his death? The obvious answer to that was his brother, presuming the business was on a partnership basis.

But the brother was in Paris at the time when the murder was committed, and it was the brother who had stepped in to pay the ransom. More information was required on that matter, and McLean went to the widow to get it.

"Did your husband leave a will?" he asked.

"No. I often asked him, but he hated wills."

"Was the partnership on a fifty-fifty basis?"

"No. My husband was the junior partner. While he lived, his interest was one-third against his brother's two-thirds of the profits. If either partner died, the survivor came into ownership of the business."

"Then you are left unprovided for?"

"Yes, but my brother-in-law has been most kind. He has offered me a home with him, and an adequate personal allowance."

"Were they always on good terms?"

"Oh, yes."

But subsequent inquiries elsewhere produced conflicting evidence. Some employees of

the firm stated that Jacob and Edward never did hit it off, and were always bickering.

Then came a statement from a member of a Paris firm who did business with the two brothers. He said that prior to Edward's partnership Jacob had made most of the running with the beautiful model who became Edward's wife.

"That puts Jacob right into the picture," said McLean.

"But Jacob paid——" said Brook, and then hesitated.

"Yes that's what we don't know," said McLean. "Did he really pay that money? I think we'll have a word with him."

At the subsequent interview with Jacob, McLean asked him about his recent trip to Paris.

"I left London airport on the 18th," said Jacob, "and I returned on the 24th, after Denise had telephoned me at my hotel on the 23rd."

"I should like to see your passport."

Jacob left the room and came back with his passport. One glance at it showed that his arrival and departure at and from Le Bourget bore out his statement.

Brook seemed to think this was conclusive, but McLean noticed a photograph of a motor cruiser on the wall by the fireplace. He stepped closer to it, and could recognise Jacob in the engine pit.

"Your boat?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Where do you keep it?"

"At Hythe."

"Is it there now?"

"No. I had engine trouble a month ago when I was off Paris Plage. I had to get the boat towed into harbour to have a new piston fitted."

McLean thanked him and left, but half an hour later he was on the telephone speaking to the French police of Le Bourget.

Two hours passed before he was rung back. There was some conversation, and he hung up the receiver.

"It is true his boat had engine trouble," he said to Brook. "But the repair was done in a week. But here's the prize bit. Wilmot took out the boat on the morning of the 22nd, and did not return to Paris Plage until the early hours of the following morning."

"Altogether he was absent long enough to do the Channel crossing both ways, and to make an appointment with his brother. On the telephone he must have warned his brother not to tell his wife, and the unsuspecting Edward went to his death."

"But what about the call demanding the ransom?"

"It came after Wilmot landed at the airport. Not difficult to disguise one's voice on a telephone. I'm going to get a search warrant."

The search at Wilmot's home clinched the matter.

There in Wilmot's safe, was a package done up in stout, grey paper, with the printer's blue pencilling on the outside. McLean opened it, and found twenty packets of one-pound notes.

Wilmot said nothing. He seemed to realise that any sort of explanation would be a waste of breath, and soon afterwards he was charged with murder.

"A little too much planning," said McLean later. "In attempting to place himself beyond

suspicion by pretending to pay the ransom, he made our job easier."

"His own brother, too. What some men will do for money!" said Brook.

"Not only money. I fancy he had strong hopes in another direction."

SO PERPLEXING

"How do you like your new flat?" asked Mrs. Greyday meeting her friend for the first time since the wedding.

"I like it very much," said the young bride; "but the neighbours can hear everything we say."

"That's easily rectified," said Mrs. Greyday. "Why not hang some heavy tapestry or wall paper round the rooms?"

"But then we couldn't hear what the neighbours say," came the reply.

AMBITIOUS

Bobby was one of the few boys who said they didn't want to be an engine driver, a pirate, a fireman, or a dirt-track rider.

"What are you going to be then?" inquired his aunt.

"Won't tell," said Bobby.

"Oh, come on Bobby. You're going to be a policeman?"

"No, I'm not."

"Well, will you tell me if I give you more pudding?"

Bobby gave in and announced that he was going to be an after dinner speaker.

"Whatever for?"

Bobby grinned.

"Think of the dinners," he said.

Doctor (at lunatic asylum): "Mrs. Sharp was here to-day and wanted her husband sent home and placed under her care."

Superintendent: "Did you let him go?"

"No. He said he would rather stay here."

"H'm! The man must be sane."

Maid: "Well, what do you think of the mistress?"

New Cook: "The more I think of'er the less I think of'er."

If you, friend is a help, a joy, an inspiration to you, tell him so. There are discouraged hearts everywhere just hungry for appreciation and sympathy.

A CASE OF REINCARNATION

(By U. Sinha Gupta)

While leafing a book named *Lord Veda*, by an anonymous author, I came across the following in page eleven :

In recent times there have been two instances of transmigration of soul in India. One of them is the case of a girl named Shanti who recognised her former husband and relatives. Another instance is found in the case of one Parmanand, who was a resident of Saharanpur. Parmanand had a shop in Moradabad. He died at the age of 39 on 9-5-43, leaving four sons, a daughter, widow and brothers. On 15-3-44 a son was born to B. L. Sharma, a Professor of Intermediate College, Bisauli, in the district of Bidaun.

At the age of three, Sharma's son began to give proofs that in his previous life he was a resident of Saharanpur and his name was Parmanand. As the case appeared to be a recent one, I began to make enquiries both from Moradabad and Bisauli. Dr. K. B. Dikshit, a very well-known citizen and premier physician of Moradabad, made very thorough enquiries and got the following details for me.

Parmanand died on May, 9, 1943, at Saharanpur. He was suffering from severe abdominal trouble and was given a hot bath just before his death. To Mr. Bankey Lal Sharma in the Intermediate College,

Bisauli, of Bidaun District, was born a son on March 15, 1944. In astrological horoscope the child's name came out to be Parmanand, but as the name of Prof. Sharma's elder son was Varmoudh, the new comer was named as Parmodh. When he was three, he gave it out that his name was Parmanand. As he grew up he began to talk of Moradabad. When he used to go to local market place and his father bought him some locally made biscuits, he would say, "These biscuits are of inferior quality; you should get biscuits from our shop at Moradabad." As the time passed he began to talk of soda water. Later still he began to ask his father to take him to Moradabad. "If you take me there I shall show you my big shop." One day he went out and was late in coming. When he returned his father asked him where he had been to. His reply was, "I have come from Saharanpur. My tummy became wet and died. Now I have come to Bisauli." This reply surprised everybody, and they could make neither head nor tail of it.

Some time later on, he went to the house of Pandit Ram Saran, his maternal grandfather. There also he was frequently talking of his shop at Moradabad. He added that he had four sons and one daughter, that he was one of the four brothers.

A Case of Reincarnation

19

When asked their names he would say 'Mohan' and later on 'Mohan Brothers'. When talked to lovingly he would say, 'If you take me to Moradabad I shall show you my wife, who is quite big, and my sons and daughter.' These things became the talk of the town. Through Lal Raghunandan Lal, who was a rich man of Bisauli, the talk travelled to Sahu Nan Kishore, a relation of Raghunandan Lal and a brassware merchant at Moradabad. Nan Kishore and Raghey Shyam, sons of Parmanand (deceased), happened to go to Nan Kishore's brassware shop to buy utensils. The latter asked the sons, "We have received a letter from our uncle at Bisauli, and he has asked if there are any big sodawater and biscuit factories at Moradabad."

On hearing from the sons that they possessed them Nan Kishore said, "There is a strange boy at Bisauli. He is talking about these factories. Did anybody die at your place about five or six years ago?"

Nand Kumar (son of Parmanand) said that he lost his father about that time. On this Sahu Nand Kishore told Nand Kumar, "At Bisauli the boy, hinted to above, is about five years of age. His name is Parmodh, but he prefers to be called Parmanand as that is he says, his real name. He often says that he has four sons, one daughter and their mother (his wife) at Moradabad, where he has a house, a shop, big biscuit

factory and a sodawater factory."

The sons of Parmanand carried this story to their uncles, who went to Bisauli, but could not see Pramodh as he was at that time at his maternal grandfather's place, but extracted a promise from Prof. B. L. Sharma that he would, in near future, visit Moradabad with his problem child.

