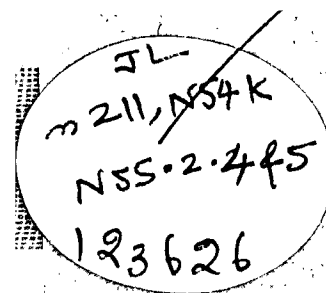


Kahaniga

Augst, Seb 1953



KAHANIYA

9

119

4-55

SEPTEMBER, 1955

Sind Millionaire Murder

When Beauty Becomes A Curse

The Double Mirror

—A Chinese Story

Rambles in Court Life

The Golden Mongoose

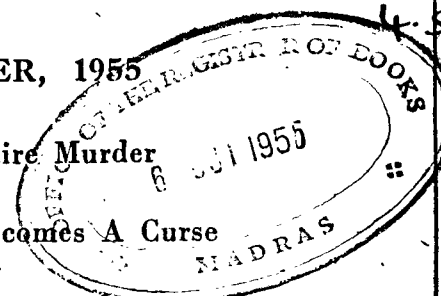
Three Cardinal Virtues

Adventures of Mahendraverma

The Other Love

The Golden Axe

Your Luck for September



2430



★ SHORT STORY MONTHLY ★

THE CANARA INDUSTRIAL & BANKING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

Head Office : **UDIPI, South India.**

Estd. 1925.

Authorised Capital		Rs.	56,00,000
Subscribed Capital		Rs.	32,11,000
Paid-up Capital		Rs.	25,55,737
Reserves		Rs.	13,50,000
Deposits		Rs.	6,10,00,000
Total Working Fund		Rs.	7,32,00,000

(As on 30 -6 -1955)

BRANCHES

92 branches within the States of Bombay,
Madras, Andhra, Mysore, Hyderabad and
Travancore - Cochin.

All types of Banking Business transacted.

Madras Office :

"Jupiter House", Loane Square, 167, Broadway.

T. A. PAI, B.Com. (Bom), T. M. A. PAI, M.B., B.S.,
A.I.I.B., M.L.A.,
General Manager. Managing Director.

Kahaniya

SHORT STORY MONTHLY

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

Vol. II |

SEPTEMBER, 1955

No. 25

A stirring tale from Rajput history

When Beauty Becomes A Curse

(By Sumitra)

Rana Bhim Singh, the powerful ruler of Udaypur, was pensive. Conflicting emotions were raging in his mind. Should he act on the advice of Amir Khan? And yet how could he? If he yielded to his suggestion he might save his kingdom. But what use is it if he were to lose his daughter thereby?

Krishna Kumari was not in any way to blame for bringing this painful dilemma to her father. It was all caused by her beauty. She was exceptionally handsome. Her face was like the full moon. Her figure was exquisitely proportioned and her eyes dark and alluring. In all Rajasthan there was none who had not heard of her beauty and all the ruling princes aspired for her hand.

Rana Bhim Singh's choice had fallen on the prince of Jaipur and the betrothal ceremony was gone through with all the religious rites. But this decision was not to the liking of Raja Mann Singh of Marwar, who was

a powerful prince. His disappointment in love created in him a feeling of resentment against Bhim Singh. Gradually this resentment turned into hatred and as fate would have it he decided to take revenge on Bhim Singh and possess the beautiful princess by force.

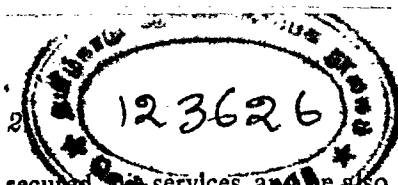
He lost no time in preparing for war. At that time there was an adventurer by name Amir Khan who had under him a huge army and who sold his services to any one who paid him most. Raja Mann Singh

SURAJMAL'S

FOR

Quality Diamonds
and Precious Stones

313, Esplanade, Madras-1



m21, n54
Kahaniya, September, 1955

secured his services, and he also induced Dawlat Rao Sindia who had a grievance against the Rana of Udaypur, to help him.

The three armies converged on Udaypur. Bhim Singh's army fell back and the land was pillaged and laid to waste. Bhim Singh, however, succeeded in bribing Amir Khan and eliminating him. But still the fortunes of war turned against him and he was faced with the stern reality of either suing for peace or abandoning the proposed marriage of his daughter Krishna Kumari with the prince of Jaipur.

But he was not prepared for either. It was at that time that Amir Khan had made the suggestion to him. "Why not put an end to Krishna Kumari's life, the source of all this trouble?" he had said.

Bhim Singh's blood boiled at first when the suggestion was conveyed to him but he soon was convinced that Amir Khan's advice was well intentioned. And the more he thought over the suggestion the more he became convinced that that was the only honourable way out of the cruel dilemma. But how can he carry out the decision? "Oh God! why did you make my darling daughter so beautiful? Is not beauty created to behold and enjoy? Why should it be made a source of torment to me?" he wailed in the silence of his bed chamber.

But a decision had to be taken quick. War was raging and the lives of all of them was threatened. He steeled his heart. Why not sacrifice one

life to save his throne and his own life? It was a moment of terrible agony for him.

Krishna Kumari herself was not ignorant of the people's suffering. It was all on account of her that her country had been invaded and laid to waste. She saw the gradual change in the attitude of the people towards her. The eyes that once longed to gaze at her were now averted! And yet what could she do? Her heart grieved for the people and she was prepared to do any sacrifice to save their misery.

Bhim Singh had that night made the decision and next morning sent for his daughter and stroking her hair gently told her about the hopeless situation and casually mentioned about the suggestion made to him by Amir Khan.

Krishna Kumari was not surprised to hear it. In fact it came to her as a sort of relief from her silent suffering. What is life to a Rajput lady? Had not thousands before her willingly walked into the fire for the sake of their honour and glory? Why not she also give her life if thereby she can stop this war?

There was no conflict in her mind and she came to her decision quickly. Bhim Singh was relieved. But how could he carry out the plan? No, no, he did not want to take her life with his own hands—the hands that had held her as a child and fondled her. He approached his brother but he turned down the suggestion with rage! The Rana then called his son and commanded him to do the task.

When Beauty Becomes A Curse

3

He did not want to disobey and drawing his sword went to the apartment of his sister but the sword fell from his hand the moment he looked at her innocent face. He ran out sobbing.

Failing in these two attempts the Rana decided to poison her but none of the palace attendants were prepared to do his bidding. Meanwhile Krishna Kumari who had resigned herself to her sad fate was waiting death but seeing that no action was being taken she went to her father and offered to end her life by taking

the poison herself. The father gave his consent with a sad heart.

A powerful poison was got ready and the princess took it with a steady hand and a fleeting smile on her lips. Was she not following the glorious tradition of self immolation for the sake of her country? Udaypur was thus saved but both in the marbled halls of the palace and the mud-paved huts of the people a deep gloom was cast at the news of the tragedy which not even the news of the withdrawal of the invading forces could dispel.

A MONARCH'S FANCY FOR HOSE

Three hundred years ago, when nobles from the French Court were visiting the King of Denmark, the monarch greatly admired their fine-knitted hose. So taken was he with these handsome leg adornments that he invited a group of Dutch knitters to Copenhagen to knit similar hose for himself and members of the royal family. At the same time, he passed an edict that no one outside the royal household would be permitted to wear anything of a like nature.

The king's ruling caused a rumpus that came near to starting a riot among the people.

First to rebel against the royal order were the wealthy Danish merchants. So strongly did they voice their displeasure at this "royal pomposity" that the king was forced to water down his edict. The merchants were allowed to wear "cotton hose with no fancy patterns."

Within a few months the Danish peasants rebelled against the merchant classes. Again, on ministerial advice, the edict was changed to permit the peasants to wear "coarse woollen hose not fine enough for gentlemen."

For the remainder of the king's reign it was possible for anyone to tell to what class of society a Dane belonged merely by glancing at the man's legs!

X X X
Spartans of ancient Greece who were convicted of cowardice, grew a moustache and then shaved one side of it off. It served as a punishment.

Sind Millionaire Murder

By S. Rajagopalan

Murder will be out in ever so many ways, and it all depends on the efficiency of the investigating and the judicial machinery which have to work in unison, not in antagonism. In primal times, retribution came in swift, mostly in the shape of "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth". But there is deterioration in this respect in the modern age. Retribution has to conform to legal standards and legal standards in India are much too exacting inasmuch as every relevant evidence is practically shut out; and it is more often than not that a murderer gets his deserts only by a gamble as it were. Confessions by the killers, even if prompted by remorse or repentance are tabooed. Testimony by the victims even in the agony of death is only "relevant evidence" and not conclusive proof. Statements by the accomplices, i.e. confederates in crime, cannot be accepted at face value unless corroborated in material particular. Many a crime had gone on unpunished simply because of a too strict adherence to this rule, the letter of which has killed the spirit. An accomplice has to be supported by independent testimony or facts. This was originally designed to be a

rule of prudence, not of law; nevertheless it has boiled down to be an inflexible statutory provision, with consequences not very helpful for the punishment of crime.

Perhaps the best way would be not to reject an accomplice's story straightaway but to deal with it in the light of human conduct and experience; and an illustration of the efficacy of this method is furnished by the way justice was meted out in a diabolical case of parricide in pre-partition Sind.

Shivalomal, a self made man and a millionaire, owning 20 lakhs, lived at Jacobabad with his wife and two adult sons and a nephew. He was married thrice. By his first wife he had a son Madho and by his second another Gopaldas. His third wife was one Parameswari Bai (25). Of his two sons, Madho was the more attached to him. He was a Congressite and had been sentenced to imprisonment for three years in August 1942 and he was in prison until 3-3-1943. He had been assisting his father in his business and monetary affairs. In sharp contrast was his second son Gopaldas who was a never-do-well associating himself with badmashes and had incurred his grave displeasure. In fact

Sind Millionaire Murder

Shivalomal was contemplating to cut him off from inheriting his property and had arranged to make a will to that end, which however he deferred pending the return of Madho from prison.

Shivalomal had a sister who had been married and had given birth to two children. She and her husband were killed in an earthquake, and the children, the elder of whom was one Mano (a lad of 17), came under the care and protection of Shivalomal. In due course Mano became one of his trusted aides.

Just a few days before 27-2-1943, Parameswari Bai left Jacobabad to attend a marriage in a distant place. That day Shivalomal retired to bed as usual at about 12 o'clock in the night. Half an hour later, he called in Mano and handed over to him a sum of Rs. 1,200 to be kept in his safe. That night, four respectable persons had arrived there and been his guests. Shivalomal slept in his room all alone. Madho's wife and children as well his sister Pani slept in a room next to Shivalomal's in the ground floor. Pani spoke to Shivalomal at about 11-30 p.m. then went to sleep. The women in the house woke up at 3 a.m. only to find that electric lights did not burn or had been switched off. They also found that the outer door of the courtyard, usually chained and bolted, had been left open. What was more, Shivalomal was not in his room. Mano got up at 8 a.m. in the morning, went to the office at 9 but did not see his uncle ever after.



CAWO

Sandal Soap

rapturously alluring
& MUSTIC
It will delight you

GANGA WORKS
ADYAR

For many weeks nothing was heard of Shivalomal. Madho had been released from prison and not all the efforts of his family could bring to light any clue as to his whereabouts, which had already created a big stir in the neighbourhood.

Then a strange thing happened. One Attu (20) had something up his sleeve and wanted to meet Premier Alla Bux, but could not do so on account of his illness. Then he gave some information to one Kabar about the death of Shivalomal. Kabar had some connection with one Abdul, a sub-inspector of police, to whom he used to supply milk.

Kabar returned to Jacobabad on 18-4-1943 and told Abdul about what Atta had informed him. Two days later, a C. I. D. Inspector arrived from Karachi and told the sub-inspector to fetch Attu to Jacobabad.

On the morning of 22-4-43, Attu took the police to the Muslim burial place outside the town and with others dug up a spot therein. From two gunny bags sewed into one a body was taken out which was much decomposed. Round the neck of the corpse was wound a turban. In the gunny bag were also found beside the body, a dhoti and a shirt. Two slippers with gold rings were also discovered.

Attu then made a confession to the magistrate, stating that the body was Shivalomal's and also related the circumstances under which he had been killed and interred. The next day he took the police to the shops of three goldsmiths through whom the gold button on the shirt Shivalomal was wearing had been melted, converted into gold and finally sold.

The police thereafter started investigation on the lines indicated in Attu's confession. On 23-4-43 one Huzaro confessed before a magistrate implicating a number of persons and himself too in the crime.

As soon as the remains were disinterred, the police examined a number of persons who could identify the body. Parameswari Bai, Shivalomal's widow, could not identify it in that condition, but she definitely said that the slippers with the gold ring were her husband's and also the shirt

which she said she had given him for wear on the morning of 27-3-43. His brother-in-law, one Govindaram, also identified the dhoti, shirt and slippers. Madho, the nephew, identified the slipper and the dhoti by the dhoby mark which corresponded to the dhoby mark on another dhoti taken out from the wardrobe. Shivalomal's washerman said that the dhobi mark was the one he had put on the clothing. A tailor also found that the measurements on the shirt found on the body the same as the measurement of a shirt taken from Shivalomal's wardrobe. A goldsmith identified the ring and Param the gold buttons.

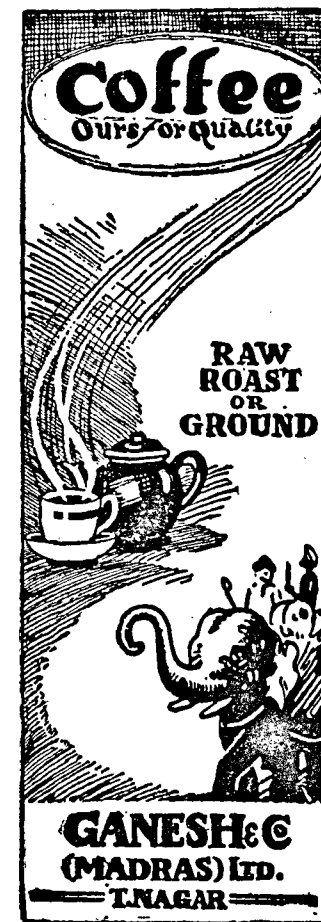
The medical officer could not indicate the age of the dead body nor its sex though he could say whether it was of a child or an adult.

Attu's confession marked so to say a landmark in the investigation. He gave a story. Gopaldas, Shivalomal's second son, came to the house of one Shafu one day and told him and Attu that he wanted to kill Shivalomal because he had had a row with his wife. He paid them Rs. 10 as advance. The total sum offered to be paid was Rs. 6000. At 9 p.m. Shafu, Huzaro and Attu got into a tonga and went up and down the town for about two hours. At about 12-45 p.m. the tonga-wallah came. Shafu woke up Attu and Huzaro and then Shafu drove the tonga to the corner of Shivalomal's house and there it stopped. Gopaldas saw them from his room upstairs

and then came down and opened the outer gate and called them in. They then went inside and proceeded to the room of Shivalomal which was pointed out by Gopaldas. Shivalomal was sleeping on a cot, with one arm flung out. Gopaldas flashed a torch on the man and gave the torch to Shafu and went away. Shafu at once got over the man and throttled him. Hazro sat on his chest while Attu sat on his legs. When Shafu was throttling him the dying man cried out, "Who are you, banchoth?" Then Shafu tied his turban round the dead man's neck and put the body in a gunny bag. The gunny bag had already been brought there sewn properly for the occasion. All of them then put the body in the gunny bag, carried it to the tonga, drove through an unfrequented route to the Muslim burial ground which was a mile away. Shafu flashed his torch on the body and he was startled to find that it was Shivalomal whom they had killed. He took out the four gold buttons, brought a spade, dug out a ditch, buried the corpse and then returned home.

By way of caution Gopaldas had meddled with the electric fuse so that no light could be put on in the house during the night.

In the morning Gopaldas met the murderers and Shafu wanted money and was paid Rs. 100. After a week Gopaldas gave him Rs. 200 and after two or three weeks again Rs. 100 more. But somehow or other Gopaldas failed to keep his promise to



Retail Branches :

285, China Bazaar Road,
&

71, Pondy Bazaar, T'NAGAR.



reimburse his confederates. He had as stated promised to pay Rs. 6000 and Shafu claimed it in entirety. Gopaldas, however, could not pay it all at once. He was never in management of his father's affairs, which were specifically placed in the charge of Mano, his nephew.

No doubt after Shivalomal's death and before Madho's return from prison, Gopaldas could command funds. In fact he had opened an account in the bank in his own name and deposited in it Rs. 18,000. On 13-4-43 he had also taken charge of the money in the family iron safe. After Madho's arrival and as a result of his persuasion the money was subsequently transferred to the joint account of both and a sum of Rs. 40,000 was deposited.

On 16-4-1939, Gopaldas withdrew Rs. 400 and paid Shafu. But he feared that if he withdrew Rs. 6000 all on a sudden it would excite suspicion. When payment was thus delayed Shafu got angry especially when Attu too demanded his share. The two quarrelled violently and Shafu being of more powerful build threatened to kill Attu who was however saved thanks to the intercession of Shafu's mistress. Attu in fear of life went to Shikarpur and as stated when all else failed became responsible for setting the police in motion.

Shafu, Huzaro and Gopaldas were charge sheeted for murder. Attu turned approver and was pardoned off.

There were several circumstan-

ces which offered corroboration to the story related by Attu. On the fateful day or night the outer door of Shivalomal's house which had been bolted by the servants had been left open. No Hindu family could have dared done that in those times. Gopaldas complained to the Electric Power House the next day that the lights were not in working order. The linesman, however, found the fuse wire of the meter burnt down. This could have been done only by putting a metal piece in the plug. Hence it was clear that the opening of the doorway and the cutting off of the electric light must have been done by some one in authority in the house at that time. These did not happen by accident. Neither the guests nor the servants who bore no ill will to Shivalomal could have done them. Furthermore Parameswari Bai's absence was known only to Gopaldas.

Gopaldas was often seen associating himself with bad characters like Shafu and a Negro named Banu. What did he do after Shivalomal was found missing? Although he was not heard of since 27-2-43 it was not until 11-30 a. m. on 3-3-43 that he made the report to the police. His explanation for the delay was that he thought that Shivalomal would have gone to some other place. But how could the senior member, who was at his desk all day and night, go out of the family abruptly without taking leave of any one and without even informing his trusted nephew Madho? He said that he did

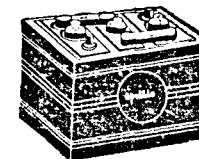
not go to his father's room till 2-3-43 and that when he went there he found only his coat and walking stick. He wound up saying that some enemies of Shivalomal would have abducted him and robbed him. But it seemed far fetched because Shivalomal's spectacles and cash were found in tact in the pocket.

Gopaldas also pleaded that Mano would have murdered him and that the case was foisted on him by the machinations of Madho and Parameswari Bai, both which carried absurdity on its face. Mano had no motive to do away with his only benefactor, and so far as the latter was concerned, Parameswari Bai and Madho tried their best to save him from the gallows and this was patent at the trial.

In the end, Gopaldas was sentenced to be hanged as also Shafu whose participation was

Spotlite

A DEPENDABLE BATTERY



— From —

**SRIDHAR & Co.,
MADRAS.**

proved by the evidence of the goldsmith. Huzaro (18) was considered a mere tool in the hands of Shafu and sentenced to transportation.

(Copyright with the author.)

KISSING ROOM IN AIRPORT

A kissing room is being built at Mexico city's main airport for sweethearts. The Director of Civil Aviation in Mexico, who ordered the building of the room, said that air travellers demanded a "kissing room" because they are embarrassed by spectators while they kiss good-bye in public. No one other than sweethearts or husbands and wives will be allowed access to the "kissing room."

x

x

x

A woman learner-driver, while under test, manoeuvred her car with paralysing effect across a stream of traffic in a busy thoroughfare. Cars piled up all round her. From an adjacent vehicle an irate colonel stuck out his head and bawled: "Madam, why the devil don't you signal what you want to do!" To this the lady replied in plaintive tones: "There isn't any signal for what I want to do!"



The Double Mirror

*A tale, to win favour, must be simply told;
To move its readers a moral it must hold.*

(Translated by Yang Hsien-yi and Gladys Yang.)

In the fourth year of the Chien Yen period, an officer from the north-west of China whose name was Feng Chung-yi was appointed a tax collector at Foochow. At that time south-east China was exceedingly prosperous, and Feng decided to set off with his family for his new post. He imagined that Foochow with the mountains behind and the sea in front was as rich a place as any in which to settle; besides, with North China constantly over-run by the Tartars, the south-east should be a good place of refuge. Starting on his journey that same year, he reached Chienchow the following spring.

Famine has always followed war. As the Nu Chen Tartars crossed the Yellow river, eastern China was laid waste; and south-east China, though not ravaged by war, suffered a famine sent by Heaven. In Cheinchow the famine was so severe that one peck of rice cost a thousand cash and the people were starving. Supplies were needed for the troops at the front, hence the officials pressed for the payment of taxes without caring whether the people were in a position to pay or not. As the proverb says: Even a clever girl cannot make gruel without rice. When the people had no rice or

money to hand over, yet the officers continued to beat and bully them. They could stand it no longer and slipped away in two's and three's to the mountains to become rebels. A snake must have a head before it can move, and they had a leader—Fan Ju-wei. Fan had a sense of justice and hoped to save the suffering people; so all the rebels flocked to him, until soon they were more than one hundred thousand strong.

*House and barns they set
alight,
And killed the rich at dead
of night,
Fasted alike when food was
none,
And shared together all
they won.*

Unable to resist the rebels, the Government troops were defeated time and again. Then Fan occupied Chienchow, styling himself Commander Fan, and sent his men out to raid different districts, while all the younger members of the clan were given titles and became army officers.

The Commander had a distant relative called Fan Hsi-chou, who was twenty-three years old and whose one talent was his ability in swimming; he could stay in the water for three or four days at a time, hence he

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, Mylapore, 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.

had been nicknamed the Eel. Young Fan, who had studied but never passed the examinations, was forced to join the Commander's forces; for it was decreed that any member of the Fan clan who refused to join the rebels would be executed as an example to the rest. However, though he lived among the rebels, young Fan did all he could to help the unfortunate and took no part in any raid. The rebels thought him a coward and called him The Blind Eel to taunt him with his uselessness.

We will go back now to tax-collector Feng. Feng had a daughter named Yu Mei, a pretty and gentle girl of sixteen who was travelling south with her parents when some of commander Fan's rebels fell upon them at Chienchow, robbed them of all their baggage and sent them flying in all directions. In the confusion, Feng lost his daughter, and after fruitless attempts to find her he could only proceed mournfully on his way.

Since Yu Mei could not run fast, she was captured by the rebels and taken into Chienchow city where, as she was crying bitterly, young Fan saw her, took pity on her and asked her who she was. When Yu Mei told him that she belonged to an official family young Fan ordered the rebels to free her, unfasted the ropes with which she was tied and took her home to comfort her with kind words.

"I am not a rebel," he told her. "But I have been forced by my clansmen to stay here. In future, when the Government

calls on us to surrender, I shall become a loyal subject again; and if you, madam, will condescend to marry me, I shall count it a great honour."

