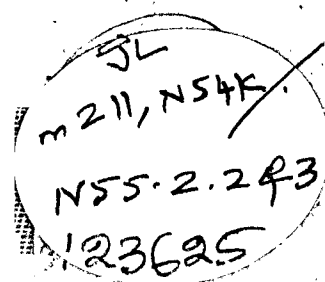


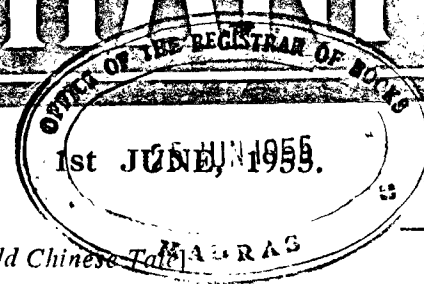
Kahaniza

June - July

1955



KAHANIYA



The Balm [An Old Chinese Tale]	— 2
Famous Trials [By S. Rajagopalan]	1754 — 5
Prince & The Brahmarakshasa [By Captain C. S. S. Sarma]	2-53 — 9
Rambles in Court Life [By V. G. Ramachandran, M A, B.L.]	— 11
Overdose of Dope [By T. N. Ramaswamy, B.Sc.]	— 15
The Serpent Expiates [By Manjeri S Isvaran]	24-31 — 19
Poet Who Could Not Flatter [By K. Rajagopalan, B.A.]	— 26
Begum Sumroo [By G. R. Jayalakshmi, B.Sc.]	— 28
The Haunted Railway Station [A True Ghost Story]	— 31
The Best of All Virtues [By Swami Sivananda]	— 34
Psychical Research [By G. K. Arya, B.A., B.L.]	— 36
and	
Your Luck for June (By Leo)	



SHORT STORY MONTHLY



Books To Read and Enjoy

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

NAKED SHINGLES

This book marks an epoch in Indo-Anglian literature and in Indian creative art. It plumbs life, taken at random, at its most succulent points and the incision carries no bandage and leaves no scar. The art is embalmed in poetic feeling and preserved in the amber of creative force.

—K. S. Venkataramani.

Price Rs. 2 8 0

Postage Rs. 0 12 0

ANGRY DUST

The dust is indeed angry in Mr. Isvaran's world, though never hard to lay. But there is much sincerity. The final piece analysing the enlightened young India's approach to the marriage tie forged in childhood, is of great restraint and delicacy.

—The Statesman

Price Rs. 2 0 0

Postage Rs. 0 12 0

FANCY TALES

This delightful volume will charm the sophisticated as well as the simple. The tales are decorated with subtle humour and fragrant beauty.

—John Hampson.

Price Rs. 2 0 0

Postage Rs. 0 12 0

NO ANKLET BELLS FOR HER

In this, Mr. Isvaran's latest collection of stories, he again shows a mastery of subject.

Price Rs. 3 0 0

Postage Rs. 0 12 0

COLD RICE

Stories that spring from a basic richness of imagination, shot with iridescent whimsies of observation and comment.

Price Rs. 3 0 0

Postage Rs. 0 12 0

SONG OF THE GIPSY MAIDEN

Rendering of an old Tamil Vedantic poem into English, that expresses the in-expressive in language the most concrete and picturesque.

Price Rs. 1 0 0

Postage Rs. 0 8 0

SHAKTI KARYALAYAM,

CATHEDRAL P. O. — MADRAS-6.

Kahaniya

Short Story Monthly

Annual Sub. Inland Rs. 3. Foreign Rs. 4.

Vol. II |

JUNE, 1955

No. 2

THIS MONTH

MADRAS

Regular readers of *Kahaniya* would remember the stories by "Shikha" which appeared in some of the earlier issues. These stories (translations from the French) had a rare charm and several readers had asked for more such stories. We are glad to publish one this month. It is an old Chinese tale about a king who demanded the impossible from his physicians and how these wise men of science got over the difficulty.

us are now and then enlivened by flashes of wit and humour. They always have an appeal and these will be recounted in the "rambles" which later will be published in book form. Sri Ramachandran is a well known advocate and has written several books on law. We are sure our readers will find these "rambles" pleasant reading.

Several readers have written to us congratulating us on the last issue. To these we are

Another interesting feature this month is "Rambles in Court Life" by Sri V.G. Ramachandran, M.A., the court findings which ordinarily seem dull and drab to most of

grateful. We are also grateful to the several suggestions which have been made to improve the monthly. They will be carefully considered and implemented as we progress.

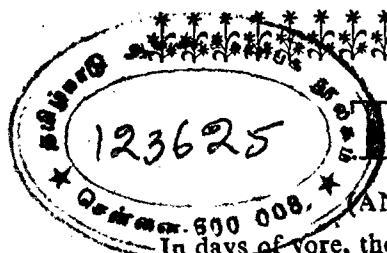
SURAJMAL'S

FOR

Quality Diamonds
and Precious Stones

313, Esplanade, Madras-1

no 211, NS4X
NSS. 2. 2 5-



The Balm

(AN OLD CHINESE TALE)

In days of yore, there lived a king to whom his father had left a large kingdom, but a small intellect. He was married to a princess whose intelligence was equal to his own. These two "torches of the world" (as their courtiers used to call them the whole day) had a daughter whom they had named "Spring-of-Joy."

The little princess was a superb baby and the parents had reason to congratulate themselves over it. But when they were shown the plump, chubby-cheeked girl they cried out in tones of distress: "How small she is! She is bald! She has no teeth! Oh, she is a monster!"

In vain did the greatest physicians of the kingdom explain to them that infants but a few days old were of that size, had no hair and had a mouth with no teeth; the king and the queen would not listen.

"You wish to impose upon us," they said disconsolately.

And when they were shown newborn babies chosen from their subjects they exclaimed, "What a good proof! Surely the children of subjects are not like the children of kings! Spring-of-Joy is a monster, a veritable monster!"

Horrified at having brought to the world so ugly a child, they assembled all the physicians of the kingdom in a

solemn meeting to ask them if they could cure the princess.

"I want from you," declared the king, "a drug which will make the princess grow tall which will make her hair and teeth sprout; if you do not fulfil my wish each one of you will be given a bastinado."

At this stunning announcement the whole assembly of savants cried out. But their protests had no effect on the king.

"I wish it so," said he, "and I am right, because I am the king. I give you five minutes for reflection: the drug or the bastinado."

Having spoken he came down majestically from the throne and left the hall to the clang of his guards' halberds.

Then there was such a clamour and outcry in the assembly that for four and a half minutes it was impossible for anyone to make himself heard. But when the first stroke of the gong announced the imminent return of the king, a profound silence descended over them.

The second stroke of the gong, then the third rang out; the heavy door opened, giving passage to the guards, plumed and clad all in gold, then to the king and the queen.

"Well," said the king, taking his place on the throne, "I heard you, doctors of medicine, discussing with animation

The Balm

What remedy have you found?"

There was no response. Not one of these brains, normally so fertile, could roll out the first letter of the first word of the first drug that may occur to the mind.

"What!" cried the king in anger, "this is how you obey me! Then there will have to be bastinado, since all of you want it."

He was just going to make a sign to the captain of the guards, when an old physician approached the throne.

"Sire," he said, "your orders, on the contrary, have been carried out, and all of us have agreed to prepare an excellent balm which will make the princess grow tall and will give her teeth and hair."

"What is this balm?" asked the king.

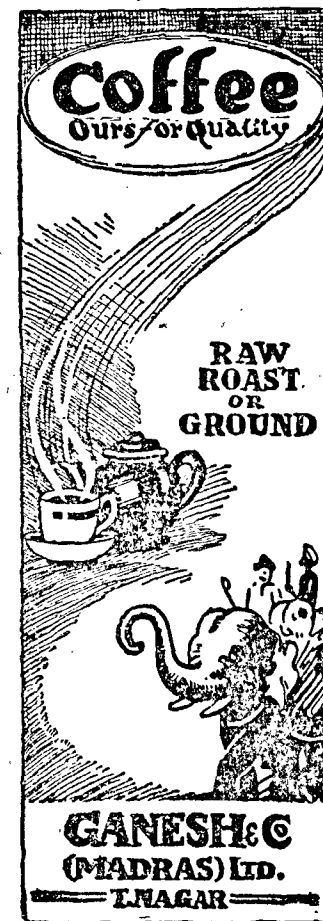
"It is composed of four hundred and seventy-five plants, three hundred and twelve minerals and a hundred and twenty-two volatile essences. But....."

"But...?"

"We cannot prepare it in five minutes even if we hurry."

"And why not? Since I demand it and I am the king!" said the king haughtily.

"Because, sire however great the power of kings, it stops before certain necessities and laws of life. Thus, to make myself better understood, in the composition of the drug which is to assure the growth of the princess, enters a plant called colocynth. Now this colocynth, to have all the necessary effectiveness, should be plucked on the first morning of its fourth



flowering. And it flowers once in two years. It is almost the same case with a certain calcedonic stone which is found at the summit of the Kouen-Lun mountains, and which should, at the moment of our making use of it, be at the second melting of the snows. Now, on the Kouen-Lun mountains, the snows melt every six years."

"So that means...?" asked the king.

"So that means that you must have patience. We are sure of the result. Our balm will make the princess grow tall and will give her all the teeth and all the hair necessary, but that will take time."

"A week?" asked the queen.

"More," bowed the physician. "We estimate that twelve years are indispensable. During this time, we demand that the young princess be confided to our care; no person from the court should have access to her. At the end of this period, if the princess has not grown, if she has neither hair nor teeth, then we shall ourselves pronounce our science a failure and shall offer our heads as the penalty for our error."

"What do you think of it, Madame?" asked the king of his queen.

John was the son of parents who were sufficiently popular to receive more invitations than they could conveniently accept. In the course of a general knowledge lesson, the master said, "Can any boy tell me the meaning of letters R S V P?"

John's hand shot up.

"Well?" said the master.

"They mean," explained John, "Rush in, shake hands, and vanish pleasantly."

"It seems to me to be very reasonable," said the queen. "Let us accord them the twelve years that they ask for, but after that, sire, you shall show yourself to be pitiless."

At the end of the twelve years the "science" of the physicians justified itself in a striking manner.

Not only was the young princess considerably grown—and the physicians asserted that by virtue of the powers of their balm she would still grow—but the mouth of Spring-of-Joy contained twenty-eight teeth, strong and healthy, and a thick plait of hair of the most beautiful black adorned her head.

Moreover, as she was heir to the kingdom, the physicians had wisely judged it necessary to shape her intelligence and judgment otherwise than it would have been, if she had been brought up near her parents; and if the king and the queen manifested their gratitude to the physicians for the excellent result of their balm, the people had reason to feel even more grateful!—*Rendered into English from the French of G. de Valerey by 'Shikha.'*

FAMOUS TRIALS

Motiveless Murders

By S. Rajagopalan

All killings import a diseased mind, an abnormal mental condition which deprives the offender of reason and rational thinking. It may be a sudden onset during which the offender suffers a mental paralysis, though in the full possession of his judgment. Macbeth is a typical representative of their class. A man who would be beside himself upon "a night shriek" became full of "slaughterous thoughts" with consequences made all too familiar to us by the tempo of the tragedy.

There are three types of mental unbalance, which have come up before the courts. (1) Insanity where the offender does not know by reason of unsoundness of mind that what he is doing is wrong or contrary to law. (2) Irresistible impulse or homicidal mania where the subject, under the influence of liquor or weak mental conditions, indulges in an orgy of killing for a while and then comes back to normal. (3) Mental aberration induced by prolonged illness especially affecting the brain centres.

Legal liability for offences committed under any of these categories has to be fixed up with a great deal of circumspection. Generally speaking, every criminal act implies that

the accused should know that what he is doing is wrong and that he has no lawful justification for his act. If I hit a man it will be assault and an offence. If, however, I hit him with the object of, say, removing a scorpion which is crawling on his neck, then of course I cannot be chargesheeted.

Similarly in the case of



CAWO
Sandal Soap

rapturously alluring
& 'MUSTIC'
It will delight you

GANGA WORKS
ADYAR.

grave crimes when the murderer is not conscious of what he is doing by reason of a permanent condition as insanity or by temporary brain fatigue, he cannot be hanged. A common example is furnished by an epileptic patient. Supposing when the attack is on, he kills somebody, then it would be ludicrous if he were to be charged with the offence. The reason is that when he indulges in violence he is not conscious at all of what he is doing.

The question was posed in England early this year in a case which involved an attempt to commit murder, but the principle applied therein are of universal application to crime in general.

Stanley Charlson was a shop keeper. He was a very devoted husband and father and got on very well with his ten-year-old son Peter. The back room windows in his house which is in Chester (England) overlooked a river which is two feet deep. He called his son Peter into the backroom telling him that there was a rat to be seen standing on a rock in the river. When the boy came up to the window, Stanley picked up a wooden mallet from the floor and struck the boy twice on the head, breaking the skin of his scalp and causing blood to flow. The boy tried to defend himself from further attack by wrapping his head in a towel. Stanley then picked the boy up and threw him out of the window. The boy fell twentyfive feet below into the river and suffered severe injuries to his leg and

arm. He eventually managed to crawl out of the river and summon assistance.

Meanwhile one Sergeant Stewart found Stanley sitting on the driving seat of his car; his head was bent forward on the steering wheel. The Sergeant opened the offside door and shone the torch on to Stanley's face. Stanley said very quietly: "My God! Tell me what I have done. It is something dreadful, is it not? I will have to be punished." He was dazed and bewildered. When he was interrogated by the police he appeared to be very distressed and bewildered. He admitted he had struck the boy but he did not know why he had done so. The prison medical officer said that he was sane and that no mental disease had been disclosed. Clinical examination and family history, however, disclosed that he had been suffering from a cerebral tumour which meant that he would be liable to motiveless outbursts of impulsive violence over which he would have no control at all; during such an outburst he would not know the difference between right and wrong. His family history was not less out of the normal. His mother had died of cerebral hemorrhage and so was his aunt. His sister had died of meningitis and his brother had an operation for mastoid. Six years ago he was himself down with neuritis in the leg.

Stanley took his trial before the Azzizes at Chester on 11-2-'55. The judge set out these details in his charge to

the jury, and in view of his mental condition, directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

Another distressing case occurred in Madras State recently where a quadruple murder was committed, which illustrated a corollary to the rule that a man is not liable for the consequences of his act when at the time of his doing it he is mentally weak or unstable.

Rajagopala Iyengar (30) was a clerk in the Indian Bank Kivalur branch, on a salary of Rs. 120. He had also some property and lands of the value of Rs. 25,000. He was married to Mathuravalli Ammal and had six children. To all appearance he led a happy married life. His eldest was a daughter, his next was a son aged 10, followed up by four daughters aged 8, 6, 4 and 2. In 1.51 he was transferred to Tiruvarur from Kivalur.

On the fateful day, his eldest daughter had gone to a relation's house. The other five children with their parents were sleeping in the house. Shortly after midnight, two of his neighbours were startled to hear noises and groans from the houses and came out to find what the matter was. They found the man standing at the threshold with an iron pestle in his hand. He told them, "I have finished all: but I cannot bring myself to kill the small child" and pointed out to his youngest daughter aged two who stood near him. They contacted the police immediately and when they arrived one of



She leads in her set and always wins in the end. She has got over her troubles by regularly taking LODHRA—A boon to women.

KESARI KUTTERAM LTD.
MADRAS

Agents for Bombay, Orissa,
Hyderabad, Mysore, Andhra
& Tamilnad:

Seetharama General Stores,

Secunderabad, Bangalore,
Bombay, Berhampore,
Bezwada & Madura.

Agents for West Coast:

Cochin Medical Stores,
Mattancherry, Cochin.



the children was dead. Mathuravalli had eight injuries on the head and the face with suspected fracture of the skull. She was not dead and so were the three other children. They were removed to the Negapatam Hospital. The children succumbed soon after. Their heads were all crushed by blows from the iron pestle. After sometime in the hospital Mathuravalli was discharged with her wounds healed but her mental faculties became impaired. She was unable to say anything about her family or about what had happened to her children. (She was not examined as a witness in the case.)

The accused did not deny his guilt and said that all the evidence against him was true; nor did he seek to explain his horrifying conduct. There was no reason at all for this orgy of killing. Not even a vestige of suspicion was there about Mathuravalli's chastity. All one could make out was that there was shortage of a small amount of cash in the bank when he was interrogated by the police. He alluded to this circumstance but it was clear that he was not communicative and he spoke only incoherently.

At the trial a plea of insanity was made out on his behalf but the Sessions Judge did not coun-

tenance it because when he was relating the news to his neighbours, he did not appear like one who did not know that what he had committed was murder.

He was sentenced to death. When the matter came up before the High Court, a plea for mitigation of the sentence was advanced on the ground that the accused was under an "irresistible impulse" and that he could not in consequence be held to have contemplated the natural consequences of his action. The judges refused to hold that irresistible impulse would be of the same category as insanity, because it would be to transfer it to medical profession the question whether a great number of ordinary criminals should be responsible for the law. In the case of multiple murders of this kind where an accused is clearly not insane in the sense that he did not know what he was doing, the mere absence of motive could not be an extenuating circumstance. They declined to recommend him for mercy because on the principle that a man who has once been a victim to homicidal frenzy, should not be let loose and expose other innocent persons to a similar attack after his release from prison.

(Copyright by the author)

A man apologised profusely for being late for a dinner engagement. "It's on account of the kind of people that dropped in on me this afternoon," he explained.

"What kind of people?" his friend asked.

"The kind," the man replied, "who, when they stand up to go, think they have already gone."

PRINCE & THE BRAHMARAKSHASA

Story of Nithambavathi

(By Capt. C. S. S. Sarma)

STORY SO FAR

Mitrugupta, an adventurer in search of fame and fortune, had come to the country of Suhana ruled by King Taungathanya. At the annual festival of the Dance of the Ball, Princess Kandukavathi falls in love with him. But Bhumadhanva, the prince, entices him and throws him into the sea with his hands and legs tied up. Mitrugupta, however, is rescued by a passing ship which was challenged later by the ships of the Prince. In the fight that ensues Bhumadhanva gets defeated and becomes the captive of Mitrugupta.

The ship sails but soon contrary winds prevail and the ship is driven off its course and next morning it finds itself at an enchanted isle where Mitrugupta meets a Brahmaraکشasa who puts him four questions. Mitrugupta answers them.

The ogre posed one final question greatly pleased with the quick rejoinders and repartees and self-possession with which Mitrugupta answered all the riddles although the sword of Democles was hanging over him all the while.

The last question was, "What is the means of obtaining a difficult object?"

He answered with brevity, "Ingenuity."

"Give an instance"

And Mitrugupta then related the following story:

In the Sourashtra country, there lived a jolly adventurer and rake by name Kalahakantaka, literally "Thorn of Intrigue". He met an artist who showed him the portrait of an extraordinarily beauti-

ful woman. The rake, as is perhaps common with his kind, looked intently at the painting in oils and surmised: This is the picture of a married lady, who has not consummated her marriage, not withstanding her years of wedlock, because of her husband's nervous debility and her own inviolable chastity.

The artist was stunned by his deductive acumen and asked him how he made all that out, without knowing the name, caste or country, age or history of the person. Then the rake answered:

The woman's bright eyes and face were tinged with a very faint pallor, her bust and figure were virginal, and the waist and carriage showed abundant and lascivious aura of a woman longing but *uninitiated* passion. The artist agreed and such being in fact the case, he marvelled at his ingenuity. At once the rake set out for the Sourashtra country in search of adventure.

He soon traced the portrait's original in the person of one Nithambavathi, wife of an enfeebled and prematurely grey merchant named Ananthakirthi. He tried to get access to her through a bhikshuni. But Nithambavathi, was inflexible and staunch in her chaste

vow and would not foul her marriage bed.

The bhikshuni was roundly abused by her for intrigue and was warned that she would be chastised if she intrigued any further. The wily bhikshuni now used a stratagem to obtain her object of pandering to Kalahakantaka. She got on the soft side of Nithambavathi and said: "I just probed your moral fixity. I am so happy to see that you are as chaste as you are beautiful. I shall introduce to you the magician who knows the correct incantation. All you have to do is to approach me richly dressed. The magician will charm your feet which you must contrive to place on the chest of your husband for charm and spells to be transferred to him. At once all his impotence will be spirited off and he will regain his vitality and you will be blessed with an heir, enjoying all womanly happiness.

Nithambavathi in her longing to become a mother and beget a heir to her husband's fortune approached alone at night the bhikshuni, and when she put forward her foot before the fake astrologer who was none other than the rake Kalahakantaka, he snatched away the anklet and with a sharp knife cut her in the groin and caused a small sharp wound. Nithambavathi frightened at the outrage ran away to her house and hastily dressing her wound took to her bed feigning sickness.

A few days later, her husband was accosted by Kalahakantaka who wanted to sell him the very

anklet belonging to Nithambavathi. He introduced himself as the cemetery guard—in fact he got this job during his stay in that town to achieve by hook or crook Nithambavathi's love. Asked how he came to possess the anklet, he replied in a nonchalant way that he would report at the Merchants' Association if and when asked.

Meanwhile, the merchant asked Nithambavathi to send both her anklets at once. She sent one saying that she had lost the other while taking a walk in the garden as the joint and screw were faulty. To the merchant's great horror and amazement the rake disclosed that Nithambavathi, being in fact a witch, frequented the cemetery to feed on corpses and he had caught her in the act of devouring a just buried corpse, being the cemetery keeper, and there was the anklet quite whole and well fitting with which she had bribed him. The merchant believed his words and as advised by the rake he drove his wife from his home. Poor Nithambavathi driven out of her home, was weeping and wending her way at the outskirts of the town when Kalahakantaka approached her and with a passionate wooing disclosed his foul plot to possess her at all cost.

Needless to say, she succumbed. Her case was desperate. But he returned ardent love with tenfold passion.

So ingenuity triumphs over all obstacles!

(To be concluded)

RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE

(By V. G. Ramachandran, M.A., B.L.)

"For a man of the world, a collection of anecdotes and maxims is of the greatest value."—Goethe.

It is verily said that one can see a cross section of humanity in a court of law. It affords to the interested spectator a variety of human phases: the tragic, the serious, the witty, the intellectual, the drab, the light, the humorous, the sorrowful, the cruel, the humane, the just and the merciful.

Amidst all the dusty and drab atmosphere of everyday life in court, one does get enlivened by an occasional insight into the oddities of human existence. It is sometimes the burly witness who by his very sordid appearance and loud utterances evokes laughter. The lawyer who twists a witness ably in cross examination sometimes gets nettled and looks foolish at the spicy replies of an intelligent witness. The duel of wit or intellect between the Bench and the Bar is ever so stimulating. It is still more invigorating or rather awkward to witness the wordy duel bordering on insult between two opposing counsels, who, all the while, keep on an empty show of courtesy by addressing each other "my very learned brother!" It is often funny to hear a lawyer address the judge or refer particularly to the subordinate judge in an appellate court, as "the learned judge" when in his heart of hearts he

means quite the contrary or something worse.

Eardly Norton, the celebrated Barrister who practiced in Madras, had put this pithily when he observed, "Courtesy to counsel often under great restraint is a lesson in deportment. To be forced to call a gentleman 'learned' when you secretly regard him as the emptiest of all noisy buffoons, is an education in self-control and histrionics, which if persevered in, should be certain of securing a judgeship! One reads plainly in the judge's face what courtesy struggles to conceal—the bodily and intellectual languor of listening to the prosy long-windedness of counsel. Yet again on the other hand, the lifted eyebrow, the wrinkles of the forehead on suffering counsel's face...the agony he endures at the amazing declarations from the Bench of Law and fact with which counsel disagrees!"

Eardly Norton records of a brother Barrister Mr. P. Johnston that he caused much merriment at the High Court. The Judge said: "You Mr. Johnston to address bad law to jury!" Mr. Johnston coolly replied, "That, I leave to your Lordship." There was a ripple of laughter that went round the court at the happy retort.