On August 15, 1949, Prof. Sharma, his son Pramodh, and other relations reached Moradabad by morning train. They were received at the railway station by Mr. Karam Chand, one of late Parmanand's brothers, and a few other respectable gentlemen. Prof. Sharma was introduced to Mr. Karam Chand, and while he was shaking hands with him the boy, Pramodh, hugged the legs of Karam Chand. Karam Chand lifted him in his arms and the boy embraced him most affectionately. When the child was asked in whose lap he was, he replied, "This is my elder brother." It is said that almost during their entire stay at Moradabad the boy was either in the arms of late Parmanand's brothers or those of Nand Kumar's (late Parmanand's son). Prof. Sharma could not persuade him to come to him.

On the way from the railway station to town, Pramodh of his own accord recognised the Town Hall. The tonga in which the boy was being conveyed with Karam Chand and Nand Kumar was halted far away from their shop. When they got down the boy led them

to the shop of Mohan Brothers. Next he recognised the house in which late Parmanand used to live. He correctly pointed out the places where he (i.e., late Parmanand) used to sit and keep his cash. Of his own accord he went to the place where late Parmanand used to say his prayers and bowed down there reverently. Then he asked to be taken to 'his shop' downstairs. From there, unguided, he threaded his way to the soda-water factory. Here he put a question, "Who has been working this machine in my absence?" After this he inspected the whole machine and explained in detail how the machine was worked and how aerated waters were manufactured, which were quite correct. From here he himself went to the biscuit factory. When he reached there he said, "This is bakery."

"But what is a bakery?" somebody asked.

"I used to make biscuit here," was his reply. After this he meandered into the other parts of the house and pointed to some rooms that did not exist in his time, and that again was

a fact. He recognised his daughter, Prem Lata, his other sons and his wife, and on their asking, told some of the things which no outsider could possibly know.

When the time came for Prof. Sharma and Pramodh to depart a most poignant scene was witnessed. The whole of late Parmanand's family was in tears and the boy, Pramodh, had to be taken away from them much against his will.

Later, the boy was taken to Saharanpur, the place of late Parmanand's birth. Amongst other incidents he recognised one of his former debtors and told the amount of debt due from him. The debtor admitted the obligation.

The boy is alive and well. The other day I met a respectable gentleman of Bisauli. He said that all the details that I got from Moradabad were quite correct; the boy, who was living next door to him in Bisauli, used to repeat these things to him. Now his parents discourage him from talking about these things. He is a normal child in every other way.

Billings was taking a late holiday at the seaside.

On the second morning of his arrival the manager came to his breakfast table.

"Everything satisfactory?" he asked.

"Well, I only wish I had come to this hotel a month ago," replied the guest.

"Ah, sir," smiled the manager, "you flatter my place!"

Billings sniffed. "Not at all," he replied. "What I mean is, that I'd rather have eaten these eggs than now."

The Tale-bearing Expert

(By P. Paamanabha Iyer, M. Sc.)

In the good old days when India was ruled by Rajas and Maharajas men of talent were sure to find encouragement and patronage from the rulers.

Once a Maharaja invited, by the beat of tom tom, men who were experts in different professions, to appear before him, with a view to being provided with jobs that would give free and full scope for the display of their talents. Genuine experts in important vocations came. The Maharaja conferred on them suitable posts. But there was one man whom he found it rather difficult to test and select, as the applicant stated that the profession in which he was an eminent expert was tale-bearing! The Maharaja asked him whether he would succeed in making him (the Maharaja) fall a prey to his wiles. He answered, "Your Highness! None, however high and mighty, would or could escape the bane of my subtle art." The Maharaja was pleased with the reply and bade him stay in his palace and show him a sample of his cunning.

The tale-bearing expert accordingly lived in a portion of the palace, enjoying all the comforts. A month thus passed. One day he called on the Dewan. The latter received him with special warmth and respect, as he was the honoured guest of the Maharaja. The tale-bearing expert, in the

course of his conversation, said slyly, "The Maharaja no doubt greatly appreciates your statesmanship and tact, but....." The Dewan was taken aback. He eagerly requested him to tell what all he knew. The expert then continued, "The Maharaja tells me often that the foul odour emanating from your nose is most intolerable." On hearing this, the Dewan became sad. He begged of the expert to suggest the best method of overcoming his defect. The latter advised him in all seriousness that he should in future interview the Maharaja only with his nostrils stuffed with cotton soaked in strong scent. The Dewan thanked him sincerely for his advice and bade him good-bye.

The tale-bearing expert pleased with the easy success of his plot next went to the Maharaja. In the midst of casual conversation he told the Maharaja, "Your Highness! I paid a visit to the Dewan. He is much devoted to you and always talked about your generosity. But....." The Maharaja said impatiently, "Don't hesitate. Speak frankly and tell me everything." The latter then proceeded, "But the Dewan said that the stench issuing from your Highness' mouth was most awful and that, in future, he would interview your Highness only after stuffing his nose with strongly scented

wool." The Maharaja at once flew into a rage and roared out, "That pot-bellied glutton of a Dewan had the effrontery to say that my mouth was stinking? Well, I will teach him a lesson. You wait and see."

The following morning the Dewan, with his nose partially plugged with strongly scented cotton, called on the Maharaja. The fumes of strong scent filled the room. The Maharaja's eyes flashed fire. He could not control his anger. In his rage he accused the Dewan of neglecting his work and gave him a severe warning that he would be dismissed if he did not take care! The Dewan was quacking in his shoes and thinking that the Maharaja's rage was due to

the bad odour from his nostril he took out the scent bottle and generously dabbed his nose with the scent. This act further enraged the Maharaja. He took it as a personal insult. He got up and taking the horse-whip in his hand was about to punish the Dewan when the tale-bearing expert entered and bowing low before the Maharaja said: "Your Most Gracious Highness! Please desist. This is only a practical demonstration of my marvellous skill in the art of tale-bearing. The Dewan is innocent."

The Maharaja on hearing this profusely apologised to the Dewan and richly rewarded the tale-bearing expert.

WORSE THAN EVER

Miss Thortlebury had been invited to be a bridesmaid at a smart wedding, and spent much time planning her new frock. At last it was ready; and when she tried it on she asked Mrs. Jones, from next door, to come and see it.

"It's sweet, my dear!" said Mrs. Jones, admiringly. "And certainly you look a lady, whatever you are."

Miss Thortlebury's face told her she had made a mistake, so she corrected herself hurriedly.

"No. I mean you are a lady, whatever you look!"

x

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x

The holiday resort was slow. The people in the boarding-house were uninteresting and the weather was bad.

Mrs. Youngwife was in anything but an amiable mood.

"John," she said one morning, "whatever made you choose this place for a holiday?"

"But darling," he exclaimed, "you suggested it yourself."

"I know," she returned. "But why on earth did you agree?"

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Wife: "What do you mean by telling Mrs. Robinson's husband you never ask my advice about anything?"

Husband: "Well, my dear, I don't. You don't wait to be asked."

Ghost Attends Wedding

Here is a true happening which was reported in the American press:

I waited at the station in a fever of impatience. Wantman had not come on the 2.0 train, and the wedding was to be at 4 o'clock.

"I have been unexpectedly detained," he had telegraphed from Milwaukee at noon. But life or death, I will be there in time."

If the 3.25 was on time, and he came on that train, we would barely have time to reach the church at the stroke of four. He would be compelled to appear, dusty and travel-stained, before the bride and her friends. Perhaps he would come in a special. I could only wait and hope.

I went into the telephone booth and called up the house. "Wantman has been detained but he says he will be at the church on time. I am waiting for the last train."

"What shall we do?" demanded Helen's father.

"I think you are safe at waiting at the Church," I said. "I don't know what else can be done. He said he would be here in time and unless he sends word to the contrary we must depend upon him."

I waited at the station. The train was late of course. It was

3.55 when it came and Wantman was not in the train.

I leaped into the horse carriage and drove madly to the Church where I knew the bridal party would be waiting. Poor Helen.

I met Beaumont at the door. "He did not come," I said.