Yu Mei had no desire to marry him, but since she was in their hands there was nothing for it but to consent. The following day young Fan told the Commander, who congratulated him; then the young man sent Yu Mei to stay in a hostel while he chose an auspicious day and sent over the marriage gifts. One of his heirlooms was a double mirror which could be divided into two. It was bright and clear and since it was inscribed with the words "duck" and "drake", it was known as a duck and drake mirror. This mirror, too, he sent as a gift. All his clansmen were invited and the wedding took place with due ceremony.

Now he had been a man of worth,

And she a girl of gentle birth;

Both elegant and handsome he,

*And gentle and obedient she,
Though living with a rebel band,*

He had not faltered in his stand;

While though she was a captive there,

She still remained demure and fair.

After this they led a happy, virtuous life together.

The proverb says: An earthen pitcher will sooner or later be broken over the well. And as a rebel commander Fan was guilty of the greatest crim

against the State. While the Government was occupied with other affairs and had no armed forces to spare, he was safe; but after those famous generals Chang Shuo, Yuch Fee, Chang Tuan, Wu Chieh and Wu Ling inflicted one defeat after another on the Tartars, the Empire began to be stable; and during the winter of the year that Emperor Kao Chung moved his capital to Hangchow and started the era Shao Hsing, Prince Han Shih-chung was ordered to lead one hundred thousand troops to exterminate the rebels. How could Commander Fan stand up to Prince Han? He had to withdraw into the city of Chienchow, while Prince Han encamped outside the wall and laid siege to the city.

Now Prince Han and the tax-collector Feng had been friends in the southern capital; and when the prince led his troops against the rebels he knew that Feng, as an officer in Foochow, must understand local conditions. In those days commanders of an expeditionary force

often carried blank commission forms which they could fill up when they found local talents; so Prince Han made Feng his Chief of Staff and they came together to the camp outside Chienchow to direct the attack.

Inside the city, meanwhile weeping and wailing sounded day and night; and though Commander Fan made several attempts to break out, he was beaten back each time. When the situation was desperate, Yu Mei said to her husband:

"I have heard that a loyal subject does not serve two masters and a chaste woman will not take a second husband. When I was captured by the rebels, I meant to kill myself; but you rescued me and made me your wife, so I am yours. Now that the imperial army is besieging us, the city will soon be taken; and when the city falls, you, as a member of the rebel party, will not be spared. I would like to die before you. I couldn't bear to see you executed."

She drew the sword at the

ANNOUNCEMENT

WE are supplying foreign newspaper both over-issue and once-read at competitive rates. All kinds of packing papers are being supplied by us. Mofussil orders are always promptly attended to.

SRI JYOTHEE WASTE PAPER CO.,

Post Box No. 1596,

21, Annappillai Street, Madras-1.

head of the bed to kill herself, but young Fan hastily stopped her; took away the sword and comforted her, saying:

"I never wanted to join the rebels, but now I have no way to clear myself. Jade and stone will be consumed in the same fire: I have resigned myself to fate. But you are the daughter of an official and a captive here—you will come to no harm. All Prince Han's officers and men are northerners like you. You speak the same dialect, and when they see that you come from their part of the country they will treat you well. You may win some old friend or relative who will pass on the news to your father, so that you can join your family again. Life is very dear. Why throw it lightly away?"

"If my life is spared," said Yu Mei, "I shall never marry again. If I am captured by the soldiers I will kill myself rather than lose my chastity."

"Knowing your noble resolution, I can die content," replied young Fan. "If I happen to escape from the net and save myself, I swear never to marry again to repay you for your oath today."

"You gave me a duck and drake mirror as a wedding gift," said Yu Mei. "Let us take one half each and carry it with us wherever we go. If ever the double mirror becomes whole again, husband and wife will be reunited." When she had said this, they looked at each other and wept.

This conversation took place in the twelfth month of the first

year of Shao Hsing. During the first month of the second year, Prince Han took Chienchow by storm and Commander Fan in desperation set fire to his headquarters and perished in flames. Prince Han set up a yellow flag and called on the remaining rebels to surrender; and all but the class of Fan were spared. As for them, half died when the city was sacked while the other half were captured by the imperial forces to be taken to the capital for execution. When Yu Mei knew this, fearing it was all up with her husband, she ran into a deserted house and taking off her scarf hanged herself with it.

*Ah better far to perish
young and chaste,
Than to live on abandoned
and disgraced!*

She was not fated to die, however. For just then Chief of Staff Feng happened to pass by with some of his men and when he saw a woman hanging in a tumble-down house he hastily ordered his men to cut her down; then, looking at her closely, discovered that she was his daughter Yu Mei. When Yu Mei recovered consciousness, it was a long time before she could speak. Father and daughter felt both joy and grief at this meeting, as Yu Mei told her father how she had been captured by the rebels and how young Fan had rescued and married her. When he heard this, however, Feng said nothing.

When Chienchow was captured, the common people went back to their homes and Prince Han returned with his Chief of

Staff, Feng to the capital to report their victory; and they were rewarded by the Emperor and promoted.

One day Feng fell to talking with his wife about their daughter's future. They felt that since Yu Mei was still young she ought not to remain single, and they both tried to persuade her to marry again. On this point, however, Yu Mei was adamant. She told them of the promise she had given her husband.

"You come of a good family," said Feng. "And if you married a rebel, it was because you had no alternative. Fortunately, he is dead now, and you are free. Why should you think of him?"

But Yu Mei with tears in her eyes answered: "My husband was a scholar who only joined his clansmen because he was forced to, and though he was with the rebels he always helped the distressed and never did anything wrong. If Heaven is all knowing, he ought to have escaped from the tiger's jaws; and though we are like floating weeds in the ocean, who knows but what we may some day meet again? I would like to live as a Taoist priestess at home and serve you both. I do not mind remaining a widow all my life; but rather than insist that I marry again, you had better let me commit suicide to preserve my chastity." Since she had reason on her side, her father did not insist.

Time flew like an arrow until it was the twelfth year of the Shan Hsing period and Feng had been promoted to the rank

WATCHES & CLOCKS

**Jason, Roamer
& Record**

Water-proof Wristwatches
Best Designs

AT

Khader & Yousuf

BROS.

Govt. & Rly. Contractors,
Watch & Clock Dealers

Head Office :

Rattan Bazaar, MADRAS.

Branch Office :

Park Road, VIJAYAWADA

of Lieutenant General in command of the garrison troops at Fengchow. One day the garrison commander of Kuangchow sent his Lieutenant Ho Cheng-hsin with a dispatch to Feng. Feng received Ho in his hall, questioned him about the situation in Kuangchow and spoke with him for a long time before letting him go.

Yu Mei had been peeping at them from behind a screen in the back room, and when her father came in she asked: "Who brought that despatch?"

"Lieutenant Ho Cheng-hsin from Kuangchow," her father told her.

"That is strange!" she said. "For he spoke and walked just like my husband in Chienchow."

Feng laughed and said

"When Chienchow was taken by storm, all the Fans were put to death. Some innocent people may have been killed, but not one of that clan was spared. This Lieutenant from Kuanchow is called Ho and he is a Government officer. What connection can there possibly be? You are letting your imagination run away with you. Take care not to let your maids hear you talk like this, or you will make yourself ridiculed!" Rebuked by her father, Yu Mei blushed for shame and dared say no more.

Because she loved her husband well,

Her father's blame upon her fell!

Six months later Ho Ching-hsin was sent again with a despatch to Feng's office; and once again Yu Mei who was watching from behind the screen was amazed by his resemblance to her husband.

"I am a priestess," she told her father, "so I care no more for earthly things, and I am not being sentimental. But I have watched him carefully, and I swear that that Lieutenant from Kuanchow is the image of my husband. Why don't you invite him into the inner hall and entertain him to a meal, then ask him? My husband used to be nicknamed the Eel. When Chienchow was besieged and we knew the city was about to fall, we each kept one half of a double mirror as a keepsake. If you call him by his nickname and try him with his mirror, you will find out the truth." Her father agreed.

The next day when Lieutenant

Ho came to Feng's office again for his reply, Feng invited him into the inner hall and entertained him with wine. While they were drinking, Feng questioned him about his origin and his native place; and Ho hesitated and looked embarrassed.

"Aren't you nicknamed the Eel?" asked Feng. "I know all about you; you can speak freely."

Ho asked him to dismiss the attendants, after which, kneeling he begged him to be merciful. "You need not be afraid," said Feng, helping him to rise.

Then only did Ho dare speak freely. "I come from Chienchow," he said, "and my real name is Fan. In the fourth year of Chien Yen my clansman Fan Ju-wei incited the hungry mob to rebellion in Chienchow and I was kept in the rebel army against my will. When the imperial army attacked and took the city by storm, all my clansmen were put to death; but because I had helped those in distress, someone rescued me; and changing my name to Ho Cheng-hsin I surrendered to the imperial forces. In the fifth year of Shao Hsing I was serving under Commander Yuch Fel when I was sent to fight Yang Yao, leader of the brigands of Tungting lake. Commander Yuch's troops all came from the north-west and were not used to fighting on water; but I as a southerner, was a good swimmer, for when I was young I could stay in the water for three days and three nights. That is why I was nicknamed the Eel. Then Commander Yuch made

The Double Mirror

me lead the vanguard. I fought in the front of the battle, and after the rebellion was suppressed Commander Yuch recommended me. I have been promoted several times and am now lieutenant in Kuangchow. During the last ten years I have kept this secret: but since you, sir, have questioned me, I dare not hide the truth."

"What is your wife's name? Did you have only one wife or have you taken a second?"

"When I was with the rebels I secured a girl from an official family who became my wife. A year later, when the city was taken, we were separated during our flight; but we had sworn that if our lives were spared we would not marry again; so I went later to Hsingchow where I found my old mother with whom I have been living ever since. We have one maid servant who cooks for us; but I have never married again."

"When you took this oath with your wife, what did you use as a pledge?"

"We had an unusual duck-and-drake mirror, which could be divided into two; and we kept one side each."

"Do you still have the mirror?"

"I carry it on me day and night, and have never let it out of my sight."

"May I see it?"

Ho raised the flap of his jacket and produced an embroidered bag from the belt of his silk vest; and in this bag was the mirror. Feng took it, then produced the other half from his sleeve; and when he put the



two sides together, the mirror was whole again. When Ho saw the two sides joined together, he sobbed bitterly; and Feng was so moved that he shed tears too as he said: "The girl you married is my daughter. She is in the house now."

He led Ho to the back to meet Yu Mei and they shed tears over each other after which Feng comforted them. A feast was spread to celebrate the reunion and that night Ho stayed in the house. A few days later, Feng gave his son-in-law the official despatch and saw him off telling his daughter to accompany her husband to his Kuangchow office to live there with him.

The following year Ho's term of office expired, and on his way to report to the capital he brought his wife to Fengchow to say good bye to her father. Feng had a thousand pieces of silver ready as his daughter's

dowry, and he sent officers to escort his son-in-law on the road.

Since the rebellion was old history now, Ho was sure that no one would make trouble for him; and he felt that the clan of Fan ought not to be without descendants; so when he reached the capital he sent in a report to the Ministry of Ceremony and

resumed his original surname, but not his personal name. He now called himself Fan Chieng-hsin. Later he was promoted to be garrison commander of the Huai River Area, where he lived happily with his wife until they were old. As for the double mirror, it was treasured by his descendants for many generations. —Chinese Literature.

A DIFFERENT MATTER

Bride: "You didn't talk that way before we were married!"

Groom: "What way?"

Bride: "You said you would go through fire and water for me, and now you refuse when I ask you for money."

Groom: "But I never said I'd go through bankruptcy for you."

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that it would be helpful for each of us to tell the other all his faults."

"How did it work?"

"We haven't spoken for five years."

"What does my little man want to buy to-day? Sweets?" asked the kindly shop-keeper.

"You're right!" exclaimed Johnny, "but I've got to buy soap."

Teacher (to class): "What is an octopus?"

Small boy (who has just commenced to take Latin): "Please, sir, I know, sir, it's an eight-sided cat."

"Is she considerate to her husband?"

"Very! She's joined the nudist cult for a while, to give him a chance to pay her dress bills."

Mrs. Jones rushed into the dining room.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, "I've dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere."

"That's all right, my dear," her husband told her. "I came across it this morning in my trousers pocket."

"I am sorry, sir. The master is not at home."

"Then he must be very absent-minded. I saw his head at the window just now. He must have gone without it."

When judges bully counsel
and get it hot.

RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE (4)

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

It is often intriguing how counsel and judge enliven the court atmosphere by resorting to asides and spicy remarks. One European Barrister was conducting a case before Justice Tyabji of the Bombay High Court. The Barrister always mispronounced Indian names. Justice Tyabji said: "If you want to practice in the courts in India you must learn to pronounce Indian names properly." This went off smooth. But in the case of Mr. Inverarity appearing before Justice Candy the matter assumed a rather humorous turn. Mr. Inverarity mispronounced an Indian name of which the judge corrected him. But the tenacious Barrister again began to address the court like this: "Gordandos, as I pronounce it, and Gordhandas as Your Lordship pronounces it," and went on in this strain. Candy J. got exasperated and uttered in despair, "Pronounce the name as you like but don't have the double version of the name repeated every time." When Mr. Setalvad was arguing an appeal before Justice Jenkins he stressed a point by repeating, "I think, My Lord etc." The judge interposed, "Counsel don't think, they submit." Setalvad parried the thrust by saying, "Surely before counsel submits he has to think." The judge took in the humour and

counsel's calmness veered the judge round. Yet again it is said Sir Charles Seargent J. wanted Mr. Telang to expound an intricate point of Hindu law. He said, "Mr. Telang, what do you think yourself is the right interpretation?" To which Mr. Telang adroitly remarked, "Counsel submits to the court what client's contention is and he is not expected to give his own opinion. It is your Lordship's duty to form and express your opinion."

Sometimes the parrying is unseemingly disclosed even as between judges themselves. Mr. Justice Russel and justice Aston were hearing an appeal in a criminal case. The judges appeared to interrupt each other often openly. Russel said to Aston: "You as a civilian judge often start with a presumption in favour of the prosecution while I, as a Barrister judge start with the presumption that the accused is innocent and the prosecution must prove he is guilty." This was indeed indecorous of the judge to utter. The matter was referred to a third judge Mr. Batty, a civilian judge. But the latter agreed with Russel and this must have cured in a way Russel's prejudice against civilian judges. Sometimes judges are peevish and do not pause to consider why counsel puts further ques-

tions. In Justice Aston's court counsel's suggestion was denied by a prosecution witness. On this counsel persued to cross examine him in order to show that the denial of witness was untrue. Aston blureted out, "I can't allow cross examination upon cross examination. The witness has denied what you put to him and you cannot further cross examine him on that statement." It required considerable patience on the part of counsel to persuade the court to understand that it was the only way to test the veracity of a witness who tried to evade answering straight. It is said the same judge said to counsel, Mr. Branson, arguing a criminal appeal something which he should have desisted from saying and thereby disclosing his want of grasp of fundamental propositions. Mr. Branson triumphantly started saying that the only evidence against his client was accomplice evidence thereby hinting that it was not to be relied upon. Aston J. floundered: "If you say that the evidence is of accomplice you admit your client's guilt." It took Mr. Branson a lot of time to dislodge Aston J. from that astonishing position.

But often counsel's witty remark bring home a point. It is said in the Madras High Court a counsel was stressing the point of a son-in-law's right. The judge remarked to the opposing counsel, the late Mr. T. R. Ramachandra Ayyar, "What is the right of a son-in-law in Hindu law?" Mr. Ayyar burst out wittily in Tamil,

"Ambattathai surittikundu pogirathu." "What do you say?" queried again His Lordship to which Mr. Ayyar remarked: "It means My Lord that the rights of a son-in-law consist in knocking away what he can get in his father-in-law's house." The court house rocked with laughter. Mr. Ayyar scored a victory over his opponent who was labouring to prove the "illatom custom."

Judges are peculiar. Some are obsessed by precedents while yet others care more for facts. Justice Chandavakar is said to have been of the former type. While counsel Mr. Scott was arguing, the judge was diving into a mass of authorities. Counsel became impatient and said, "If Your Lordship will only put aside the authorities for the moment and rest content in following my argument, you will know more about the case." The thrust went home and counsel managed to successfully finish his argument.

One judge who prided himself in knowing all the law was constantly bullying counsel that he must get equipped in up-to-date law. Counsel retorted: "Your Lordship must first understand the facts and then apply the law." The judge was silenced for a time. There was yet another judge who prided on his invincible hold on law points. On a point of law he had given one decision adverse to the defendant exparte. When counsel later appeared for the defendant and argued the matter disclosing that the decision on which the learned judge had

passed the prior order was overruled, the judge had to reverse the prior order. But his vanity took him so far as to say and even incorporate in his order that "Even Homer nods". The judge felt his knowledge of law required brushing up but he would not straightaway admit it and would take umbrage under "Homer's lapses".

Justice Beamen is reported to have had lot of self confidence and a temper of invincibility. When Mr. Setalvad was arguing a point and cited authorities of the various High Courts in his favour, all that Beaman J. would say was that in his view the judges of the other High Courts were grossly mistaken. Counsel uttered in despair, "Your Lordship, I have nothing more to say. I have on my side the view of ten judges of three High Courts. It is possible that they are all wrong and Mr. Justice Beaman is right."

But there are judges and judges. Some patiently hear counsel so that they could get elucidation on a particular point of law of which they are not quite sure. There is sometimes an inconvenient and hazardously refreshing condour in moffusil judges who revel in robust commonsense outlook. One such judge used to say, "Well sirs, I know the facts. On law you both can argue as much as you want. I will gather the points and dispose of the case."

Another judge fought shy of all law. "That, I leave to the High Court. In trial courts why should I worry about law? Commonsense law is enough for

FOR QUALITY GOLD & SILVER WARES

— CONTACT —

**Gandavadi Sreeramulu
Chetty & Sons**

No. 207/208, N.S.C.B. Road,
MADRAS-1.

Phone : 3524.

me." But often this kind of easy-going judge is a danger to the seat of justice. The yardstick of commonsense varies from judge to judge and it is difficult sometimes to pitch in a judgement where commonsense ends and law begins.

Too much of law or too much of the so-called 'commonsense' have to be avoided if pure justice is to be meted out, which nevertheless must not be out of tune with the prevailing law.

Tenacity of advocacy is always a virtue. It is said of Mr. George Norton, Advocate General, that he refused to sit down when his Lordship Lord Burton asked him to do so. The judge added, "I direct you, Mr. Advocate General, to sit down on that point!" The resourceful Mr. Norton parried, "Certainly, My Lord," and sitting down on the point immediately rose upon another point on which he argued successfully at length. In similar circumstances Mr. Lora, b

the tenacious lawyer of Calcutta (1843), resolutely declined to sit down but walked out triumphantly, proud, erect and unconquered.

Eardly Norton created another piquant situation when he was arguing a criminal appeal before Justice Shepherd and Justice Sir S. Subramanya Ayyar. It appeared to Norton that the judges had an impression that every prosecution witness was a hero and every policeman a saint. Norton greatly worried at the judges' parrying of questions exclaimed, "If that is Your Lordships' view, I need not occupy public or my own time in an enquiry before a Bench of two Government pleaders." Both judges were once Government

pleaders. But Justice Subramanya Ayyar burst into a hearty laughter at Norton's thrust. A sessions judge would not have appreciated or tolerated such an outburst from Norton, equally so a lesser counsel than Norton would not have ventured out such a remark. Eardly Norton is a constant reminder to the Bar to fight their causes nobly, ably and fearlessly. No doubt a hearty laugh arising out of witty exchanges lends colour to the court and will reduce the tedium of the court atmosphere. But it requires a broadminded judge and an able advocate who can parry, receive and give witty thrusts, with no venom behind it all.

A bachelor was asked by a sentimental young girl why he did not avail himself of some sweet woman's company for his voyage of life.

"I would," he replied, "if I were sure that the ocean would always be the Pacific."

"The difference between the cow and the milkman," said the would-be witty consumer, "is that the cow gives pure milk."

"There is another difference," retorted the milkman. "The cow doesn't give credit."

Counsel was showing how easy it is for a man to make a mistake. "When I left home this morning," he said, "I could have sworn that I had my watch with me. But now I recollect leaving it on the bath room window-ledge."

When he arrived home that evening, his wife said: "What a fuss to make about a watch! Fancy sending ten men for it! Of course, I gave it to the first messenger. He knew just where it was."

"If you had eight pennies and lost three, how many would you have left?"

Little Cohen thought for a minute.

"But for why," was his puzzled reply, "should I lose three pennies?"

Some months ago we published the story of a ghost which made love to a girl. Here is another story wherein a ghost makes love to a youth.

GHOST'S LOVE FOR A YOUTH

Madan was happy. A bright young lad of eighteen he had passed his Inter. His ambition was two study higher which meant money. His parents were too poor to undertake to send him to the district headquarters to join the college there. It was then that the zamindar of his place had offered to be his patron. The zamindar mostly lived in the city where he had a palatial house. He had recently lost his only daughter and had come to the village for a change.

Madan travelled with the zamindar to the city. He was given a room for himself and Madan resolved to study hard and acquit himself well in his studies. "Who are you?" Madan asked. The girl did not reply. She just stood there looking at Madan with a friendly look. Madan felt awkward. A young girl at the dead of night alone in his room! He was an innocent lad, still unspoiled and he felt that it was most improper that a girl should be found alone in his room.

One night Madan had stayed up late. It was past twelve and feeling sleepy he closed his book and decided to go to sleep. He got up from his chair and pushed it backwards. But the chair remained fixed in its place as if someone was holding it from behind. Surprised he looked back and found a young girl of about eighteen standing there with her arms on the back of the chair.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he asked the girl again. But she only smiled and did not answer. Madan felt how charming she looked when she smiled. But he immediately



FOR RELIABLE IN LATEST OPTICAL WARES
AND BINOCULARS IN VARIETIES

VISIT

V. SHEWAKRAM

2/186, Mount Road, Madras-2.

N. B.—Services of qualified EYE-DOCTOR available

brushed that thought aside and hastily added: "Please go away, whoever you are. Don't disturb me. I have lot to read still."

But still the girl stood there without moving or uttering a word, gazing at him fondly and lovingly almost.

Madan felt outraged at this and moving a step forward he took hold of her hand and almost dragged her through the length of the room and gently pushed her out through the door and then closed and bolted it. The touch of that lovely girl had a strange effect on him. He felt his blood was a little warmer and racing through his whole body. His face was flushed a little. He slowly walked towards his cot and sat down on it. But the next moment he found the girl coming through the door!

This time Madan lost all courage. Who can walk through the bolted door except a ghost? He hastily stretched himself on the bed and pulled the bed sheet well over his head. He was shaking all over and praying fervently that the girl ghost would go.

But it did not go. Instead he felt the girl sitting by his side. Slowly she placed a hand on his face and tried to pull away the bed sheet. At the same time she spoke in a sweet soft voice: "Madan, why are you afraid? I have not come here to harm you. I am lonely and I want company."