Norton himself was a past master in caustic humour which always devastated his opponent be he the judge, the counsel or a witness. In one case (The Military Accounts Bribery case) Chief Justice White sitting in a Full Bench of six judges asked, "Do you mean to say Mr. Norton that we are sitting as a court of appeal....."

Norton caustically interposed sending the whole court in delightful merriment, "Whoever said that Your Lordships are a court of appeal? Whoever credited Your Lordships with being a court of appeal? Your Lordships are usurping a jurisdiction which does not appertain to you. Your Lordships are half-a-dozen Boddhams reviewing the decision of a single Boddham." The reference was to Justice Boddham who according to Norton had misdirected the jury in the Sessions Court and by a strange anomaly of procedure, Justice Boddham was sitting in this Full Bench reviewing his own judgment!

Norton excelled on another occasion when a judge vapoured at him for his long and futile argument and said, "If your view be sound I had better go home and burn my books." Norton retorted, "No. No my Lord, go home and read them!"

It is said of late Mr. Jinnah, the father of Pakistan, that he was as fearless a lawyer as he was spruce in his attire. It is said once Mr. Justice Mirza was out to tease Mr. Jinnah. To all of Mr. Jinnah's arguments the

judge said, "I don't think so Mr. Jinnah." The latter eventually lost his temper and burst out, "I don't care two buttons what your Lordship thinks." On another occasion an arrogant British judge forgetting it was Mr. Jinnah he was dealing with (a personality that refused a judgeship and even a governorship) rebuked him in a case and said, "Mr. Jinnah, you are not talking to a third class Magistrate!" The astute lawyer in Jinnah hurled back the retort, "No your Lordship, neither are you talking to a third class lawyer."

Another great Indian jurist Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was as profound a scholar in law as he was in Persian. In the famous *Searchlight* Case of 1929 Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru spun out his arguments on the law of contempt in a masterly fashion. But the adamant judge interposed, "I have never known the law to be that, Sir Tej." The learned Knight met this with a cool retort, "Your Lordship, there is no presumption that the judge should know the law."

The celebrated Oswald once turned the tables against a bullying judge. In a legal tussle, the judge said, "I cannot teach you law or manners." Oswald blandly retorted, "I respectfully agree, my Lord. You could teach nobody either."

Such are the witticisms of great counsels that always keep alive a buoyant atmosphere in courts. It is often the case that the leisured citizen resorts to courts of law almost pining

for such humorous situations. Some litigants actually delight in living in a paradise of their own where the gossip of the court is their life giver and delightful thriller.

It is not unoften that we find some oddities in the manner of address by a counsel which by itself is at once a treat to the Bench, the Bar and the litigant public. In one case counsel waxed eloquent over his client's lunacy in a rather personal way. "I am the lunatic, your Honour, so insane your Honour, that a next friend has to be appointed." His Honour mirthfully agreed. "I should think Mr. Z you are a lunatic. I don't require any evidence for it. I shall accept your statement," and forthwith granted the prayer!

This Mr. Z had an atrocious habit or mannerism of using "Your Honour" umpteen times as a sort of emphasis or as a respite to draw fresh inspiration on a point of presentation on law or in fact. In a maintenance case he paraded, "I am the widow in this case, Your Honour, who married, Your Honour, the defendant's deceased brother, Your Honour, etc." His Honour twitted the counsel to the merriment of all present in court, "Mr. Z, I never married you. It is all a tissue of lies!"

Once a peevish judge (some say it was due to piles complaint) used to irritate counsel by constant interruptions hurrying them with the words, "Go on. Go on. Go on," even without the honorific

"please." He caught once a tartar in a retorting advocate. "Counsel are not jutka horses, Your Honour, to be driven like this." It took some time for the judge to understand who the jutka driver was!

It is said of Lord Russell that he scored a point when he made an innocent remark while the prisoner was addressing the jury very effectively on his own behalf, though in a low voice. "What did you say? What was your last sentence?" was his Lordship's query. The prisoner replied, "Six months my Lord" to the utter merriment of the jurymen thus proving his own previous conviction. Such situations do crop up accidentally in courts of law which while it is humorous also hit the mark of truth.

It sometimes sends the whole court into hilarious laughter when a witness turns round on the counsel who minutely cross-examines him to the point of absurdity. To the counsel's question, "Well Mister, what distance did you say was between where you stood and the spot where the offence took place?" Witness burst out triumphantly, "Sixty six feet and three inches."

Counsel: How came it that you know the distance in such detail?

Witness: I knew some such fool will ask this question and so I actually measured the distance!

Counsel collapsed at the humour!

In another case when counsel objected to the party (appear-

ing in person) in urging an irrelevant point in the arguments, the latter retorted, "I am not like counsel appearing in silk gowns concealing anything from court. I say what I feel is truth." The retort sent a peal of appreciative laughter in the public gallery. The masses always relish a dig at the lawyer by a party or a witness!

All told, a day's round of law courts makes a citizen know more of life, appreciate the humorous side of an otherwise dull or serious life, know the weaknesses of judge, lawyer, party, witness and the public and this helps him to turn the searchlight inwards into his

own personality. He enjoys a joke best who can appreciate it even against himself. This attitude makes a man contented.

We can best conclude this by repeating the old adage on wit:

"At the back of this little word 'wit' lies the ideas of knowledge, understanding and sense. The murky atmosphere of the court is illuminated by a flash of thought quick, happy and even amusing. Wit, wisely used, bridges over a difficulty, smoothes away annoyance, or perhaps turns aside anger, dissolving embarrassment in a second's laughter."

(To be continued.)

CHANGING FASHIONS

Do you know that about a hundred years ago it was considered indelicate, if not immoral, for even the legs of a piano to be visible? Women had to wear skirts that reached up to the ankle. And some prudes even suggested that women should wear over-all smocks in the bath as it was immodest to see their own bodies! Today women sport bikinis and it is considered fashionable.

Two club members were having a heated argument in a city club lounge.

One said, "You have enough tin in your head to make a kettle."

"And you have enough water in your head to fill it," came the prompt reply.

Another member, who had listened in disgust, rose to his feet and said, "Both of you have enough gas to fill it," leaving the other two speechless.

The Sultan fell in love at first sight with the tourist's daughter. "If you will let me marry her," said he, "I will give you her weight in diamonds."

"Give me a few days," answered the tourist.

"To think over?"

"No, to fatten her up."



Overdose Of Dope

(By T. N. Ramaswamy, B. Sc.)

Inspector Ramesh was sitting at his desk in the station. It was 4 o'clock in the morning. In a couple of hours he would be relieved and then he can have some sleep. He had planned to go to the pictures with his fiancée, Miss Vijaya, in the afternoon. He was musing about this when the telephone on his desk rang. Ramesh took up the receiver. After giving the information that it was D-4 Police Station and that Inspector Ramesh was speaking, Ramesh suddenly grew taut. He heard over the phone that there was a case of attempted suicide

KHADER & YOUSUF BROS.

WATCH & CLOCK DEALERS, GOVT. & RLY. CONTRACTORS

ROAMER
WATERPROOF

Head Office :
RAJAN BAZAAR,
MADRAS-3.

Branch Office :
PARK ROAD,
VIJAYAWADA.

at 1-44, Bazaar Road. Even before he could ask the person at the other end his name, the phone went dead.

Inspector Ramesh when on active duty was a hard task master. He rudely awoke the half asleep constable on duty and ordered him to record a case of attempted suicide in 1-44, Bazaar Road. He left instructions that as soon as Head Constable Muniswami reported to duty he was to come to the house in Bazaar Road. He then jumped on his motor cycle and was off.

1-44, Bazaar Road, was not set in any idyllic surroundings. It was a doorway flanked on either side by shops which advertised the fact that they sold general merchandise and oilman stores. After knocking peremptorily he pushed open the door. The door led to a passage which was dimly lit by a lamp at the far end. There was no sound in the house. The streets also seemed strangely silent. Ramesh said to himself that it was just four o'clock in the morning and one should not expect people to be awake at such an odd hour! However, the failure of the person at the other end of the phone to divulge his name was something odd. Ramesh, however, thought that it was natural for people to have a reticence to come and give evidence in police courts. They shun all such publicity. Perhaps the man who phoned—he knew it was a man by the voice—was also one such. But how did he come to know about this case? Well, time will reveal

everything. Ramesh stepped inside.

The light inside the room was dimmer than the one he saw in the passage. At first he could not make out anything. Gradually as his eyes got used to the semi-darkness, he saw a cot near the wall to the right, and what looked like a heap of clothing thrown carelessly over it. There were the usual odds and ends of a poor household—a backless rickety chair, a couple of battered trunks etc. Ramesh saw the bundle of clothing on the cot move slightly. He went near the cot. He was able to make out the shape of a human form.

Ramesh bent down and saw that it was the body of a man. Ramesh turned up the wick of the oil lamp. By the somewhat bright light, he saw a man of about thirtyfive with dark hair and such a pale face that it appeared unearthly, lying there. By the side of the cot was the backless chair on which were a couple of medicine bottles, a packet of glucose and a half consumed orange. Ramesh ran his eyes over the room. His heart skipped a beat when he saw on the floor a broken bottle containing some pills. The label marked 'Poison' was clearly visible. Ramesh knew from a look at those pills that they were given to patients suffering from insomnia, and a dose larger than that prescribed meant certain death. He saw that the bottle was half empty with some pills spilled on the floor.

Ramesh put two and two

together and came to the conclusion that the man might have taken an overdose of the dope and that was the reason for his stupor. Ramesh left the things as they were and rushed out of the house to send for an ambulance. Providentially a telephone booth was just round the corner. He phoned to the hospital and asked them to rush an ambulance to the house in Bazaar Road. After making sure that they got the correct address he rang off. He came back to the house.

Just then he heard the faint sound of groaning. He saw the man on the cot move. Ramesh took some water out of the jug in the corner and sprinkled it on the face of the man. He loosened the collar of the shirt and with the help of a piece of cardboard, fanned the man. The man recovered consciousness after some time.

The man looked at the Inspector with unseeing eyes. Gradually he came to recognise his position. First fear, then relief showed in his face. He seemed not at all surprised at the presence of the Inspector. He asked Ramesh to sit by his side on the bed.

Ramesh did as he was bid and told the man about the phone message he had received. The man seemed to understand it. "Oh! It must be my friend I won't give out his name to you because he might get into trouble with the police. I have been fed up with life and have tried to put an end to it many times, but he prevented me doing it. Last night, I decided to kill

myself. I, therefore, took half a dozen pills from the bottle you see there. Just then my friend, as cruel fate would have it, woke up and seeing me taking the pills, he rushed at me and knocked the bottle out of my hand. I however told him about my taking an overdose. I advised him to leave me. He remonstrated, but at last consented, however not before telling me that he would phone to the police and ambulance. I see he has done what he promised. You won't ever find him out. Here, give me some more water.'

Ramesh gave the man some more water. He had a thousand questions to ask. However, before he could speak, he heard the man talk again. Ramesh listened attentively because the man spoke in a low voice.

"You might have heard about Mr. Ratnam. He was a rich merchant. People said that he came by his riches by black marketing essential goods during the war. Well! You are now seeing the wreck of the man Ratnam. I got wealthy by scourging on the people. What normally would sell for eight annas, I sold for five times the cost. I have committed other illegal acts too. Many were the women who lost their chastity due to my carnal passion. I never heeded their pleadings. They were just playthings of the hour, to be cast away as soon as they served my purpose. I have even committed murder when a man crossed my path during one such incident.

Ah.....My, what a pain in the stomach.

"Arumugam was one of the many coolies who used to pull hand-carts from the harbour to my godown. One day he did not report for duty. Instead a woman about twenty-five came to see me. She was beautiful in a rustic way. She was in a flurry. He said that she was the wife of Arumugam who was laid up with fever. The doctor at the free dispensary had asked her to get a tube of medicine to inject him. She had no money with her. She begged me to give her five rupees and deduct it from her husband's pay. Seeing her, my animal passions were roused. But I bid for my time. I gave her some money and asked her to come to me again if she needed any more. Simple woman that she was, she took me at my word and came to me to report about his progress and got money when she needed it.

"One day I was alone in the godown and she came there as usual. Seeing my chance I ruined her then and there. She cried, she pleaded, she cursed—all to no avail. Just then a shadow fell across the doorway. I turned round and saw to my horror Arumugam standing there. He was the ghost of his former self, but his eyes were blazing fire. He pounced on me and began to hit me. We rolled on the ground. Just then my hand caught hold of a crow-bar. With one blow I broke his skull open. Only then the enormity of my crime struck me dumb-

founded. Arumugam's wife was standing by me motionless, her eyes reflecting her horror. Suddenly she began to tear at her hair and laugh and then cry. I knew then that she had become mad. I managed to have the body cremated without trouble by saying that it was an accident." Here the man pressed his hands to his stomach and groaned audibly.

"From that day," he continued, "misfortunes began to crowd on me. I lost heavily in business. The income tax people taxed me very heavily and even threatened to prosecute me. I was ruined financially and physically. Since I was unmarried I came to live here in this hovel with some money I had managed to save. I have no more money now, the last pie having gone to purchase those medicines. I do not want to live any more. I know I will die."

The man began to cough and breathe hard. Ramesh wanted to question him more, but seeing him in that position he thought that it would be more cruel than third degree method to trouble him then. At last after waiting for what seemed to him like an eternity the horn of the ambulance was heard outside. Just then from the throat of the man a gurgling sound was heard. Then no more. The man was dead.

Inspector Ramesh sighed. After seeing the body taken to the mortuary he came back to the police station to make his report.

The Serpent Expiates

(By Manjeri S. Isvaran)*

Manickam lay as if in deep sleep although the world had vanished for ever from before his youthful eyes. The stars in his horoscope had foretold a cruel death for him, in the prime of life—death by poison. And fate had come personified in the snake that dwelt in the precincts of the home, in the hollow under the jamine bush, and traditionally believed to do no harm to its inmates: so close to the family it was, an accepted member. Yet, such is the whim, is the waywardness of fatality. The grim irony, the utter hypocrisy of heaven shocks the innocent and credulous into reckless profanity, only to sober them to trust ultimately in its infinite justice and mercy. It is a divine balm that soothes and consoles—predestination; it is a pretty little enamelled fly that man has, while garnering the aftermath of his ill-disciplined despair, caught and preserved in the unguent of perennial philosophy.

Manickam lay as if in deep sleep. Except for a slightly darkish prick in the breast, caused seemingly by a pin, there was no discoloration, no distortion about his limbs; in

that state of repose he looked ten years younger and more invulnerable.

The most swift-footed of villagers had been despatched to fetch his parents who lived twenty miles away from the home of Sami Chendan. And they waited for their arrival and for the daybreak to begin the obsequies.

A tall brass lamp burnt at the head of the dead young man whose body was covered with a white linen sheet. It gave a subdued lustre throughout the room, and now and then directed by the wind that loitered in through the eaves, rolled a quick pageant of shadows on the walls, gathering them around the still supine figure and billowing them out, according as the flame twitched and trembled. Immediately beside the open doorway sat an old crone, keeping vigil over the dead. From time to time she rose to feed the lamp with oil or to mend the wick. She was the oldest living woman in the village, one who knew Sami Chendan from the time he was a child. More, she was a distant relation of his through his mother. She had seen him

* A sequel to "The Serpent Gem" which appeared in our last issue. Reproduced by kind permission from *No Anklet Bells for Her*.

married, assisted at the birth of his daughter, and wept when his wife died. She sang the dirge in her loud cracked voice, loud and long, without the hint of a tear moistening her eyes; her repertoire of such songs was acknowledged to be the richest round about the entire village and even far. In his heart of hearts Chendan disliked the old woman—she was a gossip, a garrulous grump—but after he lost his wife he wanted some elderly person in the house to look after his growing girl. The hag had a hut to live in and an only son, a vagabond who visited her once in a blue moon to inquire if she was not dead yet. Smoke never curled up through the thatch of that hut for she had no need to cook her food there, spending her time as she did at Sami Chendan's. But when Ulundayi came of age her services were no longer called for; her grumpiness grew blacker and she went about whining and backbiting that she little deserved this gross neglect by a family to which she had literally given her blood, that the chit of a girl Ulundayi was eaten up with pride—the stuck-up brat, the shameless hussy, oh, her impudence!—she interpolated for the edification of her listeners—and the old fool, her father, was pampering her out of all decent limits. Chendan heard and ignored. He was too good a judge of human nature to expect gratitude as a spontaneous virtue.

Thinking her own thoughts the beldam sat, keeping vigil,

and adding her grotesque shadow to the shadows that vacillated on the walls. She was not concerned too deeply about the tragic events of the afternoon, she was thinking of her boy. Though a bad egg a son is a son to a mother; her old rickety heart softened towards him and before her rheumy eyes she raised a composite picture of him and Ulundayi—a wedded pair. Once she had boldly broached the subject to Sami Chendan; and his answer which angered her to impotence and gagged her mouth cleanly, completely, was an immoderate fit of laughter. It was a case of betrothal in the cradle; Ulundi, darling Ulu, was born to be the wife of Manickam, his pet nephew, his own sister's son. There was not a girl in his village and in the villages within the radius of many miles who could hold a candle to his daughter. Ulundayi, Ulundi, Ulu—mimicked mincingly the toothless old hag. If ever she could do both father and daughter an ill turn she would. Nothing would gladden her heart more. She wanted to have her own back. The peerless nephew had come on a holiday visit to his uncle; and surfeit with welcome and good food had joined the company of his forefathers. He shouldn't have attempted to hurt the snake while the snake intended no hurt to him. He ought to have curbed his animal spirits—Manickam, gem of the purest ray serene. It was not like playing lovey-dovey with a wench; and that cobra had confirmed briefly.

A flake of soot in the wick jumped and crackled and the lamp went out breaking the trend of her thoughts. The room was sunk in gloom. She saw her son Chockan's star peeping hopefully through the dark and invisible hands weaving for her the mantle of a mother-in-law. Hobbling to a corner where shone feebly a small lamp made out of soapstone and fashioned like a *pipal* leaf and hobbling back with it, she lit the tall brass lamp and replenished it with oil. She sat down again, in her place by the doorway, and surveyed the body of the dead with a cold, stark detachment. With the

rise of the sun it will be washed and laid out. The mother's tears will burst in torrents, she will beat upon her breast till the fingers raised thick weals and she could beat no more, and she will roll in the dust her piercing wails reduced finally to the squeak of a mouse. But could she sing the dirge so well as herself, thought the crone. And bending over the face she scanned it, passing her palm over it; the next moment she drew back with a shudder. The cheeks felt so warm, the nose too, and she thought she saw the eyelids quiver. Was it mere fancy? Or was it the wind that strayed through the open,

HEALTH BOOKS

(By the Sadhu Physician)

Diet for Health and in Disease: A valuable compendium by the Sadhu Physician on a subject on which most of our doctors are not in a position to guide the patient.

Price: 0-6-0.

Postage: 0-1-3.

Fasting for Health and Cure: A primer for those who wish to know all about fasting—complete and partial.

Price: 0-3-0.

Postage 0-1-3.

Indian Home Remedies: A most valuable book for treatment at home, giving directions how with the aid of a few common drugs any one can treat all ailments.

Price: 0-4-0.

Postage 0-1-3.

SUNDAY TIMES BOOKSHOP,

MADRAS-6.

doorway and disturbed the flame of the lamp and the shadows on the wall? Nearly six hours had elapsed since the fatal sting of the serpent; still the body retained a remarkable warmth and smoothness. Had some strange quality of his blood neutralized the poison and was he only in a deep swoon from which he may awaken? A wonder, a great wonder! She peered into the face again, intently, and smiled at her own delusion. He was dead as a doornail. To some the stiffness of death came rather slow. He had been strong as a bull.

The night ran out its second watch and the stars wrought a different design in heaven's canopy. Outside the house, in the wider part of the veranda, Sami Chendan slept the sleep of utter exhaustion, like one who under a sentence of death has not the smallest degree of will or reason left to restore him to any kind of comprehension from an interminable vacuity which is the world. With the swiftness of the thunderbolt had the calamity descended on him. How could he face his sister and brother-in-law? They who should have come rejoicingly, in a party of kith and friends, for the marriage of their son were now coming for his funeral. And comforting his daughter he couldn't comfort himself, so terrible was the blow. In an excess of grief Ulundayi cursed herself for not following Manickam to the jasmine bush; she had asked for the gem that the serpent

wore in its head and she had sent him to his death. He had taken her at her word, she had teased him with her raillery. She was the vilest sinner on earth, she wailed, she deserved more to be stung by the snake, and with such self-couraging was she very nearly unhinged. She threw all maidenly propriety to the winds, strained him to her bosom, kissed him, and wept over him, her hair and dress in wild disorder. She was his affianced, all the village knew it. Nothing else mattered. Neither the defeat of her love nor her doleful future. She sat by his body and talked softly, fondly to him, as if waking a child from overmuch sleep. But he was gone, gone from her never to return.

She broke down under the strain but refused to leave his side. She stayed hiding her head in his breast. Out of sheer weariness her eyelids drooped in slumber and whilst lying thus, her father lifted her in his arms and carrying her out laid her gently on the cot, in the farther end of the veranda where it was raised like an estrade and narrow—the place she usually retired for the night.

* * *

She stirred in her sleep, murmuring.

It was too short an interval for reality to become memory.

She lived in the real.

"Ulundi! Ulundi!" whispered a voice which stole on her ear like a caress, like a croon when music yearns in pain that is sweet.

Evening was closing in and

she was busy in the kitchen.

"Ulundi, the jasmine buds are beckoning to you, come."

She stood stirring the pot of gruel on the boil over the stove, pretending she had not heard him, just to hear his loving voice call her again. A smile trembled on her lips.

"You want me to go all by myself."

"To pick out the whole lot of half-blown buds," she laughed mischievously, swivelling round quickly and facing him.

"Every bud is a flower, where's the difference?"

"True. But you don't allow it to blow into a flower, the tenderest and the greenest. It's like wringing the neck of a new-born babe."

"Like this?" and he pinched her cheek in amorous play.

"No nonsense now!" she giggled and started running round the bush.

He chased her and caught her in his arms.

Her firm young breasts heaved piquantly, a light leaped in her heart and emerged all over her face as a smile, proud of him it held in thrall.

"Look!" he cried, in sudden alarm.

"What?" she asked anxiously.

"All the buds have disappeared."

"Where?"

"Into your mouth."

They laughed together.

"Now tell me the rest of the story. Quick, before father comes. What happened to the girl? What happened to the serpent? Did it shed its gem for her?" she asked breath-

lessly.

"The girl...the serpent...the gem," he drawled.

She was startled at the altered note in his voice.

"Manickam! Manickam!" she cried, waking in a drench of sweat. The words died in her mouth, with the distant echo of a rattle; she glanced around her under the mounting tension of an irresistible inner impulse and turned pale from terror at what drew her with an uncanny force and fascination. It was the jasmine bush, but not as she had seen it daily, so dear and familiar to her.

A late moon was waxing bright and the bush was a blaze of glory. And not the moon soaring so high but the close proximity of some object invested it with that abnormal glow. The object was a serpent.

In terror and fascination Ulundayi looked on. And her terror grew less when, in a sudden flash, the conviction dawned on her that, perhaps, Manickam had failed to kill it in his last moments of agony. But sure, he had said haltingly, when the venom burnt his blood, that he had given it a shattering blow with his stick; however, none had verified in that tragic hour of darkness and confusion. Or, was it really dead and its wraith like that of a departed mortal haunted the earth which it was loath to leave? Where there spooks in the reptile world?