"O, yes, he came at the stroke of four," Beaumont said. "You missed him somehow. The ceremony must be over by this time. And say," he drew me to one side and spoke in whispers—"something awful must have happened to Wantman. He was white as a ghost and he did not speak or look to right or left. It made me shiver just to see him. Look, there they come now!"

As the bridal party left the Church, I saw Wantman indeed white as a ghost. His eyes turned towards me for one fleeting moment but there was no speculation in them. They were like the wide staring eyes of a man who just has died.

Helen clung to his arm. She seemed terrified but she was not weeping. As they disappeared in the carriage by some fiendish mischance or else as a result of some hideous joke, the organ peeled forth a funeral march.

A shudder passed over the throng of guests. I could hear

some of the women weeping hysterically.

With a curse I could not restrain I leaped into a carriage by Beaumont's side and we were driven rapidly to the house. We reached the door ahead of the bride's carriage, and as the door was thrown open, the vehicle in which the couple had ridden came into view.

But Wantman was not there in the carriage! And Helen was huddled on the floor of the carriage unconscious, a pitiful thing.

Her father took her in his arms and carried her into the house.

As we gathered at the door, silent, aghast, the driver was swearing that the vehicle had not been stopped, and the carriage door had not been opened between the Church and the house.

What hideous mystery was before us? We were soon to know for a messenger came with a telegram and I opened it and read.

"Wantman was killed in a runaway at 12 o'clock as he

drove to the station at Milwaukee."

Subsequent investigation proved that the message was correct.

There could be no possible doubt or dispute of the fact. He had been driving madly to the station in a cab—there has been a collision and the lifeless Wantman had been taken from the wrecked vehicle. His body had been taken in charge by the police, and in the delay that was caused by identification and addresses word was not sent to us until half past four o'clock.

At the time of the ceremony when Wantman appeared in the church beside his waiting bride, before scores of people who knew him and wondered at his spectral appearance and inanimate responses—at this time Wantman was lying dead in Milwaukee!

It is unbelievable but those were the facts. I have no explanation to offer.

And poor Helen never spoke again. Within a week she was lying beside her husband in the cemetery.—J. A.

"Who is the most miserly man you know?"

"Old Smith. When there's a crowd at the station and the people are standing in a queue waiting for their tickets, he always goes last so that he can keep his money in his pocket as long as possible."

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x

x

Wife: "Wake up, John, wake up! There's a burglar in the next room."

Husband (sleepily): "Well I've no revolver. You go in and look daggers at him."

The Flying Saucers Are They Real?

(By G. K. Arya, B.A., B.L.)

"Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell."

—Tennyson

Nick-names not only stick like glue but efface the real name. However it is more convenient to refer to such nick-names as they are better known than the real names. The 'Flying Saucers' is such an expression. They have been systematically observed and examined by individual scientists and research institutions. While most of them are still uncertain as to the true character of these 'Flying Saucers' a few are convinced by positive proof that they are spacecraft from other planets.

George Adamski, a resident of Palomar Gardens, California, a lecturer in philosophy and a researcher, has devoted practically a life-time in observing and studying this particular type of swift moving objects across the firmament.

On 20th November 1952, he made personal contact with an inhabitant of another planet in the California desert, who landed in a spacecraft, shaped more like a heavy glass bell. It was made of translucent material with round port-holes and ball-

like landing gear. The upper portion was dome-shaped with a heavy ball-shaped lens at the very top. He gathered that the craft operated by the law of attraction and repulsion—magnetic—the power being drawn directly from natural sources.

As Adamski approached the extra-terrestrial visitor, he felt like a child in the presence of one with great wisdom and much love, from whom a feeling of infinite understanding and kindness radiated. "My mind seemed to temporarily stop functioning and the beauty of his form surpassed anything I had ever seen."

Flying Saucers can no longer be pooh-poohed as illusions or hallucinations. Desmond Leslie, the co-author with Adamski of the book on 'Flying Saucers', who corroborates the narrative of his colleague, was a fighter pilot (1941—94) and a student of antiquities. And the veracity of these spacecraft has been authenticated by no less a person than Air Chief Marshall Lord Dowding who planned and directed the Battle of Britain in the Second Great War.

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

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THE STUDENT WORLD

[By G. A. Dharmarajan, M. A., (Oxon.)]

Young people would like to know something about the study of political science, its uses and possible careers in which this study helps. Well-defined regions of political science arose from the original study of history especially when history became history of organisations rather than kings and queens. Leaders of people are now evolved by different techniques of election and nomination by majority principle and hence political scientists help to make the new mechanics more accurate and successful. That may explain the introduction of the word 'science' in the phrase political science.

Political science degree is a good preparation for administrative posts in governments through competitive exams.

It is useful for foreign service.

It is a necessary qualification for such positions as editors of

debates in the Legislative Assemblies. Political science men work in the External Affairs departments as research workers. Political science is also a good background subject to careers in social work, in journalism and in law. Here of course one should plan on taking a basic degree in political science before taking up a further course in the field of the proposed profession.

As for the practical application and training in this field they may work as Community Projects or National Extension workers or in the various party work. Though the idea of democracy is known to all, the man in the street is ignorant of the technicalities. Thus graduates in political science have a responsibility to educate the people about the same. Moreover political science studies are a good preparation for becoming teachers of social studies in the schools.

FIRST VICTIM

One night, he swore eternal love.

"But how can I be sure that you are sincere?" she asked. "I expect you deceive all the girls."

"Oh, that's an awful slander," he exclaimed. "You're the first, really."

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x

x

Girl's Father: "My daughter tells me you are worth over ten thousand pounds."

Suitor: "That's right. Expectation of life, thirty-five years—salary, three hundred. Thirty-five by three-hundred—well you can work it out for yourself!"

Beggar Who Was Made A Millionaire

(By Swami Sivananda)

The discussion in the front verandah of Krishna Sastri's little house was lively and loud. Sankaran, a youthful neighbour, a recent B. Com. was maintaining heatedly that it was absurd to say that God can do anything whatsoever and that there was no limit to His Omnipotence. But Sankaran would never accept this. Krishna Sastriji was attempting to convince him that there was nothing impossible to him.

A fair and handsome man, clad in the ochre robes of the sannyasin, a strange light of calmness and serenity radiating from his countenance was passing down the roadway. He heard the loud discussion in progress. He paused in his stride and approached the debating assembly. The moment he drew near, a hush fell upon the debaters and all eyes were turned upon the strange sadhu. "I could not help," he said, "hearing your remarks of a little while ago. Never for a moment doubt God's Omnipotence. He can do anything that He chooses to do. There is nothing impossible to Him. Listen, I shall illustrate this truth to you by relating a true incident:

"In the little Kabadwala quarter of the flourishing city of Tirupur is a small unostentatious, yet neat-looking temple of Lord Ganesha. Years ago a saint and mystic lived in the temple structure and used to worship the idol of Ganesh daily. The deity was reputed as being of great Satya and believed to grant the prayers of sincere devotees. Near the doorway of the little temple, there invariably sat a blind beggar of the locality named Chandu Surdas. He was a very quiet man, poor fellow, and eked out a precarious livelihood with the little doles that he got from the devotees visiting the temple. He was very miserable, and at times was obliged to go without food for a day or two. Daily he used to pour out his heart in earnest prayer to Lord Ganesh.

"To that locality, there came regularly, upon business visits,

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a certain rich stock-broker, Seth Murari Lall. He had amassed immense wealth through means, both fair as well as foul. He had also lost heavily through betting, horse-racing and gambling too. He was never satisfied with small transactions or little money. The great sanctity and mysterious power of Lord Ganesh of the little temple, the Sethji had heard from many. Hence every time he visited that locality the Seth used to stop his car, alight and make a formal Pradakshina of the sanctum sanctorum. In return for his Pradakshina the Sethji desired a modest tenfold increase of his bank-roll.