The gentle voice dispelled Madan's fears to some extent and he slowly pulled the bed sheet from his face and opened

his eyes. The girl did not look like a ghost at all. She was like a living girl, breathing, smiling, talking. And yet she must be a ghost; otherwise how could she walk through the closed doors?

"Don't be afraid," the girl said again and began to caress him. He stayed still but the soft caresses had their effect and the two spent the night together.

Next morning when Madan woke up he looked anxiously round the room. There was no girl there. The door was bolted from inside. Perhaps it was all a dream he thought and forgot all about it.

But that night the thought of the girl came back again. However much he tried he could not brush it aside. "Let me wait and see whether all that happened yesterday was true or not," he said to himself. Hardly had he thought so when the vision appeared.

"Ah, you have come," said Madan. It was a sort of a relief for him.

"Yes. How can I live apart from you? I was in this room all the while but remained invisible," she said.

Madan got up and embraced her. His joy knew no bounds. Two years thus passed. During the vacation Madan was invited by a relative. Madan made it a condition that he should get a separate room for himself for his studies!

In the relative's house too the girl-ghost visited him every night. In fact it was at her suggestion that Madan had insisted on having a room for

himself. But unlike in the palatial bungalow of the zamindar, the whispering and love-making could be heard by the people in the next room. First they thought that Madan was talking in his sleep but the sound of two voices coming from the room made them eavesdrop and their suspicions were confirmed. That day particularly Madan had an argument with the girl ghost. He had during the day seen an European girl and was smitten by her charms.

The girl ghost had remonstrated with him that night. How did she know? Why, she could read all his thoughts, she said, and added that she wanted him all for herself. And she also told him that she could appear in any form he liked to please him. He asked her then to appear in the form of the European girl just for once.

The girl ghost disappeared and within a few minutes reappeared in the guise of the European girl and they both laughed and joked unaware of the fact that some people were eavesdropping outside.

Next day Madan was ragged by his two cousins who were of his own age and Madan's efforts to make them believe that it was only a fib of their imagination were of no avail. He, therefore, jokingly said that he had not told them the truth because it was their sister who was with him the previous night!

"You can come to the room to night and see for yourself," he added.

The two cousins immediately left him a little angry. Madan thought he had committed an indiscretion but he did not want to reveal the truth and wanted to stick to what he had already said.

So that night he did not bolt the door of his room. He thought of his girl ghost and when she appeared he said he would like her to take the form of his cousin-sister. She protested and said that it was most unfair and improper but he was adamant and said that if she refused to act according to his wishes he would not speak to her again.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The annual subscription for KAHANIYA is Rs. 3 (Foreign Rs. 4), post free. Copies will not be sent by V. P. P. Price for single copy is four annas. Subscription amount may be sent either by M. O. or crossed postal order to

KAHANIYA

32, Pelatope

Mylapore :: Madras - 4.

The ghost reluctantly yielded and he began to talk to her in loud tones in order to attract the attention of the two cousins. They immediately rushed in and imagine their surprise to find their sister sitting there by the side of Madan!

But they knew that it was some trick or sorcery for their sister was sitting by their side till they heard the voices in the other room. They moved forward to get hold of the form sitting by Madan's side but it vanished!

The whole truth thus came

out. Immediately the uncle was informed and he being a *mantravadi* prepared a charm and tied it to Madan's arm. He was not allowed to stay alone. In the nights for three days consecutively the girl ghost appeared before him but it could not touch him. She implored and beseeched him to throw away that charm but his cousins would not allow him to remove it. On the third day the ghost departed from him for good and when it disappeared they heard a long low moan which echoed in the darkness of the night.

A little girl was asked to state the difference between pride and vanity.

After considerable thought, she replied: "Pride means: 'I don't think much of you;' vanity means: 'What do you think of me?'"

Stern Mistress (to maid): "You are discharged for allowing the master to kiss you. What sort of reference do you expect from me after that?"

Pretty Maid: "Well, you might at least say that I tried to please every one, madam."

Porter: "Miss, your train is..."

Precise Passenger: "My man, why do you say 'your train', when you know it belongs to the railway company?"

Porter: "Dunno, Miss Why do you say 'my man', when you know I belong to my wife?"

The fluent preacher had given a talk on heavenly crowns and how to get them. Turning to a lad who had been listening intently, he asked, "Now, James, who shall get the biggest crown?"

Said James, with the light of intelligence in his eyes, "Him that's got the biggest head."

Creditor: "Are you going to settle your account?"

Debtor: "Not just yet."

Creditor: "If you don't, I'll tell all your other creditors that you paid me."



Adventures of Mahendravarma

'By S'

(2)

The dawn broke in all its splendour. A cool breeze was blowing. Except for the singing of the birds and the rustling of leaves there was perfect silence. Mahendravarma felt the pangs of hunger and he wandered towards the forest to collect some fruits. It was a new experience for him and being by nature bold and adventurous he felt he could as well cross the forest. How long he wandered thus he knew not. When the sun was at the zenith he came across a hill. He first thought he could assume the shape of an eagle by virtue of the boon granted to him by goddess Kali and fly over the hill but on second thoughts he decided to have some rest and sat near a huge boulder projecting from the hill.

He had not sat there for long when he heard strains of music coming from the side of the rock. Instantly he got up. Who can it be in this part of the forest who sings? He tried to investigate but he found no one there. He listened carefully. He could still hear the music faintly. It was not just his imagination and it seemed to come from behind the rock. He went to the side and tried to peer in. The music sounded much louder. There was no doubt in his mind now. Some one was

singing from behind the rock. Perhaps there was some secret way to the cave but Mahendravarma did not waste time. He assumed the shape of a worm and crawled through the crevices and entered the cave. The sight that met him there took his breath away. It was a well-furnished cave with rich carpets and cushions. The music was melodious but Mahendravarma could not see any sign of a human being. He assumed his human shape and walked to the centre of the cave to have a good look. The music suddenly stopped.

"Who are you O, fair prince, and how did you gain entrance to this forbidden cave?"

It was a sweet voice that put this question and it seemed to come from somewhere above. Mahendravarma looked up. Except for a parrot cage there was nothing there.

"What kind of a magic is this?" Mahendravarma wondered. And as if in answer came the voice, "Why don't you reply to my question?"

Mahendravarma looked up and saw it was the parrot that was questioning him. A parrot with a human voice! He stood gaping at it.

The parrot again repeated the question in a persuasive voice

when Mahandraverma for the first time opened his mouth and said:

"I am a prince from the neighbouring country and I have come in search of adventure. You are a gifted parrot. Tell me who is the fortunate man who owns you?"

"Oh! fortunate you said, is it? I am not a parrot. I am a Nagakanya in the clutches of a Rakshasha. Whenever he goes out he turns me into a parrot by his magic and keeps me captive in this case so that I may not escape. He comes once a week and to-day he is expected. If you value your life please go the way you have come. You can never escape death if he discovers you here."

"How did he happen to bring you here?"

"I was sporting along the river when this rakshasha came in the guise of a maiden and siezed me. He said he was lonely and wanted a companion and forcibly dragged me here. It is more than a year since he has kept me a captive."

Just then there was a sound as if the rock to the entrance of the cave was being shifted.

"Please go and hide somewhere. He is coming," the parrot said. Mahendraverma immediately vanished. He had assumed the shape of a lizard and clambered up a wall.

A huge form entered the cave breathing heavily. Suddenly he stopped short and looked from side to side. Some scent had disturbed him. "I smell human fish," he muttered and going to the parrot cage he asked

gruffly, "Has any one entered this cave?"

The parrot replied, "How do I know? I am a captive in this cage."

"I distinctly smell a human being. Yet how could anyone enter when the entrance was blocked by the boulder which no human being can move?"

"Perhaps you are imagining the smell," the parrot suggested.

The rakshasha opened the cage and taking the parrot out made a pass over it by his hand. Immediately the parrot was transformed into a woman.

"Ha! ha!" the rakshasha chuckled and he made her sit on his cap and ordered, "Sing your most beautiful song."

The Nagakanya revolted at his touch but began to sing and as she went on singing the uncouth rakshasha began to fondle her and make love to her.

Mahendraverma who was watching from the wall could not stand the sight any longer. He wanted to help the fair damsel and release her from the embrace of the rakshasha. He slid down from the wall and assuming his normal form stood before the rakshasha and ordered "Stop."

The rakshasha was nonplussed for a moment at the sight of a third person. The next instant he had pushed aside the maiden and standing up he gave out a merry laugh. "So you are the human being? Where did you hide yourself?" he asked mockingly. "I never dreamt that my damsel had a secret lover!" So saying he gnashed

his teeth and pounced on Mahendraverma. But he was too alert and stepped aside and drawing his sword aimed a blow at the rakshasha's neck. His head was severed and his body lay in a heap. Mahendraverma bade her go but she wanted to be of some help to her benefactor and told him a secret word. "Whenever you are in difficulties and need my help hold some water in both your palms and utter the word thrice. I will come," she said and immediately glided out of the cave.

The Nagakanya who was too stupefied at the swift turn of event to utter a word now fell at the feet of Mahendraverma. "You have saved me from this of the cave."

(To be continued.)

HANDED OVER

Wife: "Of course women are as capable as men. Why, I know a girl of twenty-two who gets the salary of a sales manager in a big business house."

Hasband: "I don't doubt it, my dear. When did she marry him?"

Edna: "Have you heard the story that's going round about Midge?"

Eva: "Heard it? Why, my dear, I started it!"

An elderly woman was boasting of her retentive memory. "My memory is excellent," she said. "There are only three things I can't remember. I can't remember names and I can't remember faces and—and I forget what the third thing is."

Professor: "What is density?"
Student: "I can't exactly define it, but I can give you a good illustration of it."

Professor: "The illustration you have already given is enough—sit down."

Teacher: "What are the products of the West Indies?"

Boy: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Come, come! Where do you get sugar from?"

Boy: "We borrow it from the next-door neighbour."

"Hullo, Perkins! Where did you get that black eye?"
"Oh, it was only a sweethearts' quarrel."
"Sweethearts' quarrel! Why, your girl didn't give you that, did she?"

"No; it was her other sweetheart."

ILLUMINATING STORIES

The Golden Mongoose

(By Swami Sivananda)

After the great Mahabharata war was over, and after the death of Bhishma, Yudhisthira was very much afflicted at heart because of the recent general slaughter of his kinsmen and others. He wanted to abandon his kingdom and retire to a forest. Lord Krishna and Vyasa advised him to perform a horse-sacrifice, Aswamedha Yagna. A horse-sacrifice was regarded to be a great purifier of sins. Yudhisthira performed the sacrifice on a very grand scale. All people, all Brahmanas praised the sacrifice.

When the Brahmanas were praising Yudhisthira's sacrifice, a mongoose appeared before them and said: "This sacrifice is not worth as much as a barley meal gift made by the liberal Brahmana of Kurukshetra who was observing the Unchcha vow." The Brahmanas were struck with wonder. They asked the mongoose to explain.

The mongoose said: "I shall narrate to you now the story. I shall presently tell you what the excellent fruit was of the gift made by a Brahmana of a very little measure of powdered barley acquired by fair means.

"In the holy land of Kurukshetra, there lived a Brahmana who was observing the Unchcha vow. That mode of living is like that of the pigeon. He earned his livelihood by glean- ing grains from harvested fields.

He lived there with his wife, son and daughter-in-law and practised penances. They generally ate a meal only once in six days. If they did not get a meal on the sixth day, they ate on the twelfth, and if they did not get one on the twelfth day, they ate on the eighteenth.

Once there was a famine in the country. As they were about to sit down for eating, there came to their abode a guest. The Barhmana paid him due respects. He gave the guest a portion of barley meal they had. The guest ate it, but his hunger was not appeased. The wife of the Brahmana then offered her share. Her husband told her: 'Even among insects, worms and beasts the females are nourished with care. I will lose my name if I let your share be given away. You are already lean. There is only skin and bone in your body. I will give my share to the guest.' But the wife of the Brahmana insisted on giving her share to the guest and gave it. The guest ate it but he still continued to be hungry.

"The Brahmana, his son and his daughter-in-law then gave one by one their share. Now the guest was perfectly satisfied. He said: 'I am highly pleased with this pure gift of yours, this gift of what was acquired by fair means by you and which

you did freely part with according to the rules of virtue.

"With this gift of powdered barley you have conquered the eternal region of Brahman. O foremost of twice-born persons, a celestial car is here for all of you. It has come from heaven attended by Devas and Apsaras. Please get into the car and go to the celestial region. O Brahmana, I am the deity of Righteousness. Behold me!"

"Thereupon the Barhmana with his wife, son, daughter-in-law proceeded to the celestial region."

The mongoose added: "I came out of the hole and found a little remnant of the barley flour on the ground at the spot. I rolled over it and found, as a result, that my head and one side of the body which had come in contact with the particles of that flour had become

golden. I want to make the other half of the body also golden. I went to various places where great sacrifices had taken place and rolled there, but to no effect. They had not as much merit as the barley-meal gift. I expected that the golden lining of my body would be complete at Yudhisthira's horse-sacrifice, but the colour of my body has not been changed here. This clearly shows that there is not much merit in this sacrifice as in the self-sacrificing barley-meal gift made by the Kurukshetra Brahmana and his family."

Wealth and grandeur are not the real criteria for judging the value of sacrifice. The Brahmana and his family made the greatest sacrifice with a gift of a little barley flour alone. They made indeed the greatest, noblest and loftiest self-sacrifice.

"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "if I saw a man beating a donkey and stop him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Bobby.

"Eternity is so vast—who can comprehend it?" said the speaker.

"Perhaps," said a little man in the back row, "you never bought anything on the monthly instalment system."

The Colonel was lecturing his men on their behaviour in public.

"If a civilian," he said, "should make offensive remarks and endeavour to pick a quarrel with a soldier in a public house, the soldier should quietly drink up his beer, and leave the place at once. You understand what I've said, Private Smith? If a civilian tried to quarrel with you in a public house what ought you to do?"

The warrior addressed shifted uneasily in his seat. "I ought to drink up his beer, sir, and go quietly away!" he said.

The Three Cardinal Virtues

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

A striking parable in the Brihad - Aranyaka Upanishad (chap. V-section II) sums up the practical ethical teaching of the ancient Indian seers.

The threefold offspring of Prajapati, the Creator, gods, men and asuras, dwelt with their Father, as students of sacred knowledge, living a life of continence. On the completion of their studies, the gods asked their Father to give them a parting instruction. To them He spoke just one syllable "da" and asked them if they understood. "Yes," they replied, "we have understood. You told us to restrain ourselves (*damyata*), for we are by nature unruly." He said, "That is so. Now you may depart."

Next came men and they told him, "Please instruct us." To them also he spoke the one syllable "da". "Have you understood?"

"Yes we have. You told us to give (*datta*). For man is by nature avaricious." Prajapati said: "That was my meaning."

Last came the asuras and asked him for a message. He told them the same syllable "da" and asked, "Have you understood?"

"Yes, we have. You tell us to have compassion, for we

are prone to be cruel and to injure others."

"You have understood aright."

In every peal of thunder, you hear the voice of Prajapati repeating *da-da-da*, that is restrain yourselves, give, and be compassionate. Therefore one must practise this triad of virtues, self-restraint, giving and compassion.

We should be missing the point in this parable if we took it to mean that the gods alone should practise self-restraint and that the asuras alone should show compassion. All the three classes of Prajapati's sons go to him for instruction and guidance. As they stand before him, each is conscious of his own special weakness. The gods were feeling perhaps that their service of God was often flawed and imperfect for want of proper balance and measure. In Vedic language, gods often symbolise the organs of sense and of action in action. Thus Agni stands for speech. Soma for the mind and so on. In another parable in the same Upanishad, we read how these organs contend with one another for primacy, each claiming to be the most important. This is due to their want of self-restraint. The gods interpreted the

cryptic instruction of Prajapati according to their own sense of what was wanting in them. In the same way, men and asuras, understood Prajapati's instruction according to their respective defects. Each meaning was correct in its context. From this we may learn that when through self-examination a man is conscious of his faults or deficiencies, the briefest advice or the shortest instruction is enough to correct him as the one syllable "da" sufficed for the instruction of gods, men and asuras.

It may be asked why when Prajapati recommended only one virtue apiece to each class, the Upanis had concludes that man should practise the triad. It may be said in reply that in this context, devas, manushyas, and asuras mean only three types of men.

Those among men who are endowed with many good qualities, but are wanting in self control, may be said to be gods. Those who are cruel and given to injuring others are the asuras. The characteristic weakness of the common man is greed, the

love of acquisition and desire to hoard.

The Bhagavad Gita also speaks of two creations of beings in the material world, the Daivic and the Asuric. If we leave out the common crowd, all men with some force of character fall broadly into two classes, those in whom *satva* is well developed and who are turned towards knowledge, self-control and beneficence, and those with a dominant *rajasic* nature, men of overweening pride and ambition who seek to impose their domination on others. They are the human representatives of the devas and the asuras respectively. In every man, then, there is an *asuric* nature and a *daivic* nature. Hence he needs all the instruction of Prajapati. They are observed to be unruly, greedy and cruel, to be swayed by *kama*, *lobha* and *krodha*. This instruction of Prajapati is repeated by the Bhagavad Gita in plainer terms when it says, "Lust, anger and greed are the three gateways to hell.... Therefore one should give them up completely."

"No," said the schoolboy to his friend, "I certainly do not believe in brevity in letter-writing. It once let me down very badly."

"How was that?" asked his companion.

"I wrote home to my father like this: 'No money no fun.—Your son'."

"Yes, and what did your father write back?" asked the other.

"How sad! Too bad.—Your dad," the schoolboy explained.

Father: "Troubled with dyspepsia in school today? Why that's a strange thing for a boy to have."

Johnny: "I didn't have it: I had to spell it."

The Other Love

(By H. M. Peters)

For a married man to fall in love with another woman is decidedly the wrong thing to do. And yet that was precisely what Rajan did.

The affair began a fortnight after he had come on a transfer to Madras from his home town, Katpadi. At his new office he met a charming and jovial young man, Narayan, and they soon became fast friends.

A few days later Narayan invited Rajan to his house. The friend's parents were truly wonderful people, generous, and extremely friendly. He was deeply touched.

While having tea, the music suddenly crashed loudly from the radio. Narayan who was responsible, gave a mischievous smile. His motive became obvious when a beautiful young girl entered the hall.

"Rajan, my sister Vijaya. And Vijaya, my friend Mr. Rajan," said Narayan, bowing with a comical seriousness as he made the introduction.

Rajan quickly got up and took the extended hand of Vijaya's. He did not say a word. He was too confused.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Rajan," she said. For an hour they had a pleasant chat in which Vijaya's parents too took part. Then she excused herself and walked away followed by her parents. Alone with Narayan Rajan list-

radio. The soft music carried his thoughts away to his own home. It had never been a real home. Though his father was a respected landlord, he was a stern disciplinarian, orthodox and conventional. He had always dominated Rajan. Their large house now seemed like a tomb, where love and understanding and happiness were buried.

He then realised that it was not the abstract things that made a home, but the people who lived in it. People who constantly created an atmosphere of happiness and peace through the deep understanding and love with which they moved with each other.

Rajan also noticed how Narayan moved with his parents. He seemed to be their equal, and yet, the difference and the decorum was so beautifully maintained.

From that day, spending the evenings at Narayan's house became a daily event for Rajan. Of course, it was Narayan's idea and Rajan took good advantage of the opportunity.

They played bridge and various other games in which Vijaya and Rajan were usually partners. They became very good friends too. Before long Rajan realised that he was deeply in love with Vijaya. She was always helping him. In spite of his education Rajan was really like a child. And Vijaya sho-

wed so much understating and sympathy which pleased him much. In so doing she had strangely become a part of him already.

Because of falling in love with her, guilt and shame began to impair his new happiness. Rajan would suddenly become sad and serious. He'd explain that he was sick and leave. No one knew the truth.

He cursed himself for not having told these people about his marriage. And they, who had done most of the talking and enquiring had never opened the subject.

Rajan was truly surprised at having fallen in love with Vijaya. For he had never had great faith in educated girls. He had always derided college education for girls. He had suspected most of them to be flirts. He had never thought of them as making good wives. In fact, according to him, nearly every girl of this category had too much independence which is not good for a happy home. But very soon Vijaya had proved how stupid and hypothetical his conclusions had been. In her company Rajan felt all the charm and beauty that education could give to a girl.

Rajan knew that Vijaya was in love with him too. She was only longing and waiting for him to talk about it first. But how could he do such a thing? With great determination he decided to stop seeing Vijaya any more. That should end the whole affair as suddenly as it had started.

But soon he realised that it was not the wisest thing to do. To Vijaya's parents and Narayan his marriage would make no difference to their friendship. It mattered only to Vijaya. But how should he inform her? He thought of a plan.

During the evening, while busy with their games, he would invite Narayan to spend the week-end with him at Katpadi. It would be nice of Narayan to meet his parents ... and his wife. Narayan would gladly accept.

It was a wonderful idea. But on the following day Narayan informed Rajan of Vijaya's birthday.

"I'm not supposed to tell you, Rajan," he said. "Vijaya wants to be the first to invite you to her birthday. It's tomorrow, and it being Saturday we're having the party early. I don't see why she should feel so shy about having to invite you. She's getting to be a strange bird. I guess all women are!"

Instead of going directly to Narayan's house that evening, Rajan went to the Moore Market. He was greatly worried. He knew Vijaya would be anxiously waiting for him. Should he go so that he may be invited for the function next day?

He was thinking about it when he suddenly decided to buy her a gift. After all she would expect it of him. What harm is there in giving her a present?

When he left the Market it was already dark. There was

yet time for him to go to Narayan's house. But he decided not to go. He was crossing the General Hospital bridge when he felt a strange pang of remorse stab his heart.

So far he had only thought of Vijaya. Poor Sushila, his wife, had been completely ignored. There had been no tender moments of happiness connected with her. But how could he blame her? She was a poor relative, a country girl with little education who devoted her time to household duties according to tradition in an orthodox household. He had never found her alone. She had hardly conversed with him. May be, he thought, fidelity, submissiveness and being dumb were considered as virtues of a good wife. If so she was a perfect wife.

And yet Rajan had not found that bliss, that oneness which marriage brings. Sushila and he were strangers still. But somehow, Rajan had to make his marriage a success. His love for Vijaya was a forbidden love which had to be forgotten. He just couldn't encourage and entertain this feeling any more. If he did, the purpose of his friendship with Narayan and his parents, the good things he had learnt from them, would all be lost. He had to save his marriage to save everybody's happiness. Above all, it was his moral obligation, his sacred honour.

Suddenly he became aware of the myriad sounds of traffic, the perpetual bustle of the pedestrians and the cry of the

hawkers. The Central Station tower clock chimed the hour of eight. An engine loudly blew its whistle.

"I must go home to Katpadi," said Rajan to himself. "I can explain my absence later to Vijaya and her parents. I'll go home. I must forget Vijaya."

The Bangalore Mail pulled right on time into Katpadi station. In a couple of minutes Rajan would be home.

Rajan found his father sitting on the verandah smoking a cigar. He was half dozing. The old man looked greatly changed. He looked pale and worried.