Wraith or real serpent it mesmerized her with its blinding refulgence. Cirque-couchant and levant, buoying and

swaying, it slowly uncoiled itself shooting beams and dissolving hues, till it stood erect on its pin-point tail, its hood outspread, its forked tongue darting in and out of its hissing mouth. Suddenly a strange thing happened. As though released by a gale it held within its bosom the jasmine bush shook and shed its buds and blossoms in a soundless shower over the hood of the samadryad which, throwing off its imperial stance, flung full tilt toward the house, and was back again by the bush before Ulundayi, watching all, had time to run up to her father and wake him from his sleep. But she neither moved nor cried. She was rooted to her cot. The wish in her remained the still-born child of a thought that flashed across her momentarily panicky mind. She shivered as under a cold, physical touch. The panic passed.

Then was she a witness of the most amazing of proceedings. Upon the stillness of the night broke the soft strains of a music that she knew so well and had heard so often, strains like the purling of waters in a stream, purling over smooth pebbles and rolling down little eddies to die a gurgling death. She listened and listening, concentrated her gaze on the region of the jasmine bush to see the figure of the snake-charmer who played such cunning trills and quavers on his pipe; he did not appear; but like her, the serpent too had heard the music, for it sprang up and stood graven as in a

heraldic device. Galvanic the next instant it began to dance, rearing and revolving, as the tune ran tremulous, throbbing through its blood; then as the mode changed sharply, the grace-notes tumbling their jewels in a careless cascade and the cadence rose in pitch, it writhed and whirled in a dazzle of hoops, whilst hiss after hiss followed the phosphorescent sparks flying in endless puffs out of its mouth. Then quick as lightning it whisked round the jasmine bush and smote its dilated hood on the earth once, twice, thrice. Directly, a fire shot through the shrubbery, and as she looked on with a new awe and astonishment, in a few moments she could see nothing of the flowering brake. The ditty had stopped.

She lay drowned in the deep slumbers of the morning.

Someone shook her by the shoulders, addressing her endearingly. She woke with a start. It was her father.

"Ulundi, my child, my joy, Manickam is calling you."

"Who?" she cried, amazed utterly. She went dizzy and caught her breath.

"Collect yourself, dear child," he said, supporting her in his arms, as she looked perplexed into his face; "it's Manickam, your own. He's a gift from the gods. The snake had only grazed him but not stung him. There was no virulent poisoning of the blood. It only sent him into a long swoon. He's just a little weak."

She couldn't believe her ears. The rose of the rising sun, the

The Serpent Expiates

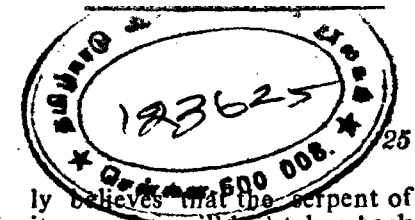
splendour and freshness of the dayspring, the sweet choir of birds all seemed to her to come out of the very depths of her being. She rushed to the room where he lay.

Manickam and Ulundayi became man and wife.

The village had not seen a prettier, happier wedding, nor a prettier, happier couple.

In the privacy of the bridal chamber Ulundayi told her husband of the weird happenings of the night when he had been given up for dead. He remained sceptical till the discovery of the serpent gem in the hollow near the jasmine bush which he made while looking for some vestige of the snake he thought he had killed. It had vanished, none knew where.

The gem is a secret in the Chendan family. Ulundayi firm-



ly believes that the serpent of its own free will had taken back its poison and resurrected the dead.

A tiny block of granite bearing the crude carving of a snake marks the hollow beside the jasmine bush.

Every morning, with a grace which makes of her act a melting devotion, Ulundayi pours a bowl of milk over the stone.

The jasmine flowers the year round. The villagers say that the buds that come out of Ulundayi's creeper have a peculiar fragrance and loveliness not found in those of similar plants. They are ravishing.

However, there is one jarring note in this chorus of praise. It comes from the snivelling old woman whose services Sami Chendan has dispensed with totally.

The telephone shrilled in the middle of the night, and the young man groggily picked up the receiver.

"Is that you son?" a voice queried.

"Mum, what is wrong?"

"Nothing wrong, it is your birthday."

"Good heavens! Surely you didn't drag me out of the bed at 3 a.m. just to say happy birthday?"

"Well, you made me get out of bed at 3 a.m. Thirty years ago to night, and I felt it was high time I paid you back."

"Where is the pretty young assistant who is usually here?"

"It madam looking for a hat?"

"No, I am looking for my husband."

Father looked up from his racing form and noticed the baby in the cradle. Turning to his wife he said, "Baby's nose is running."

His wife snorted and snapped at him, "Don't you ever think of anything else except horse racing?"



Poet Who Could Not Flatter

(By K. Rajagopalan, B. A.)

Death assumes its grim form when it takes a toll of the lives of great men at a premature young age. The loss the world suffers by such deaths is incalculable. Shakespeare and Xenophon, Raphael and Ravivarma lived to a mature age. But how many geniuses have been so kindly treated by death? Alexander the Great died young and so did Oliver Goldsmith before he could reach the peak. How much more they could have accomplished if they were spared to live a little longer. But death is more cruel when it takes away men of genius even before they reach their prime. A tender and sprightly stalk promising fine flowers of great beauty and fragrance, if cut off before it reaches maturity must cause grief to any man who loves nature and beauty. So is the death of great men when they die young.

My mind was trailing such thoughts when I read about a great Mohamedan poet in an obscure page of Indian history. Reported to have lived in the middle of sixteenth century, Quereshi was a great poet. Poetry came to him as naturally as cooing to the cuckoo. Before he reached the age of ten, Quereshi showed signs of great promise. He wrote his first piece even when he was

barely fifteen and surprised his elders by the excellence of his verse and the sublimity of his thought. A benevolent noble man was wise enough to discover the genius of the boy and took him to the Moghul court. He found in the opulence of the Moghul court a climate conducive to his natural genius. Freed from the ordinary worries of daily life the young poet could devote his full time for poetry and wrote poems which are still the wonder and admiration of the world. The veterans of the Moghul court watched with envy the phenomenal rise of this young genius. At a ridiculously young age of 21, Quereshi was an acknowledged master and none in the Moghul court offered challenge to him. Quereshi in spite of his rapid rise to fame was humility personified. One of the most good-natured of men he trusted and loved everybody. But his one drawback was that he never learnt to flatter people in power. And that cost him his coveted position in the Moghul court.

One day Quereshi was received with great honour into the house of a wealthy Moghul lord who ordered him to sing the praise of his benefactor. Upon his refusal the Moghul lord took offense and soon manouevred to have him

Poet Who Could Not Flatter

27

driven out of the royal court to take again the road of poverty and want. This poet if he had but the learnt art of flattery could have stormed the world with his ability. Spared to live a little longer Quereshi would have earned for himself an immortal page in the history of world literature. Instead he remains in oblivion and occupies a place of obscurity. But now back to the story.

Oppressed with want and poverty this young genius wandered the country begging for his food. Famished and in rags the poet one day arrived at a village inn. The inn-keeper who was a kind soul asked him in. He satisfied the hunger of the poet and also gave him a cup of wine to drink. Though the victuals he ate were of modest quality the famished poet was elated by the wine he drank. The drink stirred his spirits and in that moment of happiness he snatched a quill that lay on the table and inscribed on a muslin window curtain the praise of the wine he drank in four lines.

But how long could an inn-keeper put up with a poor man of letters entirely destitute of money? The day next Quereshi was obliged to leave the inn and go begging again for his food.

Sometime after the departure of the poor poet some rich men of distinction happening to visit the inn for a light repast chanced to read the lines of the great poet on the window curtain. Struck with the remarkable beauty of those four lines—the best they had ever read—the men bought the curtain from the keeper of the inn and surprised him with their generosity. The ingenious inn-keeper immediately realised how advantageous it would be to him if he could get as many poems as possible written by the same poet. He jumped on his horse and followed the road the poet had taken earlier. Late in the evening after a prolonged search the inn-keeper found the unfortunate Quereshi lying dead in a field from the effects of malnutrition. It was a tragic end for a promising poet at the young age of twenty-five.

The lady who sat opposite them in the train gave little Jimmy an orange. He took it without comment.

"James," said his embarrassed mother, "what do you say when some one gives you an orange?"

"Peel it," answered Jimmy, handing back the orange.

The judge looked down from his bench and intoned to the prisoner before him: "Crime does not pay."

Prisoner: "Perish the thought, Your Honour, but how else could I get to mingle with brilliant jurists, astute lawyers, smart prosecutors, and shrewd crafty policemen?"

Begum Sumroo

(By G. R. Jayalakshmi, B. Sc.)

The rich plains of North India during the eighteenth century was a vast battle field. Empires were falling and new powers were rising out of their ashes.

From slave girl to Sultana—that reads like Arabian Nights! Nevertheless it is true in the case of Begum Sumroo. She was a nobody and she came to be a begum and a much sought after woman—a tale scarcely to be outdone by the most picturesque romantic fiction.

Passionate and beautiful, she combined the charms of a Circe with the ferocity of a Catherine de Medici. Bold and energetic like a tigress, she rode in her palanquin to the battle-fields and saw bloodshed and killing with the unflinching eye of a brazen soldier. She led a voluptuous and glamorous life; her halls were thronged by gallants and renowned adventurers. She knew men by their mettle; she loved the strong and the bold.

Walter Reinhardt died in 1778. He was one of those enterprising European adventurers who carved fame and wealth for themselves by their swords in Hindustan in the 18th century. He left Begum Sumroo as his heir to his large estate of Sardhana, about 35

kos from Delhi.

Nobody knows her real name or from whence she came. Some called her a Muslim; others thought she was the daughter of a Moghul nobleman fallen low. In any case she was Moslem by birth. Some believed her to be a slave nautch-girl from Kashmir. It is not known whether she was really married to Walter Reinhardt.

She took over the jagir of Sardhana, 35 kos from Delhi. Sumroo, for that was the native appellation derived from 'Sombre' the term used by Reinhardt's associates to him, had left an efficient corps of mercenaries and 50 pieces of cannon. Begum Sumroo had the qualities of generalship and by her bold demeanour and generous ways she kept the corps together in a high state of efficiency.

Hindustan in the 18th century was like a house falling. Ghulam Khadir, the brutal Rohilla, was spreading havoc in and around Delhi; Scindia was carrying sword and fire wherever he could; the predatory hordes of mercenaries were robbing and killing in the countryside; the British arms were working their way into the heart of Hindustan. In the midst of these tumults and

Begum Sumroo

29

echoes of war Begum Sumroo was building up her strength and soon she was a factor to be reckoned with.

This marvellous woman was as fearless as she was passionate. The Scindia had retired in the face of the attack by the Rohilla chief and Mohammad Beg; and the Rohilla chief had entered Delhi. The Begum led out her troops against him and sought an engagement with the adversary; but the Rohilla retired for a while.

In the year 1788 the Moghul Emperor made an attempt to capture Gokulgarh. On the 5th of April the enemy forces under Najaf Kuli Khan made a surprise sally and would have taken the Emperor prisoner. At the crucial moment the Sardhana regiment of Begum Sumroo, commanded by George Thomas, by a well directed fire of grape and shot, put the enemy to flight and saved the Emperor. The Begum was directing the operations riding in her palanquin. Shah Alam honoured her by conferring on her the title of "Zeb-un-nissa".

She had her trials and misfortunes. Reinhardt had left an insane Muslim wife and a son by her. George Thomas failed to induce the Begum into wedlock and had left her services. Her womanly instincts led her to marry a Frenchman called Levassault and she put him at the head of her brigade.

The Sardhana brigade was full of lawless ruffians and bold soldiers of fortune. Jealousy and a sense of offen-

ded pride made them rise in revolt and led by Aloysius Reinhardt, her step-son they attacked the Begum and her husband. The couple fled for their lives and on the way some one mistakenly informing Levassault that the Begum had committed suicide by stabbing herself, Levassault shot himself dead. Hearing of this tragedy the Begum tried to stab herself but was prevented by the mutineers. She was taken captive and put in prison.

Defeated and in prison, the Begum did not lose heart. She appealed to her former favourite, George Thomas and promised him a handsome reward if he saved her. Thomas could not forget her past splendour and generosity and soon put to flight Aloysius Reinhardt and restored her to the jagir. Of course the wily Begum did not pay Thomas the promised reward.

General Lake had won his great victory at Laswaree. The news of it had travelled far and wide and stirred the minds of the people and the chiefs. The Begum could judge and appreciate valour and skill. She decided to meet the victor of Laswaree. On 1st of November, 1803, she rode out in her palanquin to the British camp. General Lake, informed of her arrival, came out to receive her, resplendant in his uniform. The Begum was then in middle age and the mellowing beauty of hers won the heart of the famous general. While she was getting down from her palki, the general received her in his

arms and kissed her gallantly in the presence of his troops. The spectators enjoyed the amusing sight and the tactful Begum, in order to cover her confusion, cried gleefully, "See friends" and smiled away the incident.

Jealous women are dangerous enemies. The Begum was no prude in love. She loved intensely and bestowed her affections on many. Soft and sweet in her manners, she was dangerous and cruel when crossed in love. Once a slave-girl had the misfortune to cross her and paid a cruel penalty for it. The Begum enraged with her temerity had her buried alive and over her living grave sat smoking a golden hookah!

She had large and lively eyes; her hands were exquisite and tender; her figure plump and charming. She loved life and all its good and beautiful things.

She lived every moment of her life and drank deep of the springs of it. James Skinner was struck by the beauty of her hands and the charm of her person even in old age. Bishop Heber could not forget the brightness of her "wicked-looking eyes."

She lived to a ripe old age. She had many favourites and married twice; but she had no children. She adopted many slave girls and bestowed them on her favourite officers.

She built the palace at Sardhana and a church. The palace stands on a basement of 11 feet, with a magnificent hall.

If ever a name in Indian history recalls to one's mind the pageantry and glamour of the past, of the sounds of clashing swords and of soft music, of hardy adventures and bold romance, it is that of Begum Sumroo.

LIVING SKELETON

Among the many circus freaks Claude Ambrose Seurat, who was known as the walking skeleton, was perhaps the most unique.

Born in 1800 in France he was a normal boy but a ghastly transformation gradually took place. The flesh on the boy's body gradually disappeared and only a yellow-coloured rough skin covered his skeleton. Yet he was normal and had a healthy appetite and doctors were puzzled but could not help him. The young man went about wearing padded suits. This living skeleton joined a circus and ended his days as a unique side show freak.

The toothbrush, properly used, does more to keep the teeth and gums healthy than any medicine or chemical put into tooth pastes and powders, from enzymes to penicillin, according to dental experts who recently met in U.S. at the annual conference of the American Dental Association.

It is claimed that there are about 10 000 children in America, most of them not more than 15 years old, who are the products of artificial insemination.

A true ghost story based on the records of the Sind-Punjab Railway.

The Haunted Railway Station

Babu Barada Prasad Banerjee was the station master at Khanawal, a few stations off Multan towards Lahore. He had been transferred there recently and he and his wife found the place quiet and much to their liking. Banerjee liked it for another reason. His brother-in-law was doing business in Multan and he could have the company of his sister and brother-in-law during the week ends.

Within a few weeks of his transfer to the place his brother-in-law had to leave Multan on some business. Banerjee, therefore, invited his sister to come and stay with him. One day both sisters-in-law had finished their mid-day meal and were sitting together talking when suddenly a small piece of gravel hit Mrs. Banerjee on the head. Immediately there was a change in her. She began to talk in Punjabi which she had not known before. Banerjee's sister got alarmed and sent for her brother who came but his wife did not seem to recognise him. She was alternately talking and crying and after a few hours from sheer exhaustion so to say swooned and fell down unconscious.

Banerjee immediately sent for a native doctor but he gave it as his opinion that it was a case of spirit possession and he recommended the name of a fakir who was famous in those parts.

The fakir was sent for who after some incantations put questions to the prostrate woman. This is the gist of the conversation that followed:

F: What is your name and why have you come here?

S: It is none of your business.

F: You are tormenting this unfortunate lady. What has she done to you?

S: If you want to know I will tell you. I was occupying the mango tree yonder. You see the stump of it there. It was cut down for fuel a few days ago. It was the station master who had it cut down. I want to have my revenge on him.

F: But the station master would not have known that you were occupying the tree.

S: What of it? He was responsible for cutting it.

The conversation was in Punjabi and the fakir tried his best to argue with the spirit and make it leave but it wouldn't agree. Thereupon the fakir took out a wand and struck the lady five times repeating the name of Allah. The spirit thereupon said that it would leave the woman if a cow was given in sacrifice but the station master being a Hindu said that he would be prepared to sacrifice a cock and not a cow. The spirit after some hesitation agreed and a cock was brought and sacrificed there when Mrs. Banerjee recovered. The fakir was suitably awarded and he left for his place.

For a few days nothing happened and the Banerjees were happy when one day the station master found some bones being thrown into his room. He at first thought it was the mischief of someone in the station yard to frighten him. But the next day at the same time some stones were thrown. He immediately went out and found there was no one near who could have done it. As he was entering his room he found his table moving as if being lifted by some unseen hands. Now he was convinced that the ghost was active again.

The station master sent for the fakir again. He came and did the incantations in the station room but nothing happened. The ghost would not come; the fakir evidently was not proficient enough to command the appearance of the ghost. He simply consoled Banerjee that the ghost would soon get tired of its pranks and find some other habitation and taking his fee departed.

The ghost, however, was making merry and everyday its pranks became more and more troublesome. One day Mrs. Banerjee found that all the food prepared in the house had vanished. Another time food from her hand was suddenly snatched away. Banerjee found the life unbearable and he wrote to the Traffic Manager at Lahore about the happenings and wanted a transfer. But the Traffic Manager who happened to be a Britisher simply laughed at it and filed the application.

But life was getting impossible for the Banerjees. They found

it impossible to cook in the house and when they got food from outside and sat for meals they found pieces of flesh or faecal matter thrown at them.

The station master then resolved to leave the place and wrote to the Traffic Manager again saying that unless he was transferred or granted leave immediately he would leave the station without handing charge as his life was in danger.

The Traffic Manager, cursing the superstitious Hindu, sent his assistant, a European, to investigate the matter. The Assistant Traffic Manager came and asked the station master to show him the ghost. Banerjee said that the ghost was not visible - but could be felt only by his pranks. The European was all rage at this reply and said that Banerjee was a liar and he had concocted the story to get a transfer. Banerjee meekly replied that if he stayed there he would soon find the mischief of the ghost but in his heart of hearts he was thinking what would happen to him if the ghost did not make its presence felt and for once he ardently prayed that the ghost would oblige him!

Meanwhile the Assistant Traffic Manager had pitched his tent and had told his bearer to keep a strict watch around. The whole day passed off peacefully and the European began to feel convinced that Banerjee was lying about the ghost. The time for his dinner arrived and he sat at his table. The cook had spread a white cloth over it and kept some plates with bread

and fried chicken. The officer took his fork and knife and began to eat when suddenly the chicken disappeared and in its place there were two legs of a camel! The Assistant Traffic Manager was taken by surprise at this sudden phenomenon. The camel legs were giving a stinking smell and the European took out his kerchief from his pocket and opened it to apply to his nostrils when he found in it faecal matter. He threw it away in disgust. There was no doubt in his mind now about the existence of a ghost. Life there was horrible indeed with the ghost playing such dirty tricks.

He immediately ordered a trolley and packed off sympathising with Banerjee. He made a report about the ghostly phenomenon and recommended the removal of the station to some other site. But in as much as the proposal had to be approved by various departments action was delayed. Meanwhile the ghost seemed to have got tired of its pranks. It did not make its presence felt except on one occasion when the porters' quarters was mysteriously set fire to. Mr. Banerjee daily sent in his reports and since there seemed to be no more trouble the proposal to shift the station was shelved.

ALL FOR A BET

"I'll bet you a hundred pounds you can't deal a pack of cards in the order I name!" The challenged man was Andrew Carteret, America's gambler with a reputation for never refusing a bet, however fantastic.

"Done!" exclaimed Carteret. "Name the order and I'll turn the cards up that way, even if it takes me the rest of my life."

It didn't take him the rest of his life. But it took him nearly three years, during which he made dealing the cards a whole-time job. Eight hours a day, six days a week he sat at a table turning over the cards in a pack one by one, trying to get the "right" order. Two referees sat with him, noting the cards as they fell, and seeing that all was fair and above board.

When he collected his £1200 win after three exhausting years, he had spent £3,000 on wages for the referees!

Writer: "How are my novels going?"

Bookseller: "I can't imagine, sir, unless it's shop-lifters."

Judge (angrily): "Silence in the court! The next person to make a noise will be thrown out."

Prisoner (thumping loudly on the rail): "Hip, hip, hooray!"

Woman is like a shadow, follow her, she flies, fly from her, she follows.

Psychical Research

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

I wage not any feud with death,
For changes wrought on form and face.—Tennyson.

The people of the east are under a deep debt of gratitude to The Psychical Research Society (S.P.R.) for their indefatigable investigations and proof of the survival of human personality. The Hindus by their culture, training and belief consider the soul as something imperishable, incombustible, uncleanable, unmanifest and unthinkable and that when a person dies it is only the physical encasement in which the soul is lodged that ceases functioning and decays. But there is vast difference between mere belief and conviction based on proof.

The S.P.R. was founded in London in 1822, to make "an organised and systematic attempt to investigate the various sort of debatable phenomena which are *prima facie* inexplicable on any generally recognised hypothesis" Frederick Myers was one of the principal founders. He was a classical scholar of high attainments and a brilliant man of letters. He was a pupil of Henry Sidgwick, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Cambridge. Both were dissatisfied with the conventional solu-

tions offered by religion and became intensely interested in the personality of man and his destiny. Along with Mrs Sidgwick, an extremely gifted lady and William Barrett, a noted physicist, and a few others they formed the S.P.R.

Amongst those who were presidents in the early years when they had to combat a mountain of prejudice were Rt. Hon'ble A. J. Balfour (afterwards Prime Minister), Prof. William James, a talented American philosopher, Sir William Crookes, the inventor of the radiometer and the discoverer of thallium, Sir Oliver Lodge, a great scientist and one of those who demonstrated the possibility of wireless communication, Camille Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, as also Sir William Barrett.

Prof. James considered the rules of the society Draconian. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the discoverer of the law of natural selection, seceded from the society on the ground that no experience based on mere eyesight could ever have a chance of being admitted as true. W. T. Stead was of opinion that the

Psychical Research

37

society was so absurdly sceptical that it is obstructing rather than promoting a knowledge of the supernatural phenomena. A contributor to *The Times* remarked that "the standard of evidence required by psychical researchers is about five times stricter than that required to hang a man for murder."

Thanks to the patient, plodding, untiring experiments, investigations and dogged perseverance of the S.P.R. it has now been established beyond doubt that personality survives man. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle observed that "in such an age of materialism, we are endeavouring to prove the existence and supremacy of the spirit in so objective a way that it will meet and beat the materialists on their own ground" Of what use is this knowledge, Judge

Edmonds of the Supreme Court (U.S.A.) lucidly explained:

"There is that which comforts the mourner and binds the broken-hearted, that which smooths the passage to the grave and robs death of its terrors, that which enlightens the atheist and cannot but reform the vicious, that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life."

Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding answers thus: "A common sense and rational idea of what is likely to happen to normal people after death, the solemn thought that they will pass into the hereafter and continue their lives without break in spiritual instead of earthly surroundings must affect the outlook and conduct of all who are not willfully blind."

At one time coffee drinking in Germany was permitted to only a few very wealthy holders of government licences. Men were employed to spy on people to see that they did not drink it.

They used to follow the smell of roasting coffee to seek out those who did not have permits.

The world's first clinic for headaches has been started at Montefiore Hospital, New York.