"One evening he was returning from the neighbouring town after fixing up an important contract. It was late in the night and the Seth got down hurriedly before the Ganesh temple to do his wonted perambulation. But he heard strange voices from within the temple and stopped to listen. A highly emotional devotee, Gajanan Dass, was sitting before the Lord's image sunk in deep trance. Murari Lall had seen Gajanan Dass in this condition once or twice previously and also knew that whatever the latter uttered while in trance state invariably came to pass with perfect accuracy. The devotee himself was totally unconscious of what he spoke. Now he was talking. The Seth listened intently. It seemed to be a conversation between two hidden voices. The first voice was a divine feminine tone. 'My son,' it said, 'do something

for this poor beggar at thy door. This miserable Surdas is praying night and day for thy grace. Do not be heedless to him any longer.' A second voice now replied, 'As the Mother of the Universe and the consort of Maheshwar commands. To-morrow before the stroke of twelve midday I shall make this beggar the master of a lakh of rupees. His days of poverty and misery will end for ever and he shall be put beyond all wants. Else my name is not Ganesh.'

"This is a promise, my son?"

"Yes I have given my word."

"Gajanan Dass lapsed into silence. His trance began to pass off.

"The Seth stopped to listen, no more. He forgot to do his usual Pradakshina too. He was fired with excitement. His crooked brain had conceived of a crafty plan to swindle the unknown Chandu Surdas of the promised lakh. He did not return to his mansion that night but dozed in the car itself. He could hardly wait for the dawn. The morning brought Surdas to his inevitable place by the temple door. Hardly had he seated himself than the Sethji hurried over to him and greeted him. The Seth was trying to make his voice casual and unconcerned. The beggar was surprised at the unusual 'Namaste Bhagatji'.

"Look here," the Sethji continued, "would you like to get a hundred rupees?" Poor Surdas nodded eagerly. "Then my good man, the Rs. 100 which

I have decided to give away in charity to-day, will go to you. I have a small request. As a remembrance of our meeting I shall take for myself whatever you get as your daily collection into your bowl to-day. Your receipt before midday will be mine."

"Surdas agreed at once. He was readily willing to part with his insignificant daily pittance in return for a hundred rupees. Little did he dream of the wealth that was to come to him that day nor was he aware of the wicked scheme of the Seth to cheat him of his good fortune with a paltry sum of a hundred.

"The Seth took his seat in the inner court of the temple and commenced watching the beggar's bowl. Time passed. The day advanced. An occasional copper or two and a few pice was all that fell into the bowl. The beggar did not mind anything for he was to get a veritable fortune of Rs. 100 that day. But the Seth began to fume. Midday was fast drawing nigh. Dark thoughts arose in his mind. Was the temple deity about to cheat him? What! Was Murari Lall going to be thus trifled with? God or no God, he, Murari Lall was going to have his lakh by hook or crook. It was 11-30 a.m. The Seth's temper got the better of him. He was getting deeply chagrined. He rose up and swiftly entered the inner sanctum. He was wrathful. Approaching the sacred image he brandished his clenched fist before its face. He swore at it

calling it 'Liar! deceiver! boaster!' There stood the idol in front of him as impassive as ever, the same inscrutable expression upon its dark, smooth, stony face. The money-mad Seth lost his temper and with a shout of anger delivered one hard blow upon the elephant trunk of Ganesh. Lo! The next moment a truly awesome thing happened. As soon as the clenched fist of the Seth struck the rounded trunk of the God the serpentine curve of the trunk suddenly straightened out with a lightning movement and wound itself tightly round the arm. The Seth's hand became imprisoned in the vice-like grip. He was seized by terror. He struggled to free himself. He desperately tried to wrench his hand free. The more he tugged the tighter the grip grew. He was pulled nearer to the idol. The image now caught hold of his hands with its four hands and the trunk now encircled itself round his throat. A voice now spoke and said, 'Murari Lall! If you want to save your life send thy driver to thy house and immediately get one lakh of rupees. The money must be in that beggar's bowl by 12 o'clock. Quick. Hurry up, lest the midday be past. He should get it before midday. I always keep my promise. My word is never in vain.' The mention of giving away one lakh staggered the wretched Seth. He now began to plead hard with the deity. He had no intention of ever parting with his dear money. But the

grip on the neck tightened. The bones of his hand felt as though crushed. He began to pant. In a hoarse voice he called out to the driver. After five minutes of calling the driver appeared from the lane outside. The Seth whispered to him to come closer. Then in urgent tones he urged the servant to hurry home at once and instruct his cashier Ramniklal to come to the temple with Rs. 1,00,000. 'Say it is a matter of life and death,' the terrified Seth added. The driver hurried away. Within half an hour's time he returned with a trembling cashier clutching a money bag with the required amount. By this time the Seth was in the very throes of terror and agony. He gasped out, 'Give that lakh of rupees to the man sitting at the door. Take him home and hand the amount to his wife. Do it before the neighbours as witness. Hurry up; do it at once!'

"The cashier was dumb-struck. But the urgency of the

Seth was unmistakable. He did as was directed and hurried back to the temple. When the money was being handed over to the wife of Chandu Surdas the coils of the trunk around the neck of Murari Lal loosened and his hands were freed. He sank to the floor at the feet of the sacred image.

"Thinking that the master was overtaken by some strange illness the driver lifted him and took him to the waiting car and drove straight home. Thus did the Lord bring to pass His will and turned the blind beggar into a rich man."

The strange Sadhu paused at the end of the even stranger narrative. "And," he added, "I can vouch for the truth of this occurrence. I am Murari Lal, the Seth." The group of listeners gasped. The monk walked away and disappeared before they could recover from their astonishment.—*From Illuminating Stories.*

The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it yet within our reach, is joy. Take joy. And so, I greet you, with the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day break and the shadows flee away.—*Fra Giovanni.*

X X X
Doctor: Is your cold better?

Patient: No.

Doctor: Did you drink the orange juice after the hot bath?

Patient: No. After drinking the hot bath, I couldn't get the orange juice down.

X X X
She, at the end of a squabble:

"Well, it was a great come down for me when I married you."

He: "Yes I always thought I had taken you off the shelf."

Sri Sai Baba & His Devotees

(By Sri K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, Retd. District Judge)

The names of the devotees of Sri Sai Baba is legion and the Sai cult has grown from strength to strength because of two factors, viz. (1) the grace of Sri Sai Baba giving us worldly benefits and blessings and warding off dangers and difficulties (*abhyudaya*) and (2) the grace of Sri Sai Baba leading us along the path spiritual to the lotus feet of God and merger in the infinite ocean of Sachchidananda.

Sri Sai Samaj associations exist all over India. The headquarters of the All India Sai Samaj is at Mylapore, Madras, and its President is the venerable Sri B. V. Narasimhaswami. A beautiful temple has been built there through his efforts. Another holy centre is the shrine of Sri Sai Baba in the house of Sri S. B. Kesaviah at No. 118-F, Shenoy nagar, Madras-30.

A valuable work entitled *Glimpses of Sai Baba* written and published by Sri B. V. Narasimhaswami in 1945 contains an excellent introduction by Mr. Justice Dewan Bahadur C. N. Kuppuswami Iyer, who was not only an eminent and learned Judge but was also a man of spotless character.

In it Mr. Kuppuswami Iyer says: "To so assimilate spiri-

tual truths and ideas as to make them one's own, it is imperative to have direct personal contact with a spiritually evolved soul, is one of the fundamental traditional beliefs in India.

'In every one of his actions and dealings towards his devotees, he (Sri Sai Baba) was always having prominently in his mind the spiritual welfare of his devotees and was at each stage attending to their progress towards the Great God.'

Sai Baba's method of purifying the ego of his devotees and refining and spiritualising his nature can be well understood from a few incidents and anecdotes. On one occasion, the station master at Valambi was persuaded by a great Sai Baba devotee Das Ganu Maharaj to visit Sri Sai Baba at Shirdi. When he went there, Baba was washing pots and placing them mouth downwards. The station master was impatient and vexed by Baba's ignoring him and attending to such a useless task. He asked Baba, "What is the meaning of all this?" Baba replied: "Persons who come to me come to me like this." He meant that people who went to him cared only for temporal and temporary relief and not for the higher truths. They were like poets with mouths

downwards and into which water cannot be poured. This lesson was a turning-point in the man's career.