"Dad! I've come home..... for the week-end," said Rajan. The old man stirred suddenly. There was a surprised look on his face. Rajan wondered if he would shout at him for having come home at such an unearthly hour. He was that kind of a man. But his father simply stared at him. He felt tense about some thing.

"Why didn't you come for the past week-end?" he enquired softly. He wasn't questioning him. That was strange. Had his father changed or was there some bad news he wanted to convey?

Before Rajan could make an excuse, he was shocked to see tears stream down his father's cheeks.

"Has something happened? Is mother alright?" cried Rajan, his heart pounding with a million questions and trembling with the suspense of wanting to know what exactly had happened.

"It's not your mother. It's killed this thought. He did your wife," replied his father not wanting such a thing to suppress the emotion that happened. It seemed to shake him.

For a moment Rajan was stunned. Then a shameful thought entered his mind. Our servant Balu, two days ago, May be she's dead. He soon

Muriel: "Perfect happiness for a girl means getting the man she wants."

Madge: "Do you think so? I should have said it means getting the man some other girl wants."

Ramu's wife had been presented with twins, and Ramu was asked if they didn't make an awful row at night.

"Well," he said, "not so bad. You see, one howls such a lot that you can't hear the other."

A local preacher was delivering a sermon in the village hall on the subject of Sunday observance.

"This is becoming a dreadfully wicked world," he said "Sabbath-breaking is rampant. Here on this Sunday morning, from where I stand, I can see through the window a number of boys playing cricket."

"Please, sir," said a boy at the back of the hall, can you see who's winning?"

Late Dr. Albert Einstein once gave what he considered the best formula for success in life. "If A is success in life, I should say the formula is A equals X plus Y plus Z, X being work and Y being play."

"And what is Z?" inquired the interviewer.

"That," he answered, "is keeping your mouth shut."

Father: "But my dear girl, your husband owes me a lot of money. I don't think he should expect me to lend him more."

Daughter: "Well, father, he has to get it somewhere and he has a certain sentiment about keeping his creditors in the family."

Mother: "No, Jimmie, for the third time I tell you that you cannot have any more desert."

Jimmie: "All right; but I don't see where Dad gets the idea that you're always changing your mind."

The Diamond Axe

Once upon a time a poor man was chopping wood on the bank of the river. Suddenly the axe flew off the handle with a zing and fell into the water.

It sank to the bottom, of course.

The old man was greatly distressed.

"Oh, woe is me," he wept. "Oh, what a poor, unfortunate creature I am! How can I chop wood without an axe? How can I support my family without wood?"

There was a noise and a rustling in the bushes. Stump, stump, clump, clump, and a lame old man emerged from the forest. He had grey moss for a beard, pine branches for whiskers and a fir cone for a nose.

"Why are you crying, my good man?" he asked. "Why are you lamenting?"

"My axe has fallen into the water," the poor man replied. "How can I cut wood now? How can I feed my children?"

"That is easily mended," said the old man. He threw off his sheepskin coat, threw off his bast-shoes, and plunged into the water.

Before the poor man had time to blink the old man was climbing out of the water. In his hand he held a gold axe.

"Here you are," he said. "This is your axe, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't," the poor man answered.

The old man dived again. This time he came up holding a silver axe.

"Is this your axe?" he asked. "No, it isn't," the poor man replied.

The old man dived a third time, and came up with an ordinary iron axe.

"Is this yours?" he asked.

"Yes, that is the one," the poor man said. He took it and turned to run home, but the old man stopped him.

"Wait," he said. "Take the other two as well. I can see that you are not a greedy man, and neither am I."

"Well, in that case, thank you," the poor man said. "I shall never forget your kindness."

He set off for home with all three axes over one shoulder—a gold axe, a silver axe and an iron axe.

When the poor man's rich neighbour learned of his good fortune he grew envious. "I ought to go to the river, too. Perhaps I shall be able to add to my riches."

So he went to the river, taking an axe with him. He attached the head of the axe so that it barely held to the handle.

He went to the very same place. The first time he swung the axe the head flew off and plopped into the river.

"Oh, woe is me!" the rich man cried. "Oh, how unfortunate I am!"

There was a noise and a rustling in the bushes.

Stump, stump, clump clump, and a lame old man emerged from the forest. He had grey moss for a beard, pine branches

for whiskers, and a fir cone for a nose.

"Who is wailing?" the old man asked. "Who has come upon misfortune in my forest?"

"It is I who wail," the rich man replied. "A misfortune has befallen me. I was chopping wood when all of a sudden the head of my axe went zing! and flew off the handle into the water. Who will fish it out for me?"

"I will," the old man said.

He threw off his sheepskin coat, threw off his bast-shoes and plunged into the water.

Before the ripples on the surface had time to spread the old man was climbing out of the water with an ordinary axe.

"Is this your axe?" he asked.

"No, that is not my axe," the rich man replied. "mine was better."

The old man dived into the water again. This time he came up with a silver axe.

"Is this one yours?" he asked.

"No, that is not mine either,"

the rich man replied. "Mine was still better."

The old man dived in a third time. He came up holding a gold axe.

"Is this yours?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" the rich man cried. I recognized it immediately. Give it to me at once."

But the old man did not give him the axe.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" he asked. "There is another axe at the bottom of the river, a diamond axe. Could that be yours, perhaps?"

"Why, of course," the rich man said. "I am mistaken. It glitters so in the sunlight that I took it for a diamond axe."

The old man shook his beard and dived into the water. He took the gold axe with him.

He disappeared under the surface, but he never came up again.

To this day you will find the rich man sitting on the bank of the river, waiting for the old man to bring him the diamond axe.

"My word, Dick, you've got the laiest thing in typists."

"She's certainly that. She never gets here till eleven."

A newly-married couple were entertaining, and amongst the guests was one whose conduct was rather flippant.

At supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served him, and in a vein of intended humour remarked: "Is this pig?"

"To which end of the fork do you refer?" asked a quiet looking man sitting at the other end of the table.

A lecturer was invited to address the inmates of a prison. He began as follows: "Fellow-prisoners—" then was reminded by the chuckles that something was wrong. Beginning again, he said: "I'm happy to see so many of you here to-day!"

The Pigeon & Its Nest

(A Latvian Folk Tale)

Every bird has a nest that is really a nest, except the pigeon. The pigeon's nest is a flimsy thing from which the eggs may fall at any moment.

Why is that so? Here is the story!

A long time ago the pigeon never used to build a nest at all. In the spring time his mate would settle herself on the ground and lay her eggs there.

But one day a sly old fox crept up and ate all the eggs. The pigeon and his mate were heartbroken. The pigeon flew up to the top of a bush and cooed sorrowfully, "Half a dozen eggs there were, and not a single one left! The fox stole half a dozen eggs!"

For a long time the pigeon grieved. Then, finally, he decided to build a nest. He gathered some twigs, but then he discovered that he did not know what to do with them. And so he summoned all the birds of the forest to teach him.

The birds gathered and started to build a nest for the pigeon. But as soon as they had put the first two twigs together the

pigeon stopped them.

"I know how!" he shouted.

"I can do it myself."

Well, if he could do it himself, why should others trouble themselves? The birds dropped the twigs and flew off.

The pigeon circled about the tree, placing a twig here and a twig there. But nothing came of it.

What was to be done? Again he summoned the other birds. They flew up and started to work. As soon as they had built half of a nest the pigeon began to shout, "I know how! I can do it myself!"

"Very well. If you know how, then do it yourself."

They flew off.

The pigeon set to work. He pushed a twig here and another one there, but nothing came of it.

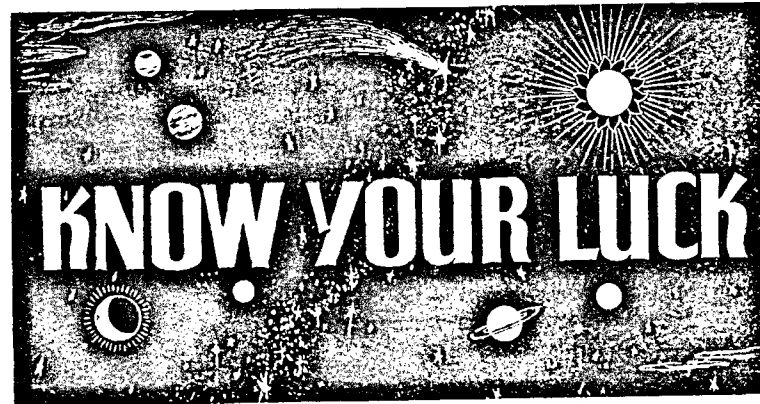
He summoned the birds a third time. But this time they did not come. Why try to teach somebody who thought he knew it all?

That is why the pigeon has such a flimsy nest to this day.

—Soviet Land.

The school inspector, to test the faculty of observation in the pupils, crossed the platform, shifting his fountain pen from one pocket to another. "Now, what did I do?" he asked.

A small girl held up her hand: "You crossed in front of the teacher without saying 'Excuse me,'" she said.



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 P. V. Rao)

MESHA RASI or ARIES

Planetary admixture of both good and bad results. First half speaks of your speculative mind and affairs of your children and financial worries. One of your children will claim your special attention. Domestic circle will always attract your mind. There will be financial anxiety and indebtedness. As to home conditions you will be happy. About the 13th, you will have happy surroundings, or there will be a change of residence in a few cases. First half will not be so good as the 2nd as to health. There will be functional trouble owing to excessive heat in the system. You will have opportunities to meet your rare relatives or visit your native place.

Officially you will have encouragement. Merchants will indulge in heavy speculations. Correspondence will prove profitable in the 2nd half.

2, 5, 7, 13, 16, 25, 27, 28 are better days.

VRISHABHA RASI

There will be greater emphasis on the domestic side of life. Residues of the question will cause you anxiety. A journey is envisaged. One of your elder brothers (if you have one) will come up well. One son will give great satisfaction. Financially first half of this month will prove more convenient and stable than the 2nd. Avoid borrowing in the 2nd half. General health will be disturbed during the month.

Aswani
Bharani and
Krittika

‡ Krittika,
Rohini &
Mrigashira

Mentally you will have no peace in the 2nd half. Officially, you will have favour from your boss. Your responsibility will increase in the discharge of duties. Merchants will find the first half more encouraging than the 2nd. This month does not seem to be lucky for business transactions. Rahu in the 7th house aspected by Mangal offers hindrances in the way of your business progress. Partnership will labour under disadvantages. 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 17, 18, 20, 28 are better days.

x x x
**MITHUNA RASI or
GEMINI**

Rahu's change of position from this month onwards is favourable to you as it denotes greater success in the line of less resistance. Mangal's aspect to his own house where Rahu is situated may affect your health or create some inimical troubles. You may meet your near relation after a long time. Many of your undertakings may succeed in the first half. There may be a journey also. Second half shows your disturbed mind as to your health and your surroundings. Planets in the V and III houses are not good for your mental peace. Financially you may not feel happy. First half is better for it than the 2nd. Officially first half is more encouraging. You will enjoy goodwill of your boss also. Increased responsibility is envisaged in the official life. Merchants will find the month more

hopeful and gainful than before and they will fare well in their business. Correspondence will pay them in the long run. Foreign business will be more encouraging.

5, 6, 10, 13, 15, 23, 25, 28 are lucky days.

x x x
**KARKATAKA RASI or
CANCER**

This month's planetary configuration presages more benefic influences over your affairs than in the last month. Exalted Guru in your rasi stresses your personal affairs to an unusual degree bringing changes in your outlook and environment. Financial conveniences are more emphasised than before. Sudden money may also come to you. Eyesight will cause you some anxiety in the first half. One of your brothers will claim your special attention. New friends will rally round you. Avoid acting emotionally. Some new plan may be projected. Correspondence will be helpful in the first half. One of your children may require your special attention. Officially you will have favour of your department. Merchants will be lucky to gain in the month. New business contact may be established. Foreign business also may be prosperous under changed business conditions obtaining during this month.

2, 5, 7, 13, 15, 16, 20, 22, 26, 27 are better days.

SIMHA RASI or LEO

This is a more encouraging month than the last one. There is unusual unseen protection for you in all your activities. New thoughts and plans will be emphasised during the month. Financially, this is a very encouraging month. New sources will be explored successfully. Any marriage ceremony in the family will go through in the line of least resistance. You will be unusually brave and enterprising in all your outlook on life. Second half is brighter for your financial facilities. New friends will be made and you will gain through them financially and socially. Officially much encouragement will be in evidence. You will have anxiety through your children who will not act pleasantly or obediently as a result of Guru's and Sukra's positions till 1st October next. Merchants will not be brave to go forward with their speculative ventures. Financial help will be forthcoming easily in all their needs. There will be some loss of money through false friends.

1, 4, 8, 20, 25, 28 are better days.

x x x
KANYA RASI or VIRGO

In spite of heavy expenditure owing to planets on both sides of your Rasi, the exalted position of your Rasi lord Budha and Guru should be deemed to

be favourable to you for your domestic and financial position and your personality. You will have high class friends with whom you will move to your advantage. The III house Rahu from this month onwards for 18 months more will contribute to your success in the line of less resistance as far as possible. Financially second half will register improvement. Beware of troubles through near relations or record complications. Officially there might be some change in the first half only. You may have to exercise greater responsibilities than before. An auspicious ceremony may take place. Merchants will not do well here. They may meet with greater loss in the first half than in the second. Partnership will prove profitable.

2, 4, 7, 8, 13, 16, 23, 27 are better days.

x x x
THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary plan lays special emphasis on your professional activities causing you great anxiety regarding your job, honour, credit etc. Relief is envisaged during this month comparatively. You will have much concern regarding your near relations, elders and financial position. First half is more encouraging than the 2nd for sudden money gained. There will be new friends rallying round you. One of them may prove false to you. Second half will not be so good as the first.

as to your general health. Avoid financial transactions with your relations or friends. Social life will prove gay and cheerful. Officially, there might be some change or other if not already. Favour from the seniors is envisaged. In a few cases this will be the proper month to go on leave if not already. Merchants will find the month more encouraging. Partnership will require change. Expenditure will prove beyond their control. Correspondence will pave the way for future business prosperity.

1, 2, 6, 7, 13, 15, 23, 28 are better days.

x x x
**VRISCHIKA RASI or
SCORPIO**

This is a more promising month than the last one. Your ruler Mangal in the X house along with its lord, the Sun, shows that you will occupy a proud position of trust, responsibility and high elevation if the radical planets' dasha bhukti guarantees such a position. Guru exalted in the IX house and Budha, the lord of financial gain in the house of gain, presages satisfactory financial conveniences. The aspect of Saturn to the exalted 2nd house lord acts as a constant check against free flow of finance till Saturn enters the next house on the 15th Nov. 55. A marriage celebration is envisaged in many cases. Wife's health will be below par in the 2nd half. Officially there

will be very good encouragement. Rahu's position in the Lagna will be delusive. Merchants will be lucky in the month. Foreign business will prosper. Partnership business will be more lucrative in the month.

2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 13, 17, 18, 26, 28 are better days.

x x x
**DHANUR RASI or
SAGITARIUS**

Benefic influences of planets predominate over your affairs during this month. You will find first half better than the 2nd. There will be patronage and favour of high class men. Lawyers and Government officers will do well during this month. Financially you may not suffer. You may associate yourself with companies and societies. Legal matters will appeal to you more than ever. Matters concerning your parents will attract your attention. Second half will interest you in professional activities. You may enjoy favour of elders. Take care of your health. Your expenditure will mount up in this month more than ever. In service there will be encouragement and favour of the boss. Merchants will do well specially in foreign business. Foreign relationship will improve. Partnership will be encouraging.

1, 2, 5, 7, 11, 13, 16, 23, 27 are better days.

x x x
**MAKARA RASI or
CAPRICORN**

The position of Rahu in the

XI house is a favourable point and aspect of Kuja thereto helps sudden gain of money and friends during this month. This XI house being a Badhaka Rasi, there will be sudden reverse relation through one of your friends or there might ensue some sudden loss of money if you are a dealer. Financial position will be fairly encouraging. Saturn's aspect to Guru will only tend to expenditure and some delay in the disposal of some document engaging your attention. Astama Soorya might disturb your health or cause some unnecessary aspersion against you. General health will be below par owing to stomach trouble. Second half is brighter as to service condition. Officially you will have slight change of duties. A journey is envisaged in the month. First half is propitious for a marriage ceremony. Merchants will do well in their business speculation. Distant or former business will prove more profitable. Partnership may be entered into with advantage.

2, 6, 8, 11, 15, 25, 27, 30 are better days.

x x x
KUMBHA RASI

There is an array of oppositions working against you in the first half of this month. Jupiter in the 6th house aspected by Saturn coupled with Rahu in the X house aspected by its own lord Mangal does not

auger well for your success in your undertakings without resistance. There may be legal proceedings taken up successfully in a few cases or misunderstandings with your near relation cleared. Health of your wife or husband as the case may be will be disturbed. Your own health also may be below par or one of your children will suffer in health. You will have no mental peace domestically. Second half may not be better than the first. A journey may be envisaged. Financially there will be pressure felt. This is an auspicious month for a marriage ceremony in a few instances. Avoid rupture with others through letters. Officially you will have better encouragement. It is likely that you will have some misunderstandings with your colleague. Merchants will have opposition in the way of business progress. Partnership will be under troubled waters. Foreign business will improve in the last quarter.

2, 5, 7, 15, 23, 28, are better days.

x x x
**MEENA RASI or
PISCES**

This is a more encouraging month than the last one. Many of your undertakings will be successfully settled during the first half. Your general health will be below par. Financial pressure is mounting up beyond your control. Yet it will not be impossible for you to meet your commitments. Debtedness may continue for

some more months only. There may be a marriage ceremony owing to exalted lord of marriage in the 7th house. Either a sister or a brother of yours will cause you much anxiety in the 2nd half. Mental rest will be disturbed owing to Saturn's aspect to the exalted Guru, your rasi lord. Domestically you will

not feel happy in the 2nd half. Officially you will have slight encouragement and conveniences of monetary affairs. Merchants will be luckier in the first half. The second half envisages hindrances in the way of business prosperity.

5, 6, 11, 13, 15, 20, 23, 28, 30 are better days.

The Gemini Twin Buglers

Zippy, the Hollywood chimpanzee star which has been brought specially here to take a leading role in Gemini's *Insaniyat*, recently had a surprise meeting with the Gemini Twins.

The other day, it says, I was walking along peacefully, when all of a sudden a cavalry of horsemen charged, and almost trampled me! I ran,—only to find myself, lost in a lush romantic garden where Bina Rai, Dilip Kumar and Dev Anand were doing a scene. Quickly recovering from the swoon I was about to go into, I darted out of the "shooting" stages, into the garden—and that's where I happened to meet the Twins... You know the Gemini Buglers, the cutest pair of boys you ever saw!

As soon as they spied me, they straightened up, bugles in hand, and proudly sounded off the famous Gemini call.

"Just a minute, fellows," said I. "My name is Zippy. I have always wanted to play the trumpet. Would you teach me, please?"

The twins agreed readily. So I picked up my bugle and spent the next half an hour blowing the bugle as hard as I could. Still, nothing came out of the bugle! After all not everybody can play like the Gemini buglers!

The twins then took me for a walk in the garden, and told me all about themselves. "Can you guess how many times we have to blow the call sign, Zippy?—600 times a day!"

"Don't try to fool me fellows,—600 times a day?"

Then they told me how it was. You see, these twins are the Masters of Ceremony at every show of a Gemini picture at every theatre.

Well, I have seen a lot of showmen in my time...but these Gemini boys are tops. They are my buddies from now on, and I hope I will have the honour of having them usher me into a lot more pictures after Gemini's *Insaniyat* which is releasing in September.



Cure Of Disease By Prayer

(By P. I. Gopalan Nambiar)

About 400 years ago there lived in South Malabar a Brahmin known as Mappathoor Battathiripad. In his younger days he was very mischievous and disobedient.

It so happened that one day while his brother was studying astrology with "Rasi Chakram" (astrological diagram) drawn in front of him, Meppathoor jumped over the drawing. Now this is considered a very sacrilegious thing for a Brahmin to do. He abused, him downright saying "It is a disgrace to you to be born a Brahmin." This made him grieve and from that day onwards he began to study Sanskrit assiduously from a Pandit. In a few years he became a scholar in Sanskrit. Later he fell sick and was affected by paralysis. He tried to cure the disease by applying Ayurvedic medicines, but it was in vain. Gradually he lost all hopes of curing his dis-

ease. Subsequently on the advice of a friend he decided to go to Guruvayoor temple where Lord Krishna is worshipped. He began to pray for the cure of his disease and composed in praise of God Vishnu 1001 stanzas of poems in Sanskrit describing the ten *avathars* of the Lord. This collection of poems is known as *Narayaneeyam*. By virtue of his prayers he was completely cured of his disease. It is believed that each stanza after composition was read before the idol of Lord Krishna for approval. The idol of Lord Krishna, it is stated, nodded its head if the stanzas composed were in order. Only after this the next stanza of the poem was composed. As this Brahmin was able to see the Lord and get Lord's approval for his poem on the ten *avathars* the book is called *Narayaneeyam*. In Malabar almost all Hindu homes have this book.

Clergyman's Daughter: "Father's subject to-night is to be 'Love Each Other'; do you want to go, Jack?"

Jack: "Well, dear, don't you think it would be better to stay at home and practise what your father is preaching?"

He had been trying all the evening to summon enough courage to tell her. It was a thing that required a great deal of pluck. She was his ideal—slim, brown-eyed, with beautiful golden hair. As he gazed at her he finally made up his mind.

"Darling," he said, "I love you. If I asked you to be my wife, what would be the outcome?"

"It depends," she answered, "on the income."

FACTS AND FIGURES

During the first quarter of 1955, the total production of cloth by the mill industry in India increased by 11 million yards (to 1,262 million yards) as compared with the previous quarter. During the same period the production of sugar amounted to 9,58,300 tons as compared with 7,10,100 tons for the corresponding quarter of 1954.

Up to May 31, 1955 the Rehabilitation Finance Administration disbursed Rs. 956.59 lakhs as loans to displaced persons.

Indian aircraft flew nearly 13.2 million miles during the period July-December 1954 as against 12 million miles flown in the previous half year. The number of aircraft holding current certificates of registration at the end of December 1954 was 623, of which 199 held current certificates of airworthiness.

The production of automobiles in India during the period January-March 1955 rose to 5,357 from 4,601 in the preceding quarter and 3,785 in the corresponding quarter of 1954.

The Sindri Fertiliser Factory produced 1,54,121 tons of ammonium sulphate during the first six months of 1955. This was 20,496 tons more than the

production during the same period last year.

The production of sewing machines during the first quarter of 1955 was put at 21,519. This recorded an appreciable increase over the production of 19,152 machines in the previous quarter.

India has procured 49 semi-diesel engines from Sweden, costing approximately rupees five lakhs, for the mechanisation of fishing craft.

The estimated annual production of quinine in India is 1,40,000 lbs.

The per capita consumption of sugar, gur and khandsari for the 1954-55 season (November-October) is estimated at 27.58 lbs.