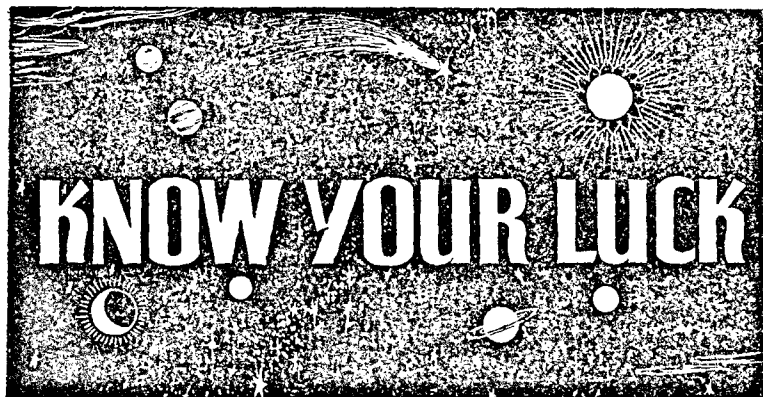
Twelve million Americans, it is stated, suffer from headaches for at least 50 or 60 days every year.

Chief sufferers are between 30 and 40. Of every 100 cases of headache by migraine, 70 of the sufferers are women.

To keep down headaches the clinic gives four golden rules

- (1) Proper rest and sleep ; (2) Balanced diet ;
- (3) Complete relaxation in the home ; (4) Good temper.

Three small tea-spoonfuls of sugar make a cup of coffee or tea just as sweet as one would like it to be. Our awareness of sweetness drops off rapidly as the amount of sugar is increased. Two tea-spoonfuls don't double the sweetness, they just up it by 50 per cent. The third spoonful increases the sweetness only a trifle, the third not at all.



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

This is a luckier month than the last one. During the month the emphasis fall in g on the IV house owing to the influences of two major planets, Guru and Sani, your concentration will be mostly on the domestic side. You may evince greater interest in buying and selling or dealing with customers or in house improvement. Financially marked improvement will be registered since Sukra, the lord of II house enters his own house on the 8th June. New sources of income may be explored to your advantage successfully. A marriage function might take place in a few cases. A journey will be envisaged in the 2nd half. Avoid misunderstandings with your relations or

brothers. Eye complaint will be in evidence in the first half. Trouble regarding records may be avoided. Service will be encouraging. Merchants will do well in the second half.

1, 3, 9, 18, 22, 28 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURAS

The positions of Budha, Saturn and Sukra (from the 8th) will be encouraging enough as to your success in this month over your affairs. Sukra in his own rasi favours a better position for you in your professional activities. Financially there will be some temporary set-back till the middle of the month. Expenditure is seen increasing. Avoid altercation or

Know Your Luck

39

quarrels with members of your house Journalism or reading and writing and metaphysical subjects will appeal to you. One of your friends or relations will come to your help whenever needed. Your general health will be below par. There may be unnecessary allegations aspersed against you as evidenced by the malefic influences obtaining in the 8th house. If you have not succeeded in getting new residence as contemplated by you, you will succeed only after the first half of this month. One of your children will suffer in health. Slight improvement in service is indicated. Merchants will fare better after the first half.

1, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, 14, 18, 19, 28th are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

With the exception of Guru's position the planetary set-up of other planets does not sound a harmonious life in the line of least resistance. The solar course through the III house does not promote your mental peace. There may be unnecessary worries through your near relations like brothers etc. Expenditure is felt increasingly high. Important undertakings will receive some unexpected set-back and they will be more successful towards the last quarter of the month under review. The malefic influences in the VIII house reveal that your husband's or wife's health as the case may be will be disturbed. Married

life will not be happy. There will be extra heat in the system Oppositions in your way will be heavy till the 5th June. Financially there will be pressure felt. In the case of the less fortunate there will be a need for raising temporary loan. Any court case may be got adjourned to a future date. Service will be encouraging. First half will be lucky for merchants.

1, 2, 6, 7, 11, 12, 14, 19, 21, 28 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

This is a more fortunate month for you. There will be greater percentage of success achieved during the month.

Favour of high placed persons, successful activities in social life, greater evincing of domestic interests, help from top ranking men in Government service, new friendships with men at the top level, auspicious ceremony like marriage etc, pilgrimage tour etc. are amongst the occurrences during the month. Financial flexibility is registered. Income will be encouraging. Some loss through friend or a relation is indicated. A distant journey will prove financially gainful. Avoid friction with your co-workers or brothers. There will be some anxiety over some record which has been found missing of late. Second half of June will be financially lucky. A friend or a relation of yours

Aswani
Bharani and
Krithika

Krithika,
Rohini and
Mrigasira

Mrigasira,
Ardra and
Punarvasu

Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesha

will come up well to your surprise.

1, 4, 5, 9, 11, 14, 20, 21, 29 are better days,

x
SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary set-up during this month will prove far more advantageous and lucky than before. The second half in particular will be financially advantageous besides proving socially happy and active. Exalted Guru might not prove bad but gainful of favours and blessings of elders. Your actions will be above board and prompted by buoyant feelings of generosity and catholicity. One of your sons will claim your special attention. Expenditure side will mount up beyond your control. The first half of this month might bring some bad news about a relation of yours. You will come in contact with men of high position and you might gain through their contact officially and financially. Friends and friendships will appeal to you more than ever. There might be indirect financial gains. Financially the month will be very lucky and stable. Officially you will gain in position. Merchants will find this month exceptionally lucky.

1, 4, 6, 11, 14, 16, 19, 21, 30 are better days.

x
KANYA RASI or VIRGO

This month's star course will prove far more favourable to you than the last one.

Your attempts will succeed though slightly delayed owing to retrogression of your ruler Budha. Government officers and men at the top level favour you and render the necessary help you expect of them. Law and insurance will be in limelight. Financial conveniences are seen increasing from the 4th June. Any legal case might be pursued to the expected success. Friends who are spiritually minded and orthodox will freely move with you to your surprise. Avoid misunderstandings with relations like brothers and colleagues in service. There may be a marriage function at home in a few instances. Service will have special gains during this month. Merchants will gain through foreign business.

1, 4, 9, 14, 18, 19, 20, 22, 28 are better days.

x
THULA RASI or LIBRA

Solar course through the 8th house till the 15th June does not indicate a happy time of it for you during this month.

It is likely since your ruler also will be in the Astama Rasi, your health may be disturbed owing to either functional trouble or eye affection or throat complaint for some days. A distant journey may be envisaged in a few cases. Your wife's or husband's health may be below par. The rich will find it propitious to invest money on land or house. The

† Uttara-
phalgun
Hastha and
† Chitra

† Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
† Uthara
phalguna

† Chitra
Swathi and
† Vishaka

Grams: 'Woodlands' Madras.

Phone: 86461 & 85528

WOODLANDS HOTEL

(Regd. Boarding & Lodging.)

Your familiar host in Madras. The hotel which always played host for you in the city since 1913, now located at 1/23, Elward Elliot's Road, Madras-4, is offering you home comforts. The same palatial accommodation, 'phone extensions to all rooms, air-conditioned cottage accommodation with gardens, hot-water facilities day and night, wholesome food and courteous services at moderate charges.

Garden parties are undertaken at short notice.



The Udipi Sri Krishna Vilas

1/4, Mount Road, Madras-2

Phone: 86155

Air-conditioned tiffin rooms and variety of sweets available always.

MEALS SECTION:

98-A, Wallajah Rd., Madras-2.



"Woodlands", Coimbatore

Phone: 111 & 777

WOODLANDS HOTEL

COLLEGE ROAD, COIMBATORE.

Prop: K. KRISHNA RAO.

less favoured might succeed in house-move. There will be high-strung mind in respect of all your ideas and undertakings. This is not a safe period to undertake any new venture in the line of least resistance and complications. Employees will find delayed fulfilment of their wishes and desires. Merchants will be lucky in partnership concerns.

1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 19, 29 are better days.

X
VRISCHIKA RASI or
SCORPIO

Planetary lay-out does not promise favourable influences over your affairs during this month.

First half of this month will prove better than the second. There will be opposition and obstacles felt in the way of your progress. Private enemies will be working against you secretly. Astama planets may asperse some blame or other against you. They will disturb your health. People suffering from secret diseases will fare worse. Avoid misunderstandings with brother or a relation or a friend. Financially there may be better felicity. But expenditure will be increasingly felt and might necessitate the raising up of a temporary loan. A distant journey may take place. An auspicious ceremony may be envisaged in a few cases. Youngsters should avoid any dealing with fair sex lest they should lose their fair name. Domestic happiness is not in the picture.

Employees will not be lucky in service. Merchants may not lose if not profit by their transactions.

2, 4, 6, 9, 12, 14, 18, 20, 30 are better days.

X
DHANUR RASI or
SAGITTARIUS

Planetary combinations indicate a variety of your experiences during this month.

The planets in the 6th as well as in the 8th houses may affect your general health owing to disorder in the general functioning of your system. This combination may also prove a blessing in disguise by way of a windfall owing to Adhiyoga in operation. Avoid friction by altercation with your friends or relation. New friends may be made to your advantage. The less favoured may suffer from financial pressure if their nativity direction is unfavourable. Domestic harmony may also suffer. A distant journey is envisaged. Budha Vakra from the 4th June may delay marriage negotiation. Officially there may be slight advantage. Merchants will find this month more gainful in their speculations.

1, 2, 3, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 19, 21, 28 are better days.

X
MAKARA RASI or
CAPRICORN

Your ruler Saturn in trikona to Mangal in the VI house coupled with solar course through the house of mind will

1/2 Uttarashada
Sraavana & 1/2
Dhanista

cause you unnecessary irritations and worries in the domestic as well as professional field. You will become quickly excited and annoyed over affairs going beyond your control owing to malefic influences of Mangal conjunction with Budha. Your own relations will be responsible for your trouble. Fifth house Sukra may help a marriage celebration though the aspect of Saturn to the VII house may delay it. One of your children will cause you much anxiety as he may not behave properly. Financial conveniences may register improvement. Malefic aspects to the XII house will indicate heavy expenditure and the secret enemies at work against you. Any court case may be adjourned to a future date. Help from your brother or an elderly person related to you is envisaged. Officially no advantage or encouragement is noticed. Merchants will have better turnover and new partnership may be entered into.

1, 2, 3, 9, 13, 14, 18, 28, 30 are better days.

X
KUMBHA RASI or
AQUARIUS

This is a month of more harmonious life than the previous. Sukra in the VI house will bring about happy changes in the domestic life. There will be comfort from children. Sukra will cause success of your plans which will lead to your financial facilities,

honour, official status, appreciation by your boss and happy contact with your friends and relations. The aspect of Saturn to Guru in the VI house shows troubles and disappointments through subordinates. Health also may be affected thereby. Stomach troubles or functional disorders may be your chief complaints. There may not be cordial feelings with one of your elders. You will be high-strung mentally owing to contact of Budha and Mangal in the house of mind. Journalism and literary pursuits will prove lucrative. Officially there may be no encouragement. Merchants will be speculatively inclined. But financial pressure will face them and business profits will fall short of their expectations.

1, 3, 4, 9, 14, 18, 28, 30 are better days.

X
MEENA RASI or PISCES

You will be fortunate during this month as practically almost all planets except Saturn are favourably positioned.

1/2 Poorvabhadra
Uttarabhadra &
Revathi

Many of your undertakings will find favourable settlements during the month. Domestic life will improve. Financial conveniences are forthcoming to your satisfaction so that you may meet all your commitments easily. You will get greater recognition of your outstanding talents of managing and directing of big organizations. Debt, if any, will be partially paid off. An auspicious ceremony might occur

officially. There will be appreciation of your work. You will be very much concerned with your children's affairs. Avoid altercation with family members as otherwise family harmony and peace will be disturbed. A journey may be included in the month's picture. A sister or a brother may claim your special attention. Correspondence will prove eventually profitable in business circle in particular.

1, 2, 4, 7, 11, 12, 18, 22 are better days.

FIVE RULES TO STAY YOUNG

How to stay young though old in years? A doctor gives the following five hints:

Don't worry. Get as much relaxation as you can.

Keep an eye on your weight. You may be able to carry 11 stones comfortably, but your system may rebel if you go up to 14 or 15 stones.

Watch your eating habits throughout your life. Eat slowly, chew thoroughly, and look after your teeth. All these things should keep your digestion happy.

See that you work and play in fair proportions. Get plenty of fresh air all your life.

Keep up some form of exercise as long as you can. But after you're 45 don't try to break any records!

Above all, keep cheery and interested in other folks. That's the most important of the rules.

x

x

x

There are thousands of Smiths in the world but there is one who will never be confused with anybody else.

He is Mr. Five-Eighths Smith, of Pearson, U.S.A.

Mr. Smith received his "number" Christian name because it distinguished him from the six other Smith families who lived nearby. But he is by no means the only person with a number for a name.

Mr. and Mrs. Stickney, an American couple, do not spend much time thinking about names for their new arrivals.

They have named their daughters First, Second and Third, their three sons One, Two and Three.

x

x

x

A Midlands, Britain, woman was peeling a banana when she saw a point of paper sticking out of the skin. Inside was a carefully coiled note from the grower. It read: "I am lonely. If a pretty, domesticated girl finds this, will she please write to me in Jamaica."

The girl wrote, and the couple later met and were married.

x

x

x

Who gossips to you will gossip of you.—A Spanish proverb.

NEWS STORIES

Is Peanut A Vegetable?

Is peanut a nut or a vegetable?

That question rocked the Canadian courts when a new sales tax was imposed which included nuts, but didn't apply to vegetables.

A big firm of roasted peanut merchants took the matter to court to get a definite verdict.

The battle between rival counsel went something like this:

Counsel for the vegetable: "Everyone knows that nuts grow on trees and vegetables grow on or below the ground. Peanuts grow underground. Therefore they're vegetable."

Counsel for the nut:—"But surely anything that's known the world over as nut is in fact a nut?"

"You roast them with other nuts, salt them with other nuts, finally mix them up with other nuts. Yet you say the peanut is not a nut!"

"If your wife sent you out to the shops to buy some vegetables, would you bring back peanuts?"

Counsel for the vegetable: "As a single man, I'm not qualified to answer that question."

About then the judge decided he'd heard enough.

He came down in favour of the idea that peanuts are nuts. But for a long time afterwards the controversy raged in homes, on trains, buses and in bars throughout Canada.

x

x

x

Stories About Lenin

As soon as Lenin moved into the Kremlin in 19 8, after the Revolution, the Commandant of the Kremlin posted sentries, mostly young trainees of the military school, many of whom had never seen Lenin. The commandant gave orders that no one was to be allowed to go through to Lenin's flat without a pass. One day Lenin went to his office in the Council of People's Commissars, forgetting his pass at home. Going back for something in his flat he was stopped by the sentry who asked for his pass. Lenin explained that he had forgotten it, and pointed to the door of his flat, saying: "I live right here..." The sentry answered: "I'm sorry, the commandant's orders are not to allow anyone to pass without a pass." Lenin went to the commandant's office and got a visitor's pass to his own flat.

The sentry reported to his commander when his duty was over and told him about the incident with the man who had had no pass. When he had heard the sentry out he asked him: "Do you know who he was?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well that was the Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars—Lenin."

The sentry clutched his head and ran off to apologize to Lenin.

"There's no need for you apologize," Lenin said. "The commandant's order on Kremlin territory is law. As Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars I couldn't very well break the law, could I? I was wrong, you were right."

Here is another story characteristic of Lenin's style of work:

Soon after the Revolution Lenin sent for a co-worker and gave him an important political assignment. He started to protest, saying that he was only an organiser and lacked theoretical background for such a job. Lenin looked at him, quizzically and asked:

"Did you fight the *Rabochaya Mysl*?"

"I did."

"And did you fight the 'economists'?"

"I did."

"And the Mensheviks?"

"Yes."

"And the liquidators?"

"Yes."

"Then go ahead and do the job."

In asking those questions Lenin showed that people learn not only from books, but from life.

Jam Caused A Jam

Dozens of fire-engines, ambulances and police squad cars, with bells, sirens and horns creating a fantastic din, screamed across New York and stopped outside an apartment block in down-town Manhattan recently.

They were there in answer to an all-station call sent out by the terrified neighbours of an elderly widow, Mrs Marguerite Styvesant.

The callers had made it sound bad enough—shooting, blood coming through into flats below, the sound of angry men's voices threatening to blow up the block.

When the SOS squads got there, things seemed even worse than expected.

A smell of gas met them outside the apartment. There was an ominous trickle of dark red liquid oozing out from under the door. Smoke billowed from a window.

To the accompaniment of the popping of photographers' flash-bulbs, three burly firemen hurled themselves at the door.

Minutes later, however, the whole cavalcade of rescue services was heading for home—cars burning all the way.

For this is what had happened.

Mrs. Styvesant had recently made some home-brewed fruit wine, which she'd corked too early. While she was out, the still fermenting liquid started to burst its way out of the bottles.

The first bottle smashed with a noise like an exploding bomb. Fragments of glass cut down a lampshade, which fell on an electric heater and caught fire.

That was only the start! Spraying wine dowsed a gas cooker jet, leaving gas to escape. More wine sprayed out of the kitchen, across the hall, and splashed against the front door before oozing out in a sinister red trail.

Other bottles started popping and the noise of these attracted the attention of the neighbours.

On top of that, the radio, which Mrs. Styvesant had left on, began to blare out a crime play. No wonder neighbours thought Mrs. Styvesant was being murdered.

An hour after all the excitement, Mrs. Styvesant returned.

And can you guess where she'd been? At an evening class—studying wine-making!

Strange Pistol Shot

Italian police in Milan in reconstructing an incident as the result of which a young university student faces a charge of manslaughter appear to have brought to light facts which might justify the incident being called "the accident of the century."

What the Milanese Inquiring Magistrate referred to as a million-to-one chance, is alleged to have occurred in this way.

Nobody knows how many times a certain pair of duelling pistols changed hands after they left the workshops of a St. Etienne firm of gunsmiths in the 18th century.

Somewhere along the line, at least 100 years ago, someone left a bullet and gunpowder in one of the twins. That bullet killed an attractive, 29-year-old woman and stained a Milanese room with blood.

The twin pistols hung with six other antique pistols in the apartment of Alberto Subert, the son of one of Milan's biggest antique dealers. The dealer had bought the pair of St. Etienne duelling pistols from a descendant of the original owner. A certain amount of rust had gathered on them, especially on the trigger and barrel.

The eight pistols were the favourite playthings of his friends, who would often point them at each other in fun. They did not know that a live bullet still remained in one of the weapons.

At a party in his rooms on an evening last December, Subert and his friends were once again amusing themselves by pointing the pistols at each other. One of the guests, Duccio Passyglia, took one of the St Etienne pistols, cocked it, snapped off the sulphur head of a match, placed it under the hammer, and pulled the trigger.

The hard sulphur acted as a percussion cap. There was a loud bang and a puff of pungent smoke.

According to the Court report Duccio, delighted at the joke, repeated it. He did it a third time on the arrival of another guest, Signora de Rossi. "Your money or your life," he laughed, pointing the pistol at her. She laughed at the joke, too. But after the loud bang she was lying dead on the floor, blood trickling from a wound in her forehead.

Duccio has been formally charged, but provisionally released. His trial is expected to take place soon.

His defence is that no one could have known the pistol was loaded, least of all himself.

Police say "the two earlier bangs must have shaken off the rust on the pistol. The third spark caused by the sulphur touched the powder and fired the bullet that had been in the pistol for a century."

Canary as Witness

Animals and birds have sometimes appeared as witnesses in court cases in the past. At Prenzlau in Germany a canary was called as witness in a murder trial.

A woman and a farmhand were being tried for the murder of the woman's husband. The case for the police depended upon whether a conversation was heard in an adjoining room, the defence maintaining that it was impossible owing to the loud singing of a canary.

The judge ordered the canary to be brought into court and after waiting for nearly an hour the bird sang so well that the spectators applauded. It was left to the jury to say whether the bird's song was loud enough to drown a conversation. They decided it was—and the couple were acquitted.

Equality of Sexes

The day when a woman could slap a man's face with impunity has gone—in America, at least, where recently William Ringel, a New York magistrate, declared that she who slaps can expect to be slapped right back.

He gave this ruling when Willis van Noodall, thirty-six, appeared before him on a charge to slapping Mrs. Lee Noble, twenty-six, his neighbour, in the face. She slapped his face during an argument and he slapped her back.

The magistrate said that courtiers in bygone age regarded the woman as sacred and "unslappable." The sexes are equal to-day, however, and if a woman slaps a man she must not be surprised to get one back.

Edited and published by P. A. Prabhu, B.A., (Hons) at 82, Palatope, Mylapore, Madras-4. Printed by J. S. Vasani at The Sunday Times Press 69, Peters Road, Cathedral P.O., Madras-6.

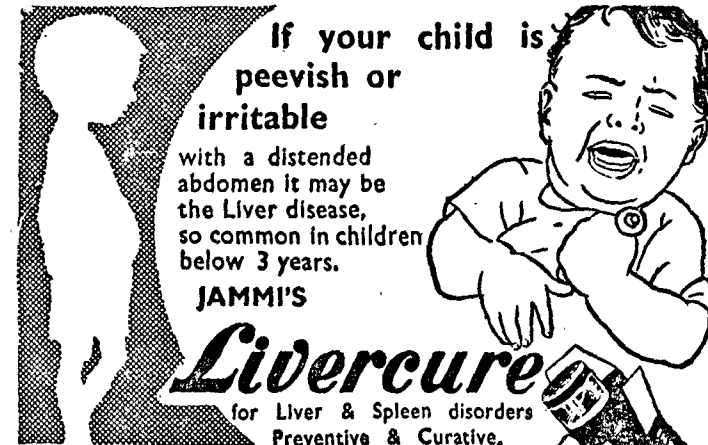
Results of the Valuation as at 31-12-1953

Bonus of Rs. 18/- per thousand sum assured per year for Whole Life Policies.

Bonus of Rs. 15/- per thousand sum assured per year for Endowment Policies.

THE CANARA MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.,

Head Office: UDIPI, (S. India)



If your child is
peevish or
irritable
with a distended
abdomen it may be
the Liver disease,
so common in children
below 3 years.

JAMMI'S
Livercure
for Liver & Spleen disorders
Preventive & Curative.

Jammi Venkataramanayya & Sons,
"Jammi Buildings", Mylapore, Madras-4.
Bangalore City Branch: Arcot Srinivasachar St.,
Tiruchirappalli Branch: Big Bazaar St., Teppakulam;
Kumbakonam Branch: Big St., Vizianagaram City
Branch: Vorugantivari Street.



**THE CANARA INDUSTRIAL & BANKING
SYNDICATE, LIMITED.**

**SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR STUDENTS
FOR**

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Special facilities have been made available at the Syndicate's offices for students in respect of their bonafide banking requirements. We have pleasure in announcing these concessions.

1. Interest at 1% above the scheduled rates will be allowed on balances held by students in their Savings Bank Accounts upto Rs. 3 000/- and the usual rates for the balance.

2. Any number of operations will be permitted in their Savings Bank Accounts and no incidental charges will be charged on these accounts. The rules limiting withdrawals to Rs. 100/- per week in the aggregate will not apply to such accounts.

3. Mail Transfers from other branches for credit of accounts of students will be permitted free of charges upto Rs. 500/- per month.

4. A student should produce at the time of the opening of the account a certificate from the Head of the educational institution certifying that he is a student of the institution.

5. Cheques and paying-in slips can be written in the regional language.

The Syndicate is offering these concessions to students so that they may acquire the habit of thrift and saving and enable them to pay their school or college fees, or hostel or other charges by means of cheques conveniently. Students would be saved of the bother and risk of holding cash in their hands and besides will get from us the highest rate of interest allowed on Savings Bank Accounts.

Madras Office :

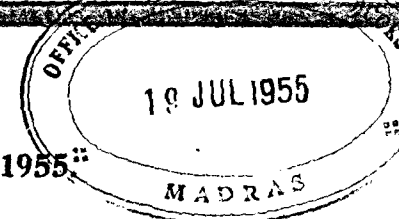
"Jupiter House", 167, Broadway.