On another occasion, a visitor asked him: "Baba! What is God like?" Baba did not reply to him, but asked a devotee to go to Bagchand Marwadi and tell him that Baba wanted Rs. 100. The devotee went and returned and said: "The Marwadi says that he has no money and sends his *mamas-kars*." Baba sent the devotee to another Sowcar. The devotee came back and said: "The Sowcar says that he has not got the money." Then Baba asked him to fetch Nana Saheb Chandorkar. When Nana came, Baba told him that he wanted Rs. 100. Then Nana wrote a chit to Bagchand Marwadi for a loan of Rs. 100. The money was sent at once by the Marwadi. The visitor asked Das Ganu Maharaj later why Baba did not answer his question. Das Ganu Maharaj replied: "He has answered. When others asked for money, it was not forthcoming. Nana Saheb asked for it and got it at once. Similarly, the man who merely wants to know Brahman cannot know Him. Only he who is qualified to know Him can know him. Baba teaches you to deserve to know God before you desire to attain God."

On another occasion, a rich man went to Baba with plenty of money in his pocket. He went in a cab. He was a niggardly man and was unwilling to spend money. He knew that the cabman would ask for

extra fare if he was detained for a long time. He told Baba: "Baba! Show me God. It is for this that I have come from a great distance. People say that Shirdi Baba reveals Brahman quickly."

Baba said: "I will show you how to know and attain God. You are a rare man. Most people seek wealth, pleasure, position or honour, or desire the cure of some disease. I love people who, like you, come to me only to know and attain God." Baba then sent a boy to fetch Rs. 5 as a loan from Nandalal Marwadi. The Marwadi was absent. Baba sent the boy to other Sowcars. The boy came back empty handed. The rich visitor became impatient because delay meant extra payment to the tongawala whom he had engaged for the return journey also. He had Rs 250/- in his pocket and the idea struck him that he might give a loan of Rs. 5/- to Baba and thus save time. But his next idea was that he might not get a return of the money. So he kept quiet. He pressed Baba for a reply to his question. Baba replied: "I have been trying all along to enable you to see God. I want five rupees. You must surrender your five *pranas* and your *budhi* and *ahankar* and *mind* and *intellect* and *ego* if you seek to know and attain God. But this can be done only if you have *vairagya* (dispassion and detachment). The man who is full of desire is not fit for Brahman." Thus Baba opened the inner eyes of the visitor who was in reality more attached to

Rs. 5/- than to Brahman room. He is humility personified and behaves towards

Sai Baba worship is conducted regularly on Thursday at the residence of Sri S. B. Kesaviah in Shenoyanagar and hundreds of devotees queue up there for blessings and advice. The room where puja is performed has the odour of true sanctity. Sri S. B. Kesaviah receives every person standing in the puja

all persons as if they confer a favour on him by going to him, whereas it is he who confers on them a great favour by his devotion to God and by his interest in their welfare. I wish him God speed in his evangelical mission in a sordid, selfish, competitive, pleasure-loving, materialistic age.

BIRD IN THE HAND

"Well," said the happy bridegroom to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?"

"Oh, I'll leave that to you," was the reply. "You can better estimate the value of the service rendered."

"Suppose we postpone settlement then—say for a year. By that time I shall know whether I ought to give you fifty pounds or nothing."

"No, no," said the clergyman, who was a married man himself; "make it ten shillings now."

Teashop proprietrix: "I'm sorry you don't like my cakes, but I assure you that this business has been built up almost entirely on my cookery."

Candid Customer: "I don't doubt it. With a few more buns like those you could build a hotel!"

The football match was over and the spectators were crowding out through the gates. Suddenly an official caught sight of a man climbing over the fence.

"Hi, you!" he shouted, "can't you go out the way you came in?"

"Yes," said the man as he dropped to the ground; "that's just what I am doing."

There was a timid knock at the door.

"If you please, kind lady," said the beggar, "I've lost my right leg."

"Well, it ain't here," exclaimed the woman, as the door was slammed in his face.

Live with men as if God saw you; so speak to God as if men heard you.—*Seneca*.

HISS BUT DON'T BITE

Some cowherd boys used to tend their cows in a meadow where a terrible poisonous snake lived. Everyone was on the alert for it. One day a brahmachari was going along the meadow. The boys ran to him and said: "Revered sir, please don't go that way. A venomous snake lives over there."

"What of it, my good children?" said the brahmachari. "I am not afraid of the snake. I know some *mantras*." So saying he continued on his way along the meadow. But the cowherd boys, being afraid, did not follow him.

In the meantime the snake moved swiftly toward him with upraised hood. As soon as it came near, he recited a *mantra*, and the snake lay at his feet like an earthworm. The brahmachari said, "Look here, why do you go about doing harm? Come, I will give you a holy word. By repeating it you will learn to love God. Ultimately you will realise him and also get rid of your violent nature." Saying this, he taught the snake a holy word and initiated it into spiritual life. The snake bowed before the teacher and said, "Revered sir, how shall I practice spiritual discipline?"

"Repeat the sacred word," said the teacher, "and do no harm to anybody." As he was about to depart, the brahmachari said, "I shall see you again."

Some days passed and the cowherd boys noticed that the snake would not bite. They threw stones at it. Still it showed no anger; it behaved as if it were an earthworm. One day one of the boys came close to it, caught it by the tail, and, whirling it round and round, dashed it again and again on the ground and threw it away. The snake vomitted blood and became unconscious. It was stunned. It could not move. So, thinking it dead, the boys went their way.

Late at night the snake regained consciousness. Slowly and with great difficulty it dragged its way into its hole; its bones were broken and it could scarcely move.

Many days passed. The snake became a mere skeleton covered with skin. Now and then, at night, it would come out in search of food. For fear of the boys it would not leave its hole during the daytime. Since receiving the sacred word from the teacher, it had given up doing harm to others. It maintained its life on dirt, leaves, or the fruits that dropped from the trees.

About a year later the brahmachari came that way again and asked after the snake. The cowherd boys told him that it was dead. But he couldn't believe them. He knew that the snake would not die before attaining the fruit of the holy word with which it had been

Hiss But Don't Bite

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initiated. He found his way to the place and, searching here and there, called it by the name he had given it. Hearing the guru's voice, it came out of its hole and bowed before him with great reverence.

"How are you?" asked the brahmachari.

"I am well, sir," replied the snake.

"But," the teacher asked, "why are you so thin?"

The snake replied, "Revered sir, you ordered me not to harm anybody. So I have been living only on leaves and fruit. Perhaps that has made me thinner."

The snake had developed the quality of *sattva*; it could not be angry with anyone. It had totally forgotten that the cowherd boys had almost killed it.

The brahmachari said: "It cannot be mere want of food that has reduced you to this

state. There must be some other reason. Think a little."

Then the snake remembered the boys had dashed it against the ground. It said, "Yes, revered sir, now I remember. The boys one day dashed me violently against the ground. They are ignorant, after all. They didn't realise what a great change had come over my mind. How could they know I wouldn't bite or harm anyone?"

The brahmachari exclaimed, "What a shame! You are such a fool! You don't know how to protect yourself. I asked you not to bite, but I didn't forbid you to hiss. Why didn't you scare them away by hissing?"

So you must hiss at wicked people. You must frighten them lest they should do you harm. But never inject your venom into them. One must not injure others.—*From Tales & Parables of Sri Ramakrishna.*

The cake had been passed to every one at the table but Bobbie aged three and a half years. Bobbie asked for some.

His Mother: "No dear; banana cake is too heavy for little boys."

Bobbie (after several seconds of thought): "Well, I'll use both hands."

x x x

Devoted Admirer: "There are certain advantages in being a bachelor, but there are times when one longs for a being who regards one as perfect, and whom one can call absolutely one's own."

Girl: "If I were in your place, I'd get a dog."

x x x

Excited Wife: "Oh, dear, the cook has fallen and broken her collar bone!"

Absent-minded Professor: "Give her notice at once. You told her what to expect if she broke anything else."

Beauty That Brought Ruin

(By Miss P. Vimala)

There was great rejoicing in the palace of one of the petty rulers of Gujerat. The attendants hurried to convey the glad tidings of the birth of a princess. Temple bells rang. Priests and peasants were genuinely happy to hear the news. For, the Prince was a pious man and liked by all.

As was the custom then prevailing the palace astrologer was soon summoned and he was asked to cast the horoscope of the child. The astrologer proceeded with his calculations and the Prince who was sitting nearby soon found a change in his face. He was evidently greatly disturbed in mind.