Travancore-Cochin is by far the largest producer of raw rubber in the country, accounting for about 85 per cent of the area under rubber plantations. Madras comes next with about 12.5 percent of the area, while Mysore and Coorg together contribute nearly 2.5 per cent.

The Standing Committee for the Metric System of weights and measures has decided that all new plants and equipment to be used in Government undertakings should be based on metric system.

She: "I shall never marry a man whose income hasn't at least three noughts in it."

He: "Darling! Mine's all noughts!"

Edited and published by P. A. Prabhu, B.A. (Hons) at 32, Pelatope, Mylapore, Madras-4. Printed by J. S. Vasan at The Sunday Times Press 69, Peters Road, Cathedral P.O., Madras-6.

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.

Insist on being given

L.G.

The Quality Asafoetida

Sold everywhere or direct from

LALJEE GODHOO & CO.

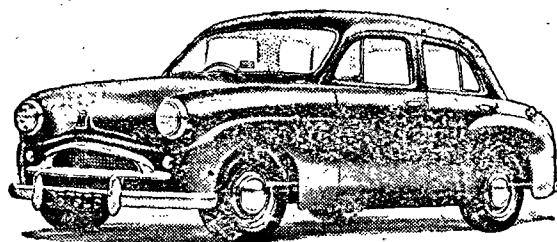
SOWCARPET

::

MADRAS-1

Head Office: BOMBAY.

Here **IT** is!



the **STANDARD** Ten

- * Winner of the 2000 miles RAC international rally.
- * Most economical car—35 miles per gallon —Rs. 21 quarterly tax.
- * Capacious luggage boot, accessible from outside.
- * Chromium plated grill of Vanguard pattern and Bumper overrides.
- * Ten horse-powered engine giving superb performance.

THE UNION CO. (MOTORS) LTD.
MADRAS BANGALORE & OOTACAMUND

KAHANIYA

868
3-55



AUGUST, 1955.

13th 1955 Exchange of Husbands and Wives

★
An Unexpected Turn

★
Famous Murder Trials

★
A Ghost Story

★
New Serial Story

★
Rambles in Court Life

★
A Miracle Cure

★
Can God Be Seen ?

★
Mahmud Gazni & Ayaz

★
Know Your Luck



★ SHORT STORY MONTHLY ★

THE CANARA INDUSTRIAL & BANKING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.

Head Office : UDIPI, South India.

Estd. 1925.

Authorised Capital		Rs.	56,00,000
Subscribed Capital		Rs.	32,11,000
Paid-up Capital		Rs.	25,55,737
Reserves		Rs.	13,50,000
Deposits		Rs.	6,10,00,000
Total Working Fund		Rs.	7,32,00,000

(As on 30-6-1955)

BRANCHES

92 branches within the States of Bombay,
Madras, Andhra, Mysore, Hyderabad and
Travancore - Cochin.

All types of Banking Business transacted.

Madras Office :

"Jupiter House", Loane Square, 167, Broadway.

T. A. PAI, B.Com. (Bom), T. M. A. PAI, M B, B.S.,
A.T.I.B., M L.A.,
General Manager. Managing Director.

Kahaniya

Short Story Monthly

Annual Sub. Inland Rs. 3. Foreign Rs. 4. AUG 1955

Vol. II |

AUGUST, 1955

No. 4

AN APOLOGIA

Last month's issue of *Kahaniya* came out a few days late. Readers who have been accustomed to receive it on the first of every month naturally thought that their copies had either been miscarried during transit in post or that there had been a mistake at this end. Several, therefore, wrote complaining about the non-receipt of the July issue. By that time the copies had all been posted. We, therefore, did not reply to their enquiries. We hope all the subscribers had received their copies.

Delay in printing is not uncommon even in the case of papers and magazines which own their own presses. (This time of the year is a busy one for the presses which work over time to bring out the text-books and notes in time for the schools and colleges.) In the July issue there were many printer's devils too. There is no

excuse for it even though we can assure the readers that it is not due to lack of care on our part. We request our readers to overlook these minor drawbacks and we assure them that in future every effort will be made to bring out the issues on the due date and have them printed neatly.

We hope the readers will find the selection of stories for this issue a good one. This month we have started a new serial story which may run for 4 issues. The story, we are told, is based on our folk tale and is full of adventure and romance.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a personal experience of a professor under the title "A Mystery of Life." If any of the readers can supply any elucidation of this mystery we will be glad to publish the same.

SURAJMAL'S

FOR

Quality Diamonds
and Precious Stones

313, Esplanade, Madras-1

THE EXCHANGE OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

The following story is based on actual events which took place in the city of Chienkang in the third year of the Chien Yen period.

There was a native of Chengchow named Hsu Hsin, who mastered the military arts in his youth and married a daughter of the Tsui family who was quite good looking. Hsu's family was well-to-do and he and his wife lived happily together until the Nu Chen Tartars invaded China and carried the two emperors off. Then Hsu and his wife decided that Chengchow was no longer safe, stowed all the valuables they could into two bundles, shouldered one apiece and fled with everybody else, not stopping day or night. When they reached Yucheng, they heard ear-splitting cries from behind and imagined that the Tartars must have overtaken them. These were the routed Chinese troops, however, that they heard. The imperial army had received no training for a long time and was completely undisciplined; thus when the soldiers were ordered to resist the invaders, they shook with fear and fled without giving battle; but when they came across ordinary citizens, they displayed great valour in looting and seizing young girls. Though Hsu could acquit himself well in a fight, the routed soldiers were bearing down on them like an avalanche and one was powerless against a multitude, so he fled for his life. But amid

the wailing press of fugitives he lost sight of his wife; and since there was no way of looking for her with the troops almost upon them, he could only press on alone. When several days had passed with no further sign of her, he sighed and gave her up as lost.

When Hsu reached Suiyang, hungry and thirsty, he went into a country inn to buy wine and food. Now during those troubled times even the taverns had changed: This inn had no wine left and the food was only coarse fare, but fearing that the fugitives might rob him, the inn-keeper insisted on payment in advance before he would serve a meal. Hsu, then, was just counting out money when he heard a woman crying piteously. He could not shut his ears to the sound and it upset him so much that he stopped counting the money and walked out to see what had happened. He found a woman, thinly clad and with dishevelled hair, sitting on the ground. She was not his own wife, of course, but she was about the same age; and Hsu's own loss made him feel sympathetic. "I suppose she is a refugee too," he thought. He went up and asked where she was from.

"My name is Wang Chin-nu," she told him, "and I am a native of Chengchow. As my

husband and I were flying from the soldiers, we became separated and I was captured by some deserters. I walked two days and one night until I reached here; but my feet are so swollen now that I don't think I can go a step further. The deserters have stolen my clothes too and left me here; and now, cold and hungry and with no one to turn to, I wish I were dead. That is why I am weeping."

"I lost my wife too in the confusion, so we are in the same boat," answered Hsu. "Luckily I have some money left. Suppose you stay in this inn for a few days, madam, to rest, and while I make enquiries about my wife I can see if there is any news of your husband. What do you say to that?"

The woman immediately dried her tears and thanked him, saying: "I could ask for nothing better."

Then Hsu undid his bundle and took out some clothes for her, after which they had a meal together in the inn and procured half a room to stay in. Hsu was very good to the woman, every day giving her tea and food. She, for her part, was grateful for his attentions; and since the search for their missing husband and wife was well nigh hopeless and these two lonely people had been thrown by fate into such close proximity, they could not help loving each other. A few days later, when the woman's feet had healed, she and Hsu went on as husband and wife to Chienkang which was then the southern capital.



GAWO
Sandal Soap

rapturously alluring
& MYSTIC
It will delight you

GANGA WORKS
ADYAR

Just at this time Prince Kang, who had come south, ascended the throne as Emperor Kao Chung, named his new era Chien Yen and issued a proclamation calling for recruits for the army. Hsu enlisted and was made an officer; and he and his new wife settled down in Chienkang.

Time passed swiftly until one day, in the second year of the Chin Yen period, Hsu and his wife went out of the city to visit a relative. Returning towards evening, Hsu's wife was thirsty, and he took her into a tea-shop to drink some tea. There was a man in the tea shop who stood up when Hsu's

wife came in and stared at her as if he could not take his eyes from her face; but since she happened to be looking down, she did not notice him. Hsu, however, thought his behaviour very strange. After they had finished tea, paid the bill and left the shop, this man followed them at a distance; and when they reached their house he stood by the door as if unable to tear himself away.

Furious Hsu demanded, "Who are you? Why do you keep staring at someone else's woman?"

The stranger bowed. "Don't be angry, sir," he said. "But I would like to ask you a question."

"Out with it then," snapped Hsu, still very angry.

"Pray don't be offended, sir, if I ask you to step across the way so that I can have a word with you. If you are still angry, though, I dare not speak."

Then Hsu followed him into a quiet alley, and when the stranger appeared to hesitate again before speaking, Hsu said: "I am a fair man. If you have something to say, out with it."

"Who was that lady with you?"

"My wife."

"How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"Is she a native of Chengchow named Wang Chin-nu?"

Greatly surprised Hsu asked: "How did you know?"

"She was my wife," replied the other. "I lost her when we were flying from the fighting;

and I little thought that she was with you."

When Hsu heard this, he felt very much put out. He explained to the other man how after losing his own wife at Yuching he had met Wang Chin-nu in a country inn at Suiyang, concluding, "I took pity on her because she was all alone with no one to look after her; but I did not know she was your wife, sir. Now what's to be done?"

"Don't worry," said the other. "I have married another so we can just forget about that former marriage. We were separated so suddenly, though, that we had no chance to say goodbye to each other; and if I can see her only once more to tell her what I suffered, I shall die content."

By this time, Hsu felt melancholy too. "We can bare our hearts to each other," he said. "There will be no difficulty. To-morrow I shall expect you. But since you have married again, why don't you bring your new wife with you, so that we may become relatives and the neighbours will see nothing suspicious in your visit?"

The other was very pleased and bowed to express his thanks. When he was leaving, Hsu asked his name and learned that he was Liu Tsunching of Chengchow.

That night after Hsu broke the news to Wang Chin-nu, the thought of her former husband's love made her shed tears in secret and kept her awake all night. The next morn-

ing just after they washed, Liu and his wife arrived. Hsu went to the gate to greet them; but when he saw Liu's wife he gave a start and both he and she wept bitterly; for Liu's wife was no other than Hsu's former wife! After losing Hsu at Yucheng she had gone with an old woman to Chienkang, where she sold some jewels to rent a house. When three months passed and there was no news of Hsu, the old woman urged her to marry again and introduced her to Liu who became her husband. Now, by an amazing coincidence the two couples had come together again!

When the former husbands and wives had embraced each other and wept, Hsu and Liu bowed to each other and became sworn brothers, drinking to pledge their friendship. That evening they exchanged wives, each taking back his first partner; and ever after the two families remained on the friendliest footing.

When wives and husbands interchange

That surely is a strange exchange!

But, their reunion ordained above,

Each smiles to see his former love.

—Courtesy, Chinese Literature.

A young barrister was speaking for the defendants in a civil action, and his long-windedness was obviously boring the court. The leader for the plaintiffs scribbled a note and passed it along to the talkative youth. He, however, did not read it immediately.

A frown wrinkled the judge's brow; he told the usher to pass up the message for his inspection. It was noticed that the writer of the note looked acutely uncomfortable at this order.

The judge read the message, folded it again, and passed it back to the young counsel.

"I think this note will be of interest to you," said his lordship grimly. "It was to me."

The counsel opened the note and was astonished to read this message: "Sit down. Can't you see the old idiot is with you?"

x x x

The headmaster caused the school hall to be hung with large medallion portraits of the great teachers of the world. They were arranged in chronological order, beginning with Moses.

A new boy was being shown round and was much struck with the portraits. He stopped before one of them, lost in surprise.

"Euclid—Euclid!" he said. "Was Euclid a man? I always thought he was a book!"

He went on looking round, seeming to miss something. At last he turned to his guide and asked: "Where is Algebra?"

x x x

"You ought to be ashamed of not knowing what you learnt in school today. Bobby Smith always knows."

"Yes; but he hasn't so far to go home."



A MYSTERY OF LIFE

By Professor T. C. N. Singh, D.Sc., F.B.S.,
Head of the Department of Botany,
Annamalai University.

Early in January 1947 one evening at Gopalpur (District Rajshahi, East Pakistan), I had been attending on a patient who was unconscious and the doctors had totally given up all hopes of his recovery. I could easily see that his death was fast approaching. I was cast into great sorrow and gloom to lose one of my very best friends, still I determined to stay behind till the very last moment. It was past 11 o'clock at night, everybody including the doctor and the nurses had retired to rest. I was the sole figure left, in the shadow of midnight to watch the dying patient.

An electric bulb of 30-candle-power was burning and it was hanging from the ceiling directly over the head of the patient. At 11.45 the gasping breath of the patient grew faster. About three minutes past 12 at midnight, his breath suddenly stopped and hardly the next instant the bulb hanging over the cot from the ceiling, glowed very intensely for a while to the extent of not less than 1000-candle-power brightness and fused, whereas, other bulbs round about in the hospital wards remained absolutely unaffected. This phenomenon appeared to me very

curious and I started wondering whether life was not some sort of a very powerful ray with some affinity to fire and electricity.

I had refrained from making this observation public till such time that I had seen with my own eyes few more cases in confirmation. But somehow although deaths are so common I have not had another opportunity to observe death in the set up described above. But several other persons to whom I related this incident have confirmed my observations by saying that according to the Hindu custom a dying person is given the *Bhumi Sajya* (laid on the ground) with his head towards the north; and usually an earthen oil-lamp is kept burning at his head-end. It has been found that whenever the breathing ceases and death takes place the flame of the lamp flickers and becomes very brilliant and taller; and in many cases it gets extinguished.

On the insistence of a number of my friends I have decided to give publicity to my observations and to commend it to the attention chiefly of medical men in charge of the hospitals who are in a better position to test my observation.

"Has your wife learned to drive the car yet?"
"Yes in an advisory capacity."

His youthful fancy made him believe that he had made a conquest of her heart but...

AN UNEXPECTED TURN

(By S. K. Mahalingam, B.Sc.)

"Hold on, please."

The conductor blew the whistle in response to the request and the bus stopped at Santhome corner. The passenger got down. Waiting at the stop there were a large number of people and all tried to rush in, an usual sight in Madras city, but the conductor said that there was place for only one and allowed a young lady to get into the bus.

She got up and squeezed through the passengers at the entrance and stood in the gangway just opposite to me. Imagine my joy when I found that she was Rajee. She had her inevitable vanity bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. She was as neatly and tastefully dressed as ever and her nearness to me made my heart beat fast.

I had long wanted to have some opportunity of exchanging a few words with her and make her acquaintance. Here was that golden opportunity. I got up from my seat and said to her, "Please take my seat."

"No, thanks. You needn't trouble yourself," was her reply.

"Do take the seat," I said with some emphasis. "You can't strap-hang like the others."

She didn't refuse this time. "Thank you," she said.

I was holding in my hand the latest issue of *Kahaniya*. Seeing it she smiled and asked, "You like reading short stories?"

"Yes. This one is a good story magazine," I said and placed it in her hands. We had reached another bus stop where there was again a rush of passengers. I was pushed towards the front and our conversation was cut short.

Rajee got down at the Fort and I at Parry's Corner. In the office that day I could not do much work my mind being distracted with the thoughts of Rajee. Balu noticed it and asked what was worrying me. "Oh, nothing," I said. But I couldn't keep it from him for long. I had told him before about Rajee my bus-companion, and had confessed to him that I would do anything to get myself introduced to her. I told him about my luck that day.

He slapped me on the back and said the copy of *Kahaniya* will provide the opportunity to talk to her again the next day. That was a splendid suggestion I thought. The prospect of meeting and exchanging a few words with her again made me live in a dreamland of my own the whole of the day.

In order that I might not miss meeting Rajee I started early next morning and walked

up to the Santhome corner where I knew she would be waiting for the bus. I had not waited five minutes when I saw her coming and when she saw me she smiled.

"Good morning," I said feeling quite happy with myself.

"Well, do you come here to take the bus?" she asked.

An awkward beginning. I thought. But I said, "Oh, no. I walk up to the terminus and take the bus. It is so difficult to get a seat in the intermediate stops. To-day I had to come here to meet a friend. I hope we will get at least standing accommodation in the bus."

"Usually it is crowded," she answered.

"You are residing nearby?" I asked.

"At 1, Santhome High Road. Ah, I forgot to give you your copy of *Kahaniya*," she said and opening her handbag took out the copy and handed it over to me.

"What do you think about the story 'Love's Labour Lost' in the current issue? I think that is the best story in this issue," she said.

I had not read the story and did not know what to say. But a sudden impulse made me say, "I am glad you like it."

She looked at me in a queer sort way with a faint look of surprise in her facial expression and then haltingly asked, "Why do you say that? Are you by any chance acquainted with its author?"

"I am the author." It is the bravado in me that made me say it. I wanted to impress

her. Before she could say anything the bus had come and we both got in. She got down at the Fort as usual.

That day in the office I went through the work mechanically. I had thought of leaving office exactly at 5-30 p.m. in the hope that I might meet her in the bus again. But Bulu reminded me that it was a Saturday and that my "darling" would have left the office at 1 p.m. So I spent some time in China Bazaar making some purchases and it was nearing seven when I boarded the bus. Fortunately I got a seat. The ladies sitting behind me were chatting loudly. At first I did not pay any heed to what they were saying but soon I thought I recognised a familiar voice. Yes, there was no mistake. Rajee was also travelling with me in the bus.

She was saying, "Sakku, you told me you liked the story of 'Love's Labour Lost' in *Kahaniya*. Would you like to meet its author?"

"I would be delighted! Is he a friend of yours?" she asked.

"I can introduce you to both the authors," she said.

"Both the authors?"

"Yes, the real one and an imposter." She said this with patent sarcasm in her voice.

I tried to slide down my seat. Fortunately for me the bus had reached Luz and Rajee and her companion got down.

I heaved a sigh of relief. What would have happened if she had pointed me out and said, "Her is the imposter!" in the presence of so many pas-

sengers?

That night I thought over my predicament and finally decided to admit my guilt and ask her forgiveness.

Next day being Sunday I started early morning for Santhome and called at her house. A young man of about twentysix years came out in response to my knock. His one leg was a little shorter than the other and he walked with an awkward gait. But his smile was so captivating and there was warmth in his voice.

"Come in. Whom do you want to see?"

"I came to see ajee," I said.

"Rajee!" he called. "Some one wants to see you."

"I am coming," came the response from the back portion of the house and within a minute Rajee came wiping her wet hands with a towel.

"You!" She ejaculated seeing me.

I gulped and then began: "I am sorry I made a false claim about myself.....about the authorship of that story.....I heard you pass some remarks about it in the bus yesterday.... I came to confess....."

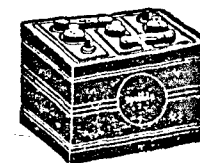
"Don't you worry about it," she said sweetly. Then turning to the young man, "This is the person I told you about yesterday, who claimed the authorship of the story."

Suitor: "Don't reject me or I shall certainly lose my reason."

She: "Don't do that—small objects are so difficult to find again."

Spotlite

A DEPENDABLE BATTERY



— Apply: —

SRIDHAR & CO., MADRAS-2

The young man smiled simply. I asked, "You know who wrote it? Have you any objection to tell me who he is?"

"Why, no. In fact it is a pleasure to introduce my husband," she said pointing to her companion.

I sat dumb and did not know what to say.

"Frankly I must say it is a joint effort. She supplies me the plot. I clothe it with my words. We have several stories to our credit," he explained.

I mumbled some words of appreciation and hurriedly took leave of them. All my sweet dreams of making love to Rajee and leading her up to the altar had vanished! What an unexpected turn of events!

A strange but pleasant ghost story as related by an Irishman.

BOY WAS A GIRL

My father's death recalled me from abroad. His letters and manuscripts were sealed up, and it was my duty upon my arrival in Ireland to wade through the enormous file of correspondence. He was a man with literary tastes, a strong Home Ruler, a Parnellite, and although he had never made the public a participant in his labours, he left a testamentary instruction for the publication of his essays etc., on this great political problem.

I had been away from Ireland for more than ten years and I found that my father had been assisted in his work by a young fellow, Louis Sullivan, who seemed to be his only companion, my mother having died when I was quite young. Of course, I was only too glad to retain the services of the young man. I requested him to call and we soon came to an arrangement satisfactory to both of us. Louis Sullivan, who was about twenty years of age, was slim and his face was very handsome with dark hair and blue eyes. He was well versed in my father's literary work, and relieved me entirely from my responsibility. I left him fully in charge of all matters referring to Home Rule, and took the sifting and investigating of letters and other papers on myself.

Some months passed. We were together for about six to

eight hours each day doing our allotted work and I often observed that my young companion looked at me with an expression of fondness which touched me in an inexplicable manner. I came across some letters which showed me that Louis was more than a mere acquaintance to me. My father had years ago found an intimacy with a woman residing on his estate, who had nursed him through a severe illness, and a child was born as a result of this attachment. The name of the woman was Sullivan, and she was dead. I thought it more than coincidence that Louis Sullivan should have been with my father ever since then, and I could understand why my father should have provided for his young companion by a substantial annuity. He was his own child, though I soon became convinced that Louis was not acquainted with this fact. Nevertheless, I felt that blood spoke loudly, for I saw that Louis loved me, and such a state of things can only be due to a strong sympathy, which, no doubt, is based upon blood relationship.

In a conversation with him one day, I gathered that he was under the impression that his father had died before he was born. I could not undeceive him and let him know that he was an illegitimate child. At last our task were finished,

Boy Was A Girl

and as I was leaving Ireland, a separation became necessary.

The night before my departure I asked Louis to dine with me. It was a sad occasion; little was said, and it was evident we both felt keenly the approaching parting from each other. At last Louis broke the silence, and taking my hand in his, he asked my forgiveness for making a confession. I saw now I was mistaken, and that he knew our relationship, and I told him that his confession was not needed, that I knew all, and embracing him, kissed him and called him brother. The result of my action was a great surprise. Louis burst into a fit of the most violent weeping. I told him how I had found out the secret, and entreated him to come with me and be my brother before the world. I could not understand his subsequent behaviour, but he refused point blank. This was the last I saw of him.

I was in—where I intended to spend some weeks. It was just eight days since I had left Ireland. I was ascending the staircase to go to my room to retire for the night. Suddenly I saw standing before me the shape of a woman dressed in white. I stared at her; the face seemed familiar. It was exactly like the face of Louis Sullivan. Too astonished to move or speak I stood there looking at her in amazement. The apparition soon vanished. I dismissed the strange experience from my mind as mere hallucination and thought no more of it.

But a few weeks later the



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.

KESARIKUTERAM 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.



meaning of that apparition became clear. For I came to know from home that the Louis Sullivan, whom I had believed to be my brother, was not a brother but a sister! Why my father had made her wear man's clothes I never exactly understood, unless it was the fear that the presence of a young girl at his house would have given occasion to gossip. She had committed suicide on the night she appeared to me in a vision just before I retired for the night. The letter she left behind her told all; she loved me, and was just

on the point on that evening before my departure of confessing her feelings when, misunderstanding her purpose, I told her she was my brother. Her relationship to me was not known to her, but when she discovered that she was my sister and that we could not be married, she became despondent and committed suicide.