KAHANIYA

9

389
3-55

JULY, 1955



How Evil Came Into Men's Actions

(An Allegory from the Upanishads)

by Sri A. R. Ponnuswamy Iyer)

The Portrait

(By Sarat Chandra Chatterjee)

Famous Murder Trials

[By S. Rajagopalan]

Illuminating Stories

[By Swami Sivananda]

Rambles In Court Life

[By V. G. Ramachandran, M A , B.L.]

Life After Death

Know Your Luck

(By Leo)



★ **SHORT STORY MONTHLY** ★

**THE CANARA INDUSTRIAL & BANKING
SYNDICATE, LIMITED.**

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR STUDENTS

FOR

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Special facilities have been made available at the Syndicate's offices for students in respect of their bonafide banking requirements. We have pleasure in announcing these concessions.

1. Interest at 1% above the scheduled rates will be allowed on balances held by students in their Savings Bank Accounts upto Rs. 3 000/- and the usual rates for the balance.

2. Any number of operations will be permitted in their Savings Bank Accounts and no incidental charges will be charged on these accounts. The rules limiting withdrawals to Rs. 100/- per week in the aggregate will not apply to such accounts.

3. Mail Transfers from other branches for credit of accounts of students will be permitted free of charges upto Rs. 500/- per month.

4. A student should produce at the time of the opening of the account a certificate from the Head of the educational institution certifying that he is a student of the institution.

5. Cheques and paying-in slips can be written in the regional language.

The Syndicate is offering these concessions to students so that they may acquire the habit of thrift and saving and enable them to pay their school or college fees, or hostel or other charges by means of cheques conveniently. Students would be saved of the bother and risk of holding cash in their hands and besides will get from us the highest rate of interest allowed on Savings Bank Accounts.

Madras Office :

"Jupiter House", 167, Broadway.

**THE UNITED INDIA PROVIDENT ASSURANCE
CO., LTD., MADRAS**

**Life Insurance without Medical Examination
and
Policies Issued on Both Male and Female Lives**

Upto Rs 1,000

**BONUS DECLARED Rs. 9/- per Thousand sum
assured per annum**

**Unique in the annals of the history of
Provident Societies working in India**

**Enquiries for Representation of the Company
are invited**

For Particulars apply to :

The Secretary,

UNITED INDIA PROVIDENT ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

**"United India Life Building"
ESPLANE, MADRAS-1.**

Grams: 'Woodlands' Madras.

Phone: 86461 & 85528

WOODLANDS HOTEL

(Regd. Boarding & Lodging.)

Your familiar host in Madras. The hotel which always played host for you in the city since 1938, now located at 1/23, Edward Elliotts Road, Madras-4, is offering you home comforts. The same palatial accommodation, 'phone extensions to all rooms, air-conditioned cottage accommodation with gardens, hot-water facilities day and night, wholesome food and courteous service at moderate charges.

Garden parties are undertaken at short notice.



The Udipi Sri Krishna Vilas

1/4, Mount Road, Madras-2

Phone: 86155

Air-conditioned tiffin rooms and variety of sweets available always.

MEALS SECTION:

98-A, Wallajah Rd., Madras-2.



"Woodlands", Coimbatore

Phone: 111 & 777

WOODLANDS HOTEL

COLLEGE ROAD, COIMBATORE.

Prop: K. KRISHNA RAO.

Kahaniya

Short Story Monthly

Annual Sub. Inland Rs. 3. Foreign Rs. 4.

Vol. II |

JULY, 1955

| No. 3

An allegory from the Upanishads'

HOW EVIL CAME INTO MEN'S ACTIONS

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

The gods (Devas) and the devils (Asuras) were the two-fold offspring of Prajapathi, the Father of all created things. Of these the gods were the younger and the devils the older. The gods were also fewer and the devils more in numbers. They contended with each other for the mastery of these worlds.

The gods said: "Let us surpass the devils in the sacrifice with the Udgitha." The Udgitha was a Loud Chant that was part of the ritual. The words of the Chant form one of the grandest prayers in the Vedas.

*From the unreal (asat)
lead me to the real sat!*

*From darkness lead me to
light!*

*From death lead me to im-
mortality!*

They said to Speech: "Chant the Udgitha for us."

"All right," said Speech and chanted for them. The common good that comes of the

organ of Speech, that is, the good of all the organs that comes through the function of speaking, it secured for the gods. But the pleasure of fine speaking, it reserved for itself. The Asuras feared that through this chanter the gods might surpass them. But they found a small flaw in the chanting of Speech, a small loophole, its utilising its power of fine speaking for itself. Through this loophole, they attacked it and struck it with

SURAJMAL'S

FOR

Quality Diamonds
and Precious Stones

313, Esplanade, Madras-1

evil. That evil still shows itself in speech as the improper things that one speaks. No man speaks only what is true, pure and helpful. So Speech failed in the high mission that was assigned to it by the gods, namely of carrying them to the Divine.

Then the gods said to Prana (the In-breath), "Sing for us the Udgitha."

"So be it," said the In-breath and sang for them. Whatever common good comes of breathing-in, that it secured for the gods, while the pleasure of fine smelling it utilised for itself. The devils feared that through this singer the gods might surpass them. So they rushed upon it and pierced it with evil. That evil shows itself in our breathing in all things good and bad.

The gods appealed in turn to the Eye, the Ear and the Mind. All these undertook to chant the Udgitha for the gods. But in uttering the chant they did not think solely of the good of the gods. Each organ also sought its own satisfaction. This taint of selfishness they caught from the devils. The devils saw a chink in their armour and through it entered into their nature. The evil in the Eye is that it sees improper things, in the Ear that it hears improper things, of the Mind that it imagines improper things.

Though the allegory mentions only these five organs, we may suppose that the gods likewise tried each of the other organs, the tongue, the skin etc. In the end the gods realised that they could not transcend death and realise their Divine nature

through the instrumentation of the sense organs. They are impure, that is of a mixed nature, and not wholly devoted to universal well-being.

Then they said to the vital force, which is seen in man as breath in the mouth: "Chant the Udgitha for us," and he chanted. The Asuras rushed upon him and tried to pierce him with evil. As a clod of earth striking against a rock is shattered so were the Asuras shattered and they perished. Therefore the gods increased and the devils were crushed. This vital force is called 'Ayasya Aangirasa', for it dwells within the mouth and is the rasa or essence of all the members of the body. It is what sustains the body and all its limbs in health and vigour. Without it they wither.

The lesson that the Upanishad itself draws from the allegory is that the life-breath is the greatest among the bodily functions. It is the common self of the body and its organs. It is equal in all parts of the body, not specially attached to any, and pure and fit for being meditated upon as one's self. But there are other lessons also which we may draw from it. The Asuras are the earlier offspring of the Creator in the sense that the first things to be created are a mixture of good and evil. Forces and beings that are wholly good and devoted to the service of the Divine are a later creation. They are numerically weak but God is behind them. So long as they are true to Him, He will not fail them

They seek to realise their immortal nature, that is, realise themselves as parts of the Virat Purusha, the one Universal Being through an up-leaping prayer (Udgitha) for the removal of ignorance and darkness. This prayer is not a mere vocal utterance of words, a mere call of Speech. The prayer has to be an integral aspiration of the whole being. The mind and the sense organs are divided in aim and activity, therefore weak and impure, and through them we cannot hope to reach the Divine.

Apart from this central teaching of the allegory there is in it a very suggestive thought that all the evil in our nature comes from the devil and is of the devil. As the Bhagavad Gita says: "There are two creations of beings in this world, the daivik and the asurik." In fact both these natures or disposi-

tions are present in everyone though not in the same proportion. In each of us there is an eternal conflict between the deva and the asura. The essential mark of the asura is the belief only in material things and in material values. That leads to selfishness and selfishness is spiritual death. The unselfish impulses in our nature are by themselves too weak to prevail over the selfish. They can overcome the asura in us only through faith in God and an earnest invocation to Him, that is, through the Udgitha. It is a loving of God with all our heart, all our soul, all our strength, with our whole being.

The gods in us have to be strengthened and the devils in us weakened and finally crushed. Thus alone can we enter into our true inheritance, the Divine nature.

LESSONS BY RADIO

There is a new type of school in Columbia with 200,000 pupils, all of whom have to be at their desks very early in the morning, as school starts at ten minutes to six.

A funny thing about it is that few of the pupils know their teachers, for all the lessons come over the radio. At each school there is a senior pupil called an auxiliary, whose job it is to clean blackboards and correct exercises.

The lessons are given by teachers who live 600 miles away from their pupils. One of the radio schools is a mud-walled farmhouse with a wireless aerial slung between two rough poles.

When the pupils are in the class-room, one of the two rooms in the farmhouse, the radio is switched on. Then comes the voice of the teachers: "Auxiliaries and pupils of the radio schools please let us have your attention. We are going to have a lesson. Auxiliary, clean the blackboard and be ready with chalk and eraser. Pupils, open your books."

The lesson then starts. At fifteen-minute intervals there are musical interludes.

A maiden whose love has been
spurned tries to take revenge on
the young man but...

The Portrait

(By Sarat Chandra Chatterjee)

Rendered into English by Nagendra and Meenakshi*

Our own kings and queens reigned over there. Their allies were also the rajahs and they governed their states themselves. The province of Burma was then not under the British control, and this story belongs to that period.

Mandalay was the capital, yet the various members of the royalty had settled in different parts of the country, and one out of these had settled a long time ago in a district ten miles south of Pegu.

He had a palatial building, a magnificent garden, enough of wealth and property.

But one day all of a sudden he sensed a call from the other world. He called in his friend Waku and said:

"Waku, I desired to give my daughter's hand in marriage to your son Batheen. I cannot, unfortunately, live to see that auspicious day. I leave Mashoye in your care. Be thou her guardian."

Waku was a friend of his from childhood. He too once possessed immense wealth, yet his overgenerous nature in giving alms and providing funds to a temple had exhausted his own resources and he was burdened with debts. Despite all this, his dying friend had found so much time to study him in his life-

time that he never even hesitated to hand over the charge of such a big estate, and his only daughter, to his care. But Waku had not to bear this burden for long. He too received the "summons" from the beyond within a year.

After his father's funeral, Batheen, sat under a shady grove and wept silent tears. Mashoye saw him and going up to him she dried his tears with the hem of her sari. Then, taking his hands into hers, she muttered softly, "Certainly father is dead - yet your Mashoye is still alive."

They embraced each other, and sat there close together.

* Batheen was an artist. His last portrait which was sent to the court through a rich merchant, had been highly appreciated, and to honour him the Rajah had rewarded him with one of his favourite diamond rings.

Tears of joy had welled up in Mashoye's eyes at this news. She said in a soft silvery tone, "You'll be acclaimed one day as the greatest artist of the world!"

Batheen smiled and said:

"Then, it seems a day will come when I shall be easily relieved of my father's debts."

The Portrait

Amongst all his creditors Mashoye herself was the chiefest! His talk about his debts pained her the most and made her flush.

"If you repeatedly insult me like this by harping upon the same point, I'll never again visit your presence," she retorted angrily.

Batheen sat dumb!

But to him—the burden was there. He must at all costs rid himself of it!

He worked with unabated zeal. This time he had captured one incident out of the "Jataka Tales", and was trying to paint an animated sketch of a "Gopi" out of it.

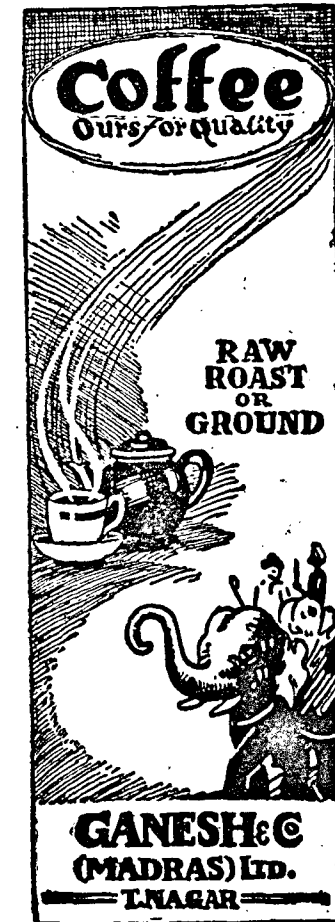
Mashoye was a daily visitor to his studio. She attended to all his needs. To-day too she saw him deeply engrossed. Just opposite, a mirror reflected his image. Standing near and intently gazing at it she said with a deep sigh, "Batheen, were you a maiden like me, you'd have become the 'Rani' of this country!"

"How?"

"The Rajah after taking you as his bride would have honoured you with a seat beside him on his throne. And again he has many other consorts—but this beauty and grace, these delightful curls—can anything be compared with it?"

"But Mashoye," said Batheen, "if beauty be the criterion you should be sitting at his right."

Mashoye smiled a coy smile at this sweet complement. But she could not help thinking, "You have that same womanish



* Abridged from their booklet of the same name.

weakness, the same softness of a virgin—there is an unlimited attraction in those charms!"

x x x

In that district a horse-race was held at the first approach of spring every year.

Mashoye went to Batheen's studio as usual but he was so absorbed in his work that he did not hear her approach.

"Here I am. Will you turn round?" she said with a beaming smile and Batheen turning himself round, said, "How beautifully dressed! Why this refinement to-day?"

"What! You don't know about the race today? The winner of the trophy would garland me," she said with a blush and added:

"Come on, the time is up!"

"Mashoye, my coming is absolutely impossible."

"But why?"

"I've promised to finish this portrait within a period of five days."

"Suppose it's unfinished?" she queried.

"Then he would depart for Mandalay—and would not pay for it."

There was a note of anxiety in his voice. Noticing it she said:

"You may sell the portrait to me. I'll pay double the price for it."

"But what will you do with it?" he asked.

Mashoye pointed towards her sparkling necklace. "Look, I'll decorate that portrait with all these gems and pearls and would always keep it hanging before my eyes."

Just then Mashoye's cart driver called out. It was getting late for the race and she departed.

Mashoye was young and fair and heiress to a huge property. At the race she held a high place of honour and respect. An elevated pavillion lavishly decorated received her. She was the queen of the occasion—and the winner of the race would throw the garland round her neck.

The riders arrived in all their colourful dress, waited impatiently, and at the first sound of the gong rushed forward for a "life and death" struggle! Here was strength and masculine vigour asserting itself.....

Now it was not in her power to disregard the victor and she resolved to favour him.

Thus when an absolute stranger in all his rusticity, advancing with panting breath, quivering lips and trembling hands, bewilderingly threw the garland round her neck, she could not but smile at him.

While returning, she invited the young man to take a seat in the cart by her side and in an affectionate tone addressed him: "I was afraid about you. I thought the wall was so high—lest the foot might slip!"

The young man bowed his head in gratitude.

How valiant and courageous he looked! And Batheen: a week, soft and delicate artist!

This young man was Pokhin, belonging to an influential family, and in her talks with him she came to know that he was a distant relative of hers.

Mashoye had invited many others to her house for the feast. All those and many others followed her cart dancing and singing and shouting merrily—raising a cloud of dust, which in a moment hid the evening twilight from all view.

The next day, after the race Mashoye visited Batheen. "Yesterday the evening was very pleasant, Batheen! Many guests had favoured me with their visits but you alone had no time."

Batheen was deeply engrossed in his work. Without lifting his head he said, "You have done well," and was lost in his work again! His indifference pained her. After a long time she said:

"Then I'll go."

Batheen, not raising his head said, "Alright."

She left the place in utter disgust.

When she returned home she found Pokhin in the drawing room. He said he came to thank her for last night's victory feast.

Mashoye treated him very nicely. He was an adept in conversation but nothing seemed to please her that day. A shrewd person he begged leave to go. Mashoye was forced to smile at this, and Pokhin, before departing, earned one more invitation for himself.

But once he was out of sight a feeling of remorse filled her soul.

The feast was now over. The guests had departed. She had been in the company of others

for a long time. Yet no one's talk ever remained in her memory. It seemed as if all this had occurred some years ago. Absolutely dry and uninteresting was that feast to her. In the remote corner of her heart, a vague picture of someone's personality rocked itself in safe slumber.

The second day Mashoye again visited Batheen's room. He, as usual, welcomed her with a 'come in' and then was lost in his work. In spite of being very near, she felt that he was miles away from her. With some feeling of that unavoidable pain she enquired, "How much of it still remains?"

"A lot," was the answer.

"Then what have you been doing these two days?"

Evading the reply, Batheen extended a cigar case, saying, "I can't bear that alcoholic vapour."

Mashoye took it seriously and pushing the case aside, she burst in: "I don't smoke cigars in the morning, nor do I try to hide any smell by their use. I am not so low-bred.....!"

Batheen in a calm, but dignified way said, "Your garment, perhaps, may have taken it." Then with the same reserve, "I am not concocting the story of that bad smell with any motive."

She burst forth, "Mean as you are, you seem to be jealous as well! That's why you have insulted me without reason..... To-day I remove these garments of mine forever from your presence!"

As she was leaving he said

"No one, till now, has spoken of me as mean and jealous. It is really astounding that you should say so and thus drift towards lowness. I've warned you at the right moment," he said.

"Alright. Reserve that judgement for yourself." So saying she hastily departed.

x x x

More than a month had passed. The resentment had now grown itself into bitterness. They did not meet each the other.

Mashoye consoled herself: "It is better as it is. The cords of deception which were entangling me in their strong grasp and making me powerless, have now been wrung to shreds. Now I'm my own judge."

She started weaving the webs of her own independence, yet something still was lurking there in that dark untapped corner of her heart. This bravado seemed to deceive her own self. "Why so restless?" This thought also haunted her.

It was her birthday and many a guest had been invited. Preparations were being made on a grand scale. All were busy but her mind was not bent upon doing any work. "It is an unnecessary botheration," she thought. And all the while she was thinking of Batheen. "He's also human," she thought. "Can he be jealous?" Here she stopped.....

"Perhaps. Yet it is possible he must have left his brush on many an occasion to brood over or he might have tried to

pace to and fro restlessly in his room or that his sleepless eyes must have burned to the core... ..but why should these thoughts trouble me?"

She had been deriving great pleasure from such imaginings but today she felt for the first time that it was just her imagination only. He has not been thinking of her. Everything she imagined was false. His weak frame, now once for all, it seemed, had become as hard as a rock.

Pokhin was the chief man working, receiving and arranging for the oncoming feast.....

And the person who on such occasions always blessed her with his love was missing!

A grand old man—an old servant who had served the father once—had also come. "Where, my sweet child, is Batheen? He is not to be seen," he asked her with a patronising look.

Mashoye's anger rose to the pitch! "If you wish to find him, go to his house! Why did you come here?"

"Alright," he retorted, but after a moment he said: "Seeing him alone won't do. I must see you both together; if not my coming here would be of no avail."

He left immediately and Mashoye waited in suspense! And lo! a suppressed sigh made her lift her eyes and, to her great surprise, Batheen stood before her! Turning her eyes away from him, she tried to leave the place but the old servant said:

"My little child, whatever

may have happened Batheen is your guest. Should you not even have a word with him?"

"But I had not requested you to call him!"

"It's my fault alone," Batheen heaved, with a bitter feeling of remorse and turned to leave. The old servant too left with him.

x x x

Batheen full of those growing sensations of pain which he had not experienced before, wept bitterly. Throwing the entire blame upon himself alone he said, "I deserve it!" But was this the end?

The "Portrait" had been completed. More than a month's night and day work had borne fruit. The person concerned presented himself on the scene when he heard of its completion.

But no sooner he saw it he said:

"I would not perhaps be able to present this to the king!"

"Why?" asked Batheen with apprehension!

"Because I know the figure. Fixing your attention on an earthly being, you tried to paint the figure of an immortal. It's an insult to the gods!"

Batheen was confused and baffled beyond degree!

"Your probing a little deeper will show you who this being is," said the man.

Batheen now slowly began to realise the truth. The deep misty veil before his eyes now began to lift.

He stood surprised to gape!

Tears trickled down his eyes. The "beauty" which he had



CAWO

Sandal Soap

rapturously alluring

& MUSTIC

It will delight you

GANGA WORKS

ADYAR.

drawn out from the innermost recesses of his heart and that which kept him in constant deception day and night in the shape of a "Goddess", was not that of the maiden from the "Jataka Tales" but of his own Mashoye!

x x x

Pokhin, encouraged a bit, said, "Even the gods do long to have you, Mashoye. I am only a mortal."

"But he who doesn't, perhaps has surpassed them even," she said with a restless tear. Then after a while, "I've heard you have very good access to the court; will you be able to help me?"

"Surely, but for what?" Pokhin questioned with a little inquisitiveness. He was ready to do anything to win a smile from her.

"A heavy debt is owed to me by a person, but I myself cannot collect it. There is no document or deed. Can you show me any remedial measure for it?"

"Certainly! Don't you even know this that I'm a Government official?"

Mashoye was pleased at this and pressing his hands with gratitude, said: "Then do something today itself I don't want to wait even for a single day." There was a sudden glow of victory in her looks.

"Alright, I'll do it," he answered her with a look of confidence.

This idea of collecting her debt—meaningless, fantastic as it was, and unimaginable—was so absurd a thing that till now she had not cared to think anything about it.

But the hopeful reply of a government official encouraged her to tell the details of it with a light of vengeance in her eyes. "I won't leave out anything—not even a pie! Just as the leech sucks the blood, in the same way I will—today alone—why, can it not be done immediately?"

So much was not necessary for Pokhin, a shrewd observer of men and the world. Suppressing that inward feeling of pleasure and satisfaction, he said: "Law gives a time-limit of at least seven days from the date of issuing a notice to the per-

son and we'll have to wait till the expiry of that period. After that you may suck as much blood as you want. I'll not have the least objection."

"Alright, you may do as you please." Saying this she rushed out, leaving Pokhin there to puzzle it out for himself.

The "summons" had been served. Batheen sat silently over it for a long time. He had not expected this to happen, yet at the same time he was not absolutely surprised.

"The period is limited, something has to be done!" he thought.

Mashoye had once spoken sarcastically about his father's extravagance. Begging her for an extension of time was thus out of the question.

The only worry that haunted him was whether he'd be able to pay back the debt by pledging whatever he possessed.

There was a rich money-lender in his village. Thither he went to dispose of everything secretly. The sum which he promised was sufficient enough to discharge the debt.

A great relief! But how much of an acute pain, a heart-rending shock, he had received! This he realised when he fell ill with high temperature! He lay unconscious for many days.

But once when he regained consciousness, he felt it was the last day for the payment of his debt.

Mashoye sitting alone weaved the web of her own triumph. "The haughty pride of my opponent will have a de-

The Portrait

finite fall and he'll sue for mercy...."

No there could be no mistake! The person of her dreams stood there before her. "Batheen!" A pang of anguish shot through her whole frame.

Batheen broke the silence: "Today being the last day I've brought the money."

Mashoye said, "I've filed in for the full."

"You're right. I've brought all," he said with an effort to smile.

"All? But where from?"

"That you'll know to-morrow. This bag contains the money. Order some one to take it away."

The cartman interrupted them from outside. "Babuji, we should start. If there is any more delay you'll not get accommodation for the night in Pegu."

Mashoye, walked towards the door, and saw that the cart was loaded with his belongings. She turned pale out of remorse and pain. With a sudden uneasy movement she cried, "Why to Pegu? Whose cart is this? How so silent? What'll be known to-morrow? Today only...can't..." She for the first time looked him full in his face. "Oh!" she exclaimed in a bewildered tone. "Fever. That's why there is that pallor!"

Batheen smiled "Listen," he said when he saw her in such a mood, "will you give heed to one of my last requests? I'm going to Mandalay, but before that I request you to find some suitable mate for yourself and immediately marry."



She leads in her set and always wins in the end. She has got over her troubles by regularly taking LODHRA—A boon to women.

KESARI KUTEERAM LTD
MADRAS 14

Agents for Bombay, Orissa,
Hyderabad, Mysore, Andhra
& Tamilnad:

Seetharama General Stores,
Secunderabad, Bangalore,
Bombay, Berhampore,
Bezwada & Madura.