"Do you read anything very bad in the horoscope?" asked the Prince.

"Maharaja," the astrologer humbly replied, "the princess will grow into a beautiful girl. The fame of her beauty will spread far and wide. But....."

"But what? Tell me all without hiding anything."

For a while the astrologer remained silent debating within himself whether to tell the truth. Then he replied haltingly first that the princess after she grows into maturity will bring nothing but ruin on all those associated with her.

"Is there no purificatory ceremony by which the evil could be mitigated?" the Prince demanded.

"None. Destiny cannot be changed. The only way to save

yourself and your throne is to abandon the child before the inexorable fate overtakes us all."

It was a horrible decision to take but when the elders of his council pressed him to act according to the astrologer's advice he ordered that the child be taken and left in the forest to be a prey to the wild beasts.

The inexorable fate, however, was working out its plans and the babe left in a bush to die was rescued by a potter of a neighbouring kingdom who happened to pass that way.

The potter's name was Harmatya and he named the child Ranik Devi and she grew into a beautiful maiden. Her fine proportionate body, rosy cheeks and enchanting eyes drew the admiration of one and all in the village. Gradually her fame spread in surrounding villages and it reached the ears of the prince of the place.

He resolved to see her himself and came to the village. One look at her and he resolved to marry her but Harmatya was not willing to give his consent without consulting the wishes of his adopted daughter, whom he loved deeply. This enraged the prince who threatened dire consequences if his wishes were not respected. Fearing his wrath Harmatya fled the place that night and after wandering many days came to a place named Majivdi in Junagad.

Sidhraj Jaising was the most

Beauty That Brought Ruin

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powerful among the many rulers of Gujerat at the time and one day he heard some bards singing wherein Ranik Devi's beauty was likened to the beauty of the wild flowers in the forest. Jaising's interest was aroused and he immediately sent two of his ministers with costly presents to the potter.

Harmatya was reluctant at first to give his consent for the betrothal of Ranik Devi with Jaising but when he was told refusal might mean death he agreed.

Meanwhile two nephews of Rao Khengar, the Prince of Girnar, were passing through Majivdi and they accidentally happened to meet Ranik Devi. When they returned they told their uncle about her and her unsurpassing beauty. Rao Khengar was a hot head and a dare devil and he immediately proceeded to the place and took her away by force despite the warning of the potter and the villagers that the maiden has been betrothed to Jaising and that by his act he would incur his enmity and bring sure ruin on himself. But Rao Khengar was intoxicated with the beauty of Ranik Devi and would not heed to their warnings. Ranik Devi too did not demur for she had fallen in love with the dashing Prince even at first sight!

Sidhraj Jaising when he heard of the forceful abduction of his betrothed was mad with fury and immediately ordered his army to lay waste the land of Girnar. But the fortress of

Girnar was strong and the invading force prepared to lay siege to it.

But the defenders were not perturbed. The fort was surrounded on three sides by forests and it was well fortified. By a secret passage under the fort and across the forest they could secure the provisions they needed. The siege thus lasted twelve years during which time two sons were born to Ranik Devi. The siege would have lasted many more years had not one of the nephews betrayed and revealed the existence of the secret passage. The fort was taken by surprise and Rao Khengar killed in battle.

Ranik Devi was at her daily pooja to the family diety when she heard of the fall of the fort and the death of her husband. Jaising's men had by then entered the pooja room and she was taken prisoner along with her two sons.

Sidhraj Jaising paid court to her but received nothing but scorn from the widow. The Rajput blood in her tingled and boiled at every approach by Jaising and entreaties were of no avail. Finding that persuasiveness and cajolery had no effect and goaded by fury he threatened that unless she yielded to his wishes he would put her two sons to death.

Even this dire threat had no effect on her and Jaising now resolved to have the two boys executed in her own presence! Ranik Devi even then did not allow her will to weaken. She put courage into her sons and asked them to die bravely like

Rajputs. And even when the two heads fell and rolled on the ground she did not shed even a tear.

Jaising now knew that he could never subdue Ranik Devi and make her accept his will. He gradually repented and one day he went to Ranik Devi and said to her :

"Devi, I have sinned against you. I don't know how I can atone for it. Tell me your wishes and I will carry them out."

"O king," Ranik Devi replied, "I have no other wish than to join my lord and husband. Prepare a pyre so that

I can lay this body which has brought sorrow and ruin to those I loved, and get purified by fire"

Jaising immediately issued orders and heaps of sandal wood were piled and the funeral pyre was got ready for the satee. It is said that Ranik Devi, attired in a red saree ascended the pyre in an ecstatic mood and bowed in prayer to God and then as she prayed to the sun looking up, the pyre of its own accord burst into flames enveloping the beautiful princess whose beauty had brought nothing but ruin to all those associated with her as predicted earlier by the astrologers.

The explorer was describing one of his narrow escapes to a crowd of people.

"I grabbed hold of the lion's neck, rolled over and over and—"

Voice : "Fell out of bed."

A Spaniard, an American, and a Scotsman were discussing what they would do if they awoke one morning to discover that they were millionaires.

The Spaniard said he would build a bull ring.

The American said he would go to Paris to have a good time.

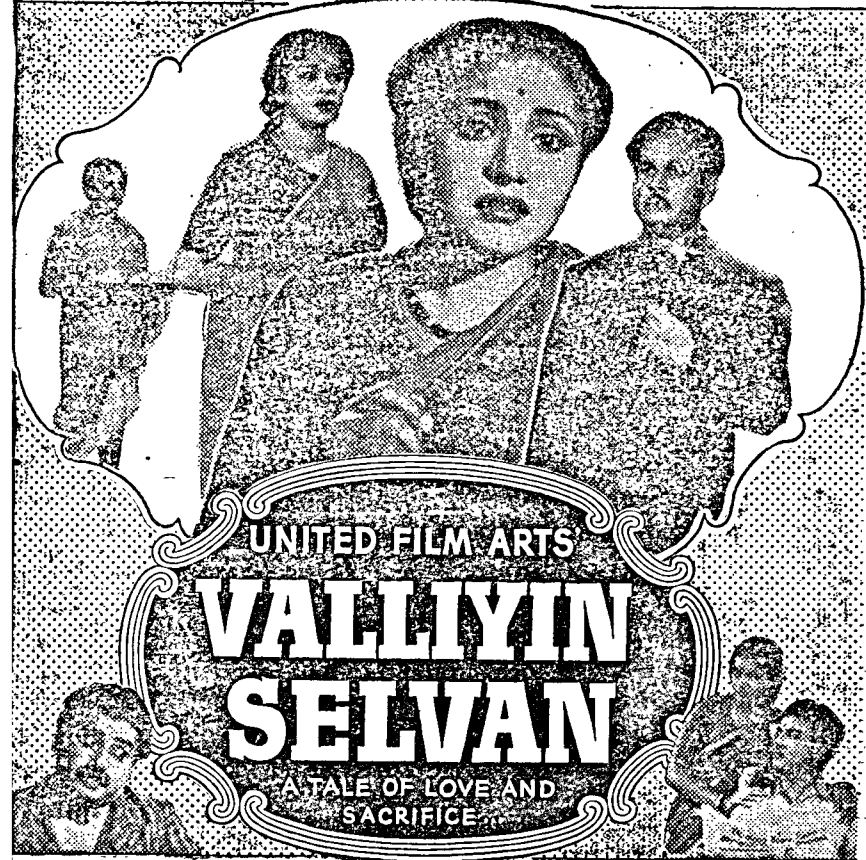
The Scotsman said he would go to sleep again to see if he could make another million.

Some two years ago Paris had the unusual experience of enjoying scented rain. It was a novel advertising stunt by an American perfume manufacturing company to make the Parisians familiar with a new perfume. They seeded clouds passing over Paris with carbon dioxide and the perfume. "The experiment was a wonderful success," claimed the manufacturers. "We had an observer on the Eiffel Tower and he said many of the women were cupping their hands to catch the perfumed rain and then putting the scent behind their ears and necks."

A special hot springs bath has been opened at Ohito, Japan, for racehorses whose form has been disappointing.