That I should have seen her in the shape of a woman, when her sex was entirely unsuspected, seemed to me the most inexplicable feature of the occurrence.

"I'm sorry," said the diner who hoped to get away with it, "but I haven't any money to pay for my meal."

"That's all right," said the cashier. "We'll write your name on the wall. You can pay the next time you come in."

"Don't do that. Everybody who comes in will see it."

"No they won't. Your overcoat will be hanging over it."

x

x

x

A pretty girl, wearing the latest in bathing suits, was sitting on the beach when a young man approached her and took off his hat remarking that it was a fine day.

"How dare you speak to me!" said she indignantly. "I don't know you from Adam."

"Well," returned the young man, unconcernedly "I'd scarcely know you from Eve."

x

x

x

A tender-hearted old gentleman came across a very small child crying bitterly.

"Now," he said kindly, "be a good little boy and don't cry any more."

"I—I can't be a good little boy," gulped the child.

"But why can't you?" said the old gentleman.

"I—I can't," persisted the child.

"There, there now," said the old gentleman, taking a penny from his pocket, "here's something for you. Now tell me why you can't be a good little boy."

"Cos I'm a little girl," she replied.

Corpus Delicti Murders

By S. Rajagopalan

In trials for murder, one very important requisite is what is styled as "Corpus Delicti", which means in plain English, "the body must be found". That is to say, before any one can be convicted of murder, there must be proof that there was a murder. But the fact of death can be proved like any other fact either directly or inferentially by the evidence of circumstances; in other words, by the evidence of facts which lead to only one conclusion namely, that a murder had been committed. It is doubtless a grave step to find a murder proved where there is no body; but it is not the law that if a body can be got rid of skilfully that no traces of it could be found, or cut or maimed beyond recognition, the murderer is not to be convicted.

In 1842, a coachman in Putney, England, was living with a woman for several years. On 6-4-1842, a policeman sought him out in his master's premises, to answer a charge of theft. Whilst he was searching the stable, he found him remove some hay from one of the stalls in the rear. The officer's suspicions were excited, and he followed him. He found him coming out of a stall after locking it up. The officer

continued the search and found a ghastly sight, viz, the trunk of a full grown middle aged female whose head and arms had been cut off. In the room were found an axe and a knife both stained with blood as also certain female garments. The coachman was seen with the unfortunate woman on the previous day and they had called together at several places. On 4-4-1842, he had pawned some articles of the deceased and had given a false excuse about her absence, and on the following day, much smoke and a strong smell had issued out from the room—evidently the arms and the head had been burnt. On 6-4-1842, he gave several of her garments to another woman kept by him. On the evening of that day he carried some articles of hers to a nearby public house, where he assumed a new name. He was giving out that the deceased had been dead for five years, and was heard to assure his concubine that she would not trouble him any more. Subsequently he wandered about in various disguises while he was apprehended. There was no proof of the identity of the mutilated remains but the other circumstances were conclusive as to his guilt. (1) The remains

were discovered, accidentally enough, in a place under his sole control. (2) They were found out within three days after the deceased had been seen alive in his company. (3) She had worn the very garments and owned the very articles he had subsequently disposed of. He was convicted and hanged.

These principles have been applied in cases where the body could not at all be found or traced, although the courts require the strictest proof, especially in view of a certain notable instance in judicial history of a hanging for murder followed up by the appearance of the alleged murdered person. Very recently in England a case of this kind occurred, and although in view of the conclusive nature of the evidence no doubt was entertained as to the guilt of the accused, the Home Secretary intervened and granted a reprieve.

Onu was a Pole residing in England since 1947. He owned a farm along with one Sykut, another Pole. The farm was a failure and Onu came to the end of his resources. He was in dire need of money and there were a number of letters of his to that effect. He could not borrow money from any source. He planned to commit a fraud by overvaluing his farm and getting advances on it from some one in London. Meanwhile Sykut wanted to break off his association with Onu. He wanted to be paid out his capital of £ 700; if not he wanted the farm to be sold. They both went to a solicitor.

They quarrelled. Up to 14-12-1953, nothing came out of their plans. Onu had not even a penny to pay Sykut and he was averse to sell the farm by public auction.

On and from 14-12-1953, Sykut disappeared and was not heard of. Some letters came to his wife, who was in Poland, long after that date, and this showed that he had not gone there. In fact the last person to have seen him was Onu himself. Onu's activities after 14-12-1953 were intriguing. On 18-12-1953, he had posted a number of letters to persons in London stating that he had settled with Sykut's claims and was expecting to go away soon. Questioned about his disappearance, Onu related a story. He told the investigating officer of a dark car which had arrived at the farm at 7-30 in the night of 18-12-1953, fending its way up a dreadful rocky path. There were three men, one of whom had a revolver. Sykut was put into the car at the point of the revolver and driven away no one knew where.

What had really happened was that on 14-12-1953, a horse from the farm had been taken out by Onu to the blacksmiths for shoeing and had been brought back by Sykut on the same day. The blacksmith had charged 17s. 6d for shoeing the horse. At the end of December, when the police had started enquiries, Onu had gone to the blacksmith and paid him the money and persuaded him (the blacksmith) to say that it was on 17-12-1953

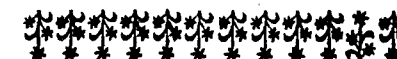
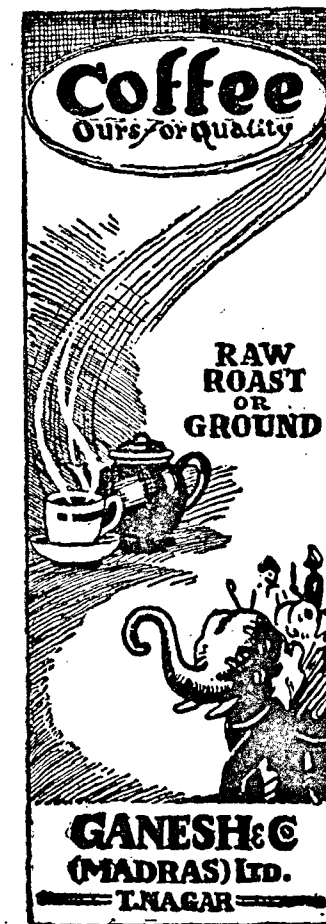
that Sykut had gone there to take his horse away.

On 18-12-1953 a Sheriff's officer had gone to the farm before seven o'clock to levy an execution, which was against Onu alone. That officer had asked about Sykut and was told that he had gone to a doctor.

The prosecution case was that Sykut was dead by 17-12-53, that is, killed either on or immediately after 14-12-53. They relied on certain minute spots of blood which were found in the kitchen. Onu did not deny that the spots of blood were Sykut's but he said that he had cut his hand in the field and shaken off some blood in the kitchen. It was probable that Sykut was disposed of in the kitchen itself.

On the facts as proved, only one conclusion was possible, namely, that Onu was last seen with the deceased and had disposed of him somehow. This was strengthened by his various devices to manufacture evidence to the effect that Sykut was seen alive after 14-12-53. He was convicted and sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law, but as stated was later on reprieved.

x x x
Mussammat Bhowri had been married to Panna. She was suspected of illicit intimacy with one Bhairanlal. In April 1949, she was at her father's house. Panna went to fetch her on Sunday 3-4-1949. On the following day, they were returning from her father's house. On that day, Bhairanlal was



also at her father's house; but he left a few hours before Panna and M. Bhowri. The couple reached Barda in Rajasthan on 4-4-49 after sunset. Bhairanal was seen coming towards them; and he immediately asked Panna as to why he had abused him. Thereafter he started pelting stones at him and also hit him with a lathi. Panna started running away and was chased by Bhairanal who was all the while hitting him with the stones. Panna raised an alarm. No one came to his help and eventually he was killed by Bhairanal. His body was then dragged and thrown into a pit. Thereafter Bhairanal and Bhowri went away together. She said that she was threatened by him not to disclose anything and that she had meekly to submit to what all he did. The same night they were seen at the shop of one B. L. Mahajan. Bhairanal sold certain things which Bhowri had brought from her father's house. Thereafter they proceeded to Ghalur and from there to Durgapur where they stayed for a number of days until they were accosted

by the police and later arrested. Bhairanal subsequently made a confession and told the police that he had thrown the turban of the deceased into a well, and also handed over to them the dhoti of Panna taken by him after he had been done away with. This confession was later on retracted; nevertheless there was no doubt as to the accuracy of these two matters. The turban was in fact recovered from the well.

Although Panna's body had not been found, there was cogent evidence to the effect that Bhairanal was at Mr. Bhowri's father's house on 4-4-49 and that he left the village before the couple had started therefrom. Proof that he had been murdered was also available negatively by reason of the clothes of Panna having been recovered near about the place. There was also the testimony of an independent witness that he had seen a dead body in the locality at about that time although he could not say whose body it was.

Bhairanal was convicted and sentenced for transportation for life.

(Copyright with the author.)

Two friends were having an indignation meeting of their own. Both had suffered domestic strife and now they were comparing notes.

"Aren't women the limit?" growled the first. "We husbands don't know anything at all and our wives know everything."

"Well," said his companion in misery, reluctantly, "there's one thing my wife admits she doesn't know."

"What on earth is that?"

"Why she married me."

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, Mylapore, 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.

Some more instances of
Norton's ready wit and humour.

RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE (3)

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

Norton in his reminiscences observed: "The efficiency of a retort mainly depends upon absence of temper and restraint in speech. An agricultural labourer can brain his opponent with a bludgeon. But who does not envy the brilliant repartee of distinguished counsel who on being told without cause by a judge that he could teach him law but not manners blandly replied, "That is so my Lord."?"

Norton at another time said: "I have often been asked as to the limits to which counsel are entitled to go in a repartee to the Bench; I am not competent, being only at the Bar, to define where judicial courtesy ends and its converse begins. But if a judge elects to take off his gloves for the purpose of a foul blow, I apprehend counsel is not bound, even if he goes to church twice on Sundays, to turn the other cheek."

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the great Indian jurist and advocate was as remarkable for his learning as for his unfailing courtesy. He was an expert at constitutional law, a statesmanly politician, sound exponent of all branches of the law, a great Persian scholar and generally a man of letters. Judges always respected him. Once he appeared in what is popularly called "The *Searchlight* case," and he was masterfully weeding out a case for his client and expounding

the law of contempt. The editor of *Searchlight* had to be defended for using offensive expressions seriously reflecting on the conduct of the Chief Justice of the Patna High Court. It was indeed an intricately difficult task. Sir Tej Bahadur argued it so beautifully but the learned judge could not agree and stated: "I have never known the law to be that." Sir Tej coolly retorted: "Your Lordship, there is no presumption that the judge should know the law."

Oswald, the great jurist, put it pithily: "A counsel or advocate may in the interest of his client cast reflections upon the character, conduct or credit of parties or witnesses, so long as his comments are pertinent to the matters in question, although they would, outside a court of justice, be actionable as slanderous. An advocate is at liberty, when addressing the court in regular course to combat and contest strongly any adverse views of the judge or judge's expression on the case during its argument, to object and to protest again at any course which the judge may take and which the advocate thinks irregular or detrimental to the interests of his client and to caution juries against any interference by the judge with their functions or with the advocate when addressing them or against any strong view adverse to his client expres-

Rambles In Court Life

19

sed by the presiding judge upon the facts of a case before the verdict of the jury thereon. An advocate ought to be allowed freedom and latitude both in speech and in the conduct of his client's case."

Sir V. Bashyam Ayyangar, the great South Indian lawyer, was once developing a subtle point of law which seemed to fall flat on the Chief Justice of the Madras High Court. His Lordship said: "I am unable to understand your argument, Mr. Bashyam Ayyangar," to which quick came the suave intelligent retort:

"Yes, yes, Your Lordship. It requires a lawyer to understand it." It is always well to maintain calmness, self-possession and a pleasant humour. It is said that Sir V. Bashyam Ayyangar always took time to answer questions from the Bench, just to make it appear more weighty and dignified. To anticipate a judge and interrupt will only mar the equilibrium of the court.

Once Mr. Norton was defeated by the cool collected attitude of Sir S. Subramanya Iyer when as Government Pleader, he was for the position that the Mahant of Tirupati misappropriated the valuable treasure buried under the flag-staff (*Dwajasthambam*). Mr. Norton on behalf of the Mahant waxed eloquent, opposed the application for the removal of the flag-staff and examination of the site. He appealed to the court to avoid a sacrilege which would ring throughout the orthodox world. Mr. S. Subramania Iyer,

cool and collected, argued nicely and turned the mind of the judge uttering solemnly the maxim, *Fiat justitia, ruat caelum*, i.e. "Let justice be done even though the heavens fall" and that therefore justice should not be denied because a flag-staff would fall. This had a telling effect on the sense of justice in the judge and forthwith the application was granted.

The attitude of respect enjoined on an advocate, litigant and the public to be shown to court is more for the office of the judge than to him in his individual capacity. The position of the judge is such that he cannot enter into controversies and defend himself against strictures upon his official conduct. Such criticism would tend to impair public confidence in the administration of justice. Hence counsel should refrain from public criticism of judicial conduct especially in cases in which they have appeared. They may have however to offer criticism in a court of review in a proceeding which is directly aimed at the removal of the judge from his office. Both the Bench and Bar must avoid too much intimacy. Marked attention or unusual hospitality to a judge on the part of counsel, is not good or desirable. All attempts to get special favours is utterly disreputable. The Bar must always uphold the dignity and integrity of courts of law so as to raise both of them in the high estimation of the public.

Counsel who indulge in wit, or a retort should so do it that they are not offensive and con-

temptuous of court. The occasion should demand it and they must be sure of their position so that it may not recoil on them. Only seasoned advocates of high knowledge can indulge in such attitudes, not the young aspirants. Oswald, A.C., was noted for his defiant attitude toward the judges and caustic wit. It is said that Oswald's "Law of Contempt" was the result of his own experience and opinion on such matters. Once Oswald during the argument in a case said to the judge, "The proposition was one with which no reasonable man could disagree." The judge interposed: "I beg your pardon. I disagree with it."

Oswald politely gave a rejoinder: "I said reasonable man, my Lord." Again after a legal tussle with Oswald, the judge got infuriated and angrily said, "I cannot teach you law or manners."

Again in America a counsel was pleading ignorance of law as an extenuating circumstance for his client. The judge parried that every man was presumed to know the law. The counsel pithily retorted: "Yes, Your Honour, I am aware that every shoemaker, tailor, mechanic, and illiterate labourer is presumed to know the law...for every man is presumed to know it except the judges of the Supreme Court and we have a Court of Appeal to correct their mistakes."

A judge was hearing an appeal for a petty suit where a trespassing turkey had been shot for its depredation. He found the matter so silly and observed: "The lawyer who consented to

file an appeal in this case ought to be thrown from the window of the court room. Why did he not have the case referred to some of the honest neighbours for settlement?" The Attorney retorted: "Because, Your Honour, it was our intention not to let honest people have anything to do with it." The Attorney was fined 50 dollars for contempt of court.

A stalwart and independent giant of the Madras Bar, the late Mr. Krishnaswamy Ayyar, was arguing an appeal before Justice Davies on the last day before summer recess. The judge said he would continue the hearing the next day as a special case. Mr. Krishnaswamy Iyer kept quiet and on the next day, Saturday, when the court sat, he got up and coolly said that he objected to the sitting to hear any case that day in view of the fact that under the Letters Patent, no judge of the High Court could sit on a Saturday unless the Chief Justice had previously directed or posted such a sitting. Justice Davies, a punctilious respecter of the law, examined and found the objection well founded, rose and left the court. A bold counsel who stood on his rights and an appreciative judge are not uncommon.

Sir Chimanlal Setalwad of Bombay had once a tug of war with Justice Candy sitting in chambers of judge. It is said Sir Chimanlal sat down while the judge was standing. Candy, J. protested and said counsel should stand up even if the court was sitting to show proper respect. Setalwad politely but boldly

replied: "Your Lordship forgets that in chamber counsel, at any rate on the original side, address the court sitting. Moreover, in this instance, Your Lordship asked me to sit down. I have every desire to show proper respect to the court but I submit court ought also to treat counsel with due consideration."

The incident closed, Justice Candy himself sitting down. Candy, J. said he doubted the position but he did not care to fight about it.

Thus it would be apparent that many a stalwart counsel had stood up for the independence of his calling in assertion of his rights. In the recent case Yusuf Abbas vs. Bhagavan Das P. Nangapal, Their Lordships Chagla, C. J. & Bhagwati, J. observed: "Counsel has a duty to the judge, but has also a duty to himself and a duty to his client and it is entirely unbefitting the dignity of the Bar for any counsel to permit himself to be made a sort of a pliable instrument in the hands of the judge. It is not for counsel merely to watch which way the wind is blowing and then to turn his sail accordingly to that wind."

"After all counsel has got to

realise that the case does not necessarily end with the judge. There is a higher court and the higher court may take an entirely different view of the evidence that has been led from the one that has been taken by the court below." These weighty observations arose out of the appellant's contention that the conduct of the case in the lower court was unfair, that the judge took upon himself the duty of examining the witness instead of leaving it to counsel.

Eardley Norton is the celebrated instance of a towering personality over his compeers, the Bar, and even of the judges. His broad commonsense and quick wit and quicker retort always stimulated the judges and the Bar from falling a prey to mediocrity and lifelessness. Norton always lead the court. He rarely followed others. He would never humiliate himself to gain a point. He would rather lose the point and even offend the judge than appear meek to a judge who hit him below the belt or who did not understand the justice of the cause he expounded. He was a robust fighter and he invariably came out as the conqueror.

Teacher: "Tommy, come here and give me what you've got in your mouth!"

Tommy: "I wish I could. It's toothache!"

The superior young person had been shown to his room in the hotel.

"So this is for me!" he grumbled. "Rather like a prison don't you think?"

"Well, it's just a matter of what one is used to, sir," replied the manager.

Magician Who Killed Himself For Love

☆

Hanco, the magician, bowed low over the footlights. As the applause filled his ears a wave of happiness passed over him.

For after years of struggle he had established himself as a great star in the firmament of magic.

But as the curtain descended his glance turned in the direction of his beautiful, young assistant, and he suddenly realised that his success was meaningless to him.

From the time she had first appeared on the stage with him Hanco had fallen passionately in love with the shapely and bewitching girl.

But she was in love with someone else and showed no interest in him.

Hanco's disappointment turned to insane jealousy. He sold up his act and degenerated into a poverty-stricken wanderer.

But tragedy was soon to strike.

It had always been Hanco's custom to appear dressed as a convict, explaining that it was in prison that he had learnt his tricks.

One day in 1903 he dressed himself in his famous garb and turned up at the theatre where the girl was working.

He waited in her dressing room and when she appeared he snatched up a carving knife and plunged it into his heart.

Other magicians have experienced odd quirks of fate in their private lives, writes

Weekend News reviewing *Sensational Tales of Mystery Men* by Will Goldston (published by Will Goldston Ltd., London.)

Just before the first World War Will Goldston, a celebrated maker of magicians' equipment, was approached by a Mr. Charles Denny.

Denny asked him to make a box, hardly big enough to hold a baby, from which he would produce a full-grown woman.

It was a hot Sunday in August when they both arrived at the Putney Hippodrome for a dress rehearsal, and before the show the two men went for a row on the river.

Suddenly Denny clapped a hand to his head and gasped. "The girl!" he exclaimed, "she's still in the box!"

Denny had locked her in and forgotten all about her. When they reached the theatre and threw open the lid of the box they found the poor girl lying in a huddled heap behind the secret partition.

They were just in time. She had been unconscious for some hours.

Horace Goldin, one of America's greatest magicians, was arrested for speeding. At the police station he was told to find 100 dollars bail or be locked up.

Goldin had that amount on him. He offered it but the inspector scoffed:

"That's no good," he said. "Your bail has to be from

somebody else."

For a moment Horace was stumped. He had only a few minutes to get to the theatre.

"Would it be all right if my chauffeur paid it?" he asked.

The inspector agreed. Horace turned to his coloured chauffeur. He knew the man had little money on him; but, by a little sleight-of-hand, in a few seconds, the \$100 was in the chauffeur's pocket and Horace was free.

Two American thought readers, the Cornells, once put over the most incredible publicity stunt ever tried.

On the stage of a small hall in Chicago Madam Cornell, blindfolded, gave a piercing scream.

"What is it?" shouted Cornell. "What do you see?"

"Murder!" exclaimed the woman. She went on to describe her vision of two youths who had battered an old man, thrust his body into a sack, and thrown it, weighted, into the river at an exact point she described.

The audience jumped to their feet with excitement. The performance was stopped and several people rushed to the spot which Madam Cornell had described.

An eerie scene took place on the river bank while police dragged the water. At last a bulky sack was found.

In it was the mutilated body of a man.

The Cornells received more publicity than they needed.

But it was the wrong sort. Somebody who knew the whole

story told the facts.

The pair had bought the body from a mortuary.

Lafayette was a great illusionist. He guarded his secrets jealously. But it was this very caution which led to his strange death.

On May 9, 1911, the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, caught fire and Lafayette found himself cut off from escape by a door locked on his own orders—so that no intruder should discover his secrets.

But the biggest mystery was the death of the Chinese magician Chung Ling Soo.

Soo's big trick was to hold a plate to his chest while an assistant fired at him. The bullet, in a sealed chamber of the rifle, was a blank. The one which appeared on the plate got there by trickery.

On March 23, 1918, at the Wood Green Empire, Soo fell to the floor. "My God! You've shot me!" he gasped.

The sealed barrel of the rifle had been opened. Nobody knows whether or not Soo was murdered. Some people believe that Soo put in a real bullet in order to commit suicide.

One of the weirdest events occurred when Zomah, a famous hypnotist, appeared at the Princes Theatre in Montreal during the 'twenties.

After his act a man sent up a card bearing the name Major Griffith. A tall, middle-aged man entered the room. "I am in terrible trouble," he told the hypnotist.

He explained that a promi-

"I shall put you under my influence," said Zomah. "Then we shall see which is the stronger."

For once, magic had misfired.

It was a very earnest boy, not yet old enough for frivolity, who answered, "Care of Daddy."

"Then you have the consolation of knowing he's not so stupid as he looks."

"She may be a nice girl," he said, "but I don't see why she should be provided with finery at the expense of the rates."

"That was nice of you, darling."

"What! Another new dress? How do you think I can find the money to pay for it?"

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," murmured the sentimental youth.

"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club waz. "If we could put all the men of the world on one

club wag. "If we could put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women of the world on another island, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?"

"Why, boat building."

(By Swami Sivananda)

Birbal rejoined, "Yes, Badshah! God is everywhere. There is absolutely no doubt in this."

Akbar pulled the diamond ring off his finger and asked Birbal, "Is your God in this ring too?"

Birbal replied: "Yes, Badshah! He is certainly in the ring."

"Then can you make me see Him?" asked the Emperor.

Birbal had no answer to this. He asked for time; the Emperor allowed him six months in which to find an answer or to find out a way to show Akbar God in the ring.