Agents for West Coast:
Cochin Medical Stores,
Mattancherry, Cochin.



Provocative Murders

By S. Rajagopalan

He continued 'after a pause: "Don't continue to remain single for a long period."

Mashoye half opened her lips. "Listen," said Batheen, "there is one more thing; preserve this in your memory. Never try for once even to forget this. Apart from modesty pride is also the jewel of a woman but exceeding its limits..."

Mashoye became impatient. She broke in, "I'll listen to it some other day, but where from could you acquire so much money? You must tell me now."

Batheen smiled. "There is no secret which I want to hide. All father's property was exchanged to pay for his own debts."

"Your flower beds?"

"They were his."

"And all those books?"

"What need have I of them now? They too..."

"Let go," she said. "It was all for good—now come up and take rest!" There was an imploring glance.

"But I must be off today."

"With this temperature? Do you really believe I'll allow you to go in this state?" With

these words she, drawing herself still nearer, caught hold of his hands. All of a sudden, he felt that a complete change had come over Mashoye's face. Love, free from pride, shone there. An unknown fear or apprehension haunted those looks.

Those looks resembled the looks of a sweet rose.

She dragged him to the bedroom above. He lay there quietly. Mashoye, resting her tear-filled eyes on those pale feverish cheeks said: "You think that you've brought some money and that has freed you from the debt? Don't insist upon going to Mandalay now. Resisting this order, if you stir an inch even from the door of this house, I'll dive down from the topmost floor of this building. You've tortured me enough. No more of it hereafter!"

Batheen, without any protest whatsoever, pulled the sheet up over his head, sighed deeply and then, turning to the other side, lost himself in safe slumber.

A silent tear rolled down Mashoye's sparkling eyes in thanksgiving.

Proudly Mrs. Hobson showed some of her acquaintances over her new home.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" asked one visitor when shown into the library, where every book was a leather-bound edition de luxe.

The hostess stared coldly at her questioner.

"He doesn't bibble. Not that he won't take a drop now and then with his meals if the rest do. But that's as far as he goes."

Man is said by instinct to be polygamous but if there is one thing he dreads or is up against, it is the inconstancy of his partner in life; and masculine tendencies being the same all over the world, no husband shrinks from killing his spouse on even a mere suspicion of infidelity. Othellos have ever been an increasing tribe although in the majority of instances the victims have been Desdemonas for the most part.

The other day a gruesome sight was witnessed in a Mysore court when an individual carried a small gunny bag, which revealed when untied the heads of his wife and another male whom he had killed outright. Generally speaking wife-killing follows close upon a long course of ill-treatment and the murderers have not hesitated to besmirch the fair name of the unfortunate women as a means of escaping the gallows.

Law provides mitigation for murders committed upon grave and sudden provocation. It is a psychological fact. That is to say, a man by reason of a sudden turn of events loses, albeit temporarily, his self-control and kills. Malice, which is an essential ingredient in murder, is absent. In the case of married persons, the doctrine

comes into play when the husband discovers his wife in "flagrante delicto," that is to say, actually in the arms of her lover or paramour. This, if proved, entitles him to a lesser penalty than hanging. It is, however, true to say that the concession, if it be so called, is available only in the case of a wife, although in a case in Madras it was extended to a concubine. The Baluch custom of killing a sister who goes astray has not been countenanced by the courts; and recently Mr. Justice A. S. P. Ayyar has refused to extend it to the other female relations.

The provocation has both to be grave and sudden. Consequently where it inspires an actual intention to kill, the accused cannot escape hanging. The actual finding of the spouse in adultery, is an extenuating circumstance. But it has been held in England by the House of Lords the exception cannot be extended to those other than involving ocular observation. In other words, even if Iago's insinuations against Desdemona had been true, Othello's crime was only murder.

The question then arises as to whether a sudden confession of adultery by the wife is on the

same footing as the discovery of the act, entitling the murderer to lenient treatment. Two cases decided in England and India have answered it in the negative.

On 19-12-1945, a Mr. Homes, went to Mrs X. and told her that his wife had left him. He had two days earlier wired to her that he would be visiting her on 19th. On the same day the police found the dead body of his wife in the kitchen of his house.

She had apparently been killed on the night of the 18th. She had received a severe wound on the head caused by the hammer head used for breaking coal which was probably available on the spot and she had many bruises on her body. The final cause of her death was, however, made out to be one of manual strangulation. Holmes was arrested and he gave a story. He said that there was a quarrel between them on Saturday night, which had originated from some person winking at her direction in a public house that evening. He said that that was enough for him to entertain suspicion about his wife's conduct with regard to the other men in the village and that there had been some suggestion made to him with regard to her and his own younger brother. The quarrel culminated in his wife saying, "Well, if it will ease your mind, I have been untrue to you." She went on: "I know I have done wrong. But I have no proof that you have not been at Mrs. X's."

"Upon this," Holmes proceeded, "I lost my temper and picked up the hammer head and struck her with the same on the side of the head. She fell on her knees and then rolled over and over on her back, her last words being, 'It is too late now, but look after the children.' She struggled for a few moments and I could see that she was far too gone to do anything, I did not like to see her lie there and suffer. So I just put both the hands round her neck until she stopped breathing, which was only for a few seconds."

To a question, "When you put your hands round that woman's neck and gave pressure through your fingers, you intended to end her life, did you not?" he answered, "Yes."

In the trial no corroboration was forthcoming to support his statement that the deceased admitted her infidelity to him. Holmes was convicted at Nottinghamshire Assizes on 28-2-1948 and sentenced to be hanged. His appeal was unsuccessful. He obtained, however, a certificate from the Attorney General to urge the point of law before the House of Lords as to whether the confession of adultery constituted enough provocation.

The Law Lords considered the question from every view point in a judgment, which will long remain the most authoritative exposition of the law on the subject.

They felt that when Parliament has conferred a right on the wronged husband to obtain divorce, he is not excused for

Provocative Murders

using physical violence which results in death, and then urge in extenuation that it was done upon hearing confession of adultery. As society advances, it ought to call for a higher measure of self-control and in the case of felonious homicide, the law has to reconcile respect for the sanctity of human life with the recognition of the effect of provocation on human frailty. Holmes was hence guilty of murder, and could not escape the normal punishment for it.

x x x

Inderkuar was married to Gurubachan Singh about fourteen years ago. She gave birth to three children. The couple had migrated from Pakistan and settled down in the refugee camp at Dukkulvaran township in Patiala. Inderkuar's brothers, Darsan Singh and Sohan Singh, had also migrated from Pakistan and had been living in another part of the town.

On 8-8-1952 in the afternoon, Darsan Singh and his wife went out to take Inderkuar to their house. She had returned to her husband's house only a few days previously, and hence he was not disposed to send her thither once again and so soon. Another reason also weighed with him. He had long been suspecting a liaison between his wife and her sister's husband, with the connivance of his own brothers-in-law. The brothers hence returned to their house. But Inderkuar could not bring herself to acquiesce in her husband's determination. She insisted that she should be allowed to go and even told her

husband that she was not prepared to live with him and that he was free to go wherever he liked. Gurubachan Singh was naturally enough put out. He deliberated for a while and then went to the bazaar, bought some milk and took it after sharing with his six months old daughter. He went in for toilet and on his return sent away his brother who was with him, with his child. Afterwards he proceeded to take out a spear and thrust it into the neck of his wife while she was lying in the cot. The cut pierced her neck through. A similar blow was aimed almost at the same place and two more were dealt on the right thigh. Needless to say, the woman died instantaneously. Two of his neighbours who had heard her cries, rushed to the house and found Gurubachan coming out with a blood-stained spear. They found no other occupant in the house and saw Inderkuar lying dead on a cot in a pool of blood. Gurubachan went straight to the police station with the blood-stained spear and reported that he had killed his wife. The spear was examined by the chemical examiner and the imperial serologist and found to have contained human blood. He was placed on trial, but the Session Judge of Patiala sentenced him to prison only for three years. The State appealed to the High Court against his acquittal on the charge of murder. The High Court held that he was guilty of murder and that it was not a case of finding

his wife *in delicto*, in which case he might have been overpowered by feeling. On the other hand he had been deliberating and planning before hand. Even otherwise the weaker sex is not to be regarded as a mere chattel. In the end, he was sentenced to transportation for life.

(Copyright with the author)

A man was charged with loitering on the public highway.

"What's your occupation?" asked the magistrate.

The man on the dock scratched his head.

"Well your worship," he pondered. "I'm what you might call a timber merchant in a small way."

"What do you mean?" asked the magistrate, puzzled.

"I sell matches at a street corner."

Two old schoolmates were discussing a mutual friend.

"I know for a fact that since he left school he's been doing a lot of writing," said one gravely.

His friend raised his eye brows inquiringly.

"Author or journalist?" he asked.

"Neither," replied he. "Answering 'wanted' advertisements."

The young artist was proud of his latest achievement. He invited his friend to view it.

"Well," he said, after the other had made a good inspection, "do you like my portrait of the old judge?"

"How much is he going to give you for it?" asked his friend.

"What do you think he ought to give me?" put in the artist.

"Six months," the friend said bitingly.

A young man found a foreign coin in his change, so he went out to do some shopping, taking his little brother aged five, with him.

He went to the grocer's but the assistant was not to be taken in. He went to the chemist, but the chemist said it was a foreign coin and of no use to him.

"Good heavens, so it is!" exclaimed the young man. "I wonder where I got that?"

"Don't you remember?" said the young brother. "That's the one you tried on the grocer."

A young woman, looking over a flat, was unable to decide whether her husband would like it.

"I shouldn't let that worry you," said the agent. "It's much easier to get a new husband these days than a new flat."

Prince & The Brahmarakshasa

(By Capt. C. S. S. Sarma)

STORY SO FAR

Mitragupta, an adventurer in search of fame and fortune, had come to the country of Suhma ruled by King Thungadhanva. At the annual festival of the Dance of the Ball, Princess Kandukavathi falls in love with him. But Bhumadhanva, the prince, entices him and throws him into the sea with his hands and legs tied up. Mitragupta, however, is rescued by a passing ship which was challenged later by the ship of the Prince. In the fight that ensues Bhumadhanva gets defeated and becomes the captive of Mitragupta.

The ship sails but soon contrary winds prevail and the ship is driven off its course and next morning it finds itself at an enchanted isle where Mitragupta meets a Brahmarakshasa who puts him four questions. Mitragupta answers them.

Mitragupta narrated the tale of the determined rake and the virgin who turned paramour against her will by force of circumstance. The Brahmarakshasa, who had posed him the questions and set up conundrums, failure to solve which would have meant becoming a pabulum for his breakfast, was extremely satisfied with his wit and wisdom. Above all he was gratified with his suave manners and he wanted to bestow on him some boon or present.

Meanwhile a sudden contretemps was brewing high up in the skies. Pearls and flowers began to drop. They looked up and saw an extraordinary sight. A struggling maiden was being carried by another Brahmarakshasa, and the Rakshasa's grip being loosened she was falling down. The Brahmarakshasa below, on

noticing it suddenly darted up leaving Mitragupta alone who was excited at the situation where a woman's life was in danger and he could do nothing to save her. Soon a fight started between the two Rakshasas. The falling maiden was saved by Mitragupta who stretched out his hands and very deftly and gently caught her in his arms. What was his surprise when he found out that she was none other than Kandukavathi, the sister of Bhumadhanva, now a prisoner and in fetters, his quondam persecutor. He carried the trembling girl to a place of safety and gently persuaded her to tell her tale without trepidation. Kandukavathi narrated that hearing his sad end of being cast into the ocean with heavy fetters by her brother, Bhumadhanva, she became dejected and wanted to put an end to her life. She kept always indoors. One day as she was bemoaning her lot, a Brahmarakshasa swooped down and carried her in the air, assuming the form of a beautiful male.

The rest is known to him, for fate has dropped her into the very hands that she longed to grasp in wedlock on their first meeting at the dance festival. They were clasped in chaste ecstasy at the workings of fate. He reached back to the shore where his ship lay. The wind was favourable and he started back with his bride elect.

Soon they reached the port

and they met the parents of Kandukavathi now wending their way to renounce all worldly life after their trials in losing both their son and daughter in such quick succession. One can estimate their overwhelming joy when Mitragupta delivered both the prince and the princess to the parents.

Bhumadhanva now became convinced that the decrees of fate will prevail however much one can try to rough hew them. He was graciously released by Mitragupta and he got re-

conciled to his lot and became the faithful first lord and vasaal to his own brother-in-law on whom the gods have bestowed the crown.

Great was their jubilation when they returned to their kingdom with favourable wind and celebrated their homecoming with timbrel and song. The happy homecoming was made more joyous by the marriage of Mitragupta with Kandukavathi and Ohandrasena with Kosadasa.

(Concluded.)

"There! Broke my looking-class! Now I suppose I shall have seven years' bad luck!"

"Don't you believe it, Mrs. Jones. A friend of mine broke hers, and she didn't have seven years' bad luck. She was killed in an explosion next day!"

A certain Justice of the Peace who was not over-intelligent recalled a witness.

"My man," he said, sternly, "you may yet find yourself committed for perjury. Only a few moments ago you told the court that you had only one brother, but your sister has sworn that she has two. Now, out with the truth."

"Did you say that my mother-in-law had a face like my bull-terrier?"

"I did," replied the other. "What about it?"

"Take off your coat," shouted the first. "Nobody's going to say things against that dog and get away with it."

Merely to win a ten-dollar wager, a retired American naval officer recently completed a 502-mile walk which began four years ago. He had undertaken to walk through every street, avenue, alley, square and court on Manhattan Island, the centre of New York.

One pair of twins is produced in about 88 births. Triplets occur once in about 7600 births and quadruplets one in 670,000. Only about fifty cases of quintuplets have been recorded.

Liar's begin by imposing on others and end up by deceiving only themselves.

A tender story of a mother who finds her lost child only to give it up again so that it can live

SUDHA'S SACRIFICE

(By P. Venkatesh B.Sc.)

Sudha had lost her husband quite early in life. She had no near relations to help or comfort her. Even the kinsmen of her father's family she had none to call her own. One after another all had died. But God had compensated all this by blessing her with a daughter, her darling and pride.

And to drown her sorrow she would sit with the child in the shade of the tree opposite her hut which was far removed from others and there play with the child to drown her secret sorrow.

Every morn when her work was done, Sudha would weave a wreath from the sweet champak blossoms and crown her beloved with ceremonial pride. Her heart would flutter in sheer delight and in pure joyance she would toss the baby in her arms and call her by the names of her pet deities. The sprightly birds perched on the bowers would sing melodious ditties, while in answer the child would clap and smile and then join in their song. Thus the day would pass on to night and after the supper Sudha would take her out and holding her to her bosom sweetly croon "come moon, come down and clasp my baby in thine arms." The baby would laugh and hsp the mother's call in sheer joyance. The mother would smile, while the silvery rays of the moon struggle to kiss the coral lips

of the baby that made such music celestial.

Then came the festival of Durga. It was an age-old custom among the village folk to visit her sacred shrine and set at her feet their humble offerings. The temple stood some miles away from the village only accessible by river. If the boatman rowed fast it was only 3 hours journey.

The whole village set out, the men and women and children, young and old alike in regular batches Sudha too hired a boat and started off with her little one and a few elderly neighbouring folk.

It was a full moon night, Everything seemed to swim in the soft grace of its silvery light, while the wavelets over the water shone like specks of silver scattered afloat. The merry shouts of the little children disturbed the serene silence of the night.

Above this rose the sweet and joyous cries of Sudha's child Umi (for that was the name given her) like the sound of a silver gong. She leaned over the edge of the boat dangling her dainty little hands to reach the water while her mother held her fast from falling over.

Thus the first half of their journey was safely over and only an hour's more was yet to be completed. Then a haz

thickly veiled the moon's face, clouds, dense grey clouds, from somewhere gathered over the sky while a hoarse rumble as of thunder was heard from afar. Looking ahead the pilgrims saw a vast column of broken twigs and leaves, wisps of grass and hay and dreadful clouds of dust and sand raised as if it were by some demon sweeping down on them. Children with fear nestled close to their mothers, the mothers to their elders while they sent up frantic cries of "Steady, steady." Some others shouted, "Pray, mercy, help." Then they all calmed down realising the futility of their frantic cries being caught well in the middle of the waters, where no shouts could secure them help. Instead, remembering the Goddess Durga for whose festival they were all going, sent up a silent prayer "O Devi, the all-merciful one, shower on us thine wine of mercy."

But alas! a mighty whirlwind swept the place, uprooting and overturning all that lay in its track and the gaily floating flotilla of a few minutes ago was blotted out of existence in a moment despite their ardent appeals to the all-merciful Durga.

Perhaps the deity could not hear the silent prayers of her terror-stricken suppliants amid the roar and rumble of the whirlwind that was raging in the sky!

x x x

The haze cleared and bright moonshine once again covered the great expanse of sand. On the river not a splash, not a ripple even, was to be seen and

peace, serene peace as before the coming of the storm, pervaded, on stream and shore alike.

When Sudha regained consciousness, she found herself lying half-buried in the sand. Darkness, dense darkness on all sides, and sometime had to elapse before she could sit up and remember what had happened. Then the whole catastrophe, all bleak, horridly bleak came back to her. Her first impulse was about her child. Instantly, she sprang to her feet, gazed around, ran here and there; but nowhere was seen any sign of the people. Again she anxiously looked at the serene waters and there was no one there.

In that first terrible moment something rose from within her heart and pierced into her brain. The shining moon and the silent glory of the stars seemed to grow dim and darkness seemed to tarnish the face of the whole universe. From the very depths of her broken heart she gave one piercing cry, "Umi, Umi, my dearest Umi, where are you?"

But oh! no sweet voice answered "Mamma". No child mischievously laughed back, nor clapped its hand with the cry of "Here". Only the river silently ran on, as though it knew nothing, as though it were utterly unaware of all that happened.

She again rushed up and down the sands shouting her cry of despair: "Umi, Umi, my dearest Umi" until she was completely exhausted and fell flat on the ground, almost unconscious.

Sudha's Sacrifice

When Sudha woke up in the morning she found herself lying in her own cottage, amid the curious crowd of her neighbours. It happened that one of her friend's husband, a fisherman, while rowing home back, saw her lying on the sands. And recognising that she was Sudha, brought her safely to her cottage.

This time she could neither speak nor weep; only tears rolled down her cheeks. Poor woman! She could only faintly whisper, "My child, my child."

"Weep not little mother, weep not. Our Durga herself has taken your baby," said many an elderly lady and tried to comfort her. But oh! What words can console the heart of a bereaved mother?

For a whole week she lay prostrate on the floor, her face buried in her hands, weeping. Not a morsel of food did she take. Only a little water, that too when her beloved neighbour Kusum insisted. For all others, she only uttered, "I too want to offer myself to Durga" when Kusum would soothingly say, "Ah, no dear, no, it is not for us to offer ourselves. Only the Maker must decide. Why, where we born in this world of our own will?"

Then all well-meaning grey-heads of the village grouped together and thought out a plan. "No, no, this sort of thing shouldn't continue for long. Why the girl would surely turn mad," seriously spoke a wise old man.

"Ah, true, quite true, the

very atmosphere here makes her grieve. She must be taken elsewhere. Who knows, perhaps her removal from this place may lessen her remorse," put in another in a profound tone. But where to take her? Who will offer her shelter? came the question when Kusum's father, an old man bent doubly with age, said in a tone brimming over with tenderness and sympathy, "Why I'll take her to Banaras. My second daughter Preetham lives there. Sudha can be happy with her there if she can assist her in the flower-trade." Accordingly it was decided that they should start the very next day.

x x x

Three years passed in this manner. Time, the aged nurse, who nurtures the grief-stricken and heals their wounded hearts, had restored Sudha, to her old self. Her tactful arts aided Preetham's flower-trade to flourish. But whenever she made a wreath from the champak blossoms her thoughts would get back to the days of yore and tears would cloud her eyes. "Oh, if only I'd my child" her heart would faintly echo.

One day after their work was over all the womenfolk of the neighbourhood collected in the corridor of Preetham's house for an afternoon chat. Meena, Preetham's next-door neighbour, having described the proud attitude of Shambu Prasad's wife in respect of her daughter at length declared her verdict, "That's why God has not opened her belly!"

Another woman who arrived rather late on the scene, inquisitively asked, "Which Shambu Prasad?"

"The new magistrate transferred from Rampur," answered another. Sudha sat in a corner listening, being a woman of few words. And Preetham too. But they gleaned from the conversation that Shambu Prasad was childless for a long time and had adopted an orphan girl found somewhere. It was also clear that both he and his wife loved the girl.

This set Sudha's heart astir. "O will it be my child? Perhaps, yes. Who knows?" But as the thought came, she brushed it aside. "No, no, my child was drowned long long ago. I'm only foolish to foster such hopes." But the mother in her made her put the question.

"Where did they find the girl. Meena?" To which she contemptuously answered, "Where? Why on the wayside," while another added. "Yes, some harlot must have hurled it to the winds. Else did it fall right from the heavens on to the sands for the sake of Shambu Prasad?" This roused Sudha's curiosity and she called Preetham aside and asked her, "Where does Shambu Prasad live?" "In the city about a mile away and I can take you there for I'm in the good graces of his wife," Preetham answered.

That evening itself they both started thither. As luck would have it they could see the adopted daughter of the magistrate

at the very front yard gate itself happily playing all by herself. On seeing the charming little girl, the memory of her own baby with beaming black eyes, sable hair with many a softish curl, with a big mole on the left chin and above all, the sixth finger of her right hand fused with an extra one, instantly flashed into her mind. She cast her eyes on the girl's right hand. Yes, the sixth finger was fused with the fifth! Miracle of miracles! Her own child after all is not dead. Tears of joy welled up in her eyes clouding her vision, but she hastily wiped them away with the corner of her sari. The rays of the setting sun, that fell lightly on the girl's face lingered there and seemed to be in love with the mole, while the cool evening breeze seemed to kiss and caress softly her velvety tresses and play with it. Sudha felt like melting into the encircling space. There was nothing, nothing before her, save the child's sweet face. All else was unreal, unreal to the very core and everything around and about seemed to dissolve away and resolve itself into that one countenance, one gracious beauty of countenance.

She fell into a half-trance from which she suddenly awoke to find that Preetham was conversing with the child. "Is your mother at home child?" she asked. Getting a positive reply they were about to pass on when Sudha asked:

"What's your name child?" "Gouri," the child replied. Her voice was tender and sweet and

sounded like the thrush's sweet song to Sudha's ears.

Just then Shambu Prasad's wife came out. "O, it's you, Preetham?" enquired she, and continued, "I wanted to send word to you but luckily you yourself have come."

"What's the matter mother?" enquired Preetham eagerly to which she replied, "I'm in need of a housemaid to look after Gouri. Can you get me one?"

"Take me mother, take me, I'll work," burst out Sudha.

Preetham looked at Sudha surprised at first but in an instant understood the situation. Like a well rehearsed actress she added, "O, what luck mother. What luck. It's just for that we have come." Pointing to Sudha she went on: "My cousin who has come from the village is in need of work. Do take her mother. She is good at house work." Shambu Prasad's wife was much pleased and the morrow itself she asked her to come bringing all her belongings.

On the eve of her leave-taking Sudha lovingly embraced Preetham. "All this happiness of mine, dear, I owe to you," she said to which Preetham spoke with a tearful face, "O no, it is all God's doing, but don't forget me." "Forget you? O, can I?" exclaimed Sudha.

A month had elapsed and the child became completely attached to Sudha. She rarely went into the inner apartments. She even refused to be fed by others.

This alarmed the mistress of the house. "Oh after hankering

in vain so long a time for the tender baby-touch at my bosom, God has presented this one to me. Now I fear this devil of the new servant may usurp the love of my darling treasure." She was jealous and slowly she began to poison her husband's mind against Sudha and after some months succeeded in sending her out of the house.

Being a Magistrate he acted not hastily hearing his wife's words. He weighed the matter in his mind for long, and finally yielded to his wife's pressure. But feeling in his heart of hearts that he was doing an injustice he said: "For your loyal service I'll send some money to you every month." Sudha pleaded, "It is not my fault master, it's not my fault that the child loves me more than it does the mistress. It's the work of our Maker who has weaved this magic web."

Sudha felt like revealing the truth. But these thoughts began to trouble her. "O, if I claim the girl where can I shelter her? My primrose now lives like a princess. Can I provide her same treatment? No, no. I must not reveal the truth; it will only damage my darling's cause. Even if I reveal the truth where is the certainty that they will return the child? On the other hand, perhaps, their affection for her may lessen, knowing she is the offspring of a lowly woman. Yes, I must keep silent, though silence may spell misery to me." Her thoughts suddenly turned towards God. "Lord, after three years of mental sorrow, You

gave me this good fortune, but now you are testing me again."

Sudha pleaded with the magistrate. With a voice all choked with grief she begged, "Where can I go master? Where can I go? I'm a waif, waif..." Folding her hands and bowing she begged him but the magistrate only roared at her angrily, "Will you go or shall I make you...."

Seeing no hope Sudha implored, "May I see the child before I go master?" When Shambu Prasad's wife heard this, the motherly instinct in her made her call the child. She came

running and flung herself into Sudha's arms crying, "Will you go and leave me?" But Shambu Prasad dragged her and ordered his wife to take her back into the house.

Sudha looked at the girl for the last time, then turned, made a deep obeisance to her master and mistress. The next moment she was gone.

After a fortnight, securing the address of Sudha from Preetham Shambu Prasad sent some money to her native village. But the money order was duly turned. There was no one there of the name of Sudha.

"You say this parrot swears in a mild sort of way?" said the customer."

"Yes," said the bird dealer; "he belonged to a curate who had his salary reduced."

x x x

There was a pile of stones in the road and a lamp on the top of it. An old fellow was in charge.

"What's the lamp for?" he was asked.

"So that motorists can see the pile of stones."

"But what's the pile of stones for?"

"To put the lamp on, of course."

x x x

Hubby was trying to balance his budget. Presently his wife came across to him and presented a list of her requirements.

He seized it grimly.

"More money," he sighed. "You're always wanting money. This life is like a game of chess. Nothing but cheque, cheque, cheque."

"And," she replied, "if you don't give me more money it will be even more like a game of chess. It will be pawn, pawn, pawn."

x x x

Two men were discussing a third who had the reputation of being a very "dressy" person.

"You know," said one, "he tells me that he even has his initials embroidered on his pyjamas."

Said the other: "He must be uncertain of himself; surely he knows who he is by bedtime?"

A FOLKLORE

THE HUNTER & HUNTRESS

Deep in the dense forest of Arbuda Hills there once lived a hunter and his wife by name Ahuk and Ahuki respectively. They were simple folk and lived by hunting animals.

One evening while Ahuki was preparing the meal for her husband she heard a knock on the door of her hut. Who can it be, she wondered. Surely not her husband because he would have called her by her name. No traveller was ever likely to pass that way. Perhaps, she thought, some branch of a tree had snapped and knocked against the door. While thus cogitating she again distinctly heard the knock "Who is outside?" Ahuki asked with fear in her heart.

"Open the door, gentle lady. I am a sanyasin. I have lost my way and need some shelter for the night."

Ahuki was at first surprised to hear a stranger's voice and she for a moment hesitated whether to admit the stranger in during the absence of her husband. But would it be wise to refuse shelter to a sanyasin? She mustered sufficient courage and opened the door.

"God bless you," said the sanyasin raising his hand "But where is your husband?"

"He has gone hunting and any time he may return now. Come and rest inside," invited Ahuki.

"It is not right that I should enter the hut while your husband is away. I will wait here."

Ahuki went inside and brought a deer skin for the sanyasin to sit. If at first she had felt some fear at the presence of this stranger she had none now. One look at the venerable mien of the sanyasin had convinced her that he was no ordinary traveller but a real sanyasin.

Hardly had the sanyasin taken his seat on the deer skin when they saw Ahuk approaching carrying on his head a bundle of firewood.

Ahuki ran towards him and taking the load from him told him about the sanyasin who had lost his way and had sought shelter for the night.

Ahuk approached the sanyasin with real *Bhakti* in his heart and prostrating at his feet said, "My humble hut has been sanctified by your feet. I am only a hunter and of inferior caste and you may not touch the food prepared by us. Please tell me how I can serve you."

"God will bless you both. I am pleased with your behaviour and sweet words. I need no food as I am fasting today. I need only shelter for the night. You are tired. Go and take your food."

"Please come and sit inside. It will soon get dark and it is not safe to sit outside," he said.

The sanyasin took his seat on the deer skin inside the hut and soon he was in deep meditation. Ahuk and Ahuki partook of their night meal.

The hut was a small one and it could not accommodate more than two persons. Ahuk thought that instead of both of them sitting up and spending the night, it is better he stayed outside the hut.

"But it is dangerous to stay outside in the night. The wild beasts will be prowling and you may be attacked," said Ahuki.

"I won't fall asleep. I will keep awake and keep the wild beasts away with my arrows. We must not do anything to inconvenience our guest. You sleep here."

"But," protested Ahuki, "it is not proper that I should sleep alone with a stranger beside me. Let me keep you company outside."

"Ahuki, my dear, the sanyasin may feel hurt if he learns after he comes out of samadhi that we have left him alone in the hut. You know I am not afraid of wild beasts. Let me stay outside. Not all people get such opportunities of serving such godly men and earning their blessings. Let us not displease him even a little. Attend to his needs while I stay outside."

Ahuki having agreed Ahuk came out and stood guard at the door armed with his bow and arrows. He was afraid to sit on the ground for fear that he may fall asleep and become an easy prey to the wild beasts.

He stood there alert with his bow ready in hand to strike

at any beasts that may come near. But as the night advanced sleep overcame him and the moment he was off guard a tiger which was lurking in the bush pounced on him and dragged him away.

x x x

Next morning Ahuki awoke early and opened the door. The sanyasin was still in deep meditation. She came out and gently and lovingly called for Ahuki. But there was no response. She at first thought that he must have gone out to gather some fruits but a few yards off she saw the broken bow and by its side some blood marks. Ahuki was seized with terror and with trembling steps she followed the marks. Her fears were soon confirmed. For, she came upon the dead body of her husband half eaten away by the wild beast.

"Ayyoo," she cried out seeing this ghastly sight. The plaintive cry disturbed the sanyasin and he came running. Tears rolled down his cheeks when he saw the pitiable sight.

"Good lady calm thyself. Tell me how this happened."

Ahuki amidst sobs related to him how her husband had offered to stay outside as there was no room for both of them to sleep inside.

"Don't grieve. This misfortune has befallen you on account of my seeking shelter at your home. I will atone for it and repay your kindness and hospitality by restoring your husband back to life, though thereby I may lose all the benefits of my tapas."

"Guruji, your words fill my heart with hope. But what will my husband say when he comes back to life? Will he approve of my conduct? One day or other we have to die. In this deep forest our lives are always in danger. If I make you restore my husband's life, you will lose, as you said, all the benefits of your past austerities. No. Since death must be faced one day or other help me to perform his last rites and then I will follow him by ascending the funeral pyre."

The sanyasin addressed Ahuki thus: "Mother, you are an emblem of chastity and purity. Let your wish be fulfilled. Follow your husband and enjoy eternal bliss with him."

He then gathered enough firewood and gently lay the partially-eaten body of Ahuk on it and set fire to the pyre. Ahuki went round the pyre

thrice, then bowed at the feet of the sanyasin and calmly ascended the funeral pyre. The sanyasin watched as flames enveloped the woman and soon the noble couple were reduced to ashes.

The sanyasin took a handful of the ashes and rubbed it over his body.

As he was about to depart from the scene the sanyasin wished he had an opportunity to express his gratitude to this noble couple whose renunciation and humility had deeply impressed him.

Just as the thought crossed his mind a voice from above said: "O, sanyasin, your desire will be fulfilled. The couple will once again be born as Nala and Damayanti. And you will be born as a swan who will be instrumental in bringing about their reunion."

—♦—

The village festival organiser called at the home of one of the wealthiest villagers to head the list of contributions.

"I will see if the master is at home," said the servant.

After a short time, the servant returned to say that the master was not at home.

"Oh, very well," said the organiser. He searched into his bag and added, "How unfortunate! I have forgotten my visiting cards."

"That is alright, sir," returned the servant. "I told my master who you were."

x x x

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty your honour," replied the man in the dock.

The judge looked sternly over his glasses at him,

"Have you ever been arrested before?" he asked.

The prisoner's reply came at once:

"No your honour; I've never stolen anything before."

Rambles In Court Life

Eardley Norton's great legacy to the rights and privileges of the Indian Bar.

(By V. G. Ramachandran, M. A., B. L.)

(2)

It is proposed hereunder to discuss the attitude to be taken by the Bench and the Bar in their mutual relations so as to focuss the attention of the legal profession as well as the judiciary to be more alive to their duties for helping the administration of justice than to prick holes in one another's foibles. May be there is a sort of relief from the tedium of an otherwise prosaic day in court hall, if these breezes do occur. But these should be exceptions and not the rule.

The position of the Bar in relation to their functions in a court of law is one of high importance. True justice can be meted out only if there is a strong Bar and a good, yet firm, Bench. A happy co-operation between the two is ever so essential for the proper administration of justice. Oswald said :

"It is obviously, however, in the interest of justice that an advocate should be secure in the enjoyment of considerable independence in performing his duties. An over-subservient Bar would be one of the great misfortunes that could happen to the administration of justice in England." The observation applies to India as well, particularly now that she has regained her independent political status. Modern democratic trends, particularly in the new

and young independent countries like India, will be for the legislature and the executive to usurp the function of the courts. Inroads into rights and duties of citizenship will often arise. Judge-made law may be circumvented by Legislative enactments on a party fiat, very possibly denying access to courts of law in appeal or otherwise. The executive may entrench itself in power and exempt itself from the disciplinary and judicial jurisdiction of courts of law. Democracy thus shaped may end in a negation of democracy ultimately to the citizen who may have little or no remedy in a court of law to enforce his rights, despite the general guarantee that the Constitution may extend to him in the shape of fundamental rights.

The needs of the times are therefore ever so important that it calls for a very strong Bench and a very strong Bar to enforce true justice to the common man. The calibre and stature of the Bench and the Bar must therefore be necessarily great to achieve this end. The machinery of State also owes a solemn duty to the public in securing the best men (of character and merit) to function as judges.

May be, lesser men may be useful for the executive. But

Rambles in Court Life

81

in the ultimate analysis the very existence of a strong State depends upon its strong and meritorious courts of law; respect for law and order can be secured only that way. The converse will only result in disorder, deterioration of standard and probably anarchy. Therefore neither can a Bench be lukewarm in its general attitude towards citizenship rights or criticism of the executive if occasion arises nor can a Bar be so subservient as not to lack the vibrant to attract imminent and immediate moral and legal justice. High morale in the dispensation of justice can never be attained unless there is a corresponding high morale in the attitude of the Bench and the Bar. The democratic trend towards lesser values in life must be fought ruthlessly by the Bench and Bar who should establish a veneration for high values (moral, social and legal) in every sphere of life. For verily courts of law are like the heart-centre in which the impure blood is purified and pumped out as pure for the benefit of human society and ordered human progress. By the very nature of that occupation there may be intellectual combats between the Bench and Bar. A cool and collective exposition of law is ever so necessary. May be the personal traits or circumstances may rouse some special enthusiasm on the part of the Bench or the Bar. Heated passages at arms between the Bench and Bar may sometimes enliven or mar

the dignified atmosphere of courts of law. Sometimes it is the result of caustic remarks of a judge, sometimes it is due to the bad manners of an over-enthusiastic lawyer; circumstances may render the lawyer lose his equipoise and he may use indiscreet and disrespectful language as to offend the seat of justice. Sometimes it may be at the needless provocation of a bullying, or peevish judge. But a counsel must be wary. His calling requires him never to err on the wrong side of proprieties. He must resist all temptations to cross the line of respectful attitude towards a judge, however undeserving the latter may be. Ordinarily there exists good feeling between the Bench and Bar and judges do generally extend latitude to members of the Bar to place their client's case in as vigorous a manner as possible. Sometimes in the heat of the agreement caustic interruptions by the Bench might provoke counsel to deviate from professional etiquette and become disrespectful to court. But usually the court will accept any expression of regret by the counsel for his error and the incident is treated as closed honourably. Only in rare cases judges would resort to the extreme need of taking disciplinary measures against the offending counsel in contempt.* It is, therefore, the solemn duty of courts to sparingly use their powers in dealing with such contempts by counsel. A judicious use of such powers

*See author's *Law of Contempt of Court*, MLJ Edition, P. 265-262.

will only enhance the court's prestige. An abuse of such powers may render the atmosphere of the court useless for the proper administration of justice. Without a hearty co-operation from the Bar, the Bench could never hope to discharge their judicial duties satisfactorily.

There must be give-and-take policy between the Bench and Bar.

While a judge must give latitude to counsel and not take advantage of his position in the Bench and insult counsel, it is equally incumbent on the lawyer not to cross the bounds of decency and attack the judge. Even if there was some cause provided by the judge, the counsel must nevertheless avoid exhibitions of temper and ill-breeding. This does not mean he should be subservient or take lying down any uncalled for attacks indulged in by the judge. He can retort in appropriate cases but he should all the while remember that he belongs to a very noble calling and that he is there to get justice for his client. His protests must be always dignified. Incidents of the wordy duels between the Bench and the Bar always attract public attention.

It is said that while a Scotch advocate was arguing before a court in Scotland, one of the judges disliking his manners, said: "It seems to me Mr. Blank, that you are endeavouring in every way to show your contempt for the court." The advocate replied with a quick rejoinder, "No your Lordship.

I am endeavouring in every way to conceal it."

An Irish advocate, Curran, persisted in making observations which the presiding judge characterised repeatedly as improper. The indignant judge said: "A further repetition of such remarks will amount to a contempt."

The bold Curran, retorted: "If you commit me it shall be the best thing you have committed for many a year."

Eardley Norton, the celebrated Barrister, who adorned the Madras and Calcutta High Courts records in his reminiscences that Mr P. Johnston, his contemporary, caused much merriment at a High Court Sessions when the Chief Justice stopped him in the midst of his address to the jury with the remark, "I cannot allow you Mr Johnston to address bad law to the jury." Mr. Johnston innocently replied, "That, I leave to your Lordship." There was a ripple of laughter round the court and counsel scored by the happy retort. Norton further relates how Mr. Nelson who resigned from the I. C. S. was characteristically fearless at the Bar. In answer to an interruption from the Bench presided by a Civilian Judge, junior to Mr. Nelson, he is said to have remarked:

"Yes My Lord, it is one of these casualties like the one we are witnessing today that you should sit on the Bench and that I should address you from here."

Norton cites another instance. Sir Adam Bittleson after listen-

ing to Mr. Mayne with ill-concealed discourtesy, told him he had read the papers and did not wish to be addressed on facts. The little Irishman in a suave and most silvery voice replied: "As Your Lordship does not desire to hear me on facts I propose to address myself for the next three days exclusively to His Lordship the Puisne Judge. In the meantime, Your Lordship the Chief Judge might amuse yourself with a novel," and Mr. Mayne kept his word.

Eardley Norton himself is the hero of many a doughty battle with judges and there are ump-teen instances in his career to show his robust independence. It is said Norton had more than 470 breezes either with opposing counsel or with court during his 47 years of practice. He was the hero of more than 100 fights. His career is replete with action for contempt against him by courts which could not stand his biting wit. But invariably Mr. Norton triumphed and the court's order was revoked. His tremendous skill and advocacy overawed all courts of his times. If the court started any proceedings against him, it always found to its cost Mr. Norton was invariably in the right. But Mr. Norton had to undergo all the sensational proceedings, A lesser advocate than Norton would have succumbed; however just his cause. Norton was not only a doughty champion of the rights and privileges of the Bar, he was also the champion of public rights outside the court.

In the famous Garstin Docoity

case (186), Mr. Norton was bold enough to plead that the charge against his client (the zamindar of Bodinayakanur) was the outcome of conspiracy on the part of high placed men in authority, of a powerful clique to ruin the District Collector Crole, through his client the zamindar. Two members of the Board of Revenue (Mr. Sullivan and another) were implicated as being in the conspiracy of permitting their ward, a minor zamindar, to make a discreditable debut in a court of law! Eardley Norton won his case but there was a sensational sequel. Mr. Sullivan, senior member of the Board of Revenue, obtained a rule from a Division Bench calling on Mr. Norton to answer a charge of professional misconduct for having made reckless and unfounded allegations against a public servant in high office. A Full Bench of the Madras High Court sat in judgment to consider counsel's privilege in such matters. Mr. Norton conducted his own defence and claimed privilege of counsel in the matter of examining witnesses and in suggesting the existence of such conspiracy to them on instructions. He relied on *Munster V. Lamb*.

The Chief Justice pulled up the Advocate General, Mr. H. H. Shepherd, when he opened the case with the remark that "counsel should be guarded in their language in respect of persons in high positions."

"Mr. Advocate-General," the Chief Justice remarked, the law makes no distinction between a member of the Board of Revenue or counsel and the poorest citizen of Madras." Then again when the question came as to whether Mr. Norton was to file a counter-affidavit to the allegations of Mr. Sullivan, the Chief Justice Sir Arthur J. H. Collins, who was keen on upholding the sacred tradition of the Bar, said: "Whoever heard of affidavits being tendered by counsel? We accept your statement from the Bar that you claim privilege!"

The rule was thus discharged. This was acclaimed as a celebrated triumph for Mr. Norton over Sullivan and can be considered as a great legacy of the great Barrister to the rights and privileges of the Indian Bar.

There was a recent Madras case (Inre: Murial D'Souza vs P. C. Lobo, vide, *Hindu* 1949, Feb.) where an application was filed for a rule of contempt against the respondent who was accused of habitually using insulting language to the opposing counsel with words such as "satanic advocacy, sharks" etc. Despite the District Munsiff's direction he continued to do so and eventually when the judge warned him not to do so, the respondent stated that "the court's warning would fall on

the deaf typanum" of his ears. The present Chief Justice of the Madras High Court held that the latter words, disregarding court's orders was definitely contempt of court and such conduct definitely interfered with the conduct of the case. His Lordship opined however that words "satanic advocacy, shark" etc. would amount only to offensive advocacy regrettable on the part of the person of the respondent's standing (a retired district judge who later aspired to practice at the Bar). There being no expression of regret even before the High Court the contemner was fined rupees fifty but with a merciful leniency that if an apology were to be tendered in one month, the fine be cancelled. But the respondent was obviously adamant as a rock, refused to apologise and paid the fine outright. Some counsel are of this stern unbending type often to their own detriment. Lively retorts may enliven the court atmosphere. Counsel may even be pardoned if he indulges in such advocacy, if only he has no venom in his thrusts and is prepared to honourably withdraw when once he has outstretched his limits. Honest and even mischievous wit is enjoyable but never venomous thrusts which make a never-healing wound.

After touring Europe for a year inside a large glass bottle, Rudolph Schmied returned to his native Vienna. Climbing out of his glass home he told reporters that he had lost some 60 pounds in weight, but "there is little difference between life inside and outside the bottle."

Rebirth of A Tramp

A conversation between a tramp who had passed over to the other world and his Guardian Angel

Tramp: Where am I. Who are you?

Angel: You have passed through Death and are in another life.

T: Ah! Well, I must be moving.

A: Whither?

T: That is more than I know.

A: Where would you go?

T: Back to my mates on earth.

A: Would they know you to be with them? You, a spirit?

T: Am I a spirit?

A: Have you not died and left the earth?

T: True; I suppose I have and my mates would hardly know me. But I must be moving on.

A: Why not let us move on together?

T: You go with me and I such a tramp? Who are you that would keep such a company?

A: I have journeyed long with you—but not always so near you as now.

T: You have? And why?

A: I am your Guardian Angel and never I have left you wholly to yourself. The restless desire in you to be "moving on" is the perverted influence of progress which is in every soul and it is the spark of Divinity within you that made you dissatisfied with inactivity and that activity was sadly perverted.

T: Divinity in me? How

can that be? Why have I never known it?

A: At times it has stirred within you but the indulgence of passions, the yielding to desires, have stifled the voice that whispered to your soul and became even more restless. Let us move on.

T: But look at me. I am not fit for such company; my garments are dirty and yours are bright. I am too ragged for your society, too soiled.

A: That is easily changed.

T: How? I am a spirit you say. How can I change? Am I not doomed to this condition for ever?

A: Come with me. There is a fountain not far off where you can be cleansed and be renewed. Draw near its shining surface.

T: Ah, God! What do I see reflected on its bosom? My own debased self. Can it be that I look to you as I do to myself?

A: You are now on the way to your cure. These tears are washing away the sins and making clearer your beclouded vision. You are at the Pool of Repentance and your soul is baptized in its waters; but let us go hence.

T: I cannot; I seem to have no strength. I am helpless. How can I overcome this weakness?

A: Your condition comes from the sudden shock of self-knowledge and the false energy

of pride and self-will have left you. You are now seeing a clearer vision. A true vigour will come as you journey on. You can already lift your eyes to mine; for the dust of the past has been washed away by those bitter tears. Look up again, and tell me what you see.

T: Great God! My mother. Well was it that I came to this pool before she saw me, and yet as I moved along with you, I seemed to hear the bedtime prayer so often repeated at her knee when an innocent child. How was it that the momentary glimpse of her face caused this trick of memory?

A: Look again.

T: My! With her arms outstretched to me, wretched son.

A: Go to her; there rest upon her loving bosom as a new-born infant.

T: Can she, will she let me?

A: Ask her.

Mother! My son, I could not turn from you. I have sought you in your vague earthly wanderings, and prayed God to bring you to the light. Inherited restlessness, inconsequent mental indulgences made you what you are and I could reach you only when death severed you from the chosen association of your life and this very craving to "move on" has its divine significance. But you must be as a little child in arms, recognising that by repentance and reflection you can seek a higher life. Then God's eternal strength will revivify you and then you will go on forever.

Nearer and nearer to the light, closer and closer to the heavenly presence. To do this you must learn to labour, a new lesson, alas, for you.

T: Labour! I thought that heaven was a place of rest and had no labourers.

A: The inhabitants of the celestial regions show their love and devotion by good works, and you have yours to do.

T: What do I know? What am I fit for?

A: First, to remove the disorderly element in yourself. Seek, as I sought you, the wanderers from earth and help them, as I have tried to help you.

T: You don't know how tough they are; not easily touched, I know.

A: You do not know. Like you they have the Divine spark burning within them and when you have given it a chance to blaze and burn out the refuse of evil habits from their overloaded soul, you will then see how every creature has the same, and it can be fanned into life by you and some will be even more easily reached, because they have had less opportunities and are not overpowered by self-will.

T: Ah, you speak so plainly and yet I feel no resentment as would I have done on the earth. Is it a sign that I am on the road to a better life? Lead me; lead me; help me, oh, blessed angel, and my long suffering mother, that I may sometimes do God's work.

— American Spiritualist.

THE VALUE OF SWEET SPEECH

(By Swami Sivananda)

Indra once asked Brihaspati, "Can you tell me the one quality which will get for one respect, fame and the confidence of worthy men?"

Brihaspati said, "Yes. Sweetness of Speech is the one thing by practising which a person is esteemed by all and becomes famous. This is the one thing, O Shakra which yields happiness to all. One may always secure love of all creatures by practising sweetness of speech."

"He who does not utter a word and whose face is always marked with frowns is hated by all. Lack of sweet speech makes him so. He who, on seeing others speaks to him first with smile succeeds in winning over every one. He gains the love of the world."

"The quality of speaking first ((*purvabhashi*)) without craving for the prestige of being spoken to first by the other man is indeed a great quality. Lord Rama always spoke first. He was a *purvabhashitya*."

"A gift unaccompanied by sweet speech does not please men. It is like food without curry."

"A king who is desirous of even inflicting punishment should use sweet words. Sweetness of speech secures one's object, while at the same time it never pains any heart. Sweet speech pleases more than does the gift of an object."

"A man of good actions and good, pleasant and sweet speech has no equal."

Indra began to follow the instruction given by Brihaspati.

The two long-lived and well-known sages, Baka and Dalbhya, were friends of Indra. Indra once paid a visit to them and asked Baka: "O Rishi, O sinless one, you have lived for one hundred thousand years. Tell me what are the disadvantages or sorrows in living a long life."

Baka replied: "Loss of one's dearly loved relations and friends and dependence on others are the great disadvantages in a long life."

"To live with persons who are disagreeable, to be separated with persons who are agreeable and beloved, to associate with the wicked, these are the evils which they who live long have to bear."

"What could be greater evil than to witness the death of sons and wives, of kinsmen and friends and then the pain of dependence on others?"

"The acquisition of family dignity by those who do not possess it and the loss of family dignity by those who possess it, unions and disunions—these are to be witnessed by one who live for ever."

"Those who have no family dignity gain wealth. What could be greater reverses of family dignity than this? All this you have to see happening before your eyes if you live for ever."

"What can be a greater sorrow than to witness the reverses

of the celestials, the Danavas, the Gandharvas, men, the Nagas and the Rakshasas?

"Those who are nobly born suffer affliction by coming under the subjection of low-born men. The poor are insulted by the rich. What can be a greater sorrow than all this?"

"Countless instances of such contradictory dispensations are seen in the world by one who lives for ever. The foolish and the ignorant are happy, while the learned and the wise are miserable. Many instances of misery are seen among men in this world."

Indra said: "O greatly exalted Rishi, tell me what are the joys of those who have a long life? What would you consider a happy life?"

Baka said: "Living on a leafy vegetable earned by one's effort and eaten once in eight or twelve days is better than living on delicious foods for which one has to depend on others."

He who has no wicked friend who is happier than he?

"O Maghavan! Earned by his own efforts, without having to depend upon others, he who

eats even fruits and leaves in his own house, deserves to be respected. He who eats in another's house the food given to him in contempt, even if that food be rich and delicious, does a thing which is hateful. Therefore, the wise, 'fie' on the food that a mean wretch like a dog or a Rakshasa eats in another's house."

"If after feeding the guests and the servants and offering food to the Pitris or ancestors, an excellent Brahmin eats what remains, there can be none happier than he."

"O Satakratu, there is nothing sweeter or holier than the food such a person takes after having fed the guests with its first portion. Each mouthful that the Brahmana eats after having fed the guests produces the fruit of giving away one thousand cows. Whatever sins might have been committed by him in his childhood are all destroyed."

"If the water that is in the hands of a Brahmana who has been fed and honoured with Dakshina be sprinkled on the feeder, then all his sins are instantly destroyed."

Two old school fellows were telling about old times.

"I've no particular affection for the school," said Robinson. "I was birched there once for speaking the truth."

"Well," said Binks, "it cured you, didn't it?"

"I'm glad to find you as you are," said the old friend. "Your great wealth hasn't changed you."

"Well," replied the candid millionaire, "it has changed me in one thing, I'm now 'eccentric' where I used to be impolite and 'delightfully witty' where I used to be rude."

Phrenology & Longevity

The following is based on a lecture delivered at the British Phrenologists Society's Congress in London

Phrenologists recognise the existence of a faculty which is called vitativeness located behind the ear in the immediate vicinity of the mastoid process. Dr. Andrew Combe has the credit chiefly for the discovery of this faculty. Whenever it exists in a fairly large degree, the possessor has a strong hold on life, a real relish for living, and a wonderful capacity to ward off disease. Doctors and nurses have ample experience of patients possessing large vitativeness who recover from the most dangerous operations and dire diseases, while others possessing this faculty to a small degree easily succumb to far less serious illness. Apart from this faculty, which is an important factor in the preservation of life and health, there is a particular formation of head which prevails generally in longevity.

A person with narrow or dolichocephalic shaped head generally lives long. Persons possessing long, narrow heads, proportionately well developed in the frontal lobes are more generally thinkers, cause-seekers, reasoners, intuitive, concerned in the progressive welfare of mankind, moral-minded. Perhaps they are a little impatient, eager of result

and wilful, but generally consistent, steadily persevering, refined in tastes, ambitious and having elevated literary, artistic, moral and refined aspirations. If particularly large in the frontal lobes, they are philosophic, far-seeing, and prophetic. They may be minus the business instinct but supposing this same class of persons have fairly large degree of firmness and consciousness, they possess stability of character, adherence to principle and are inclined to work very thoroughly in pursuit of intellectual and moral attainments. They are interested in the study of humanity and the laws of health. The more mercenary concerns of life do not much appeal to them. Intellectually and morally they feel they have something good to live for and they have less tendencies to excesses, over-indulgences, and extremes. Characteristics of this kind contribute to man's well living and thus enhance his chances of long life.

The wide-headed persons generally are aggressive, acquisitive, forceful and passionate. They aim to acquire money, properties and possessions. They, however, have short lives.

Contention, passion, temper,

greed and avarice, characteristics of wide-headed, are frequently a great strain upon the mental and physical constitutions, and tend to shorten life by the development of heart failure, epilepsy and kindred diseases, while abnormal alimentativeness, of another characteristic of the wide head, is the source of innumerable internal and inflammatory stomach troubles. This type of head, too, is generally less interested in the higher spiritual and more elevating intellectual pursuits and studies.

There is a belief that it is not possible to alter the shape of the head. It would be quite impossible to develop one's head from one extreme to the

other; as from a very narrow head to a wide one, or from a wide head to a narrow one, but by study and training especially during infancy when the head is susceptible to growth and development, very much can be done by way of modifying detrimental abnormal or deficient tendencies, so as in time to be quite discernible in the alteration of the shape of the head.

"We affect little or no surprise at seeing a person who was thin become stout, or a stout person become thin, yet it may much surprise some people to know that the head is also susceptible to alterations in its developments though not, of course, in the same striking degree as in the physique."

Class For Parents

If you walked into the parents' class at Fenn College all unprepared you might wonder if the name of the Cleveland, U.S.A., school shouldn't be switched to Slap-Happy Hall.

For these are the kinds of goings-on you'd see full grown adults engaged in:

Spanking each other: stalking angrily out of the room, slamming the door; yelling defiance, then refusing to breathe! sucking their thumbs; tossing tantrums; kicking over tables; smashing plates.

All this is Fenn's first-time course in child behaviour, offering parents a chance to get together on awkward problems they're encountering in bringing up junior.

Psychologist James A. Bard of Fenn is the professor. He selects parents in the class, has them stand up, march forward and dramatize cited child problems.

"At first parents are reluctant to act like their own children," Bard said. "However, they soon realize that in order to understand children's reactions they must place themselves in juvenile dilemmas."

While acting parents hold the stage, the rest of the class makes decisions as to causes and remedies.

"Seeing things acted out, parents are able to understand reasons leading up to a crisis," he said.

FILM NOTES

Chella Pillai

AVM.-produced *Chella Pillai*, now running all over South is a purposeful picture emphasizing the evils of too lenient an up-bringing of children.

The story deals with Mani (K. R. Ramaswami), an orphan, who is taken care of by his brother (B. R. Pantulu) and his wife (Kannamba). These two lavish all the care on Mani and refuse to punish him even when he commits an offence. This

leniency results in Mani getting into bad ways and he turns a gambler and becomes intimate with a dancing girl much to the distress of his brother.

Savithri, who acts the role of the dancing girl, and Pandari Bai who acts as Mani's wife acquit themselves well. The acting honours should, however, go to the ace comedian Thangavelu. His humour is irresistible and quite pleasing.

INSANIYAT

Sri S. S. Vasan, who first gave the multi-million rupee picture *Chandralekha*, is now out to beat his own record. *Insaniyat* is the name of the new picture which he has now taken on hand and no efforts or money are being spared to make this the grandest entertainment in film history.

Many well-known stars of Bombay are already at work at

Gemini Studios acting in this picture. Never before in any picture have so many top stars have been co-starred together. Dilip Kumar, Dev Anand, Bina Rai, Vijayalakshmi, Jayant, Jairaj, Sobhana Samarth, Kumar, Badri Prasad, Agha and Mohana—all these are there. To top all Vasan has secured Zippy, the famous Hollywood chimpanzee, to act an important role.

"Dear," she said, looking up from her paper, "a man has just been married to a girl he first met when rescuing her from a burning building."

"H'm," murmured her husband, and added:

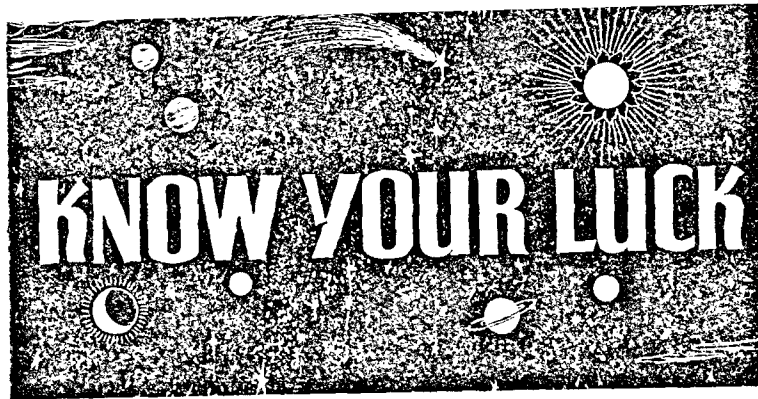
"That ought to teach him to mind his own business."

x x x

A little boy came home from school very annoyed with his teacher.

"I hate her," he declared. "Oh, you mustn't say that," said his mother. "The Bible tells us to love everybody."

"Yes," replied the boy, "but Miss Jones wasn't alive when the Bible was written."



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

The planetary course emphasises your co-operation with brothers, a sudden journey, special interest in correspondence which will prove advantageous to you soon, and reading, writing and hearing and acquiring the knowledge of metaphysical subjects. You may mix freely with your relations which may result in mutual benefits. There will be satisfaction over the affairs of your son who will come up to your expectations. Domestically there will be reshuffling of your affairs so that there may be increased amenities. Your general health will be below par. Financially this will be a busy month in receiving in and paying out money for the previous commitments. In the case of a few there may be in-

vestment of money on land or improvement on land as a result of agricultural pursuits. Your wife's health will be disturbed. Avoid friction with elders. Officially there will be slight improvement at least in the nature of work before you. Merchants will do well in foreign or distant markets. Their partnership will be labouring under disadvantages. 1, 7, 9, 11, 22, 25, 28, 29, are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURAS

This is a much better month for you than the last one. The two planets, Budha and Sukra in the 2nd from the 5th July. auger for your better financial stability and convenience than before. Financial transactions

‡ Krithika,
Rohini and
‡ Mrigasira

Know Your Luck

43

will be rendered easy. One of your sons will come up well to your satisfaction. One of your ideas also will very well materialise. Only general health will be disturbed owing to malefic forces at work in the disease house viz VI House. There may be enemies working behind your back. But your enemies will somehow or other be vanquished. Avoid friction with near relations like brother or sister. There may be help from your wife's side in your dire need. Officially, there will be no improvement nor encouragement whatsoever. Merchants will not find this month a profitable one. They must avoid heavy speculation. Money from distant place is envisaged. A marriage is likely in a few instances. New friends will rally round you in the second half. There will be better luck also then.

1, 5, 9, 10, 17, 21, 28, 29 are better days.

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

More benefic influences of planets preponderate over your affairs during this month. Mentally you will be more active than before. New opportunities for better income may develop in your professional activities. Sukra along with your ruler Budha may make your outlook on life brighter than ever. One of your children will make your life happy. Domestically you will be more comfortable and cheerful during the first half of the

month. The combination of Sukra and Budha in Lagna will be favourable for writing and publishing works as your best talents could be effectually utilized. Kuja does not augment your financial facilities. The aspect of Sani to Kuja causes heavier financial strain at times. Wife's or husband's health as the case may be, will be disturbed. An auspicious ceremony may be envisaged during the month you may have to help the cause of your near relations. A needy friend of yours may require your help financially. Officially you will have some slight change of work. Merchants may profit by their turnover. Partnership business may suffer for some time more.

1, 9, 11, 17, 19, 22, 28, 29 are better days.

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

The solar course through the XII house indi-

cates heavy expenditure in the first half. Sukra in the XI house then provides some unexpected financial help. A couple of your friends might come to your rescue. But entire dependence on their help or association with them will be eventually regretted as they will prove false to you. Second half will reveal cash flow of money in spite of increasing expenditure. You will profit by these higher class of people with whom you will come in contact. You will be concerned mostly with your children's

‡ Punarvasu
Pushya &
Ashlesha

‡ Mrigasira,
Ardra and
‡ Punarvasu

affairs causing you much anxiety. Personal efforts can be stepped up and aimed at improvement of your personal interests. There will be increasing enthusiasm for your work. Second half is not good for your association with friends or relations some of whom will work against you secretly. Avoid rupture by discourse or altercations with others. There will be a good opportunity for investment in the case of a few. Service is encouraging in the month. Merchants will find the month dull and not encouraging. Speculations will be found involving great risk.

1, 7, 9, 11, 17, 19, 20, 29, 31 are better days.

x x

SIMHA RASI or LE O

This is fairly an encouraging month in the first half. There will be government help and your success in any association or company with which you may be connected is assured. You will undertake new ventures if not already done so. The period is favourable for your ambitions and achievements in view. It will keep you very active and cheerful in the field of your activities, in the midst of patronage and favour. Many of the clouded situations will have been easily cleared away. But positions of malefics in the XII house, specially in the second half, will delay matters causing you much concern. There will be financial conveniences more

from the second half. Domestic comforts will be found wanting owing to disintegrating elements round you. One of your children will claim your special attention. First half favours journalistic talents, writing, correspondence and goodwill of elderly people. A journey is envisaged in the month. Expenditure in connection with jewels, clothes, and other domestic amenities is indicated in the first half. High class friends will rally round you in the first half. There will be change of work in service with added responsibility. Merchants will gain more in the second half. They may prove more speculatively inclined. Partnership will prosper in the second half.

1, 4, 5, 7, 17, 19, 28, 29 are lucky days.

x x

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

This is a very encouraging month socially, financially and officially. The solar course through the X house emphasises your advantageous contact with men at the top level. It will also enable you to press yourself to the notice of your boss for his favours. Financially there will be stability and help and conveniences. Second half registers further improvement. Expenditure is running higher than ever. Service will be paying more than independent business. Any legal case will meet with success. An auspicious cere-

mony will occur in the month. Domestic life will prove happier in the second half. Change of work in service is indicated. Eye trouble is noticed in a few cases. There will be new friends made to your advantage in the second half.

1, 4, 9, 11, 17, 19, 28, 31 are better days.

x x

THULA RASI or LIBRA

This month may prove slightly better than the last one. You will have anxiety in all affairs concerning family, finance, and domestic life. Pressure for money is keenly felt. In a few cases hand loans may have to be raised. Health of your wife or a marriage will engage your special attention. Financial improvement is sudden and even unexpected. In the second half your own health will improve in the second half. Any court proceedings will prove a failure in the first half. Domestic life will take a better turn in second half. A distant journey is seen in the month. Officially you will have no gain in the first half, while the second one will prove busy and gainful in service. Merchants will improve in the second half especially in foreign business. Partnership will fare well in the first half while differences therein are marked in the second half.

1, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 17, 19, 29, are better days. 25th will not be good.

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

First half of this month is slightly better than the second. Friendship, social life, and your personality will be

1 Vishaka,
Anuradha
and Jeshtha

emphasised during the first half. You will come to the fore more than ever. There may be sudden a journey in this month. New knowledge, connection with your near relation, disturbed health, new surroundings, auspicious ceremony, legal troubles, heavy expenditure etc. are among the outstanding features of the month. Second half is not so good for your domestic life. Wife's health will be disturbed. Financially there will be better conveniences in the second half. Avoid court action as far as possible. You will not feel happy over your affairs in general. To some, even sound sleep is denied by Saturn. Saturn therefore must be worshipped. There will be a tendency to be aggressive or obstinate on your part which may prove eventually regrettable. One of your brothers or sisters will cause you worries unnecessarily. Avoid altercation with friends or relations.

1, 5, 7, 11, 19, 28 are better days.

x x DHANUR RASI or SAGITTARIUS

This is a month of admixture of both good and bad results. First half is not good. There will

1 Moola,
Poorvashada
Uttarashada

be oppositions and resistance in the way of your progress in your activities whether social, economical or professional. Sukra in the first half shows inimical troubles through your own relations and friends. General health of your wife will be below par. Court case if any, will be either adjourned or lost against you. Planets in the VI, and VIII in the first half and those in the VII in the second half reveal your own health in trouble for some days. A distant journey may be envisaged in the second half. You may have no favour from your colleagues. Financially there will be better conveniences in the second half since the lord of gain will be in the 7th kendra in trine to Saturn, the lord of money. Officially there may be only hopes but not their realisations. Avoid altercation with your senior or boss lest you should incur their displeasure. Merchants will find second half more heartening. Partnership may run into troubled waters.

1, 4, 7, 9, 10, 11, 17, 19, 28, 29 are better days.

x
**MAKARA RASI or
CAPRICORN**

First half is decidedly a better month. The lord of your profession being in his own house, it is very likely that you will have some desirable change or success. One of your children will claim special

attention as to his affairs, educational or profession. The Sun in the VI house during the first half will make it easy for you to manage your affairs. An occasion for the raising up of a temporary hand loan may also arise. The health also in some cases may be below par. You will have success over your enemy. The second half of the month is not good for the domestic happiness on account of your family and children. General health of wife or husband as the case may be will suffer. Avoid altercation and consequent differences with your friends and relations. Officially there will be slight improvement. Merchants will find it better in the first half. There will be strong opposition in the way of their business prosperity.

1, 7, 9, 17, 19, 28 & 29 are lucky days.

x
**KUMBHA RASI or
AQUARIUS**

Mental anxiety, domestic concern, trouble through children, indifferent health are the outstanding features during the first half of this month. Speculation or investment may be possible in the first half. One of your sons will come up to your expectations in the second half. Financially there will be great pressure felt, yet timely help is indicated by benefic planets. General health will be disturbed in the second half. Officially there will be en-

‡ Dhanista,
Sathabhisha &
‡ Poorvabhadra

Know Your Luck

couragement worth mentioning. There will be troubles through private enemies and some of your near relations. Merchants will be more speculatively inclined in the second half when the Lord of speculation Mercury enters his own house. Independent business is seen more favourable to you than partnership concern. Avoid misunderstanding.

1, 4, 5, 7, 10, 11, 19, 25, 29 are lucky days.

x
MEENA RASI or PISCES

The solar course through the

IV House up to 16th July brings about high-strung mind in your relationship with your sister or brother. Second half is in no way better since Surya also is seen coursing

through the mind the necessary worries your job, finance and hold affairs will be in the month's picture. One of your sons will cause you great anxiety regarding his affairs. Property question will come up for consideration in the second half. Marriage question if any, will be finally settled in second half. Reading and writing or journalistic talent will be emphasised during this month. Any court case may be postponed to a later date. There will be stomach trouble. Officially there will be no encouragement. Merchants will be very much inclined towards speculation. Second half is safer to their business success.

1, 5, 6, 9, 11, 19, 25, 28, 29 are better days.

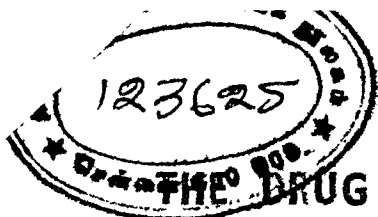
IN PRAISE OF GARLIC

Garlic, like love, can be a bit overpowering, but it is the aristocrat of the kitchen, according to French actress Denise Darnel.

"I would rather speak of garlic," she said. "It is such a lovely thing. It makes me wrinkle my nose with happiness when a dinner seasoned by garlic is cooking."

The actress, obviously fascinated by this subject, says that all her favourite dishes are spiced with "garleek." In Hollywood, she found a tendency on the part of U. S. citizens to apologise for garlic or otherwise degrade it with critical comment, as if it were a sin and something to be hidden.

"Seriously, garlic is an intimate smell, which one must share with another," she adds. "Therefore, garlic actually makes sweethearts closer, as they have to share its delights. Otherwise one might faint when the other whispered words of love!"



Kahaniya, July, 1955

THE DRUG ADDICT CAT

Tiger, Frau Schultze's cat, was writhing in agony on the floor of the vet's surgery in Munich. He took one look at the cat and shrugged his shoulders:

"Drug addiction," he grunted.

It all began the day that Tiger caught and ate a mouse which a few minutes before had fallen for a poisoned bait.

Within minutes the poison began to work—on Tiger. Frau Schultze saw her pet convulsed with agony and rushed her to the vet.

To relieve Tiger's pain, he administered opium. He repeated the dose several times during the following 24 hours, and then Frau Schultze took her pet home, as fit as a fiddle again.

But next morning Tiger was back in the vet's surgery, without Frau Schultze. She looked expectantly at him, then rubbed her head against his leg. When nothing happened, she went into convulsions, and rolled writhing on the floor.

The only way the vet could stop the performance was to give her opium. A minute later she was back on her four paws and trotted home, purring with contentment.

For a month now, Tiger and vet have gone through the same daily routine. Tiger writhing in agony, the vet cutting it short with opium. But now he has decided it is enough. He is trying to cure Tiger of her addiction. She still gets her daily dose, but it is diluted with increasing quantities of water.

So far Tiger, has not noticed that she is being "cheated." Frau Schultze—and the vet—hope the cure will work.

X X X

"Now, madam, can you pick out the man who snatched your handbag?"

"Oh, I think so, Inspector—do I have three guesses?"

X X X

Mary (spotting personable young man): "That's the sort of man I've been looking for all my life!"

Joan (generously): "Same here. But you go ahead, darling... you've been looking longer than I have!"

X X X

Select your wife with your ears rather than with your eyes—A proverb.

For World Wide Banking Service

CONSULT

CANARA BANK LTD.

(ESTD. 1906)

Our Foreign Correspondents:

United Kingdom: Westminster Bank Limited; The Chase National Bank of the City of New York.

U. S. A.: Irving Trust Company; The Chase National Bank of the City of New York.

Australia, New Zealand, etc.: Commonwealth Trading Bank of Australia; Bank of New South Wales.

Africa: Barclays Bank (D. C. & O.)

Japan: The Mitsui Bank Ltd.

Ceylon: Bank of Ceylon.

Middle East Countries: The British Bank of the Middle East, Etc. Etc.

S. S. L. C. 1956

EVEREST GUIDE

TO ENGLISH PROSE & POETRY

(By N. PARAMASIVA AIYAR, B.A., L.T.)

FOR MADRAS AND ANDHRA
UNIVERSITIES

Price Each Rs. 3/-

PALANIAPPA BROS.

Teppakulam,
Tiruchi.

4, Venkatesa Naicken St.
Madras-5.

FROM **24th** JUNE
AT MADRAS
**WELLINGTON
BROADWAY
ROXY**
AND ALL OVER THE SOUTH

AVM
PRODUCTIONS



CHELLA PILLA

K.R. RAMASAMY ☆ T.S. BALAIAH ☆ K.A. THANGAVELU
B.R. PANTHULU ☆ JAVAR SEETHARAMAN
SAVITHIRI ☆ KANNAMBA ☆ PANDARI BAI

DIRECTION

M.V. RAMAN

SCENARIO & DIALOGUES
JAVAR SEETHARAMAN