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— TRUE CRIME STORY —

Gruesome Find In Car

(By Vincent Selbourne)

Criminals have used all manner of ingenious means to conceal the evidence of their crimes from the eyes of the law, but few have shown the bizarre imagination of Nina Houseden, of Detroit, Michigan (USA), who disguised the dismembered remains of her husband as a collection of Christmas parcels.

Nina had laid her plans carefully.

The murder itself was committed without a hitch, and but for a faulty oil gauge on the car which was to take Nina on her grisly Yuletide journey she might have escaped the law and the disappearance of Charles Houseden might have been nothing more than a record in the missing persons bureau.

Charles Houseden was young, good-looking. He worked as a driver for one of the big interstate bus companies. Nina was also young, beautiful, and madly jealous of her husband.

Their marriage came to grief early. Nina's jealousy grew into a mad possessiveness which could not bear to trust her husband out of her sight.

She accused him constantly of having affairs with other women at the various stop over points on his bus route. Her incessant phone calls to the bus depot to check on Charles' movements made her husband's life a misery and reduced the

depot switch board operator to a nervous wreck.

When Charles could stand his wife's torment no longer they parted. He obtained a court order to restrain Nina from worrying him at the bus depot, and went ahead with plans to obtain a divorce.

He moved to a small apartment on the other side of Detroit, much to the relief of the depot switchboard staff. But Nina was furious.

The divorce proceedings were due to be heard on December 19, the last day of the court's sitting before the Christmas vacation. On the afternoon of December 18, Charles, at home, off duty, received a phone call.

It was Nina, the old, sweet, lovable Nina of the past. She suggested that they forget their differences for one evening, perhaps their last as man and wife; and that they have dinner together.

Charles fell for the old charm and agreed to meet his wife at eight that evening.

Her phone call made and the place of meeting arranged, Nina went out to join the bustling throng of Christmas shoppers. She made some odd purchases: an enormous amount of festive wrapping paper, decorated with Santa Claus and holly, some ribbon, a length of clothes line and a saw.

When Nina had suggested to her husband that this might be their last evening of official matrimony, she had meant it in more ways than one.

Their night out was a gay one. They laughed and joked of old times as they dined together. They went to a movie afterwards—but not for long. When Nina suggested that it might be more cosy around the fireside in their old home, Charles didn't need any second asking.

At her home, Nina produced two bottles of Charles' favourite brandy. They drank to the past and to the future. Charles drank brandy neat, but Nina's was well diluted with ginger ale.

Later, Nina surveyed the sleeping man beside her. She rose, tip-toed across the room and returned with the clothes-line she had purchased that afternoon.

Charles never awoke from his brandy-sodden slumber. Nina slipped the rope around his neck, knotted it pulled hard and strangled him.

That much had been easy. The second part of her plan was carried out with great care and thought.

In the early hours of the morning, Nina walked across town to Charles' apartment. She let herself in with the key she had taken from the pocket and went to work.

She undid the bundle of her husband's clothes which she had brought with her and put his suit back into the wardrobe

and the shoes and other things into their usual places.

When she left, the apartment bore the normal signs of having been used the night before and left in the usual untidy haste when the occupant left for work that morning.

It was nearly dawn when she returned to her own home and the now cold body of her dead husband.

Some hours later, refreshed by a short sleep and a hearty breakfast, Nina visited a downtown garage, where she and Charles had some time before their final parting made the down payment on a second-hand sedan.

She paid over the balance of the instalments and was told she could take possession of the car later that day.

Nina fretted a little about the delay, but there was nothing she could do about it, except to go home again and get on with the task of converting her late husband into easily transportable pieces.

This she did with the aid of the saw and a carving knife, wrapping each piece in festive paper and tying it up with the ribbon.

By the time she had finished and cleaned away the mess, it was time to collect the car.

Early the next morning, Nina set out for her home town, near Paducah, Kentucky. Along the way she intended to dispose of the pile of gay looking Christmas wrapped parcels, which were packed on the back seat. But she didn't get very far.

A passing motorist took pity

on the pretty girl in the broken down sedan and towed her to the nearest garage.

It didn't take the garage mechanic long to discover the cause of the trouble, the engine had burnt out. The oil gauge had been untruthfully indicating full when it wasn't, and no one had bothered to check it.

Nina fumed about dealers who sold faulty second hand cars, but there was little she could do about it.

The garage owner listened to her story. He said he would try and repair the engine in time for her to get home by Christmas Eve, but he told her that the job would take at least 24 hours.

Much to his surprise, Nina told him that she would wait, while he and the mechanic fixed the engine. And she did. She stayed by the car and chatted to the men as they worked. She sent for sandwiches and coffee and that night she curled up on the front seat and went to sleep.

Nina's obvious reluctance to leave the car made the garage owner curious, but the odour which came from the pile of gay

parcels on the back seat made him suspicious.

When he remarked about the smell the pretty girl told him, with a charming confidential smile, that she had made a smart deal in blackmarket venison. She said she was taking it home to her family and friends for Christmas dinner.

The man was aware that country folk usually leave venison until it is a little high before cooking, but he was still dubious.

He talked the matter over with his mechanic and in the early hours of the next morning they reached across the sleeping figure on the front seat and extracted one of the parcels.

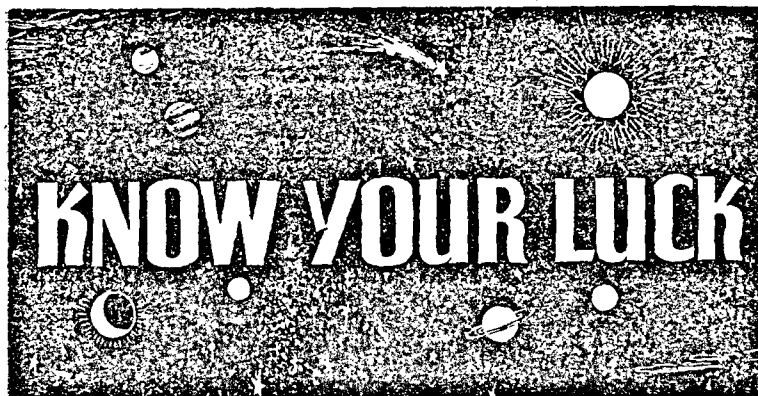
They opened it, shuddered with horror when the gay wrapping disclosed its grim contents.

Immediately they phoned the local sheriff's office.

When Nina opened her eyes the next morning, the car was surrounded by a squad of police.

Early the following year, Nina Housedon was tried and convicted for the murder of her husband, and is serving the first years of her sentence of life imprisonment in the Michigan penitentiary.

Mrs Anna Briggs of California had a strange accident some years ago. While walking a diamond ring fell from the sky and hit her head. It was dropped by a passenger in a plane and when the ring was returned to the owner Mrs. Briggs was rewarded with about Rs. 1,000. She had another luck awaiting her. The incident was widely reported in the press and it came to the notice of German Consular authorities. She was identified as the heir to the estate of an uncle of hers who had died leaving £25,000.



The predictions given below are based on a thorough interpretation of the planetary positions of the month. Those who have favourable ruling dasa bhukti will experience the evil effects mentioned herein to a lesser degree.

(By Leo)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Positions of planets on the whole do not auger favourable results during this month. Saturn's position aspected by Kuja from the XII house offers hindrances, worries, enmities through secret enemies, heavy expenditure, troubles through creditors, sufferings to elders and children in the first half. Second half will prove slightly better, financially and domestically. Favour of the Government, successful speculation and better relation with outsiders will be the features in the 2nd half. On or about the 24th there will be favour from men of high rank and character. A journey to a distant holy place, monetary help through relations and your evincing much interest in an

auspicious ceremony, will be the important points of this month. 2, 3, 17, 18, 23 are lucky days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURAS

Except Kuja in the first half and Saturn, other planets are not favourably placed during this month for you. Your ruler in the 8th house aspected by Saturn does not auger good health for you. A distant journey, troubles through enemies, bad remarks from others, stomach troubles, legal proceedings will be leading events of the month. Second half favours official advantage better domestic amenities, heavier expenditure, disturbed health of wife and disappointment through

Know Your Luck

friends will be your experiences in the month. Merchants will be luckier in the first half. Foreign business also will prove lucrative to them. Financial inconveniences are evident till the last week when the vakra lord of your income will become direct. 3, 7, 12, 17, 21 are lucky days. 10, 18, 23 are unfavourable.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

The first half of this month may not prove beneficial to you. Your health and general outlook of life may not be encouraging enough. There will be mental anxiety, confusion and irritations about your domestic and professional activities. Your affairs will take an unfavourable turn from 12th February. There will be unnecessary court fears in a few cases. Professionally there will be no mental peace owing to many kinds of disturbing affairs. Second half will prove financially much better. There will be help from friends and elderly relations and also disturbed health. Officially there will be no gain. Merchants will find the month encouraging in the 2nd half only when the lord of gain viz. Kuja will be in Swakshetra. Avoid friction with old friends of yours who come to you for help. One of your children will claim your special attention. 3, 6, 11, 17, 26 are better days.

KATAKA RASI or CANCER

This is a month of mixed results. Saturn, Sukra and Sun don't auger well for domestic happiness, health, and social life. Expenditure may be incurred for good or auspicious causes. Second half portends greater success in your undertakings and better relations with those with whom you move socially. Financial conveniences are encouraging during the month. Legal proceedings may be avoided where possible. Officially, second half will prove decidedly better. Either change of duty or a transfer is evident then. Merchants also will be luckier in the 2nd half. Speculation will be lucrative. Partnership will labour under misunderstandings or friction. Stomach trouble is indicated. You will not be happy with female members at home. 2, 3, 17, 22, 26, 28 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

First half of this month is not favourable to you. owing to malefic aspects at work. Want of mental peace, heavy expenditure, blame through relations or friends, and elders, disturbed health, financial pressure, ill-health of a child will be leading events of the first half. Second half indicates favour of the elders or superiors, gain through compa-

nies or associations or success in legal suit, better domestic amenities. A ceremony also may take place partly at your expense. Officially, second half is better for favour of the boss. Gain through business is evident. New friends will be made to your advantage. You will gain through them financially. People in the insurance or banking concerns will have special gain and favour of their bosses. Officially you will gain in the 2nd half. Merchants will be lucky in their foreign business relations. 2, 3, 7, 12, 17, 28 are lucky days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

The whole month may not prove advantageous. People in their bad dashabhukti will suffer more here. They will have no mental peace domestically on account of their children. There will be disturbed relationship with the members or relations in the family. Your wife's or husband's health as the case may be, will suffer. Financially worries will increase in the 2nd half. Expenditure for auspicious ceremony will be incurred. Speculators will not find it easy to score profits as usual in their businesses. Some trouble regarding records or document will worry you unnecessarily for some time. Officially, you will not have cordial relations with colleagues. Avoid friction and quarrels with them.

3, 7, 17, 18, 28 are lucky days.

THULARASI or LIBRA

This month benevolent influences of planets preponderate. Guru's position is by far an encouraging one. His aspect to exalted Saturn helps a better turn of your outlook of life, socially you will take greater interest. Financially there will be greater conveniences from the 2nd half. Marriage seekers will find this a happy month for the marriage settlement. Separated couple will meet under happy auspices. Domestic life will have better amenities. In a few cases, there may be a change of residence too. One of your sons will come up well. Avoid friction with elders and seniors at home and office. Officially there may be some advantage or other gains. Merchants will be luckier during the 2nd half.

2, 5, 6, 7, 17, 23, 28 are lucky days.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

The solar course through the III house indicates favourable settlement of your pending affairs. Your new undertakings will meet with success. Financially things are not running smoothly for you. A need for the raising up of a temporary loan may be found unavoidable. Correspondence, records, and meeting of men of status and influence, heavy expenditure, disturbed domestic life on

† Chitra
Swathi and
† Vishaka

† Uttara-
phalgun
Hastha and
† Chitra

† Vishaka,
Anuradha
and Jyestha

account of your own children or relations, a journey which will prove profitable, and mental dejection will be the leading events of the month. Your ruler Kuja influenced by astam-adhipa Budha retrograding to the III house does not point to a carefree physical condition. Stomach trouble or urine trouble besides pain in the feet especially at nights will be manifest. Officially there may not be anything gained to your satisfaction. Merchants may gain more in the first half.

2, 3, 5, 17, 18, 21, 28 are lucky days.

DHANU RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary combinations auger well for you during this month, second half proving luckier than the first. They

also indicate continued eye-complaint to those who are chronic sufferers. Financially this month will show improvement. Second half shows sudden financial fluctuations. One of your friends may prove hostile to you during this month. You will be happy and gay in social activities. There may be a marriage in the second half in the case of a few. New knowledge and friends will be gained. Children will be the source of worry. Expenditure will increase beyond the budgeted amount. A journey will prove fruitful.

2, 3, 17, 18, 28 are good days while 10, 11, 14, 23, 24 are unfavourable.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The alignment of the planets does not prove lucky on the whole during this month especially in the first half.

Your health will be a big problem to you. Creditors' pressure for repayment of borrowed money will be heavy. Expenditure for auspicious causes, disaffection from children and relations, and differences with superiors or elders, inimical troubles, differences at home circle, and a need felt for a change of residence are all the outstanding features of this month. Officially there will be no cordial relations with your colleagues. Sukra in the XII bodes troubles through women or wife. Second half shows struggles, strifes, disturbances at home and with your colleagues or outsiders. Merchants will suffer in first half. Beware of differences in partnership business.

3, 5, 6, 17, 18, 26, 28 are somewhat better days. 10, 14, 23, 26 are unfavourable.

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

This is slightly a better month for you. Budha in thrikona to Guru in the first half will afford you gain of knowledge and wisdom. One of your sons will claim your special attention in the 2nd half. Financially there will be

† Uttara-
shada
† Sravana &
Dhanista

Moola,
Purva-
shada
Uttara-
shada

† Dhanista,
Sathabhishta &
† Poorva-
bhadra

timely help for all your commitments. Unexpected and indirect gain of money is indicated to some Correspondence, journalistic success, a journey, disturbed connection with a near relation, spiritual aspiration, gain through powerful ladies, gain from a distant place, etc are the leading events of the month. Your general health will be below par. Wife's health will require special attention. Marriage attempt, if any, will get through easily. Officially there will be slight gain in the 2nd half. Merchants will succeed in their speculations then. New kind of business may be successfully explored during the 2nd half.

2, 3, 5, 7, 17, 18, 28 are better days. 10, 12, 14, 16, 23, 26 are unfavourable.

x x

MEENA RASI or PISCES

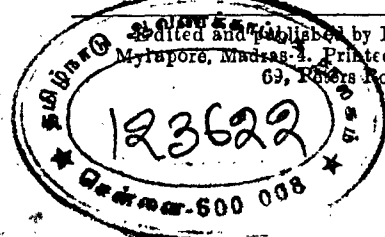
In spite of the continued astama Saturn causing you unnecessary mental distraction in all respects, Guru's changed position will tend to

reduce the evil effects of Saturn thus saving you from the hard tentacles of Saturn for some time to come. As the Solar course would have it, you will feel greater encouragement in service. The seeming impending troubles will soon fade away. Govt. will view your affairs favourably. There will be financial relief in the 2nd half. Sudden afflux of money by way of windfall or lottery may be your luck if only warranted by radical indications in your nativity itself. For, no Yoga in Gochara however strong and beneficial, will materialise unless reinforced by the same kind of Yoga obtaining in the nativity itself. During this month, positions of planets register this characteristic Yoga of a windfall. Whoever, therefore, has it in his nativity, will be uniquely lucky in this month. Merchants should be luckier during the month particularly in the 2nd half. There will be fair gains in oil, cosmetics, colours, stationeries etc. Machinery might not prove lucrative to the merchants. 2, 3, 6, 7, 17, 18, 23, 26, 28 are lucky days. 10, 14, 16, 23, are doubtful.

Beezum bought a parrot which he was assured was a good talker and would soon learn to repeat everything spoken in its presence. A month later, however, he returned to the shop with the bird.

"What's the matter with the parrot?" asked the dealer.

"W w-why," replied Beezum, "the d-d-darn b.b-bird s-s-stutters!"



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