Birbal went home ; he was puzzled. He knew there was a solution to the problem ; but he knew not that solution. He dared not face the Emperor again without an answer to his question. He grew pale and anxious.

Shortly after this encounter with the Emperor, a little boy-mendicant came to Birbal's house for alms. He asked Birbal, "What ails you, sir? Why do you look so sordid and miserable? You are a wise man, and wise men should have no reason for misery! Joy and tranquillity are the marked characteristics of a wise man."

"True!" replied Birbal. "The heart is convinced, but the intellect cannot frame words for it." Birbal then narrated all

that transpired between him
and the Emperor.

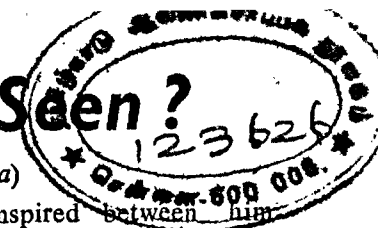
"Is this what you are worrying about?" exclaimed the boy in amazement. "I can give you the answer in a moment; but will you allow me to talk to the Emperor personally?" Birbal replied in affirmative and took the boy to the imperial court and addressed the Emperor. "My Lord! Even this little boy can give you the answer to your question."

Akbar inwardly appreciated the pluck and boldness of the boy and was curious to hear him. He asked the boy, "If God is all-pervading, son, can you show me your God in the ring?"

"O King ! " replied the boy
"I can do so in a second ; but I
am thirsty ; I can answer the
question after I have taken a
glass of curd." The Emperor
once had a glassful of curd
given to him. The boy began
to stir the curd and said, "O
Emperor, I am used to drinking
good curd which has butter in
it. I do not like this stuff which
your bearer has brought and
which does not yield butter at
all.

"Certainly, this curd is the best available," replied the Emperor. "Remember, little one, that you are partaking of the product of the Emperor's personal dairy."

The boy said, "Very well ! I
your Majesty is so sure that this
cup of curd contains butter in
it, please show me the butter."



The Emperor laughed aloud and said, "I thought so! O ignorant child! You do not know that butter can be got out of curd only after churning it; and yet you have the audacity to come here and show me God!"

"I am not a fool, Badshah Sahib," replied the boy quickly. "I only gave you the answer to your own question!" The Emperor was puzzled. The boy said to him: "Your Majesty! In exactly the same manner the Lord is residing within everything. He is the indwelling Presence, the Self of all, the Light of all lights, the Power that maintains the universe. Yet one cannot see Him with one's physical eyes. A vision is only a projection of one's own mind before the eye of the mind. One can realize God intuitively and see Him with the eye of wisdom; but before that one has to churn the five sheaths, and the objects, and separate the butter, the Reality, from the curd, the names and forms."

The young boy had thus answered Akbar's question, and the Emperor was greatly impressed. He wanted to know more and asked, "Child! Now tell me, what is your God doing all the while?"

The mendicant-boy replied: "Well, your Majesty, it is God who lends power to our senses, perception to our mind, discernment to our intellect, strength to our limbs; it is through His will that we live and die. But man vainly ima-

gines that he is the actor and the enjoyer. Man is a mere nothing before the almighty Governing Power that directs the movements in the universe.

"It is in a twinkling of an eye, when compared to the unimaginable age of the universe, that empires rise and fall, dynasties rise and perish, the boundaries of the land and the sea wax and wane, and we find a mountain range where there had been a sea and a new sea where there had been a plateau. So many planets are created, sustained and dissolved every moment in this vast universe. Who is behind this gigantic phenomena?"

"It is God and none but the one God to realize whom one has to give up vanity, the feeling of doership, arrogance and pride; to realize Him one has to surrender oneself entirely to His will, which can be discerned through cultivation of purity, emotional maturity and intellectual conviction; to realize that God one has to efface oneself in *toto* and feel that one is a mere instrument of His will."

It was a new experience for Emperor Akbar to hear the ancient wisdom from so young a mendicant. Akbar was very liberal in his views, and this encounter with a Hindu child-monk was perhaps in a way partly responsible for the Emperor to invite to his court many Hindu scholars and holy men to participate in spiritual and academic deliberations with Muslim divines and Maulavis.—*The Divine Life.*

Adventures of Mahendraverma

By 'S'

Long long ago there lived a great king by name Baladeva. He ruled over a vast domain and his subjects were all contented and happy. Like kings of those days Baladeva had several wives but only the eldest queen had a son. Mahendraverma, as he was called, was loved by all. He was handsome and brave and King Baladeva decided to crown the Prince on an auspicious day and himself take to vanaprastha asrama as was the custom then.

The king's youngest queen who was of the same age as Prince Mahendraverma, loved him intensely and many a time she had tried to entice him to her palace but without success. The love-sick queen therefore decided to employ a stratagem to get him into her clutches.

One day while Prince Mahendraverma was passing before the queen's palace his horse stumbled over a concealed wire and he fell down. In the twinkling of an eye, two trusted servants of the queen carried him into the queen's inner apartment. Mahendraverma had only sustained some superficial injuries and his protests were all brushed aside by the queen who insisted on dressing his wounds. Mahendraverma was made to lie down on her bed and after tenderly washing and dressing the bruises the queen adroitly began making advances. Prince Mahendraverma who had looked upon her as his mother was at first bewildered and then

shocked when he began to comprehend the full import of his step-mother's action. He pleaded with her and tried to run away but the queen caught hold of him and in the struggle she fell on the bed and he over her. Just then King Baladeva entered the bed room. What he saw shocked him beyond words. His only son, whom he had loved dearly, making illicit love to his queen! He went mad with rage and drew his sword. The queen was the first to see the king and noting the look of rage in his eyes she sprang up and fell at the feet of the king crying, "Save me from this wicked son of yours."

Mahendraverma who was till then unaware of the presence of the king turned round and to his horror saw his father. Conflicting emotions surged in his heart. Should he tell the truth and expose his step-mother? If he did so will his father believe him? If he kept mum and took the blame on himself what would be his fate?

As he was pondering over these questions the king gnashing his teeth blarred out: "Chandala, you have committed a grave sin for which the punishment is death. Oh! my God, what sin have I committed, that I should see my own dear and loved son commit such a crime?"

Mahendraverma stood there with tears streaming down his cheeks. What can he say or do in his defense? Would not death

be more merciful than the look of hatred and reproach from his father? Like a dumb sheep waiting to be sacrificed he stood there meekly.

The queen who was sobbing at the feet of the king said in a pleading voice: "Please don't in a moment of anger do anything which you may have to regret later. He is your only son and the future king."

"Future king!" roared Baladeva. "Death is the penalty for any man who outrages the modesty of a woman. The law will make no exception." So saying Baladeva stepped forward towards Mahendraverma raising his sword to strike.

The queen quickly caught hold of the king's hand. "Sire," she said, "let not the blood be on your hands. Call two of your trusted servants and let them carry out the execution."

"So be it," said the king and ordered two of his bodyguards who were outside to come in and commanded them to take Mahendraverma to the forest and cut off his head.

Mahendraverma tried to speak but words wouldn't come out of his mouth. He was choked with emotion. He wanted to say that he was innocent. He wanted to have a last glimpse of his mother but the king's bodyguards caught hold of him and dragged him away.

The bodyguards tied Mahendraverma's hands and feet and lifting him on to the back of a horse rode fast to the forest, on the outskirts of the capital. Before sundown they had reached the

Kali temple where they alighted for rest. It was the intention of one of the bodyguards to set free the prince there so that he could go to the neighbouring kingdom and live. But the other bodyguard would not agree and a heated discussion followed. Mahendraverma who did not wish to live, addressing the bodyguards said, "Why should you quarrel like this? I do not wish to live. If you will untie my hands I will myself offer my head to Mother Kali here."

The bodyguards cut the rope that tied his hands and gave him one of their swords. Mahendraverma, kneeling before the image of Kali prayed and with one stroke severed his head. The bodyguards, accustomed as they were to bloodshed, couldn't stand the sight and quickly recovering the sword they mounted their horses and galloped homewards.

Immediately their back was turned on the Kali temple a miracle happened. Kali had appeared in person and restored Mahendraverma to life. Seeing the goddess in all her resplendent glory he fell at her feet. "Rise, my son. I am pleased with your purity of heart and bravery. Ask any three boons and they will be granted," said Kali.

"O Mother, grant me these boons," he said. "First, grant me the power to assume any form I like. Second, make me an adept in all the *vidyas*. Third, let every dead body that I touch be restored to life."

"The boons are granted,"

said Kali and disappeared leaving a sword in his hands. Mahendraverma prostrated before the image of Kali and prayed long and when he got up darkness had settled. There was a stillness in the air and Mahendraverma fell to thinking. What shall he do next? Should he go back to the capital? But then the king would only think that the bodyguards had disobeyed his orders. Who would believe that goddess Kali had blessed him with life again? Even if he performed some miracles by virtue of the boons granted to him would his story be believed?

Mahendraverma decided that he would first see the world, wander about all the countries and then return back to his home. But first he wanted to get some rest. The day's events had shaken him completely and he spread some leaves on the ground and soon fell fast asleep.

At that time a fairy (*devakanya*) was passing along the sky and she espied the handsome youth sleeping alone near the Kali temple. Her curiosity being aroused the fairy flew down with the intention of playing some mischief. But one look at the graceful figure was enough to make her change her mind. She felt a mad desire to possess him. Though a mortal Mahendraverma by virtue of Kali's blessings and also because of his princely upbringing possessed a rare charm which could captivate even fairies.

The *devakanya* waved her hand and there sprang up a huge palace made of lovely marble. Its pillars were of gold and they

were inlaid with numerous precious stones. The fairy again made a pass by her hand and Mahendraverma's body was lifted and it went floating inside the palace on to a cot. The fairy sat by the side of the cot and began fanning the prince humming a tune.

Mahendraverma suddenly woke up. Was he dreaming? He remembered having slept on the ground under the sky and now what was he seeing? How did he come into this palace? He looked round him and there he saw the lovely fairy sitting looking at him with languid eyes full of love.

"Where am I and who are you?" Mahendraverma queried of her.

"I am a *devakanya*. I saw you lying there in the open. Have you no place to live?"

Her voice was melodious and she looked rapturously alluring.

Mahendraverma who was captivated by her beauty said that he had been banished by his father and at present he had no home which he could call his own.

The fairy came near him and stroking his hair said, "I have created this beautiful palace for you. You can have all you want here. I will come and keep you company in the nights."

Her soft touch and the strange mystic allure made Mahendraverma fall for her charms and the two spent the night together in the magic palace. When it was about daybreak the fairy said she must go. Mahendraverma who was pleased with her did not want to deceive her and

told her his true story and the boons he had received from Kali. "I want to go and see all the countries. So I won't be staying here," he said.

The fairy was much pleased with his honesty and presented him with a ring. "Wear this on

your finger. Whenever you want me rub it on the ground and I will come to you," she said and she vanished. With her the palace also dissolved in thin air like mist before the sun and Mahendra-verma found himself alone in that wilderness.

(To be continued.)

"Put up your hands!" commanded the larger of two bandits who had stopped the motor-coach. "We're going to rob the gents and kiss all the ladies."

"No," remonstrated the smaller one, gallantly. "We'll rob the gents all right, but we we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," snapped a woman passenger of uncertain age, "mind your own business! Your friend is managing this hold-up!"

A swollen-headed young actor was told that an interviewer wanted to see him.

He gave the visitor full particulars of his new contract, mentioning an enormous weekly sum as the salary he had been persuaded to accept.

"And what paper do you represent?" he asked.

"No paper," said the other, cheerfully. "I represent the incometax commissioners."

"Yes my new maid came to me from a very good family."

"Really? I suppose the girl wanted a change."

Counsel: "Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?"

Witness: "Very likely. My grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a barrister."

John had a new chum, and he was telling his mother about him.

"Is he as tall as you?" asked his mother.

"Well he is at one end," replied John.

"Goodness!" said his mother. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said John, "his head only comes to my shoulders, but his feet reach as far down as mine."

"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that you wish to leave us to become an attendant at a lunatic asylum. What makes you think you'll like it? What experience have you had?"

"Well, sir, I've been here three years."

A Miracle Cure

Miracle cures are not uncommon and from every country we hear now and then reports of such strange cures, which it is impossible to explain by any known theories of medicine or science.

There are several such recorded cases of miraculous cures at the famous shrine of Lourdes in France. Of all these cases the best attested by medical men and officials is that about Pierre Derudder. The miracle took place not at Lourdes itself but at Oostaoker near Ghent in Belgium, where there is a grotto which is connected with Lourdes in memory and sentiment.

Derudder was a labourer in a farm in Jabbake, Flanders, where in 1867 a tree trunk fell on his leg and broke it. There was a fracture of the tibia and thigh bone below the knee. The man's physical condition was bad and his leg instead of healing, became rapidly worse. Dr. Affenauer, of Oudenburg, attended on him and reported that fragments of bone devoid of their covering of periosteum were exuded in pus. Gangrene and ulceration spread over the back of the foot; other doctors who were consulted declared the case as incurable and the patient was in bed an entire year in extreme suffering. The patient at last got better but he could not walk and had to support himself on two

crutches. An expert who had examined him said that the two bones of the leg could be seen with a distance of three centimetres between them. The leg could be twisted around in any direction, showing that the broken parts of the bones were in no way connected.

Derudder went about on crutches for eight years and as no physician could offer him any hope of cure he was finally induced by friends to make a journey to Oostaoker.

Derudder made the journey and on arriving at the grotto rested a while, and then hobbled on his crutches twice around the pool. He started on a third trip but could not do so owing to weakness. Sitting down exhausted before the image of the Virgin he prayed to be cured.

Soon he felt that he was being moved by an outside agency and without thinking of his crutches he tried to stand up and then began to walk slowly.

Suddenly he recollected himself and observed with amazement that he had walked without the aid of his crutches and that his dangling leg was steady. He cried out, "I am healed; I am healed."

His wife who was also praying opened her eyes and saw the miracle and she fainted. The crowd pushed and jostled Derudder about and there was

no doubt about it; he could walk with both feet on the ground.

The next day he returned to his village where the news had preceded him and the entire village was out to meet him. The doctors who had previously treated him examined him and testified that the libia was entirely smooth at the place where the fracture had been. Most marvellous of all, there was no visible shortening of the

limb or swelling of the bone.

When he died one Dr. Van Hoestenbergh had permission to have the corpse examined. The autopsy showed traces of the double fracture in the form of an elbow made by the libia at that place. The vertical axis, however, kept the same direction as the axis of the right leg. The length of the bones was measured and the restored leg was found to be about a centimetre shorter.

MEET ZIPPY, THE CHIMPANZEE STAR

How does Zippy, the chimpanzee star, feel about his new role in Gemini's *Insaniyat*? Here is what it says:

They didn't let me waste any time getting down to work here at Gemini. The day I got here I was whisked off to meet the chief himself, Mr. Vasan. Then I went round meeting the "Gemini family." Brother! this is a big family! Can you imagine shaking hands with 700 people? But I did it! I went round to every department. Of course, this man Ralph Quinlan (my assistant who also goes by the name of trainer) followed me around. After all, he has to make a living too!

Well, as soon as the introductions were over, we got right down to business. The first scene was where I get acquainted with my "sidekick," Agha, and in the process there is a song and dance.

Well, he seems good, but I think I'll still have to coach him a little bit. After all, if he has to be my sidekick in a picture he has to be nothing less than perfect you see!

I was over at the wardrobe department to get my costume fitted. The silks and jewellery they had made ready there took my breath away!—but then they say all that is not for me! It's for Bina Rai, the heroine! All the same I like my own costume too. It is the first time I have worn an Indian costume—and wait till you see me in it! It's a knock out!

So, the shooting is off to a big start. The other day Mr. Vasan told me (and Quinlan, my assistant, who just happened to be there) the whole story of the picture. It's got a great theme and I know I am going to like every bit of it that I am going to help shoot.

Mahmud Ghazni & Ayaz

(By Swami Sivananda)

Ayaz, a mere slave, became the Chief Minister of Mahmud Ghazni. Mahmud Ghazni loved Ayaz intensely. This aroused the jealousy of other ministers. The other ministers tried their level best to make the Emperor angry towards Ayaz and send him away, but all their efforts and tricks proved futile. Ghazni loved Ayaz more and more.

The other ministers one day asked Mahmud Ghazni, "O adorable Emperor! Please tell us why you love this slave very much." The Emperor replied, "Yes. There is a positive reason for this. You will know this after some time."

After two months the Emperor called all his ministers including Ayaz and said, "My beloved ministers! I will hide myself to-morrow in the royal garden outside the city. Start in the early morning to-morrow and find me out before the sunset. I will give rich presents to those who find me out."

They all consented and went to their houses with a cheerful heart. Their minds were ever on the nature of the presents they might get on the following day. They did not get good sleep that night.

The Emperor ordered in the night that all the streets leading to the city gates must be filled with groups of variety of sing-

ing and dancing parties of young beautiful damsels before sunrise. It was done accordingly.

The ministers started for the city gates at dawn. Each minister could not resist the temptation to hear the music and see the dancing performance of young beautiful girls. Every minister thought within himself: "The garden in which the Emperor is hiding is a small one. I can find him out in a few minutes. Let me enjoy the music and dancing. I have not witnessed such a grand function in my life-time." He would look at the sun and think: "O, there is yet ample time. It is only 1 p.m. Let me sit for some more time. Let me attend the other dancing party also, for some more time. All these girls are expert songsters and dancers."

The sun was about to set. The ministers got up and hurried to the gates to reach the garden outside. But by the time they reached the garden, the sun had set. They found to their shame, their Emperor in the happy company of Ayaz.

The ministers asked Ayaz, "When did you come here? Did you not witness the dancing parties?" Ayaz said, "What dancing and singing parties? I did not see any. I came straight to the garden at

sunrise and met my master. I have been with him all the time since then."

The Emperor said: "Look here, ministers. That is the reason why I love Ayaz intense-

ly. His eyes see nothing but me. His heart has no place for anything save myself. How can I forget him? How can I cease loving him? He is dearer to me than my life itself. How can I ignore him?"

An excited, middle-aged woman rushed into a police station and accosted the inspector on duty.

"Where's my Joe?" she demanded.

"Beg pardon madam—dog, I presume?" said the officer.

"Don't you dare to presume nothing of the kind," snapped the woman. "Dog, indeed! No, sir, husband. He's missing, disappeared, decamped—"

"You don't say so?"

"I'll have you to understand that I do say so. How dare you sit there and contradict me?"

"My dear madam—"

"How dare you call me your dear madam? Do you imagine I came here to be insulted? I tell you my husband has decamped, and, you sit like a dummy! What do you think of that?"

"Well, madam," replied the inspector, "I haven't the pleasure of your husband's acquaintance, but I should say he is a very wise man."

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the use of the word immaterial, and to discover what the children had learned asked them to bring some article to school demonstrating the word.

Next day she said to one bright youth, "Now, Jhonny, show me what you have brought."

"Well," said Johnny, rising, "will you please hold this stick tightly at both ends?"

Having done this, the teacher inquired what was to be done next.

"Let go one end of the stick," commanded the pupil.

"Which end?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, it's immaterial," replied Johnny; "there's glue on both ends."

Jones, seeing Smith dashing along the village street with a first-aid outfit, asked: "Has there been an accident?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "The old mare has kicked my mother in-law's head."

"Is she much hurt?"

"I don't think so, but I'm taking no chances. I'm off to bandage her leg!"

The King And the Sculptor

(By A. S. P. Ayyar, I.C.S.)

A mighty king of Kalinga constructed the great temple of Jagannath at the cost of many lakhs of rupees. After he finished it he advertised for a sacred sculptor who would carve out an idol worthy of the temple. The reward for doing so was put at one lakh of rupees, and the punishment for failing in the enterprise was death. None offered himself for a long time. At last, one day, an old sculptor came and offered to do it on one condition.

"What is that?" asked the king.

"Nobody except I should go into the temple for thirty days under any pretext whatsoever. If this condition is kept, I shall make an idol which will look just like the real Jagannatha, the Lord of the Universe."

The king was delighted. "What an easy condition!" he said. "I agree to it readily."

Then the sculptor shut himself up in the temple for a month with provisions, etc., and closed the massive gates. Day after day, the king and the citizens heard a thundering noise within the temple.

"Why should he make so much noise?" asked the king of his courtiers on the tenth day. After all, he is making but one idol. Such a noise was not heard even when the whole temple was being constructed, and there were five thousand

men working then, not one."

"It is strange," replied the courtiers. "Shall we go in and see?"

"No," said the king. "For thirty days I have promised that none should enter the temple."

But the noise became louder and louder day by day. The king became more and more anxious as to what was happening. On the twentieth day, he again asked the courtiers:

"Whatever can this be? This noise is becoming quite inexplicable."

"Perhaps the old fellow is breaking all the stone pillars," suggested one courtier.

"What!" replied the king. "Has the devil come to destroy my good temple? What shall we do? I have promised not to enter the temple for the thirty days."

"Sire," said one courtier, "let us go to the temple doors and call him out. There is no harm in that. We can then ascertain from him what all this noise means."

"Excellent," said the king. "Let us go at once."

So they all went to the temple doors and called out for the sculptor. Absolutely no answer came. The dreadful noise continued. The king asked his drummers and trumpeters to play their instruments. Still, no answer; the noise inside only grew the louder.

* Reproduced by kind permission from *Gripping Tales of Ind.* The Orient Publishing Co., Madras.

"Let us enter," said a minister.

"No," said the king. "For thirty days I have promised not to enter the temple. If I do, the glorious image promised to me may be lost."

So the party returned to the palace. That night, the noise became even more thundering, and continued right through the night. Early in the morning, the king called his ministers and courtiers and asked, "Whatever is this? Till now, the noise was heard only during the day, now it is heard during nights as well."

"Sire," replied a minister, "it looks as if the whole temple will fall down soon. Why should we not go at once and break in?"

"If we do," said the king, "the glorious image promised may be lost."

"But, sire," replied the minister, "if we do not, our glorious temple may be blown to atoms by this wretch. Even if we don't get the promised image, let us at least retain our realized temple."

The king's fears were thoroughly aroused. "True," he said, "perhaps the wretch is breaking everything in our temple. Otherwise, I can't see why he should make so much noise in making one idol. Besides, the noise is heard at nights. How can he work at night without a light?"

"No light is required, sire, for breaking pillars," said the minister.

"Ah," said the king, "that is

the secret of the whole thing. Come, let us break the doors and enter. Even if the doors are damaged, let us save what we can of the rest of the temple."

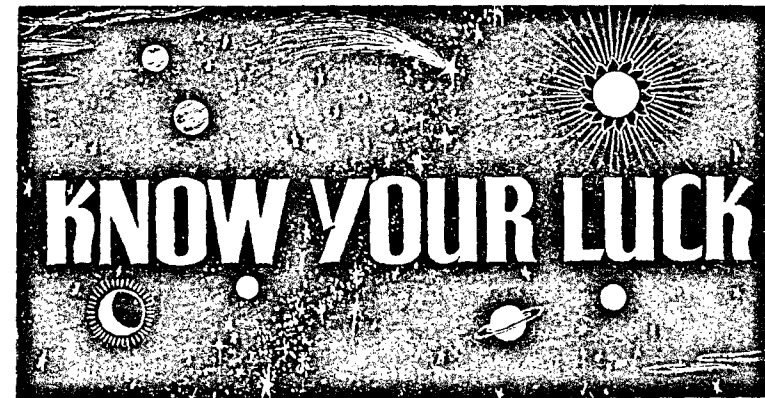
All went to the temple doors which were bolted from the inside. The king had them forced open, and entered the temple with his ministers and courtiers. He saw the old sculptor stooping near a misshapened idol defective in limbs and ugly to look at.

"Wretch," said the king, "is this the idol of Jagannath, Lord of the Universe, which you promised? You shall be beheaded for this."

"Sire," said the sculptor with a smile, "your condition is not fulfilled. This is only the twentyfirst day. O presumptuous king, could you not have held your soul in patience, even for thirty days in order to see the real form of the Lord of Universe?"

The king felt ashamed of his conduct. Nothing in the temple had been interfered with by the sculptor. He looked at the miserable idol and said, "What can we do with this now?"

"Put it in the temple," said the sculptor. "The Lord resides in the ugly as much as He does in the beautiful, and in the defective limbed as in the well-limbed. His worshippers will realize this from this idol." Saying this, the sculptor, who was none else than the Lord of the Universe, disappeared.



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 4, 8, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

on the 4th house
The planetary emphasis falls
on the 4th house
affairs viz., domestic life anxiety, new surroundings, your interest in your near relations and regarding your assets and lands if you are a landholder. Second half shows that you will be mentally strained. One of your children will come up well. You will have good news regarding some birth, success and so on. Generally health will not be better when Rahu enters your Astama Rasi. You will have stomach troubles or worm complaints. Officially you may gain favour of your boss in the second half. Merchants will be speculatively inclined in the second half but they may not fare better. About the 20th there may be sudden money gains.

VRISHABHA RASI

The first half shows that you will be disturbed
mentally on account of your near relations, brothers and sisters. A journey might occur. Correspondence will increase. Separated couples might join under favourable auspices. Financial conveniences are more encouraging in the second half, and you will be more domestically inclined too! Residential amenities might improve. Official encouragement is indicated. Health will be better in the second half. Merchants will have more success in speculation in this month. Marriage might be more successfully negotiated in

the second half.

4, 8, 11, 17, 28 are better days,

x x v

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

This is fairly a good month, emphasis being in financial and family matters. Eye patients will not fare well. There will be monetary gain in more ways than one. Help through near relations is indicated in some cases. Second half shows your special interest in meeting your brother or near relations. You might undertake a journey or your correspondence will create some goodwill with others. Your general health, owing to disturbed stomach, may suffer. Some others will suffer from gastric or windy complaint. Slight favour by way of encouragement in service is indicated. Businessmen may do well in the month. First half may prove more profitable while the second more constructive for their future prosperity.

4, 8, 11, 17, 24, 28 are better days.

x x x

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

First half registers high pressure on all sides of your activities, professionally, financially and domestically. Even health in some cases will suffer. New ideas and plans for the future will strike you. Important domestic changes will occur. Avoid friction with others with whom

you deal. Spiritualists will aspire high and develop their mystic or occult powers. Second half shows better financial conveniences. There will be heavy pressure for money also in some cases. Car owners will have some grouse or other about their cars. Any change of car will be regretted later on. Heavier work officially is noticed. Merchants will do well to wait for the second half when their finances will improve.

4, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

x x x

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Planetary positions during the first half of this month are not promising. Majority of the planets being in the 12th house you will have to

face heavy expenditure, annoyances in the domestic life, unhealthy surroundings and differences with the people with whom you deal. Second half registers better financial conveniences and greater enjoyment mentally and domestically. Officially your merit will be recognised in the second half, or your request will be complied with for a change. The first half is not at all satisfactory there being disquiet life, friction or misunderstanding officially. Businessmen will not find first half profitable. They may be more hopeful of gaining some profit in the second half when their speculation will bear more encouraging fruits. A journey may occur very likely in the first half for many of you.

Makha,
Poorvaphal-
guna and
Uthara
phalguna

Domestic life will improve in the second half only.

4, 5, 8, 22, 28 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

First half of this month will prove gainful to you in all respects. Since planets are in the house of all desires and wishes gratified, you will realise your cherished hopes and ambitions in the line of least resistance. New friends will be made to your advantage. Collections of your outstandings will be easily forthcoming. New source of income can be explored to your advantage. Second half will not be as good as the first. Heavy expenditure is in store. There may be some disappointment in your undertakings. You will not feel happy at home and outside. Financially heavy demands are noticed. Yet the position of Guru alone in the XIth house is calculated to reduce these troubles to a minimum and you may be spared from many expected troubles due to unhappy course of the planets. No encouragement is seen in the second half. There may be rather transfers. Merchants will be luckier in the first half only. Second half will be dull.

4, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

THULA RASI or LIBRA

Planetary lay out in the first half lays emphasis on your career or professional matters. It causes you great anxiety. Change of

Uttara-
phalguna
Hastha and
Chitra

Chitra
Swathi and
Vishaka

your occupation, if not already happened, may occur. Differences with superiors or elders might arise. You will move in high circles and gain much through friends and admirers, officers and associations. If not in the first half, you will realise them in the second half at the latest. There will be appreciable financial gain in the first half. High class friends and good connections will be in the month's picture. Financially there will be better stability and convenience. Officially there will be greater encouragement. Merchants will do well in the second half. Partnership, will also thrive well. New ventures in business speculation can also be started safely.

5, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

x x x

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

This is not a good month for you as the planetary positions are more tantalising than really acting favourably owing to the fact that the planets are in *Bhadhaka Rasi*. And what is more, two malefics on both sides of your Rasi worsening your position, will cause you greater anxiety and annoyances. You will do well to follow the line of least resistance with all you come across. Second half is slightly better in your career matters and your connection with influential people at the higher level. Health also may then improve. Distant news will

Vishaka,
Anuradha
and Jeshtha

interest you. Official improvement may be in evidence in the second half. A distant journey may be envisaged. Merchants may fare well in foreign markets in second half.

4, 5, 8, 11, 17, 22, 28 are better days.

x x x

DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS

Planetary configurations in the first half does not prove encouraging enough. Many of them in the 8th house indicate no mental peace. Your health may suffer, or a distant journey may occur. There may be aspersions cast against you unnecessarily by others. You may not hear good news from your friends and relations afar. Officially you may suffer. One of your friends or relations may disappoint you. In some cases unusual health trouble due to stomach disorder may be in evidence. Your mother's health (if she is alive) may cause you anxiety. But the second half will prove decidedly lucky. Many of your difficulties will be easily cleared away. Officially you will be favoured. Distant journey may occur. An auspicious ceremony may be expected. Financially improvement is registered in the second half only. Merchants will lose in the first half while they will profit well in the second half. There will be successful legal proceedings in the second half only.

4, 5, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

The array of planets in the 7th house aspected by Saturn indicates great opposition from your surroundings against you or a quiet and dull life without any action on your part in the first half only. Planets in the 7th also render your domestic life unhappy and inharmonious with family members. There may be some court proceedings for some. Officially you may have no mental peace. Avoid friction with seniors. Finance will not be easy during this month. Second half indicates disturbed health. Avoid distant journey. One of your children will cause you anxiety as to his health. Merchants will find business handicaps. Second half will be better for them.

4, 8, 11, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

x x x

KUMBHA RASI

First half is not favourable to you. Planets in the 6th house cause you not a little annoyance in respect of money, your relationship with your kith and kin and also outsiders. Health will be often disturbed particularly in the first half. There will be disturbed relationship with your relatives. In the case of the rich there will be servant troubles. In a few cases a journey to a distant place may occur. Second half shows luckier time of it. An auspicious

† Uttarashada
Sraavana & †
Dhanista

Moola,
Poorvashada,
Uttarashada †

† Dhanista,
Sathabhishta &
† Poorva-
bhada

ceremony might take place. Avoid court troubles. Domestic harmony will improve. Official change may occur in the month. Businessmen will find no obstacles in their way. Partnership may be entered into on better terms. Avoid friction in all transactions.

4, 5, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

x x x

MEENA RASI or PISCES

This is a better month than the last one on the whole. Your trouble is more mental and imaginary than real.

† Poorvabhadra
Uttarabhadra &
Revathi

Your mind will be often high-strung. One of your children will cause you anxiety as to health. Stomach disorder or functional derangement might occur in a few cases. Second half will be better as many of your pending affairs will be well settled. Take care of your health. There may be some necessity for raising a temporary hand loan. Avoid misunderstandings with your relations. Officially some improvement is indicated in the month. Merchants will gain in the month if they avoid element of speculation.

4, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 28 are better days.

It had been a very convivial dinner, and when the time came for the guests to depart, Smith and Jones found that their last train to the suburbs had gone, and they were faced with a five-mile walk home.

About an hour later, just as they had passed a church which had chimed out the hour of two, Smith broke a long silence.

"Does your wife miss you when you are late on such occasions as this?" he asked.

"Very seldom," his friend replied. "There are still two large lumps on the back of my head where she hit me the last time."

In the stillness of the night there came a noise from the dining-room.

"Someone's moving," whispered Mrs. Brown. "Go down, Herbert."

"I don't think it's—or—anything," faltered Herbert.

"Herbert, are you afraid to go down and face that burglar?" demanded his wife.

"Afraid? Certainly not!" he stammered. "But you know, my dear, how I hate meeting strangers."

"Fighting is all right, providing you do it intelligently."

"Yes, but you can't always find a smaller man."

"Is your friend a musician too?"

"Well, he blows his own trumpet."

NEWS STORIES

Mrs. Lizzy Deibel, of Mount Pleasant, U.S.A., had been told by a fortune teller that she would one day be rich but Mrs. Deibel didn't believe it. For, how can she, a mere labourer's wife, ever hope to become rich?

But the prophesy came true in a strange way. Mrs. Deibel was invited to a television studio to tell her story: how for many more years than (he cared to remember she had toiled to bring up a family on a labourer's meagre income.

"Plucky woman," said the man who interviewed her. "What is your dearest wish?"

Mrs. Deibel did not hesitate one moment. "Let each of my many friends give me a dime. It would make all the difference in the world."

Mrs. Deibel had hardly finished speaking when her interviewer slipped a dime into her hand.

"Maybe some more people will spend a dime on you," she was told. They did indeed. When Mrs. Deibel returned on her cramped quarters in Detroit, she was received by a large crowd of neighbours and strangers. Each hastened to hand her a dime.

Next morning the postman had a sack full of letters, each containing dimes and the dimes flowed in a regular stream making her rich!

X X X

GHOST REMINDS OF A PROMISE

At a meeting of priests at Oberbronn, near Frankfurt, Abbot Wolf gave an account of psychic phenomena which took place in a monastery recently.

The incidents concerned a monk who was reminded by a "vision" of a promise he had made some 25 years previously. He had been a young student at Ratisbon, and was attending the funeral of a cannon of the college, when he met a poor collier who seemed to be in distress.

Seeing the tears rolling down the man's cheeks, he asked whether he could help. "I was only thinking," said the man, "the cannon will have plenty of masses said for him, whereas I have no one in the world to say even one for me when I die."

The young student promised that as he soon as he became fully-fledged priest he would say masses for the man, and took his name.

Twenty-five years later, the student, now a monk, was lying awake in his bed when suddenly he saw walking across the cel

towards him the poor man he had seen long ago at the funeral. The collier reminded him of the promise he had then made to him.

Shortly after, the ghost returned. So the monk ran to tell the prior who, as soon as the other monks had been called, announced that all the masses celebrated that morning should be for the soul of the poor man who desired their prayers so earnestly.

When the masses had been said, a mysterious light shone in the church, and a supernatural voice was heard to say: "Praise God!"

X X X

SEA RESTAURANT

A Swedish millionaire, fed-up with taxes and restrictions in his own country, has decided to escape from both by building himself an island outside the territorial waters of Sweden and Denmark.

Gunnar Laeggeberg used to live in a marvellous villa in Scania, the southernmost province of Sweden. Now he is converting an open-air swimming-bath, anchored in the not very deep waters more than three miles from the coast, into an island which will be called Sweden.

Here Laeggeberg plans to build a restaurant. Its special attraction will be drinks and smokes free of taxes, and no closing hours. He himself will not have to pay any income tax.

There will be a helicopter landing-base on the roof of the restaurant. He also plans a commercial radio station, up to now forbidden in Sweden as well as in Denmark.

Lawyers say there are no reasons why the planning and establishment of such an "international island" should not go through unhampered by any laws.

X X X

SPACE-SHIP FROM VENUS

Living at 519, North Gertruda, St. Redondo Beach, California, U. S., is a man named Truman Bethuram, who claims to have talked to a woman space-ship captain from the planet Venus.

He has been interrogated by the American Federal Bureau of Investigation, and by U. S. Air Force Intelligence officers, who say they are inclined to believe his story.

Mr. Bethuram, a married man in his late fifties, has spent most of his life on heavy building work. He says he has never read any science fiction stories, and is certainly not an imaginative person.

Recently he was working on a road construction job as a mechanic and welder on a high-way running from Las Vegas to Salt Lake City. One evening, after he had finished work early,

he sat down in his car and decided to have a nap before returning home.

He was awakened by voices, and saw a group of small men walking round his car, examining it. They were all about four feet in height. Less than a hundred yards away, he says was a gleaming saucer-shaped space ship.

The visitors addressed him in his own language. Following them to the space ship, Bethuram found that it had not actually landed, but was hovering about three feet up. It was 300 feet in diameter, and 18 feet high.

On his approach it tilted slightly, and a small ladder dropped from a door. Down it came a woman, aged about 35. She said her name was Aura Rhamans, and that she and her crew were visiting Earth from the planet Clarion, "beyond the moon." Bethuram thinks she was referring to the planet we call Venus. After a short, friendly conversation, the crew of the space-ship took off again.

Back at camp, Mr. Bethuram informed his foreman, who said he was "plain crazy." But he sticks to his story, and even went to a justice of the peace to swear that he was telling the truth in his account of the space-ship.

Two years ago another American, George Adamski, claimed to have met a man from Venus.

x x x

TIPS FOR SOUND SLEEP

If you sleep with your head pointing north and your feet south, you are probably one of those lucky people who are rarely troubled by insomnia, according to a United States team of scientists who have been studying people's sleeping positions and habits.

They say that the head should always rest to the north, in line with the earth's main magnetic field of force. Under the soothing influence of the Magnetic Pole, the spectre of insomnia is likely to be banished.

For the head to recline in positions away from the north is to bring it across, instead of in line with, the terrestrial magnetic flow, we are told.

If you feel sceptical and inclined to scoff at all this read what one of the scientists says: "Just as the earth is a magnetized sphere, so the human body is a magnet charged with electricity. By being in line with the earth's magnetism, the nervous or electrical energy flowing in the human body is directed away from the brain—and better sleep results."

What else has science discovered about how we sleep? Well, experiments carried out in Pittsburgh on more than 100 healthy

people showed that the average healthy man changes his position from twenty to forty-five times during sleep.

He remains in half of these positions for less than five minutes, and the more comfortable the bed, the more often he changes his position.

Too much sleep may be harmful to us, deadening the activities of mind and body, the scientists point out. They do not go as far as another expert who advanced the theory that it may be possible to develop a sleepless race.

"We may eliminate sleep entirely by scaling it down gradually and getting accustomed to going without it," he suggested. What a prospect!

But most experts are agreed that the average man needs to-day at least eight hours' sleep and the average woman even more if they are to maintain good health.

Apart from the amount of sleep, there is the question of its quality. For perfect sleep two things are essential—a perfect digestion and mind at rest. There are people who retire early, wake late and still complain of that tired feeling. The experts explain that they are suffering either from worry or indigestion—both sleep killers.

x x x

LIGHTING FOR LOVE

Cupid is being lent a hand in the United States by the electrical industry. Engineers have invented a "wall-dimmer" which makes interior lighting so soft that it will make the plainest girl look like a screen-star. It goes so far as to make freckles and other blemishes disappear.

The engineers have different lighting arrangements for different types of girls. For instance, for the "genuine" blonds there is the "surprise pink," giving a warm feeling that makes her look her best.

Brunettes get a darker shade of pink light while redheads get a "pinky yellow" light treatment. For men there is something, too—"amber" which makes men look healthy and tanned!

x x x

BOYS WHO WERE BROUGHT UP AS GIRLS

The judge at a court in Boulder, Colorado, U. S., has refused to make public the names of two brothers who say their parents brought them up as girls.

The brothers, unmarried, asked to be allowed to abandon their feminine first names and adopt masculine ones. They said they always wore men's clothes at work but donned women's clothes when they were at home.

The brothers are the youngest of a family of fourteen children—all boys. The parents decided that twelve sons around the place were quite enough and thereafter regarded the last two as daughters. Even the birth-certificates of the brothers described them as females.

The court upheld the brothers' request.

x x x

HUMAN ENERGY

According to Mr. John Ayres, of the Institution of Works Managers, London, human energy is 500 times more expensive than electric power.

He maintains that thirteen men are needed to do the work of a machine that develops one-tenth of a horse power, and for this they are paid forty-two shillings. The machine does the same work for one penny.

The Institution was established to study the engineering side of production processes, and though they say that human energy is 500 times more expensive than electrical power, they admit that there are still quite a number of jobs that machines cannot perform unless "inefficient" humans are paid to tend and guide them. And, of course, when one breaks down it needs a human being to repair it.

x x x

POLTERGEIST

A poltergeist recently made havoc in the home of a family at East Putney, Britain.

The spirit's activities were first noticed by one of the daughters, who was awakened in her back bed-room one night by the sound of banging and scratching on her bed.

She called her father, who refused to believe that there was anything abnormal about the noises. As a test he agreed to knock four times on the wall. To his astonishment there were four mysterious answering knocks. He called the police, but they could offer no explanations.

The noises continued. Eventually the daughter abandoned her bedroom and began to sleep in the kitchen, but the poltergeist followed her there.

Soon it was operating night and day, throwing things about and playing tricks. Then the poltergeist transferred its attention to another daughter of the house, 15-year-old June. At night she would feel something touching her, and the spirit would pull down the springs of her bed.

Other phenomena were a table lifted up; hairpins and egg-cups thrown about; a letter left on a table found inexplicably screwed up into a ball and lying on the floor; objects on a chair

mysteriously moved elsewhere; butter smeared across a mirror; and an orange placed in a teacup.

Every time June woke up she would find a book lying on her bed. Once she found a chocolate had mysteriously transferred itself from a box on her dressing-table into her powder bowl.

There was a strange coldness in her bedroom whenever the poltergeist was about. June's former school teacher, together with two Roman Catholic priests, eventually called at the house.

Prayers of exorcism were said, and the poltergeist is now reported to have ceased its activities.

x x x

HAD HIS EEG SHORTENED

Because he could not grow normally, a 15-year-old Scots lad decided to shorten his height!

Fraser Nisbet, of St. Abbs, caught polio as a baby, and as he grew older his bad leg was not growing as quickly as the other. He could not romp and play with other boys.

At the back of his mind was the thought that he would never be able to join in the fun.

At 16 he was operated on. When he came out of hospital his left leg had been straightened. But it was now 2 inches shorter than his right leg.

Then came a remarkable decision for a boy of 15. Fraser was determined he would not go through life with the handicap of a limp. He could not get his short leg lengthened. Then why not get the other leg shortened?

So Fraser went to hospital for another operation to have his good leg shortened. When he came out, both his legs were the same size!

x x x

The street corner orator had been called upon to answer more questions than expected and he was becoming muddled.

"Tell them all you know," shouted a heckler during an awkward pause. "It won't take you long."

"I'll tell them all we both know," replied the orator; "it won't take any longer!"

x x x

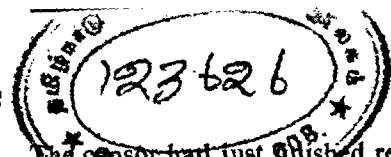
In mid ocean a girl who had been watching a miserable-looking man said to his wife beside her: "Your husband is a poor sailor, is he not?"

"Certainly not," replied the woman; "he's a rich stock-broker."

x x x

"Poor George has been kicked by a horse."

"How dreadfully obsolete in this motor age!"



Kahaniya August, 1955

The censor had just finished reading the new play.
 "This will never do, young man," he said to the author. It is positively corrupting.

The author argued: "Why this play is all about a minister and a reformer—it's my best work—there can't be anything objectionable in it."

"Listen to the ending," replied to the censor. "The situation is this—the two men have just finished dinner at the hotel. The minister says 'Shall we drive to the station now?' 'I am ready,' answers the reformer. The two men arise from the table and go out."

"Well," muttered the author, "what is corrupting about that?"

"My dear sir, your play would exert a criminal influence on our younger generation. The minister and reformer have left without paying their bill!"

"I Believe in calling a spade a spade," said the emphatic person.

"That's right, friend," replied Bronco Bob. "There was a man who nearly lost his life here by playing cards and tryin' to call a spade a club."

The psychologist had finished his lecture and was answering questions. A meek little man asked: "Did you say that a good poker player could hold down any kind of executive job?"

"That's right," answered the lecturer. "Does that raise a question in your mind?"

"Yes," was the reply. "What would a poker player want with a job?"

An over-publicized author submitted to a mass interview. When it was over one critic said:

"He isn't as conceited as I'd been led to expect."

"Ah, yes," added another, "but he has so much to be modest about!"

"How are you getting on at your job, Bill?"

"Fine; I've got five men under me now."

"Really?"

"Yes—I work upstairs."

Edited and published by P. A. Prabhu, B.A., (Hons) at 32, Palatope, Mylapore, Madras-4. Printed by J. S. Vasan at The Sunday Times Press 69, Peters Road, Cathedral P.O., Madras-6.

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.,
 Tiruchirapalli Branch: Big Bazaar St., Teppakulam;
 Kumbakonam Branch: Big St., Vizianagaram City
 Branch: Vorugantivari Street.

NOW
IN
TABLETS
 JVZ-4

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.

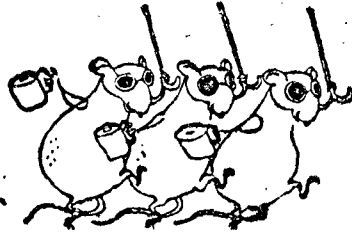
Indian Home Remedies: A most valuable book for treatment at home, giving directions how with the aid of a few common drugs any one can treat all ailments.

Price: 0-4-0.

Postage 0-1-3.

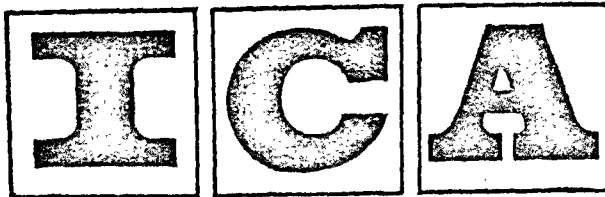
SUNDAY TIMES BOOKSHOP,
MADRAS-6.

**FILL UP
and
FEEL THE**



DIFFERENCE

with



LICENSING UNDER SHELL PATENT

(IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE)