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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)

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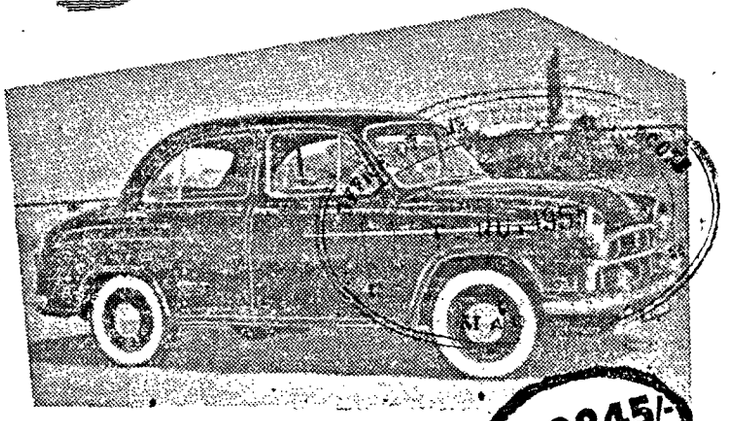

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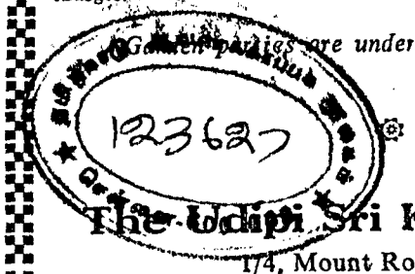

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CAPITAL

AUTHORISED	Rs.	1,00,00,000
SUBSCRIBED	Rs.	72,00,000
CALLED & PAID-UP	Rs.	57,80,000
RESERVE & OTHER FUNDS	Rs.	76,50,000
DEPOSITS (30-6-55)	Rs.	27.69 Crores

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Secretary.

Kahaniya

SHORT STORY MONTHLY

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

Vol. II | NOVEMBER, 1955 | No. 7

THE DEEPAVALI FESTIVAL

The festival of Deepavali has to-day lost some of its traditional significance but the cheer and gaiety remains and so it is welcomed and celebrated every year in all Hindu homes.

(By Kumar)

With its massing clouds and intermittent rains, its dreary days and dark nights, the month of Thula is the most dismal month of the year. But its dismal background is enlivened by the light and cheer of Deepavali.

Rooted in picturesque tradition which describes the deliverance of the world from the dark deeds of an Asura, Deepavali has gathered around itself social trappings which impart liveliness and youth to this age-old festival.

Deepavali ushers in a new world of joy and colour. With mirthful children dressed in new clothes romping about with innocent mischief; with the teenagers draped in colourful sarees flitting about darting side-long glances and dreaming roseatte dreams of a married life; with newly-weds, their eyes full of langour and heart full of expectations of fulfilment roused by exciting interludes of fleeting meetings; and, with old people, their eyes twinkling with mirth recalling the thrills of their youthful days, Deepavali invests the home with the charm and grace of a fairyland.

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There is fun and laughter everywhere; there are new clothes and sumptuous feasts in every home. The Deepavali atmosphere is instinct with friendliness and fellow-feeling. Deepavali is sweet to everyone.

But Deepavali today is not the same it was some thirty years ago. Its character has changed; the nature of celebrations have also changed; and the response it evokes from people, young and old, has also changed. Long years ago it was a function of thanksgiving to the Lord who delivered the world from the tyranny of dark forces. The social frills that were tagged on to this religious festival were meant only to mitigate the austerity that might ultimately kill the festival. But today the social frills have, by their gilt and glamour, obscured the religious import of Deepavali.

Children and the newly-weds enjoy Deepavali the most. There is not much difference between what children got out of Deepavali thirty years ago and what they get out of it today. The same breathless waiting and sleepless vigil on the Deepavali eve, the same new clothes, the same crackers, though innumerable varieties have been added on now, the same innocent mischief and the same attention to the delicacies prepared at home characterise children's approach to and enjoyment of Deepavali then and now. But not so in the case of the newly-weds.

Thirty years ago when cinema and the stage, the magazine and the novel did not propagate ideas of sex, when girls were married off before they were sixteen and boys before they reached twenty-two and when teenagers approached life with eagerness and trepidation to understand its mysteries, not by storming it openly and unashamedly but by hastening to uncover it fold by fold, thrilled by the excitement it yielded at every step, Deepavali was a festival of ambrosial sweetness to the newly married.

Then the girl looked forward, on the Deepavali eve, to the coming of her husband with an all-consuming eagerness which never sought expression in inartistic ways. The sound of every passing cart—cars were not many then—would bring her tip-toeing to the door to peep out to see whether the cart stops.

And when at last the cart stops and when her young man steps out, roving his eyes

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It will delight you

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And when at last the cart stops and when her young man steps out, roving his eyes

eagerly around, to see whether his charmer is there, she would have fled. Disappointed yet relieved—for he too would have foundered if the girl had been there to greet him—he would walk to his room and wait. And then every footfall would fill him with excitement; every sound of the jingling bangles would transport him to a world of music; every rustle of a silk sari would stir him with expectation; and the sweet scent of any flower floating in the air would make him eager.

The two days of Deepavali would thus be days paved with thrills and packed with excitement. It would be an adventure full of sweet little incidents everyone of which would have given each of them glimpses into the other's heart.

In days gone by, Deepavali was the most important and most enchanting of the chain of festivals which brought the newly-weds together, provided them opportunities to meet and gave them the setting to win each other through gradual but exciting conquest.

Today, Deepavali to the newly-weds is a festival full of joy but without thrills or excitement. They have new clothes, sumptuous feasts and good fun. They chat in drawing rooms about pictures, fashions, dances and music. They go to beach in the evening or to the pictures. But Deepavali as a helper to understand the mysteries of life, is a thing of the past.

For what mystery does life hold out to the cinema-going, magazine-reading youngsters of to day? And so when Deepavali comes three months or six months after marriage and when the newly-married know the facts of life and know also how to go about them, occasions to provide them a meeting ground through festivals like Deepavali lose meaning.

Deepavali today stands shorn of its religious significance. It has also lost the value which it had to the newly-weds. But whatever it has lost, it has not lost its cheer and gaiety. And so, Deepavali is welcomed and celebrated in every home.

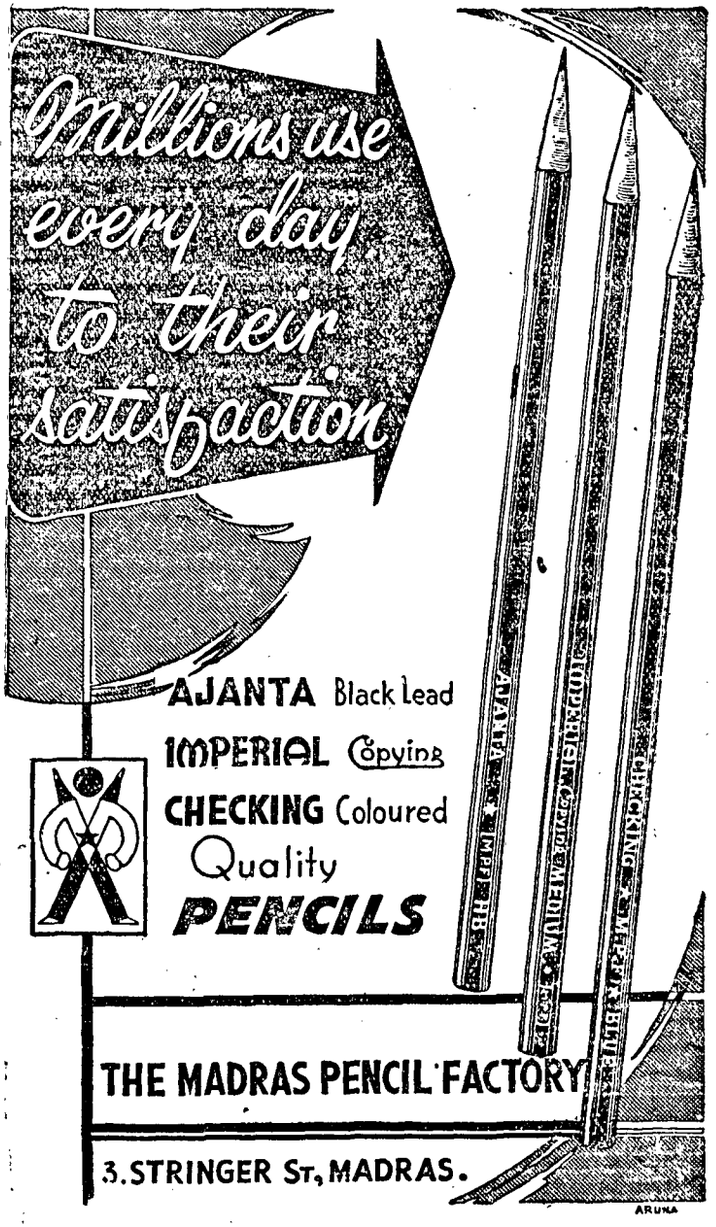
"If you wash your face I'll give you a piece of chocolate," said grandmother. "And if you wash behind the ears I'll give you two pieces."

"Grandma," replied little Johnny, "how many if I have a bath?"

x x x

The stout woman was watching the keeper of the zoo while he fed the lions. "Isn't that a small piece of meat to give the lions?" she inquired.

The keeper answered quietly, but firmly. "It may seem like a small piece of meal to you, mum, but it seems enough to the lions."



Slave Who Became A Sultana

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

Her speech was like the soft murmur of the roses; her cheeks were smooth like silken tassels. She looked like a sheaf of golden, ripened corn, ready to be gathered. The curves of her strong and tender limbs had the alluring glow of an unopened bud. She was a Georgian slave, young and sprightly. Her smiles flashed like bright beams of sunlight, piercing through patches of clouds. She was beautiful and she knew that.

Clad in rags that half covered her lustrous shape she was exposed in the slave market. Amidst jeers and murmurs of admiration she was sold for a handsome price to the agent of the Sultan, Sulaiman the Magnificent. Thus she became one amongst the thousands of the inmates of the Sultan's harem. But fate had destined for her a more dominant role. The first time the Sultan cast his glance at her he knew he could not resist her. Every fibre in him throbbed for this slave.

To the Sultan her company was like rich sweet wine, intoxicating. She cast a powerful spell over him like strong incense of roses. The ripples of her light laughter roused tumults in him. The Turkish Sultans never married twice for fear of causing fratricidal wars of succession. They married but once and had a harem full of slaves and mistresses. But this Georgian slave was astute; she had hitched her ambition to the stars. She spread her net warily and captured the Sultan by her wiles. Her soft caresses won for her Sulaiman's utter confidence and love. Contrary to the custom of his family the Sultan married the slave and made her a queen.

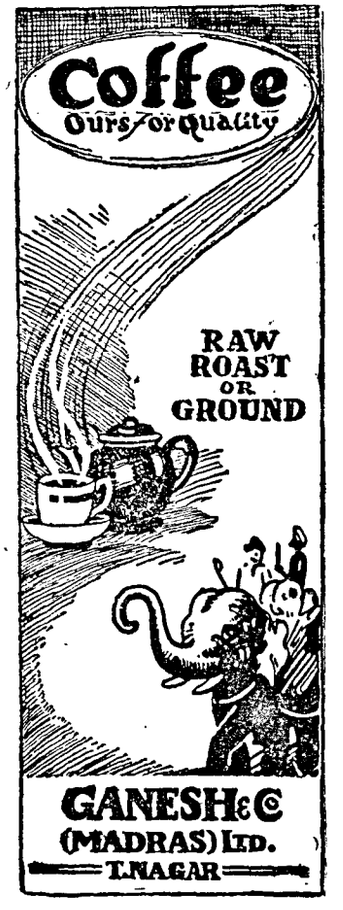
Death wears sometimes the mask of beauty. This Georgian was dangerous because she was ambitious. Her path to success was blocked by Mustafa, the son of the Sultan by his first wife.

She had to remove Mustafa from her path to success. She knew it was a difficult task. Mustafa was in charge of a far away province in Mesapotomia called Dearbequin. By nature a good and gentle man, his administration was clean and efficient. His reputation had travelled far and wide and everybody called him good. It was hard to accuse him of wrongs.

The scheming Roxalana, for that was the Sultana's name, pondered days and nights over the problem. Neither gold nor promise of reward would induce any one, even the meanest, to speak against Mustafa. Everyone, from the common people to the rich nobles, seemed to be his friends. The weapons of a cunning woman are many and varied. Roxalana hit upon a wonderful method to achieve her object. She had decided to turn the very goodness of

Mustafa into a noose. She planned to kindle jealousy in the heart of the Sultan at his son's popularity. It was a startling plan and a clever one too.

Deep hate speaks fair and wears many smiles. Roxalana smiled often and on every conceivable occassion she brought in the name of Mustafa and praised his goodness and virtues. She had her innocent minions who believed her and they in their turn began to extol the merits of the Sultan's son. Roxalana by deft coaching induced many couriers to spread the fame of Mustafa in distant parts of the kingdom. Suddenly there was a burst of popularity for Mustafa; every provincial Governor who visited the Sultan, thinking that it would please the Sultan to hear his son's praise, extolled the merits and virtues of Mustafa; every foreign visitor, carefully prepared by Roxalana's agents, began to praise Mustafa before the Sultan. And whenever the Sultan came to Roxalana to spend a few moments away from the cares of government, Roxalana took up the theme of Mustafa's popularity. The Sultan was at first surprised; then he was irritated and finally he became angry like a teased and tortured animal. From dawn to dusk, everywhere in the Hall of Justice, in the palace courtyards, while hunting, in the harem, in every place the Sultan heard nothing but the praise of his son Mustafa. The poison began to work; he grew jealous of his son, and this as



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the days passed deepened into deep hatred of his son. The Sultan felt like one tortured whenever he heard the praise of his son. Suspicion grew strong in the heart of the Sultan that Mustafa was aiming at the throne. The wily trick of the Georgian was working well.

It was an woeful day when the Sultan resolved to destroy his good and noble son. His General Rustom was ordered to march against him and bring him prisoner. The General, perhaps having an inkling of the object behind the command, requested the Sultan himself to accompany. At last they reached the province of Mustafa. Command went that Mustafa should appear before the Sultan.

Mustafa had strange misgivings in his heart. He had committed no offence against the majesty of the Sultan. Perplexed, yet strong in the belief that his noble father would deal out justice to him, he went to the Sultan's camp

The entire camp was silent like a tomb. The usual bustle and stir was absent. An ominous quiet lay heavily like a pall. Mustafa entered the tent of his father. Suddenly from behind the heavy silken curtains appeared some African mutes. Terror seized Mustafa at the sight of them, for they were the silent and secret executioners of the Sultan. "Oh! I am dead!" cried Mustafa in great pity. The mutes were like men of stone. The heartless brutes were never known to relax in pity. A silken noose was flung round Mustafa's neck and tightened in a moment. The unfortunate prince shrieked and struggled but to no purpose. In a few moments the mutes had strangled the prince. As Mustafa's life was ebbing out Sultan Sulaiman the Magnificent was watching the spectacle from behind the curtains with great satisfaction. A smile of contentment passed over the royal father's face.

When the Sultan's second son Genagir saw his brother's corpse he stabbed himself to death.

Roxalana on hearing the news of the death of Mustafa, pouted her red lips before the mirror and smiled—a smile of satisfaction.

The ambitious youth came to London to join the police. He passed the medical examination and was interviewed.

" Well, young man," said an officer, " you look a promising sort of young fellow. You have a good general knowledge, I suppose."

" Yes, sir !"

" Can you tell me, then, how many miles it is from London to Aberdeen ?" The ambitious youth became alarmed. " Look here, sir," he blurted out, " if you're going to put me on that beat, I'd rather stay at home and help father with his cows."

BENGAL ELECTRICALS, BANGALORE-3.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

Kulgam Murder Case

(*By S. Rajagopalan*)

Pandit Srikanth was a patwari residing at Kulgam (Kashmir). He was 55, ugly looking and one eyed. His wife Arandatti (23', a contraption for the name Arundatti of epic fame, lived with him amicably to all appearances, her brother Premnath being employed as his assistant. Four years ago, Srikanth was disatisfied with him and suspecting him of pilfering, sent him away and appointed one Mohd. Bhat, a young man who had read up to the middle school course, in his stead, and the latter joined duty. He used to come to the house rather too frequently, even during his master's absence and it was pretty evident that both he and Arandatti became infatuated with each other, although Srikanth never even suspected it.

In the first week of April,1953, Srikanth went to his father-in-law in a nearby village for condolence. His wife could not accompany him as she was advanced in pregnancy. He returned on the afternoon of 9-4-1953 to his house, carrying with him a good lot of foodstuffs for the purpose of entertaining two friends of his, Badrinath and Kedarnath, at his residence at noon on the following day. Then he visited the temple in the evening and returned. He took his meals and then went to bed in the second storey of his house.

On the following day Badrinath and Kedarnath came to the house and took their meals. They did not find Srikanth, but were informed by his wife that he was on official duty in his circle. They left the house. Three days later, Arandatti locked up the premises and accompanied by her brother Premnath, proceded to her parents' village. Srikanth was definitely missing.

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Ten days later, Premnath sent two reports to the Revenue and the police authorities intimating that Srikanth had left Kulgam fifteen days ago for official duty and had not returned. He also suggested that one Gani Dhar Lambardar was inimically disposed towards him and had probably beaten him to death at his village Badwani. The Police Inspector forthwith repaired to that place and made a thorough enquiry. Five days later the police made an entry into Srikanth's house to get at his official papers having obtained the key from Arandatti.. All these however did not provide them with any clue and the police were making fruitless enquiries till 14-5-1953. That day something mysterious happened. An inland air mail letter purporting to have been written by one "Shambunath, son of Ramchand, Kulgam" was received by the police. It was stated therein that Srikanth had been murdered at the instigation of Pandit Ramchand and that his body was lying in a pit in the ground floor of his residence at Kulgam

The police who were investigating aimlessly at Badwani all the while, seized upon this as a veritable godsend and immediately left for Kulgam. They proceeded to the house of Srikanth and forced open the entrance chamber and got into it. It did not take long for them to discover a corner overlaid with some grass and earth, which was emitting a foul odour. The magistrate was sent for at once and in his presence, the body of

Srikanth wrapped up in a shawl was taken out of the pit. He had been cut through his throat, the injury being 6" in length. Srikanth's relations including Arandatti were sent for. A postmortem was held immediately thereafter. The doctor opined that death had been caused by cutting the throat in front involving all the vital structures of the neck including cartoid arteries and jugular veins. There was no other external or internal injury on the body.

Arandatti was remaining with the police during the night. On the following day, she took the police to the entrance chamber of the house and pointed out a place. It was dug up and six articles of wearing apparel stained with blood belonging to Srikanth were taken out. On the same day, a spade was handed over to the police by the woman which, she said, had been used to dig up the pits.

The police then entered the

bedroom and one *durree*, one pillow, one pillow case and a quilt cover covered with blood-stains were recovered. Apart from these two mats and one gunny bag were also seized by the police from this room, which were also blood stained. The clothes were all wet and awful stink was issuing from them.

Two days later, Arandatti was sent by the police to the Magistrate for recording her statement emergently as she was soon to be confined. The Magistrate took down her statement immediately. At that time her condition was precarious. Labour pains had started. She was crying hoarse when spasms consequent upon these pains agonised her body. Arandatti told a story. She said that after the dismissal of her brother Premnath her husband Srikanth employed Mohd. Bhat. He made frequent appearances at the household and both of them fell in love with each other. They were bent upon doing away with Srikanth and marry. Before Srikanth returned from the temple on the fateful day, he (Mohd. Bhat) had hid himself in the household. When Srikanth fell fast asleep, he stabbed him in the neck, while she was gagging him all the while. They then took the body and buried it in the pit downstairs and put his clothes into another pit, which had been dug up already. The bedroom was cleared and cleaned of all blood stains. On the following morning, she entertained Badrinath and Kedarnath and afterwards proceeded to her parents' house. Premnath also was examined by the police. He said that his sister had told him that she and Mohd. Bhat had killed her husband and placed the body in the house.

All eyes were, thereupon, turned on Mohd. Bhat, who had been hiding himself in the valley. He appeared to have confessed his guilt to one Abdur Rahman, who wrote the letter to the police under the pseudonym "Shambunath". Then he left for Pathankot and proceeded to Amritsar. Finally he surrendered himself to the police on 30th

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May 1953. Two days later the police produced him before the District Magistrate. He was given pardon on condition of his disclosing all particulars. He turned approver and his narration of facts was as follows:

He and Arandatti wanted to do away with Srikanth and then marry each other. Various plans were devised. It was suggested that he should be killed when on official tour. This was not considered feasible as also a plan to poison his food. Finally it was decided to kill him in his own house and bury the corpse in the ground floor. With a view to carry out the design, Mohd. Bhat came to live in the house 26 or 27 days previously. During these days, he dug a pit in the ground floor 15 days before the murder. It was then covered with small planks and earth. He did not go out of the house even for purposes of calls of nature, all creature comforts of his being attended to by Arandatti herself. Then Mohd. Bhat got a knife from Punjab. He gave it to her and she kept it safe in her box.

On the fateful day, when Srikanth had been to the temple, Arandatti asked Mohd. Bhat to conceal himself under the cot in the bed room. He did as he was told. The cot was then covered with a "durree". He was given the knife and a torch by Arandatti After meals, Srikanth and Arandatti took their bed spread on the floor. After about two hours, when both of them were fast asleep, Mohd. Bhat came out of the hiding place and dealt a knife blow to Srikanth on his forehead. He was lying in his bed with the face upwards. Srikanth was awakened and he snatched the knife from Bhat's hands, who was sitting on his chest at that time. Arandatti at this stage gagged his mouth with a piece of cloth, wrested the knife from his hands and gave it back to Bhat. Half his throat had been cut; his blood flowed freely and he died immediately. The body was then put into the bed sheet and carried downstairs. They lowered it into the pit which had already been prepared. The pit was then cover-

AMRUTANJAN

FOR

All Aches and Pains

ed with earth till it was made level with the floor. Then Bhat dug up another pit parallel to the first on the left side and into it were put the clothes of the deceased. This was filled up. Then they proceeded to the bed room and the walls and the floor were scrubbed and cleaned of all blood stains. These were done till three in the night. Mohd. Bhat then left the house. As it was very cold Arandatti gave him a shawl of Srikanth's. Mohd. Bhat went to Srinagar and sold it for Rs. 32 as he was in needy circumstances.

Arandatti was placed on trial for the offence of murder under Sec.302 I.P.C. and for screening the dead body under Sec. 201 I.P.C. At the trial she pleaded not guilty. She went back on her statement, although she admitted that on the night of the murder she slept with Srikanth and also identified the clothes found in the pit as his. She denied any intimacy with Mohd. Bhat and did not admit that she gave the shawl to him. Mohd. Bhat stuck up to his statement before the committal court, but in the sessions court, gave out that it was given under police pressure and their dictation and that he was not in the place at all material times. He denied any sort of connection with Arandatti.

The Sessions Judge of Kashmir found Arandatti guilty of murder and sentenced her to life imprisonment. She was also sentenced to four years' rigorous imprisonment under Sec. 201 for causing disappearance of the evidence of murder by concealing the body.

At the High Court of Jammu and Kashmir the judges were of the opinion that though a brutal and serious crime should go unpunished, they were not convinced that Arandatti had committed the murder. Her statement to the police was given at a time when she was practically in police custody and in great physical distress.

The approver's story and the one given by the woman did not tally in essential particulars. There was however no doubt that Srikanth was murdered in his own house. It was also clear that Arandatti helped in the disposal off of the body and the clothe's he was wearing. Her disappearance from the house since the murder and her pointing out the place where from the clothes of the deceased were recovered, prove that she knew where the deceased and his clothes had been buried. But all these facts would only establish that she was guilty of the offence of causing disappearance of the evidence of murder. Giving her the benefit of doubt the judges acquitted her of the murder charge and maintained her conviction under Sec. 201 I.P.C. and the sentence of four years R. 1. imposed by the Sessions Judge for that offence.

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Happiness is where it is found, and seldom where it is sought.—*Josh Billings.*

Naoom, The Invisible Man

A thrilling Russian folk tale of an archer who was set to do many impossible tasks by the Tsar because he covetted the archer's wife aud how he finally succeeded in getting the help of the invisible wonder man and succeeded in killing his cruel persecutor.

In a certain kingdom there lived a Tsar. He was unmarried, and he had in his service an archer named Andrei.

One day the archer went a-hunting. He walked about the woods all day long, but no game came his way. It was getting late, so, disappointed, he turned homewards. Suddenly he saw a dove sitting on a tree.

"I may as well have a shot at this," he thought.

So he shot and winged the dove, and it dropped from the tree on to the damp earth. Andrei picked it up and was about to wring its neck and put it in his pouch, when the bird spoke to him in a human voice:

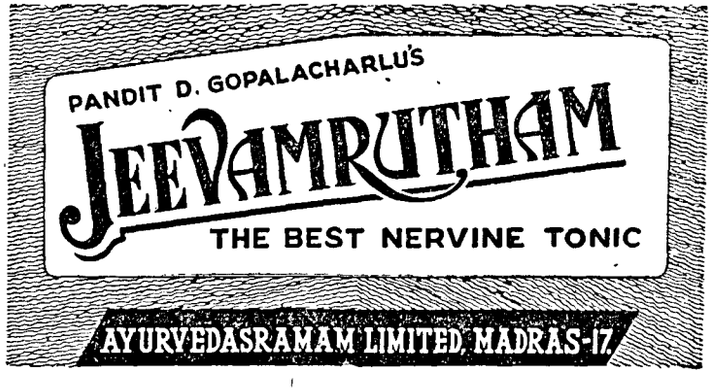
"Do not kill me, Andrei, do not wring my poor neck. Take me home alive and put me in the window. But mind, as soon as I begin to doze, strike me with your right hand, and great good fortune shall be yours."

Andrei the Archer could not believe his ears. "What is this?" he thought. "It looks exactly like a bird, yet speaks in a human voice." He took the dove home, put it in the window and stood waiting.

By and by the dove tucked its head under its wing and dozed off. Andrei kept in mind what it had told him and struck it with his right hand. The dove fell on the floor and turned into Princess Maria, a maiden as fair as the sky at dawn, the fairest maiden ever born.

Princess Maria said to the archer:

"You have managed to catch



me, now manage to keep me. Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing. Marry me and I will make you an honest and cheerful wife."

And so the matter was settled. Andrei the Archer married Princess Maria, and he and his young wife were very happy together. But he did not neglect his duties. Every morning before daybreak he went into the woods, shot wild fowl and took them to the royal kitchen. So they went on for a bit, till one day Princess Maria said :

"It is a poor life we are leading, Andrei."

"I'm afraid it is."

"If you borrow a hundred rubles and buy me silks with it, I shall see that our life is improved."

So Andrei did what she said. He went to his friends, borrowed a ruble from one, two from another, and bought silks with the money. He brought the silks to his wife, who said :

"Now go to bed; night is the mother of invention."

Andrei went to bed and Princess Maria sat down to weave. All night long she wove and made a carpet the like of which the world had never seen. On it was pictured the whole kingdom, with all its towns and villages, its woods and fields, the birds in the sky, beasts in the forest, fish in the seas, and the moon and sun shining down upon it all.

In the morning Princess Maria gave her husband the carpet and said :

"Take it to Merchants' Row and sell it, but mind do not name your own price. Take whatever they give you."

Andrei took the carpet, hung it over his arm and went to Merchants' Row.

Presently a merchant ran up to him and said :

"How much do you want for that, my good man?"

"You are a merchant, name your own price."

The merchant thought and thought, but he could not price the carpet. Then another came up, and after him another and still another. Soon there was a whole crowd of them. They all looked at the carpet and marvelled, but none could price it.

Just then the Tsar's Councillor rode by and wondered what all the fuss was about. He got out of his carriage, elbowed his way through the crowd and said :

"Good morning, merchants. What is going on here?"

"We cannot price this carpet," they said.

The Tsar's Councillor looked at the carpet and was struck with wonder.

"Now tell me the truth, Archer, where did you get this marvellous carpet?" he asked.

"My wife made it," said the Archer.

"And how much do you want for it?"

"I do not know. My wife said I was to take whatever I was given."

"Then here's ten thousand rubles, Archer."

Andrei took the money, handed over the carpet and went home. And the Tsar's Councillor rode to the palace and showed the carpet to the Tsar.

The Tsar was dumbfounded to see his whole kingdom spread before his eyes. It fairly took his breath away !

"Say what you like, but I shall not give you back this carpet," said the Tsar.

He got out twenty thousand rubles and handed it to his Councillor. The Councillor took the money and thought :

"It does not matter, I shall order myself another one still better."

He got into his carriage again and rode to the outskirts of the town. He found the hut in which Andrei the Archer lived and knocked at the door. Princess Maria opened it. The Tsar's Councillor put one foot over the threshold, but his other foot remained rooted to the ground. He lost his tongue and forgot what he had come for. There before him stood a maiden so beautiful that he could have feasted his eyes on her for ever.

Princess Maria waited for him to speak, and when he did not say a word, she turned him about and shut the door on him. In a while he collected his wits and took himself home. But from that day he could neither eat nor drink for thinking of the Archer's wife.

The Tsar saw there was something wrong with the man and asked him what it was.

"Ah, Your Majesty, I have seen the Archer's wife and I cannot get her out of my mind. She has bewitched me, and I can do nothing to break the spell."

So the Tsar thought he too would take a look at the Archer's wife. He put on common clothes, went to the outskirts of the town, found the hut in which Andrei the Archer lived and knocked at the door. Princess Maria opened the door. The Tsar put one foot over the threshold, but his other foot remained rooted to the ground, and he stared dumbstruck at the heavenly face before him.

Princess Maria waited for the Tsar to speak, and when he did not say a word, she turned him about and shut the door on him.

The Tsar was badly smitten. "Why should I live alone?" he thought. "Here is a lovely bride for me. She was meant to be a Tsar's wife, not an Archer's."

When he got back to his palace, a wicked thought came into his head. He thought to steal the wife from a living husband. He sent for his Councillor and said :

"Think of a way to get rid of Andrei the Archer. I mean to marry his wife. If you help me, I shall reward you with towns

and villages and gold, but if you do not, I shall cut your head off."

The Tsar's Councillor was sorely troubled. He could think of no way to get rid of the Archer, and so he went to a tavern to drown his sorrow in wine.

A tavern frequenter came up to him and said :

"What is it you feel so badly about, Councillor?" asked the ragamuffin.

The Tsar's Councillor told him his trouble.

"Andrei the Archer is a simple fellow," said the man. "It would be easy to get rid of him if his wife were not so clever. We must think of something that will baffle her. Go back and tell the Tsar to send Andrei the Archer to the Next World to find out how his dead father, the old Tsar, is doing. Andrei will go and never come back."

The Tsar's Councillor thanked him and ran back to the Tsar.

"I have found a way to get rid of the Archer," said he, and he told the Tsar what to do. The Tsar was mighty pleased and sent at once for Andrei the Archer.

"Well, Andrei," he said, "you have served me faithfully, but there is one more service I must ask of you. Go to the Next World and find out how my father is doing. If you do not, I'll out with my sword and off with your head."

Andrei went home and sat down on the bench looking very unhappy.

"Why are you so sad, Andrei?" asked Princess Maria.

Andrei told her what the Tsar wanted him to do.

"What a thing to worry about!" said Princess Maria. "A trifling task; the real task is yet to come. Go to bed; night is the mother of counsel."

As soon as Andrei woke up next morning Princess Maria gave him a bag of biscuits and a gold ring.

"Go to the Tsar and ask him to let you take the Councillor with you, so that he will know you have really been to the Next World. When you set forth with your way-companion, throw the ring in front of you and it will show you the way."

Andrei took the bag of biscuits and the ring, said goodbye to his wife and went to ask the Tsar to send his Councillor with him. The Tsar could not refuse, and so the two started out together. Andrei threw down the ring and off it rolled. He followed it through open fields and mossy marshes, across lakes and rivers, while behind him trudged the Tsar's Councillor.

Whenever they grew tired of walking, they would eat some biscuits, then set off again.

How far they walked is hard to tell, but in good time they came to a great wild-wood wilderness. They climbed down a deep ravine, and there the ring stopped.

Andrei and the Tsar's Councillor sat down to eat some biscuits. And who should they see but the doddering old Tsar pulling a cart of firewood (and a great big load it was, too), while two devils, one on his right, the other on his left, drove him on with cudgels.

"Look," said Andrei, "isn't that the Tsar's dead father?"

"It is indeed," said the Councillor.

"Hi, gentlemen!" shouted Andrei to the devils, "let that dead man go for a minute, I should like to have a word with him."

"Do you think we have time to stand and wait?" replied the devils. "Or do you expect us to draw the wood ourselves?"

"I have a man here who can take his place," said Andrei.

So the devils unhitched the old Tsar and hitched the Councillor to the cart instead. Then they struck him with their cudgels, one on the left side, the other on the right. He bent double but pulled as best as he could.

Andrei asked the old Tsar how life was treating him.

"Ah, Archer Andrei," said the Tsar, "I am having a bad time of it in this world. Remember me to my son and tell him not to ill-treat people, or else he too will have a bad time of it when he gets here."

They had scarcely finished talking when the devils came back with the empty cart. Andrei took his leave of the old Tsar, the Councillor rejoined him, and they set out for home.

By and by they came to their own country and went to the palace. When the Tsar saw the Archer he flew at him in a rage.

"How dare you come back!" he said.

"I have seen your dead father in the North World. He's having a bad time there. He sends you his love and says you are not to ill treat people if you do not want to have just as bad a time of it as he has."

"And how are you going to prove you have been to the Next World and seen my father?"

"I can prove it by the marks the devils' cudgels left of your Councillor's back."

That was proof enough for the Tsar, so he had to leave Andrei go—what else could he do? Then he said to his Councillor :

"If you do not think of a way to get rid of that Archer I shall cut your head off."

The Councillor was more sorely troubled than ever. He went to the tavern, sat down at a table and called for wine. Just then that same ragamuffin came up to him and said :

"What is it you feel so badly about, Councillor? Offer me a drink and I will give you some good advice."

The Councillor offered him a glass of wine and told him his trouble.

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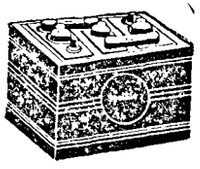
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"Do not worry," said the ragamuffin. "Go back and tell the Tsar to have the Archer do him this service—a thing hard to think of, let alone to do: he is to go beyond the Thrice-Nine Lands to the Thrice-Ten Kingdom and get Croon-Cat."

The Councillor ran off to the Tsar and told him how to get rid of the Archer. The Tsar sent for Andrei.

"Well, Andrei, you have done me one service, now do me another. Go beyond the Thrice-Nine Lands to the Thrice-Ten Kingdom and bring me Croon-Cat. If you do not, I'll out with my sword and off with your head."

Andrei went home with drooping head and told his wife what task the Tsar had set him.

"What a thing to worry about!" said Princess Maria. "A trifling task; the real task is yet to come. Go to bed; night is the mother of counsel."

Andrei went to bed, and Princess Maria went to the smithy and told the blacksmiths to forge three iron caps, a pair of iron tongs and three rods—one of iron, another of copper, and the third of tin.

Early next morning Princess Maria woke Andrei up.

"Here are three caps, a pair of tongs and three rods—go beyond the Thrice-Nine Lands to the Thrice-Ten Kingdom. Three *versts* short of it, you will feel very sleepy—that will be Croon-Cat casting her spell over you. But mind you don't fall asleep. Fold your hands, drag your feet, and if need be, roll along the ground. If you fall asleep, Croon-Cat will kill you."

Princess Maria told him just what to do and how to do it, and then saw him off on his errand.

The tale is short in telling, but the deed is long in doing. Andrei the Archer came at last to the Thrice-Ten Kingdom, and three *versts* short of it he began to feel sleepy. He put the three iron caps on his head, folded his hands, dragged his feet, and when there was need, rolled along the ground.

Somehow he managed to keep awake and found himself at a tall post.

When Croon-Cat saw Andrei she growled and snarled and jumped off the post straight on to his head. She broke the first cap, she broke the second, and was going for the third when Andrei caught her with the tongs, dragged her down to the ground and fell to trouncing her with the rods. First he whipped her with the iron rod; the iron rod broke, so he flogged her with the copper rod; that one broke too, so he laid about him with the tin one.

The tin rod bent but did not break—it only curled round her body. As Andrei was flogging, Croon-Cat told him fairy tales about priests, about deacons, and priests' daughters. But Andrei turned a deaf ear and flogged her with might and main.

That was more than Croon-Cat could stand, and, seeing that her evil spell did not work, she began to plead with him.

"Let me go, good man!" she said. "I will do anything you like."

"Will you go with me?"

"Anywhere you like."

Andrei turned homewards and took the Cat with him. When he came to his own country he went to the palace with the Cat and said to the Tsar:

"I have fulfilled the task and brought Croon-Cat to you."

The Tsar could not believe his eyes.

"Come, Croon-Cat, show me fire and fury," he said

At that the cat began to sharpen her claws and glare at the Tsar, and made ready to rip open his breast and tear the living heart out of him.

The Tsar was terrified.

"Do calm her, Andrei," he said.

Andrei quietened the Cat and locked her up in a cage, then he went home to Princess Maria. The two of them went on living happily together, but the Tsar grew more lovesick than ever. One day he called his Councillor again.

"You must think of some other way to get rid of Andrei the Archer. If you do not, I'll out with my sword and off with your head."

The Tsar's Councillor went straight to the tavern, sought out the ragamuffin, and asked him to help him out of his trouble. The ragamuffin tossed off his glass of wine, wiped his whiskers, and said:

"Go and tell the Tsar to make Andrei the Archer go *I know not where* and fetch *I know not what*. This task Andrei will never be able to fulfill, and so he will never come back."

The Councillor ran off to the Tsar and told him everything, word for word. The Tsar sent for Andrei.

"You have done me two services, now do me a third," he said. "Go to *I know not where* and fetch *I know not what*. If you do this, I shall reward you handsomely, if you do not, I'll out with my sword and off with your head."

Andrei went home, sat down on the bench and wept.

"Why are you so sad, my dear?" asked Princess Maria. "What is the matter this time?"

"Ah," said he, "your beauty will be my ruin. The Tsar has commanded me to go to *I know not where* and fetch *I know not what*."

"Now that is a difficult task indeed. But never mind, go to bed; night is the mother of counsel."

Next morning Princess Maria was up betimes to see Andrei off on his journey. She gave him a ball of yarn and an embroidered towel.

"Throw the ball of yarn in front of you and follow it wherever it rolls," she said. "And take care when you wash not to dry yourself with any towel but the one I gave you,"

Andrei said good-bye to Princess Maria. He threw the ball of yarn in front of him, and it rolled on and on, and Andrei went after it.

Many a kingdom and strange lands did he pass. The ball rolled on and the yarn unwound till it got quite small, no bigger than a hen's egg; at last it got so small you could hardly see it in the roadway. Andrei came to a forest and saw a little hut standing on hen's feet.

"Little hut, little hut, turn your back to the trees and your face to me, please," said Andrei.

The hut turned round, Andrei went in and saw an old hag sitting on a bench spinning tow.

"Ugh, ugh. Who comes here? I will roast you alive, eat you up and take a ride upon your bones."

"Come, come, old Baba-Yaga, fancy eating a wayfarer!" said Andrei. "A wayfarer is lean and tough. Heat the bath first, wash me and steam me, then eat me up."

So Baba-Yaga heated the bath-house. Andrei washed and steamed himself and got out his wife's towel to dry himself.

"How did you come by that towel?" asked Baba-Yaga. "My daughter embroidered it."

"Your daughter is my wife. It was she who gave me the towel."

"Ah, welcome, dear son-in-law, welcome!"

Baba-Yaga bestirred herself and set all kinds of food, wines and good things upon the table. Andrei sat down without any fuss and fell to eating. Baba-Yaga sat down next to him and asked him how he had come to marry Princess Maria and whether they were happy together. Andrei told her everything, and how the Tsar had sent him to *I know not where* to fetch *I know not what*.

"If only you would help me, mother!" he said.

"Ah, my dear son-in-law, even I have not heard of so strange a place. The only one who knows this is an Old Frog, and he has been living in the marsh these three hundred years. But never mind, go to bed; night is the mother of counsel."

Andrei went to bed, and Baba-Yaga took two birch brooms, flew to the marsh and called :

"Old Mother-Hopper, are you still alive?"

"I am."

"Then hop out of the marsh."

The Old Frog hopped out of the marsh and Baba-Yaga said :

"Do you know where *I know not what* is?"

"I do."

"Then be so kind as to tell me where it is. My son-in-law has been sent to *I know not where* to fetch *I know not what*."

"I would show him the way myself, but I am too old, it is a long hop," said the Frog. "Let your son-in-law put me into a jug of fresh milk and carry me to the Flaming River. There I shall tell him."

Baba-Yaga took Old Mother-Hopper, flew home, poured some fresh milk into a jug and put the Frog in it. Early next morning she woke Andrei up.

"Here is a jug with the Frog in it," she said. "Get dressed, mount my horse and go to the Flaming River. There you will leave the horse and take the Frog out of the jug. She will tell you where to go."

Andrei dressed, took the jug and got on to Baba-Yaga's horse. It is hard to say how long they rode, but at last they came to the Flaming River. Across that river no beast could jump, no bird could fly.

Andrei got off the horse, and the Frog said:

"Take me out of the jug, my lad. We must cross the river."

Andrei took the Frog out of the jug and set her on the ground.

"Now climb on to my back."

Old Mother-Hopper swelled and swelled untill she was as big as a haystack.

Then in one hop she was across the Flaming River. She set Andrei down on the other side and became her own little self again.

"Follow that path lad and you will see a tower that is not a tower, nor a hut, nor a barn, but a bit of each. Go inside and stand behind the stove. There you will find *I knaw not what*."

Andrei went down the path and saw an old hut that was not a hut. It had no windows or door-step, but was enclosed by palings. So in he went and hid behind the stove.

By and by there was a din and clatter in the woods, and in came Hop-O'-My-Thumb with a beard like a crumb, and bawled out: "Hi, Brother Naoom, I'm hungry!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a table appeared from nowhere, and on the table stood a barrel of beer and a roasted ox with a knife stuck into it. Hop-O'-My-Thumb sat down before the ox, pulled out the sharp knife and began to cut the meat, sprinkle it with garlic and polish it off with gusto.

He ate up every bit of the ox and drank the whole barrel of beer.

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"Hi, Brother Naoom, clear away the leavings!"

And all at once the table vanished as if it had never been there, bones, barrel and all. Andrei waited untill Hop-O'-My-Thumb went out, then he came out from behind the stove, plucked up courage and called:

"Brother Naoom, give me something to eat."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a table appeared from nowhere, and on it stood all kinds of food and wine and good things.

Andrei sat down at the table and said:

"Sit down, Brother Naoom, Let us eat and drink together."

And a voice answered:

"Thank you, good man.Many a year have I served here, yet never have I been given so much as a burnt crust, while you seat me at your table."

Andrei was dumbstruck. There was no one to be seen, yet the food vanished as if swept up with a broom; the wines and meads poured themselves into glasses and the glasses went hopetty-hop on the table.

"Brother Naoom, let me see you!" said Andrei.

"Nay, I am not to be seen. I am *I know not what*."

"Brother Naoom, would you like to serve me?"

"Indeed I would. You are a kind man if ever there was one."

When they had finished eating, Andrei said:

"Clear the table and come with me."

Andrei went out of the hut and looked round.

"Are you here, Brother Naoom?"

"Yes. Do not be afraid, I shall never leave you."

By and by Andrei came to the Flaming River, where the Frog was waiting for him.

"Well, my lad," said the Frog, "did you find *I know not what*?"

"Yes, Mother-Hopper."

"Get on to my back."

Andrei got on to her back again and the Frog began to puff herself up, then gave a hop and carried him across the Flaming River.

He thanked Mother-Hopper and went on his way. He would go on a bit, then turn round and ask:

"Are you here, Brother Naoom?"

"Yes. Do not be afraid, I shall never leave you."

Andrei walked and walked, and at last he grew weary and footsore.

"Oh, dear," said he. "how tired I am!"

"Why did you not tell me before?" said Brother Naoom. "I could have got you home in no time."

Andrei was caught up by a fierce wind and whisked away over mountains and woods, over cities and villages. They even flew over a deep sea, and Andrei got frightened.

"Brother Naoom, I should like to have a rest." he said.

The wind dropped at once and Andrei began ro fall into the sea. But where only blue waves had been splashing, he now saw an island, and on that island stood a palace with a

golden roof and a beautiful garden all round it. Brother Naoom said to Andrei:

"Rest, eat, drink, and keep an eye on the sea. Three merchant ships will come sailing by. Hail them and invite the merchants to dinner and feast them royally. They have three marvels. Exchange me for those marvels —do not be afraid, I shall come back again."

It is hard to say how much time passed, but at last three ships came sailing from the west. The seafarers saw the island, and on it the palace with the golden roof and the beautiful garden all around it.

"What wonder is this?" they said. "Many a time have we sailed here, and never have we seen anything but the blue waves. Let us go ashore!"

The three ships cast anchor, and the three merchants got into a light boat and made for the island. Andrei the Archer was already there to greet them.

"Welcome, dear guests."

The more the merchants saw, the greater was their wonder. The roof on the palace blazed like fire, birds sang in the trees and wonderful animals hopped about on the paths.

"Tell us, good man, who built this wonder of wonders here?"

"My servant, Brother Naoom, built it in a single night."

Andrei led the guest into the banquet hall.

"Hi, Brother Naoom, serve us something to eat and drink!"

All of a sudden, a table appeared from nowhere set with all the foods and wines the heart of man could desire. There was no end to the merchants' surprise.

"Let us make an exchange, good man," said the merchants. "Give us your servant, Brother Naoom, and take any marvel you wish in exchange."

"Very well. What marvels can you offer?"

One merchant took a cudgel out from under his coat. All one had to say was: "Now then,

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cudgel, break that man's bones for him!" and the cudgel would set to work and break the bones of any man, no matter how strong he was.

Another merchant took an axe out from under his caftan and stood it on its handle, and the axe began to chop. Rap, tap—out came a ship; rap, tap—out came another one, all complete with sails and guns and brave sailors. The ships sailed, the guns fired and the brave sailors asked for orders.

He turned the axe upside down and lo!—the ships vanished as if they had never been.

The third merchant took a reed pipe out of his pocket and blew upon it. And lo!—an army appeared, mounted and on foot, with rifles and cannons. The army marched, the bands played, the banners waved, and the horsemen galloped asking for orders.

Then the merchant blew into the other end of the pipe, and —toot-toot!—everything disappeared.

"I like your marvels," said Andrei the Archer, "but mine is worth more. If you wish, I shall exchange Brother Naoom for all three of your marvels."

"Are you not asking too much?"

"Not at all. It is that or nothing."

The merchants thought it over: "What do we want with a cudgel, an axe and a pipe? It would be better to exchange them for Brother Naoom; then we shall have all we want to eat and drink, night or day, without lifting a finger."

So the merchants gave Andrei the cudgel, the axe and the pipe, and shouted:

"Hi, Brother Naoom, you are going with us! Will you serve us truly?"

"Why not?" came a voice. "It is all same to me whom I serve."

So the merchants went back to their ships and made merry. They ate and drank and kept shouting:

"Step lively, Brother Naoom, bring us this, bring us that!"

They drank until they were dead drunk and dropped off to sleep where they sat.

And the Archer sat all by himself in the palace and felt miserable. "Dear me," he thought, "I wonder where my faithful servant, Brother Naoom, is?"

"Here I am. What do you wish?"

Andrei was delighted.

"Is it not time we went home, back to my young wife? Take me home, Brother Naoom."

And again a whirlwind caught him up and carried him to his own country.

Now the merchants woke up, feeling sick and thirsty.

"Hi, Brother Naoom!' they shouted in vain. They looked, and lo!—the island was gone. Only the blue waves splashed where it had stood.

The merchants were furious. "What a bad man to have cheated us so!" they said. But there was nothing they could do about it, so they set sail and went on their way.

Meanwhile Andrei the Archer flew home and alighted beside

his hut. But where his hut had been there was now nothing but a charred chimney.

With drooping head he went to a desolate spot by the blue sea. And there he was sitting and grieving when suddenly a dove came flying from nowhere. It struck the ground and turned into his young wife, Princess Maria.

They embraced and began asking each other questions and telling what had befallen them.

"Ever since you left home I have been flying about the woods and groves as a dove," said Princess Maria. "Three times the Tsar sent for me, but they did not find me and so they burnt our little house down."

"Brother Naoom, can you raise a palace by the blue sea?"

"Why not? It shall be done in the twinkling of an eye."

And true enough, before they could look round the palace was ready, and a grand palace it was, much better than the Tsar's. It stood in a great green garden and birds sang in the trees and all kinds of wonderful animals wandered about on the paths.

Andrei the Archer and Princess Maria entered the palace, sat down by the window and talked, gazing at each other fondly. And so they lived without a care in the world.

One day when the Tsar went a-hunting he saw a palace standing by the blue sea where nothing had stood before.

"What knave has built upon my land without my leave?" said he.

Off he sent messengers, who came back and said that Andrei

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the Archer had built that palace and was living in it with his young wife, Princess Maria.

The Tsar was angrier than ever, and he sent messengers to find out whether Andrei had been to *I know not where* and fetched *I know not what.*

The messengers ran off, then came back and reported:

"Yes; Andrei the Archer has been to *I know not where* and fetched *I know not what.*"

This sent the Tsar into a towering rage. He had his troops mustered and sent down to the sea, and commanded that the palace be razed to the ground and Andrei the Archer and Princess Maria be put to a cruel death.

Andrei saw what powerful army was coming against him, so he whisked out his axe and stood it on its handle. Rap, tap, went the axe, and a ship stood

upon the sea. Rap, tap, and there was another ship. The axe went rap-tap a hundred times till a hundred ships sailed upon the blue sea.

Andrei got out his pipe and blew it—and an army appeared, mounted and on foot, with rifles, cannons and flying banners.

The captains galloped up and awaited orders. Andrei ordered them to give battle. The bands started playing, the drums rolled and the regiments moved off. The foot soldiers broke the ranks of the Tsar's army, and the horsemen galloped about taking prisoners. And the fleet of a hundred ships turned its cannons on the Tsar's town.

When the Tsar saw his troops fleeing, he rushed forward to stop them. At this Andrei got out his cudgel.

"Now then, cudgel, break the Tsar's bones for him!"

And off the cudgel went with a hop and a skip across the field. It caught up with the Tsar and struck him on the forehead and he fell down dead.

And that was the end of the battle. The people flocked out of the town and begged Andrei the Archer to become Tsar.

Andrei had no objections. He gave a grand feast, and together with Princess Maria he ruled the tsardom to the end of his day.

HUSBAND MUST PAY

A French court has decided that a husband, whose wife has used his car to go off with another man, is responsible for any accident the two lovers may have on the road.

When Madame A. decided she would leave her husband she took the family car early one morning, loaded her luggage on to the roof, and drove to meet her lover.

Dreaming of their rosy future, the two drove along but soon were involved in an accident with a trombone player.

To the police who came to the scene of the accident, Madame A. told her tale of woe. She said she had no driving licence, it was her husband's car, but she was no longer in love with him and she was running away.

Had the musician not been injured, the police might have turned a blind eye, for the world knows the French policeman is an incurable romantic.

But the injured musician wanted damages. So in due course the case was brought before the courts. There her husband was held responsible for Madame A's imprudent driving. He appealed, but his appeal was rejected.

x x x

"It's not a fit night out for man or beast!" said the fierce looking woman.

"Then we'd both better just stay at home," sighed the henpecked husband, absentmindedly.

Fables in sooth are not what they appear.
Our moralists are mice and such small deer.
We yawn at sermons, but we gladly turn
To moral tales, and so amused we learn.

The Fable Goes Round

(*By Raja Rao*)

Scholars often have a way of making simple things complicated and complicated things look so simple that it all seems fun. Take the fable, for instance. Some say it originated in Greece, instead of coming from India as many scholars believe. In fact no one knows where the fable actually began and, ultimately, does it matter very much? The truth is that it has given a great deal of pleasure to millions of people all over the world, and continues to do so to this very day. For the fable, as the good La Fontaine wrote:

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Yet the history of the fable is like the fable itself. It's all concerned with wolf and lion, jackal, tiger tortoise and mice, and which started where, and who started which, and who translated what and when. Did, for example, the jackal of India become a wolf in its westward travel, or did it become Aesop's fox? If we are to believe the scholar Hertzel, there must be a common origin for all these tales of jackals, wolves, geese, tortoises and tigers, elephants and ravens. And, of course, we must not forget the donkey. In fact, La Fontaine was right: the ass started it all.

This poor braying beast was known even to Plato, who speaks of it in the *Cratylus*; but no one knows whether the first owner of this lowly animal was a washerman or a merchant, for he changes his profession with time and the circumstances of geography. First he's just a washerman, one of those still found in India and called dhobi who uses a donkey to carry the soiled clothes to the river. Well, the washer of clothes in this tale is very poor indeed, and his donkey is lean and feeble. But one day he finds a dead panther in the jungle, cleans its skin and puts it on the donkey to take it home. That evening, a panther is seen in the fields of the village, eating up the crops, and the people flee in terror. It is dark, you understand, and they cannot see. Day comes, and the donkey carries the clothes down to the river. And so it goes on: at night the panther, in the daytime, the donkey, who soon grows fat and prosperous. Then one day it sees the female of its species and starts to bray loudly, and the female gives back a becoming answer. On seeing this,

an angry villager takes up his knife and cudgel and cuts the poor donkey to bits.

Now as the centuries passed and the fable wandered westward (or so it would seem), the donkey's nocturnal disguise changed and with it the caste of its owner. The washerman became a merchant; and the donkey became a lion, under the Buddha, who ends one of his beast-fables with this remark:

This is not a lion's roaring,
Nor a tiger's, nor a panther's
Dressed in a lion's skin
'Tis a wretched ass that
roars.

Two thousand years later, La Fontaine wrote almost the same thing:

Donning a lion's skin which
shrouded his very feet,
An ass terrified every friend
A plain donkey whose counter-
feit
Shook the whole world
from end to end.

In the controversy between scholars, La Fontaine definitely took sides. "I gratefully acknowledge," he wrote in the foreward to his second book of fables, "that I owe the most part to Pilpay, the Indian sage. His book has been translated into all languages," And when La Fontaine speaks of the milkmaid Perrette whose pot

Fitted her head-mat just
right
Neatly quilted to grip
the pot tight

this is just another version of the story of the poor Brahmin who, with a bowl of gruel at his feet, sits dreaming of his future wife. She is very beautiful and has borne him a son called "Moon Lord". And the child, seeing his father in the stables (for by now the father would have horses and stables, of course), crawls towards him. Afraid lest the child be hurt by the horse, he goes swiftly to his careless wife and gives her such a rollicking kick that the gruel spills all over the floor.

The same thing happens with La Fontaine's fable of the tortoise who wishes to roam the world. She sets off on an airborne journey to America carried along by two ducks, each gripping the end of a stick. All goes well until the tortoise, replying to mockery from below, lets go of the stick and falls. The Indian tortoise falls too; she travels in the same ingenious manner, conveyed by geese instead of ducks, and bound not for America but for another pool, for there is a great drought in the land and it has lasted twelve hot years...

Now the stories of the Panchatantra have made similar but more successful trips down the centuries and through many lands. Actually, the book itself is almost non-existent in its original form. It is attributed to the mythical Vidyapathi, who in his wanderings became La Fontaine's Pilpay. The book was first written in Sanskrit, but it happened that Chosroes Anushirvan of Persia (531-579 A.D.), on hearing of these wise tales, sent his doctor Barzouey to search for this "treasure of wisdom". Barzouey gave a Persian rendering of the

text, and in 750 A.D. it was translated into beautiful Arabic by Abdullah Ibn Almocaffa. There was also a Syriac version of the Panchatantra by Bud, and then a second version three centuries later from the Arabic into Syriac.

Meanwhile, the Arabic text became widely known. It was translated into Greek by the Jew Simon Seth, and into Spanish on the orders of Alfonso the Wise. In 1100, John of Capua gave a Latin rendering of Rabbi Joel's Hebrew version, and in 1470 the Duke of Wurtemburg, Eberhard I, translated it into German, under the title "Beispiele der Weisen geschlecht zu geschlecht". This in turn was translated into Danish, Icelandic and Dutch.

In Southern France, Philip the Fair's wife, Joan of Navarre, had the work translated by her wise doctor, Raymond of Beziers while Doni produced an Italian version from which Sir Thomas North made his famous translation, published in 1570 under the title "The Morall Philosophie of Doni". It was only in 1644 that the "Apollogues de Bidpai" appeared in French. But La Fontaine himself seems to have used a Latin version of the Panchatantra, "Calila et Dinna" (the latinised names of Karataka and Damanaka),, which had been translated from the Greek of Simon Seth. La Fontaine had heard of these tales from his friend Francois Bernier, the famous traveller. For by now many westerners had visited India: Alfonso of Albuquerque and the Portuguese, then the French at the court of the Great Moghul and, finally, the British. Schools opened in India where the children learned of the wonders of the Western world. At their English classes, they read many interesting fables, stories and poems. They read, for example, of Llewelly's faithful hound, Gelert, who protected his master's child. And when they studied Sanskrit, they discovered in the Panchatantra that the dog had turned into a mongoose, who protected the child of the good Brahmin from the serpent. Then one day. Narayana Balakrishna Godpole, a schoolmaster from Ahmednagar, put all these European fables into Sanskrit, and thus the fable ended as a fable of the fable.—*Unesco.*

The young man's face was flushed and his manner strangely agitated.

"Miss Blanche," he said, "I hesitated about coming to you but my feelings have overpowered me at last. Is it too much for me to ask——"

"Go on," whispered the girl, her heart beating wildly.

"I came to ask you——"

"Yes?" she smiled, encouragingly.

"If you would give me that recipe you said you had for indigestion?"

The story of a doctor who had sinned against an innocent trusting young girl.

My Son, My Son

(By H. M. Peters)

Narayan lit a cigarette, switched on the radio and sat down to listen. But his thoughts kept wandering to the girl only a kiss away from him. For they were co-tenants in the same house, he occupying a front room and the girl and her father living in the back portion. He had watched her and loved her secretly.

Narayan was a doctor. He had just completed his studies. He hailed from Bangalore and had lived as a tenant in that house for six years. Now he had to leave.

He felt so unhappy. There was no way of happiness for him.

"Doctor.....my father.....he wants you..." a voice cried from the doorway. It was Sushila. This was the first time she had spoken to him. Narayan rushed to the back portion. The old man was lying in a bed. His face was pale. Seeing Narayan enter he said:

"I sent for you doctor. I was a fool to have ignored these heart attacks. It started since last year...soon after my wife's death. Now..."

Narayan silenced the old man by placing a finger gently on his trembling lips. He began to examine him carefully and chart out the best treatment that could cure and save him.

From a nearby Chemists & Druggists he purchased the necessary injections, tablets and tonics for the old man.

Half an hour later he left him sleeping like a little child. Back in his own room he lit a cigarette and thought of Sushila. She was so young, heart-broken, poor and helpless.

"I love you, my darling," he whispered heavily to himself and began to tremble all over. This feeling that had since been so wonderful and beautiful within him, suddenly surged like a raging torrent, crushing his heart with a maddening fury that he could not bear. All his pent up emotions broke loose like a storm and he found himself lost in a whirlpool of strange and conflicting desires.

* * *

Then he heard the voice that came to calm the storm.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for helping my father. You must save him."

Quickly Narayan hurried to the door. Sushila was standing there; the darkness hid her beautiful and tear-stained face.

"There is no need to thank me Sushila," he said. "And don't worry about your father. I'll do anything for you."

Gently his hands rested on her shoulder.

"I love you my darling," he whispered, drawing her tenderly into his arms. Sushila loved

Narayan too. She felt comforted and happy in his warm embrace. Then their lips met.

Drunk with ecstacy, Narayan blindly led Sushila into his room. Their moments of love had just begun. There were six years of separation to be bridged. They were both young and foolish and their desires blinded their senses. They lost themselves in each other's arms. They did not want the night to end.

Sushila was the first to break out of this spell. She began to cry softly in Narayan's arms.

"Don't cry darling, I'am going to marry you," he promised.

But *fate* had not willed such a happy ending.

* * *

The morning did not bring any sunshine into the lives of the young lovers. Narayan missed Sushila when he went to see her father. She was in the kitchen a little ashamed of herself but anxiously hoping that Narayan would tell her father of his intentions to marry her. Then someone knocked on the door and Narayan went to answer it. It was a telegram. Something happened to Narayan as he read it and Sushila was frightened to see him walk sadly into his room.

When her father fell asleep she quietly made her way to his room and found him seated in a daze with the telegram still in his hands. When Narayan saw her he slowly handed her the telegram. He did not know how illiterate she was.

He quickly embraced her and squeezed her to his very heart. For a long time he was unable to tell her anything.

"Sushila, my father is dangerously ill," he said at last. "He needs me. I don't know what to do. It's you I am worried about. It's..."

"Then you must go," she whispered. "You must not for-

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get your father because of me. I can care for my father while you are away. Tell me, when must you leave?"

"I can catch the Express to Bangalore. It leaves within half an hour. Sushila, I promise I'll be back within a few days and then I'll tell your father about our love. We must be married."

"I believe you. Now you must go. I'll..." He crushed her lips with his, but his heart was broken by the sadness of so sudden a parting.

* * *

Throughout that journey Narayan was worried about Sushila and her father. He had forced Sushila to accept fifty rupees from him. That should help her look after her father. But it was her loneliness that worried him most.

At the Cantonment Station Narayan hurriedly sought his way towards the taxi stand. He was not aware of the pretty girl who was trying to meet him. She caught his arm just as he neared a taxi and when he turned to face her she flashed him a sweet little smile and said, "I'm to take you home dear cousin. Can't you recognise me? I'm Indira!"

They were soon on their way home. The pretty girl did the driving and most of the talking too. Narayan felt uncomfortable. "If she would only look more on the road than at my face," he thought.

"My brother wanted to come," she said, "but I wanted to meet you first. Narayan, don't you want to talk to me? It's many years since we met."

"How is my father?" he questioned, not caring for all that she had said.

"I'm sorry Narayan. I'm rather stupid," she replied. "I've been thinking so much about you...Your father is a little better now. It's his blood pressure. He had a serious attack last night, And he was asking for you."

When Narayan entered his father's room, the old man smiled.

"My son!" he cried, making an effort to rise. Narayan hurried to his side and the old man embraced him lovingly and wept.

"Father!" cried Narayan.

"Narayan, my boy," he said very slowly, caressingly. "I am glad you came. When your mother died a few months after your birth, the last thing she did was to take your little hands and place them in mine. She created a new bond between us. From that day onwards, we became more than just father and son to each other. I've given you the best of everything but there's still a very important thing left for me to do. I want you to get married. It will be a very quiet affair. The day after tomorrow is an auspicious day and I want you to marry Indira. She loves you very much my son and I may live only long enough for this."

The last few words cut through Narayan's heart like a sword.

"But father!" he cried rising abruptly and forgetting how sick

his father was. A hurt expression clouded his father's eyes, but it lasted only for a second. Then it sparkled with humour and he said: "I was married when I was even younger than you! Now leave me like a good son. I want to rest. I've got a marriage to perform!"

Narayan's heart was torn between two loves—the love for his father and the girl he had left behind—the girl who loved and trusted him. Which love could he destroy? He had a great decison to make. What hope had Sushila now? How could Narayan expect his father to consent for his marriage with her? The very news would be

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murder! And there was no excuse he could find to reject Indira. She was a graduate, with a glamour that only a college girl could have. She was his cousin and his father's choice. And was it not customary for parents to choose the bride for their son? She would definitely make him a good wife.

What was Narayan to do? Where should his loyalty lie?

Narayan married Indira, bringing great happiness to his old father. But he did not survive long. Two days later he died.

A month passed. Narayan was worried about Sushila. On the ground of setting up practice, he one day left Bangalore for Madras by car. The shock of his life awaited him. The door of the house he had lived in was locked. It was the landlord who broke him the sad news.

"Sushila's father died the day you left for Bangalore," he said. "I went to see him that evening. He was so restless and he died in her arms. Poor child I do not know what she would have done if I had not gone there that day. The next day she gave me the key to the house and said that she was leaving to stay with her uncle in Bangalore. Her father had told her to go to him."

With a sickening shock, Narayan left the place. So Sushila's father had journeyed to Bangalore only to find him. The story of an uncle was a lie and she had come seeking him but must have gone away seeing the marriage preparations going on in his house.

x x x

Nine months passed by while the burden of his sin und the misery of his heart kept increasing. He had set up practice but his conscience kept haunting him like a hound from Hell. It shadowed him through every labyrinth of his thoughts. There was no hope for Narayan. He would never meet Sushila. He knew so little about her. There was no way of finding her. Life held no joy for him.

Then came the beginning to a most dramatic end. Early one morning Narayan heard a feeble knock on his door. An emergency call he thought and opened the door and stood greatly surprised at the person he saw. It was Indira!

"I had to come," she pleaded. "I was hoping you would ask me to come to you, but you never seemed to care. Now you will have to take care of me at least for the sake of the baby."

Narayan was choked with a deep sense of pity.

In every possible way Indira proved to be a very good wife. But Narayan had no place for her in his heart.

"How long must you punish me, oh God?" he prayed. "I have lost my love and have found a woman whose love I cannot return." Hardly a week had passed and Indira complained of pain.

Narayan immediately took her to the Women and Children's Hospital at Egmore. As the car was passing along the bridge

near the hospital, Narayan spotted a woman walking ahead of him. She was a beggar. Narayan sounded the horn. The beggar looked back and stood there gazing at the approaching car. As it neared her she uttered a cry of surprise and in one lightning second the beggar ran right into his car and the accident happened.

Narayan escaped with minor injuries. He slowly got out of the car, and instead of worrying about his wife, he hurried to the form that lay crumpled and dead on the road. During that lightning second before the accident his guessing heart had suddenly told him that the beggar was no other than Sushila.

Not caring for the crowd that had gathered, Narayan picked her up in his arms and wept. No one knew who the dead and dirty woman was.

"It was not your fault, sir," a constable said. There were others around him. "We saw the accident happen. It was all that miserable wretch's fault. They always end up this way when they have a baby!"

"Sir!" another voice, coming from the car, said. "The lady here.....she has fainted."

Leaving the dead woman in the care of the constable Narayan drove Indira to the hospital where she gave birth to a boy.

"Mr. Narayan," a nurse informed him, "your wife gave birth to a boy. He'll be alright, but it's your wife we are worried about.....she is asking for you."

How pitiful Indira looked with the baby by her side in a llttle cradle. As soon as she saw Narayan a new life seemed to strengthen and give her courage. She smiled through her pain, then lovingly took his hands and kissed them. Then very softly she said:

"I am not going to live. But before I go I want you to promise that you will love and look after the baby. Will you love him?"

"I will Indira, but....."

"Let me talk," she interrupted with a sick smile. "Always remember that I loved you, my darling," she wept, closing her eyes in pain. Her breathing became difficult and it was all over within a couple of minutes.

Narayan stood there dazed and tears streamed down his cheeks. He understood the mysterious judgment of God. But even in His punishment He had showed him His love and kindness. He had given him a chance to live. The baby was to be his only hope for remission.

A sharp cry filled the room. It came from the baby. Narayan gently picked up the little child and cuddled it close to his heart.

"My son, my son," he cried.

Mrs. Smith: "And so your daughter is about to marry. Do you really feel that she is ready for the battle of life?"

Mrs. Jones: "She should be ready. She's been in four engagements already."

Spirit Playmate Of A Baby Girl

An unusual but authentic case of spiritualist phenomenon was reported in the beginning years of this century from Denver.

The case concerned a young baby named Corinne. She was a precocious girl and could walk and talk in her first year itself. She was intelligent too but the parents were a little worried at her habit of talking to herself. She used to sit and call some one by the name of Maggie and talk to her. At first the parents were thinking that the child had named one of her dolls as Maggie and perhaps addressing it as all normal children do. But Corinne was talking to Maggie even when she was not playing with her dolls. The child never seemed to be lonely or afraid of the dark. Whenever she was alone "Maggie" seemed to keep her company.

The parents were as stated worried about it but they did not think there was anything seriously wrong with her until one day when the father took the child for a walk in the park.

They were walking along when Corinne clapped her hands and exclaimed :

"Oh, daddy, here comes Maggie —now we can have lots of fun !"

The father looked surprised for there was no one to be seen on the road and so he asked the child, "Who is Maggie ?"

The child on her part looked surprised now. "Oh don't you know Maggie ?" she asked.

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"She is my playmate. She is here. Isn't she a dear ?"

"Where ?" asked the father more surprised.

"Here, holding my hand," she said and then as if prompted by some one she added :

"Of course, daddy, you can't see Maggie—she says you can't."

"Where does Maggie live ?"

"Why, in Heaven of course, don't you know that ?"

Another time Maggie's presence was made known to the parents in a more dramatic way. It was night and Corinne was sleeping. All of a sudden she sat up in the bed and began to cry loudly. Both her father and mother were awakened and they tried to soothe her.

Corinne related that she had dreamt that burglars had come into the house and were trying to carry her away. She was sobbing still when all of a sudden she turned her face upwards and began to laugh. The parents were mystified and to

their questions she related that Maggie had just then come and told her not to worry, that it was just a dream and that no burglars had entered the house.

Some three years passed. When the child was about five years old she fell sick. The fever lasted for many days and the doctor who attended on her was really baffled. Then one day the fever ran very high and the child was actually on the point of death. Both the parents who were sitting by the side of her bed began to weep. Corinne saw and in a weak voice said, "Don't worry about me, mummy ; I am going to get well. Maggie told me so. Maggie was just here and she has gone back to her home above the clouds where God is."

And Corinne did get well, but from that time Maggie seemed to have deserted her for the child never mentioned about her ever afterwards.

ITALIAN M.PS' DILEMMA

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has never been a haven of peace and tranquillity. Recently, however, there have been so many rows and undignified brawls between members of the coalition government and their opponents among the Communists and left-wing Socialists, that the less demonstrative members of all parties agree something should be done about it.

They are fed up, they say, with debates being interrupted while members hurl abuse at each other, throw things and generally turn the Chamber into a bear garden. Often, fittings and furniture suffer considerable damage during the scuffles.

Accordingly a bill has been prepared under which newsreel photographers will be admitted to the galleries with instructions to " start turning " as soon as a row breaks out.

Needless to say, Italian newsreel companies are enthusiastic about the idea. The more belligerent members of the Chamber are correspondingly opposed to it. for they know that if they lose their tempers and start a fight their behaviour will be shown to thousands of delighted film-goers all over the country.

On the one hand they want to reserve their right to speak and act as the spirit moves them in debate ; on the other, they do not want the nation to laugh at them.

x x x

Jake came to his friend Moe and asked him to sign a note.

" Moe," he said, " I've been to the bank to borrow some money, and they said that they would give me all I need provided you would sign this note. Isn't that fine of them ?"

" Jake," cried Moe reproachfully, "aren't you ashamed of yourself ? Why do you go to a bank when you need money ? You and I have been friends for years ; why didn't you come to me ? Now, listen ; you go back to the bank and tell them to sign the note and then I'll lend you the money !"

ILLUMINATING STORIES

The Torture Of Hunger

(By Swami Sivananda)

In the great Mahabharata fight between the Kauravas and Pandavas all the Kauravas were killed. Kauravas were the sons of Gandhari. Gandhari was overcome with great sorrow. She took the dead body of Duryodhana on her lap and was wailing aloud. She sat there till sunset. At sunset all retired to their own places, but Gandhari alone did not like to part with her sons, who were dead. Great was her moha (attachment) for her children.

Lord Krishna came now and said to Gandhari, "O Mother! enough of this vain sorrow. Why do you weep over the inevitable separation from your sons? Sons, relations are all united for selfish ends. They pass away from this world just as travellers depart from one another from a public inn. You are wailing over that in which you should not feel sorry for. It will neither benefit thee nor thy sons. A dead man can never come back to life. What is death? It is a mere changing of the outer cloak. The inner Atman never dies nor is born. Come. Let us go home. You cannot bear hunger. Hunger is the great harasser of beings. It is getting dark now."

Gandhari said, "O Krishna! you are the cause of all this calamity. Do not persuade me to come back home. I shall never come back. I shall die with my children. Nothing is interesting to me after the death of my children. I will fast unto death. I shall not eat anything." When Krishna found that Gandhari was adamant, he left the place quietly.

Two days passed. Gandhari could not get anything to eat. She felt very hungry. She searched all round. At last she found a piece of dog's flesh hanging from the branch of a tree nearby. She looked all round. She found none. She decided to eat the dog's flesh just to appease her hunger. But the tree was tall. She could not reach it from the ground. She piled the dead bodies of her own sons, climbed up and caught hold of the dog's flesh and almost placed one piece in her mouth.

In the meantime, Krishna, the Antaryamin, Indweller of all hearts, made His appearance at the spot and said: "O Mother! refrain from eating dog's flesh. I have brought for you delicious food. Take it to your heart's content. When I am here to serve you, why should you suffer like this? I told you that hunger is a great harasser of living beings. No one can conquer this."

Gandhari put her head down in shame and remorse. She fell at the feet of Krishna and said, "O Krishna! Thou art the Antaryamin. Thou art the Lord of this world. Remove my ignorance and lead me on to Light and Knowledge. Let me be able to give up this moha for my children which is hard to give up" Krishna and Gandhari reached the place of Yudhishthira where they were honoured by the high souled Dharmaputra.

Great is the torture of hunger. Great is the torture of moha. Greatest still is the bond of Karma. Greatest of all is this clinging to body. Kill this body idea. Kill egoism. Remove moha for wife and children. Give up attachment to wealth and home. Become dispassionate and detached. This is the key to unlock the domain of elysian bliss, joy and immortality.

WHERE WOMEN SCORE

What are the ten small but important things which a woman can do better than man?

A romantic but rather cynical Frenchman undertook to find out. He studied women for five years, reports a Paris correspondent, and then compiled this list of things which, he said, women of all ages can do incomparably better than mere men:

Dress lightly without catching cold.
Cry at the right moment.
Avoid an argument by a smile.
Choose a present.
Obtain a special dish for a dog in a restaurant.
Write a long letter and say nothing.
Remove a speck of dust from another person's eye.
Choose underwear for the opposite sex without embarrassment.
Disturb a score of people in a cinema before finding a seat.
Drink very hot drinks without flinching.

x x x

The little man sat at a corner of the raft, and gazed despairingly across the sea. The big man squatted with his back against the oar they had erected for a mast, his arms folded across his great chest, his eyes fixed on the little man.

For three days they had drifted. No food, no water. They were in desperate straights.

The little man turned and saw the other staring at him. A great fear filled his heart. Tales of other shipwrecked mariners and foodless men flashed through his brain. He must talk, do something to occupy the other's mind.

"Cripes," he said, "I'm hungry. Ain't it awful? All this water and a man dyin' of thirst. Ain't you hungry and thirsty, Bill?"

The big man unfolded his arms and slowly got to his feet. "Yes," he drawled, gazing reflectively down at the little man. "I'm starving, but I ain't thirsty, 'cause every time I look at you my mouth waters."

Spirit Prescribes Medicine

(By Sripati Prasanna Ghose)

My grandfather, the famous literateur of Bengal, late Rai Bahadur Ghose Vidyasagar, C.I.E., was deeply engrossed in the subject of spiritualism for several years before his death in 1911. Besides publishing his famous book on the subject, namely *Chaya-Darsan*, he also wrote very many thrilling articles on the subject still awaiting publication in the form of books. Hence this subject is not a new thing in our family.

I had the good fortune to hear many stories dealing with spirits from my father late Rai Satya-prasanna Ghose Bahadur, who was the Public Prosecutor of Dacca and also from my uncle Rai Bahadur Sarada Prasanna Ghose, I.S.O. who retired a few years ago from service.

My aunt was a very pious and religious minded lady and was very much respected by all who came in contact with her. She died on 5-1-1950 after a brief illness and we were all not only grievedbut shocked to hear of her untimely demise and this naturally upset my uncle very much. But he carried on day-to-day work with supreme patience. Shortly after the death of our loving aunt, my uncle began to do all that my aunt either liked or told him to do after her death. He spent a good amount in charities, in giving alms to the poor and feeding and presenting clothes to the Brahmins and also to poor beggars without any distinction. All religious rites and Hindu customs regarding *sradh* etc., had been performed with profound respects. Above all, without any delay, my uncle at his old age went to Gaya to give *pinda* and all these things except daily prayers for hours and hours together which is done even now, had been complete before March, 1950.

It was on 27-3-50 at about 9.30 p.m. he suddenly woke up from his sleep and saw a figure near his bed. He thought at first that the figure might be his youngest daughter who used to sleep in that room in a different cot. He got up and lifted the curtain and to his great surprise he found the figure to be of our aunt whose serene appearance instead of any fear, filled the heart of my uncle with sublime joy. The figure appeared to be smiling and though silent, seemed to be extremely happy at this new change of life. No talk from either side and the figure like her sudden presence, vanished also suddenly within five minutes. My uncle is in the habit of keeping and writting diaries daily from a very long time. This fact is also incorporated in his diary of 28th March, 1950. I enquired of my uncle whether he saw that figure again in dream even but the answer was in the negative. My uncle thinks that the figure appeared to impress on him that she was very happy to find that he had performed all religious rites which she wished for enternal bliss in the new sphere of her life.

I shall give the readers another occurrence which I personally witnessed.

It was on the midnight of 25th February, 1914, when I was a boy of fifteen years or so. My father was badly suffering from gastric trouble for a few years and the doctors almost gave up all hope of his life. It was an unbearable scene to see him daily rolling in his bed from horrible pain in the stomach.

My father's condition was very grave on the night mentioned above and almost all the leading doctors were called. I did not know anything as I was sleeping in another room and nobody called me as they were all very busy in doing all possible things to save his life. All of a sudden I felt that somebody was calling me in my sleep and I woke up to find the figure of my late grandfather who told me to go to my father's room immediately and asked me to tell the doctors to prescribe Pepsin Bismuth for my father and I further heard him saying that father would be cured of the disease by that medicine. I came out of my bed and did not see the figure any more. I ran to my father's room where I found the doctors at my father's bed trying to relieve him of the agony and save his life. I told the doctors to use the medicine the name of which I had just heard. Ordinarily, it would be impertinent for a boy of my age to tell the doctors to prescribe the said medicine at that critical moment. I was severely rebuked by my ailing father and I was so upset that I could not tell them the entire fact. I did not know the name of that medicine before but as that medicine was prescribed before, without any result of course, my father and other relatives present thought that I must have known the name of that medicine before. One of the doctors perhaps took pity on seeing me crying for the rebuke I got for my action and assured me that he would use the medicine and actually he prescribed the same. Curiously enough the medicine which had proved a failure before, acted like a miracle this time. Father was relieved not only of the pain but of the main disease also and I also got a chance to tell my father and others the entire episode.

—Amrita Bazaar Patrika.

STRANGE WILL

What is perhaps the strangest will was made by a man who had one of the strangest "pets."

Col. W. H. Jackson, of Athens, Georgia, U.S.A., would sit each day under a giant oak. He had known the tree since he was a boy and, as the seasons changed, he watched it change, too. He feared that after his death it would be cut down, so in his will he gave the tree ownership of itself together with the land within a radius of twelve feet from the outer edge of the trunk.

Rambles In Court Life (VI)

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

Humour of the law and of law courts generally furnish an inexhaustible mine of informative amusement. It is so in all lands and in all times . It is said Judge Dowling once put the final question to an accused, "Have you anything final to say against the verdict ?" The prisoner at the dock who was given the life sentence remarked, "Only that if I don't live to serve it out I wish you would put my attorney in to finish it."

There are sometimes judges of peculiarly low calibre who create certain piquant situations. A lawyer is said to have addressed a county Justice, "Your Honour, I ask the dismissal of my client on the ground that the warrant fails to state that he hit Bill Jones with malicious intent." Quoth the judge: "This court ain't a graduate of none of your technical schools. I don't care what he hit Bill with. The point is, did he hit him? Proceed."

Then again it was a raw judge in the lowest court of the land. Counsel was at pains to elicit from the plaintiff that of the defendant executants, only two of them had endorsed on the pronote within three years of execution. The judge burst out: "Why did you not, mister, implead the third executant .. Executants are always liable." It took some time for counsel to convince the judge that the statute of limitation exonerates one after three years if he did not in the meantime acknowledge the debt by an endorsement on the note.

There are very fine estimable men adorning the Bench some of whom suffer from a gross deficit in legal knowledge. But often they are far better as human beings and are perfect gentlemen when compared to some with a hoary reputation for a marvellous intellect. Sometimes the latter type are a reservoir of bad manners. A judge with healthy outlook, good breeding and fine manners is more welcome to the litigant and the lawyer than an intellectual giant with horrid mannerisms often bullying, ridiculing or illtreating the legal profession and the witness in the box. Sound commonsense in a judge is more welcome than illbred intelligence of an acute type. There was a good young judge—I mean 'good' as a man—who did not know that in a Christian family the Hindu law of pious obligation theory or the law of partition cannot apply. But the lawyers soon trained him as they liked his frankness. It is indeed sad to discover conciet and pomposity in a judge. They may not know what disservice they do to the fair name of the seat of justice. It is wise to be humble and have a yearning for improvement of one's own knowledge. It is more so if one is judge. There is no limit to the ocean of knowledge, be it legal or otherwise. One

does feel tempted to laugh at the ignoramus (who for the nonce occupied the judge's seat) who said to decree holder's counsel, "How can you arrest a defendant again once you have committed him to goal? Is not the decree discharged ?" The poor counsel lost his breath in expounding to the learned judge that the decree is never wiped out by committal to goal!

There are judges who are ever so simple, straight and independant. It is said that Judge John H. Dillard, judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, was a man ever so simple but not afraid of being independant. One colleague of his seeing him in a second class railway compartment called out: "How comes it a man of your cloth is caught in a second class car?" Swift came the reply, "Because there is no third class."

Mahatma Gandhi loved to travel in third class as there was no fourth class. Similarly high thinking and plain, simple living mark out some estimable judges and even lawyers. We said "even lawyers" since the vogue has got in that a lawyer must puff up his trade, ergo, he must be well dressed, look richer than he is and spend more than he can afford. But there are some judges and lawyers who rebel at this idea. We know of a judge who when out of court will go for a walk only with a shirt and angavasthram or a bare towel. He would refuse to hire cars when he can foot the distance or go in a more humble conveyance. A senior but simple lawyer would likewise walk from court to his residence while a less well off junior would pompously use a jutka. Being simple is not parsimonious.

Some lawyers revel in inflating their income as a piece of propaganda. This archaic idea of "I am a lawyer paying so much income tax" is now happily quite uncommon.

The prisoner at the dock sometimes has his dig at the lawyer as he has a feeling that the latter is a grabber. A judge appears to have asked an accused on his conviction, "Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed ?" The prisoner hastily replied, "No, Your Honour, my lawyer took my last cent!" A hardened criminal when told by the judge, "We are now going to read you a list of your former convictions" merely replied, "In that case perhaps Your Lordship will allow me to sit down!"

One pompous lawyer of self-importance who felt the court hall was ill-equipped, ill-ventilated with no pen, ink or paper provided even for the judge, addressed the court clerk in the hearing of the judge : "Well, I have seen some pretty drab courts but this, well this is the limit." The Arkansas judge flashed out at this impertinence: "You are fined $25 for contempt. Sir, hand the money to the clerk." The pompous lawyer humbly complied. But the sequel was indeed strange. The judge added: "Now Mr. clerk, go out and get what pens, ink and paper the court may require and if there is anything left over you can give the gentleman his

young man more than a taciturn and ill-dressed, though a wiser man.

In America, if a husband is a book-worm and has no time to humour his wife, it can be a good ground for divorce. If anybody needs humouring, it is womanfolk at all stages of their lives—as a wife, as a widow and as a mother. In a quarrel between the mother or sister and the daughter-in-law, the son has to humour *both* his wife and his mother or sister. If he takes to chiding either, he bargains for a perennial source of trouble. To be fair to woman, she is amenable to being "humoured" and this is the easiest way of placating her. If only man "stoops to conquer" and condescends to humour womenfolk he will find them most pliable. He can simply lead them by the nose! Man must sacrifice his pride to be able to do this. This is not so easy and hence all our troubles with womenfolk.

Women become hostile when their heart's desires are thwarted. If somebody stands in the way of their platonic affection or love of a sexual kind or even threatens to claim a share in them, they are thoroughly roused and would not scruple to hit hard in the front or in the back or above or below the belt.

Women must either love or hate. Unlike man, she cannot be indifferent. Women cannot stand the test of true friendship that we must love those who had once been our friends even after they have become enemies. They can, however, intensely love and hate by turns but they can never cease to do either.

They are changeable in temper. This is because their mental equilibrium is easily upset by trivialities, and they would be the last persons to be frank in such matters. They may be ashamed to own the true cause of misunderstanding because they themselves know it is trivial and cannot bear mention. But still they will persist in their attitude of huff. It is the male that has to slowly probe into the cause and try to set matters right. How are we to do this, you may ask.

It is your own fault, if you don't care to study your wife's make up. If she is in the habit of nagging you at a time when there is a visitor in the house, you must infer that she is displeased with the visitor and not with you!—and so on and so forth. When your wife is cross, try to find out the reason for it and try to remove the irritant.

Women are by no means difficult to please. Small attentions to their animal comforts, or praise of their achievements in the art of cooking and domestic spheres of action,—all these will go a long way in pleasing them beyond measure.

I am not one of those who believe that men can do without women, in spite of the fact that they pose a problem for us, menfolk, more often than is desirable for our mental equipoise. Without womenfolk, there is no cheer for man, to whom life will be only unrelieved monotony. In our times of distress or sickness, their very presence is a source of the utmost cheer and we simply cannot do without them. They are like roses with thorns and nobody throws away the rose because the rose plant has thorns. Life is a mixture of joy and misery, may be, more of misery than of joy. But who would forgo the joy of life because it is coupled with sorrow as well? So are women.

WILL YOU MARRY ME?

Strange methods of persuading the chosen lady to say "Yes" seem to be becoming frequent.

Recently, Carl Demier circled over Boyne City, Michigan, U. S., in an aeroplane. Trailing behind was a banner which read, "Evelyn I love you. Marry me. Carl."

A Wisconsin, U.S.A., lover wooed his pretty girl friend Arlene with giant advertising hoardings with the words, "I Love Arlene," and "Please, Arlene, Marry Me."

A twenty-four-year-old American hired a helicopter and hovering over the garden of his girl friend, showered down photographs of himself bearing the words, "I love to distraction."

A Swedish Air Force pilot created a great vapour trail heart over the town in which his girl friend lived.

It was so impressive that the whole town turned out to see it.

One man went to extreme lengths to win the girl of his choice.

He was in love with Doreen Banks, a New York bathing beauty, but the trouble was that he had nine rivals.

Doreen decided to set a test, and marry the man who came through it.

She took all ten men up to the sixth floor of a skyscraper, and calmly announced that she would marry the one who would jump out of the window!

Our hero took the plunge, while the others stood arguing. Luckily Doreen had arranged to have the fire brigade around at the time complete with safety net.

He got the girl.

x x x

Have you noticed?

When the other fellow is set in his ways, he's obstinate; when you are, it is just firmness?

When the other fellow doesn't like your friends, he's prejudiced; when you don't like his, you are simply showing that you are a good judge of human nature?

When the other fellow tries to treat someone especially well, he's toadying; when you try the same game, you are using tact?

When the other fellow picks flaws in things. he's cranky; when you do, you are discriminating?

When the other fellow says what he thinks, he's spiteful; when you do, you are frank?

The Message of Zarathushtra

(*By Irach J. S. Taraporewala, B.A., Ph.D., Bar-at-Law*)

Dr. Irach J. S. Taraporewala, sometime Professor of Comparative Philology at the Calcutta University, is an authority on Zoroastrianism. Below is a summary of the lecture he gave at the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta.

Contemporary with earliest chanters of the Vedic *mantras*, there arose in Iran the great teacher Zarathushtra. He brought a message for all mankind and for all time, not merely for the Iranian Aryas so many thousands of years ago. For he was in very truth the *jagadguru*, the world teacher. With the passage of long ages his message has been very nearly forgotten. The Zoroastrians, a very small community numbering scarcely 125,000 in the whole world, still remember and revere his name and strive in their lives to follow his teaching. Zarathushtra's teaching may be described as consisting essentially of five principle points as follows :

Zarathushtra's religion has been universally admitted by modern scholars to be pure monotheism, because in his *Gathas* he has not considered any power of nature worship but the one supreme Reality. This supreme Being has been called by him Ahura-Mazda, which combines two names and implies the essential quality of the universe. Herein lies the root of the so-called 'dualism' of Zarathushtra's teaching. The first part of the name, Ahura, is identical with the Vedic *asura*. It is derived from *ahu* (Sanskrit, *asu*) which means 'life'; and so Ahura means 'lord of life'. This is exactly what *asura* means in the oldest portions of the Vedas. The second name, Mazda, has been translated by all scholars as 'the great wise One' (Sanskrit *Mahajnanin*). This translation is due to a misapprehension of the word by the ancient Pahlavi commentators. I take the word to be made up as *maz-da*. The first component, *maz*, means 'the great (creation)', i.e. the universe. It may be compared with the Vedic word *mah*, and the later Sanskrit word *mahat*. And the second component, *da*, is the Sanskrit word *dha*, to create; and so Mazda may be translated as 'the Creator of the great universe', i.e. matter. Thus we see that the double name of the Supreme implies that He is the lord of both life and matter. This name connotes the essential quality of life and matter found throughout all visible manifestation. This idea is essentially the same as that developed much later in India—Purusa and Prakrti both emanating from the supreme Isvara.

Zarathushtra brought to every human being what might be called 'the charter of spiritual liberty'. This is the most

refreshing part of his message. At the very commencement of the *Gathas* he says:

Hear with your ears the highest Truths I preach,
And with illumined minds weigh them with care,
Before you choose which of two paths to tread,
Deciding man by man, each one for each.

Zarathushtra has never asserted that the path he has pointed out must be followed by every person. There is no authority external to us; the only authority a man should obey is his own 'illumined mind'. Every man has full liberty to choose his own path in life after due deliberation. He has the fullest liberty to go to hell if he so chooses. The prophet only points out the two paths open to man, and he tells us the consequences of following either of them. The choice is entirely man's own. Every man has within him the divine gift of mind (*manah*; Sanskrit, *manas*); and man is *man* because of his mind, and he is expected to make the fullest use of this divine gift.

Because man is granted the fullest liberty to choose his path it follows necessarily that each individual is fully responsible for his every thought and word and deed. As he has sown, so shall he surely reap. Zarathushtra has very clearly pointed out the consequences of choosing 'the path of good' and of following 'the path of evil'. No part of the consequences that follow can be avoided. The account is entered with the strictest exactitude in the book of life, and this account must be completely cleared. No prophet can intercede for forgiveness. The man's own inner self is responsible for all that he gets, and turning back from evil is the only way to avoid pain and grief. There is a beautiful allegory mentioned in one of the later texts. After death the soul has to cross 'the bridge of the judge', and as he steps upon it, he sees a female form approaching him from the opposite side. This form is either beautiful and attractive, or ugly and repulsive. The soul wants to know who she may be and asks her. She answers, 'I am the embodiment of thine own thoughts and words and deeds; whatever I am, thou hast created me'.

The evil person may, and often does, get outward success for a time; but, at last, inevitably comes a time when his victories crumble to dust. Then his better mind begins to consider 'the laws of Ahura', and then he begins to understand what truth and righteousness mean. From that moment he begins to retrace his steps and to go along the path of truth. Every human being, no matter how wicked he may be gets this moment of return. Once he turns his back upon the path of evil, he is on the way to ultimate release. There is no eternal hell. There is retribution and suffering 'during long ages' in life, but there is no eternity of punishment. The ultimate destiny of every human being is to find the path of truth and along it to reach the region of eternal

Light and Life and Perfection where Ahura-Mazda dwells.

The law of Karma thus proclaimed by Zarathushtra should have, as a necessary corollary, the teaching of rebirth. But in all the surviving theological literature of Zoroastrianism, whether in Avesta, or Pahlavi, or Persian, there is only one passage which speaks clearly about rebirth. This is a verse from the *Gathas* of Zarathushtra himself:

But souls whose inner light continues dim,
Who have not yet beheld the light of Truth,
Unto this home of falsehood shall return,
Surrounded by false leaders egos false,
By those who think and speak and act untrue.

'This home of falsehood' is certainly our world of illusion and Maya. Apart from this single verse, there is no clear mention of rebirth, but we may sense the teaching about rebirth by implication. There is another verse which says:

Within the space of this one life on earth,
Perfection can be reached by fervent souls,
Ardent in zeal, sincere in their toil.

Zarathushtra has given his own idea of the origin of evil. He says that in the beginning two primeval spirits or powers were 'created by Mazda'; one was good, the other evil. They are opposed to each other in every respect:

And when together did the spirits twain,
Foregather at creation's early dawn,
Life did one make the other made not-life.
And thus creation's purpose is achieved.

In Goethe's *Faust*, when Mephistopheles appears and Faust asks his name, the reply given is, 'I am the spirit of eternal negation'; and this is explained further that he is the power, the ever scheming evil, which brings forth good and, consequently, he is what mankind knows as sin or evil. Evil must exist in order that good might be realized, and hence both good and evil are from Mazda.

IDEAL FRENCH WOMAN

A recent thesis published in France under the title "Research on the Anthropology of French women" describes "Miss France" thus:

She is five feet three inches tall, and weighs 8 st. 11 lbs. Her bust is at least "medium to ample", at most it is "magnificent". Her waist is narrow, her hips fairly broad. Her fingers are "long, slim, and aristocratic."

Her finger-nails, in their natural state, range in colour from lilac-pink to deep rose. And it would seem that French women are born mostly with the one colour of hair—brunette, only 5 per cent being natural blondes.

How Old Is The Universe?

By Robert K. Plumb

A question which has intrigued scientists for ages is, How old is the universe? New light is thrown on this question by a report in *Nature*, British scientific periodical, on chemical tests of meteorites. These tests suggest that stone meteorites which have arrived on earth from outer space are some five billion years old and that iron meteorites are about one-tenth that old, or roughly 500,000,000 years old.

In some respects these British calculations differ sharply from earlier calculations made by American and Russian scientists. But in general they confirm that stone meteorites are about as old as the earth, and that they might have come from the cataclysmic break-up of the planet somewhat like the earth.

The whole cosmic time scale revealed in recent studies fits nicely into another calculation too: this is the study which suggests that the universe itself is some five billion years old.

Big iron and stone meteorites move into the path of the earth as it circles the sun. When meteorites strike the earth's thin upper atmosphere, friction begins to heat them up. A similar effect is expected when the first man-made earth satellites lose speed from air resistance and begin to spiral down into dense air below their orbital path some 200 to 300 miles above the earth's surface.

Most meteorites burn themselves out with a faint flash in the night skies in a few seconds' passage through dense air. Indeed, earth satellites above dense air are expected to shed new light on the nature of the visitors from space by collecting unburned bits of tiny meteoritic dust. But a few meteorites survive the fiery plunge and land on earth. Many such specimens have been collected. Some are stone and some are almost pure iron.

There are three laboratory techniques which have been used to determine the age of meteorites, as well as the age of minerals and rocks in the earth's crust.

The oldest method depends upon detection of the amount of helium which the meteorites contain. This can then be compared with the amount of uranium and thorium they contain. As these two radioactive materials disintegrate with the passage of years they give off alpha particles, which are helium atoms. Uranium 238 disintegrates at a known rate. It has a "half life" (at which time half of any given quantity would have disintegrated) of four and a half billion years. The half life of thorium 232 is about fourteen billion years.

Therefore, sensitive measures of the amount of helium contained in a body when compared with the amount of remaining uranium and thorium

should give a rough measure of the age of the body. Dating by helium determination was devised by British Prof. F. A. Paneth.

Two complications appeared to upset these conditions. First, it was found that some terrestrial minerals do not hold all their helium. These rocks leak helium. And it was further discovered that cosmic rays striking a meteorite may generate helium in addition to that generated by uranium or thorium radioactivity.

Age of ancient minerals has been studied in a second way, by measuring the amount of radioactive potassium 40 present in relation to the amount of non-radioactive argon 40. This technique has been assumed to be very much more accurate than the helium determinations.

A third technique to date ancient minerals relies upon careful analysis of the weights of various isotopes (chemical cousins) of lead, which make up the lead in the mineral. Ordinarily lead consists of a mixture of leads with atomic weights of 204, 206, 207 and 208. Lead is one of the principal end products of atomic transformations. Uranium 238 disintegrates principally to lead 206; thorium-lead is principally lead 208. From electronic determinations of the ratio of the lead isotopes present a good guess at the age of the sample can be obtained.

In the current issue of *Nature*, Dr. P. Reasbeck of the Londonderry Laboratory for Radiochemistry of the University of Durham, and Dr. K. I. Mayne of the Clarendon Laboratory of the University of Oxford reported on tests to compare the dates derived from the three methods of dating meteorites.

They found that the helium and the argon-potassium methods agree pretty well that stone meteorites are about the same age as the earth. This figure, which is dependent on the limits of accuracy of the test methods, ranges from two to four billion years or more, approaching an estimated five billion years. It is also close to the age for stones as determined by the measure of their lead content.—*New York Times*.

A Scotsman had just a serious operation, and a friend called to see him at the nursing home. As the friend left, the nurse noticed that the invalid was very quiet, and remarked :

"I hope you said something to cheer the patient up after his operation?"

"Oh, yes," replied the friend. "I told him he might not live to pay for it!"

x x x

Mistress : "Marie, when you wait at table to-night for my guests, please don't spill anything."

Maid : "Don't you worry, ma'am; I'll keep my mouth closed."

SECRET OF JAWAHARLAL'S GREATNESS

"Shri Jawaharlal never repeats Ramnam. yet his life is so selfless, grand and elevating. Without Ramnam he has become such a powerful world force. On the other hand, there are persons who are repeating Ramnam for hours every day, yet their lives are far from satisfactory. How do you explain this anomaly?"

To this question from a devotee Swami Ramdas replies in *Vision*:

Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, you know, is a disciple or spiritual son of Mahatma Gandhi. Mahatmaji had very high love and regard for Nehru. It is by his grace and blessings that Nehru could work wonders as a politician and world statesman. In fact, Mahatmaji had imparted to him a good deal of his soul-force for the selfless service of his country in particular, and the world in general.

When you inherit the wealth of your parents, you enjoy it without your having striven in any way to obtain it. So also the Guru transfers his spiritual strength to his disciples and uses them as instruments for service on a vast scale. Swami Vivekananda became a world figure because of Sri Ramakrishna. Ramdas can multiply such instances. Blessings of saints can work miracles.

Now we shall find out how Gandhiji, who was an ordinary lawyer, became a saint honoured all over the world. He has confessed that it was all due to Ramnam. So Ramnam made Gandhiji a saint and Gandhiji made Nehru 'a powerful world force' to use your own words. It is all due to the power of Ramnam.

People generally take Ramnam not with a view to become selfless, but to raise themselves to spiritual heights and be willing instruments in the hands of the Divine for the service of humanity. That is why some people who chant Ramnam do not seem to have spiritually advanced. Still they would, in course of time, become pure and will help their suffering fellow beings in their own humble way. Ramnam never fails.

ONE IS ENOUGH

It was early morning when the travelling salesman knocked at the cottage door.

The harassed householder arrived at the door with his six-months-old baby in his arms.

The salesman unfastened his bag and displayed its contents, but before he could say a word the father indicated the baby and said :

" Look here. Do I look as if I need an alaram clock ?"

Sai Baba's Message to Humanity

The 37th anniversary of Sai Baba's mahasamadhi was celebrated on 27th October at the residence of Sri S. B. Kesaviah, 116 F, Shenoynagar. Sri Sri Prakasa, the Governor of Madras, presided. The following is the message issued by Sri Kesaviah on the occassion :

In the chequered history of mankind, time and again man has doubted if a divine power ever existed. Long ago in distant past Gajendra in the pride of his physical prowess thought he was without an equal till he found himself helpless in the grip of a crocodile reminding him of God.Similarly the mighty Hiranyakasapu flushed with his own power threatened to anhilate God if He would reveal Himself. The tragic sequel and the lesson taught thereby is a proof of the omnipotence of God. At a later period Ravana doubting if there is a divine power superior to him, launched recklessly on his career of vice and wickedness till he invited his own destruction at the hands of Sri Rama. So on through the ages man struggled along the path of progress interrupted by frequent setbacks. As in the remote times so in the recent past, it is man's belief in godlessness that plunged the world into the smoke and flame of war twice within the short span of a generation. Such human suffering and misery are avoidable if only man would disentangle himself from his brute nature and seek to realize the divine in him. To help mankind achieve such an end the great sages and saints have appeared from time to time on the world scene. Sri Sai Baba is one of the long line of such divine messengers who have brought light and hope to suffering humanity.

The life of Sai Baba has been one of service and sacrifice. No one knows his place of birth or parentage. He appeared as a lad of sixteen in the small hamlet of Shirdi about the middle of the last century.For the succeeding sixty or more years he lived in Shirdi, he ceaslessly endeavoured to alleviate human distress in whatever form he found it. He used the divine power he possessed for confering benefits on his followers. Knowing fully the limitations of human nature he drew the people to him by an initial grant of temporal gains and sooner or later set them on the spiritual path, for Baba never lost sight of the ultimate objective of spiritual regeneration of the people. Although he lived with his fellowmen, he was still outside the world; for he was truly a jivanmuktka, one who had attained liberation from the earthly bondage while still continuing in the human body.

In an age such as ours in which spiritual values are being lost sight of, Baba repeatedly assured, as did the Upanishadic rishis of old, that it is open to every one to see God if he purifies his mind and approaches divinity through the intuition of a pure heart.

Baba's main role was that of a Samartha Sadguru who diffused the spirit of religion to his devotees. He spread a message of mutual tolerance and sympathy. Both by his spoken word and deeds he endeavoured to make religion a unifying force in society by removing the causes of disruption. He constantly impressed on his devotees that the essence of all religions is the same and they all lead to the same goal. He succeeded in a remarkable measure in unifying Hindus and Moslems.

On this sacred day which marks the 37th anniversary of Sai Baba's mahasamadhi let us recall the great and noble lessons he taught and resolve to practice them in our daily lives. Although Sai Baba has cast off his mortal coil he is ever present in his infinite aspect guiding and helping in innumerable ways the myriads of his devotees who seek refuge in him wholeheartedly.

TOWN WITH EIGHT PEOPLE

The town of Dellview, North Carolina, U. S., which has only eight inhabitants, owes its existence to a band of dogs.

Davis P. Dellinger and his two brothers ran a big poultry farm. Dogs used to raid the coops. The county laws did not seem to afford enough protection, so Davis Dellinger, who was also a lawyer, hit on a plan to curb the nuisance.

While county laws may or may not have been lax in dealing with stray dogs, the laws of towns in the district were not.

The Dellingers arranged for the legislature to turn their huge farm into a town—perhaps the smallest of its kind, in population anyway.

They enacted drastic laws for the destruction of ownerless dogs, and they put those ordinances into effect so vigorously that soon the dog-pack was wiped out. That was in 1925. Recently the poultry business was given up, and now hay and vegetables are raised.

But Dellview is still, legally, a town with the same population as at first, and is probably the only town in the world with just the population of eight people.

x x x

The neighbour of a man noted for his extreme thrift saw him dressed in his best clothes.

"What's up, Jim?" he called out. "Why the glad rags?"

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"News? What news?"

"Triplets!"

"Oh, so that accounts for—" began the neighbour, when the frugal one interrupted him.

"Yes, that accounts for my wearing these clothes. What's the use of trying to be economical?"

Adventures of Mahendraverma

Mahendraverma in search of new adventures lands in Ratnapuri where he meets with a monkey trainer whose monkey had died. He revives the monkey and later hears all about the king and his beautiful daughter and how the queen was forcibly snatched away by a Brahmarakshasha.

By 'S'

The next day in the evening Mahendraverma accompanied by the Korava and his monkey went to the Kali temple where every day the princess went to perform Puja.

Just at the approach to the temple they occupied a vantage position and Mahendraverma bid his campanion to start his usual play with the monkey. Soon a crowd collected and after sometime the princess emerged from the temple. The people respectfully made way for her palanquin to pass. Mahendraverma saw the princess and for a moment felt rooted to the spot. He had not seen such beauty before. She was like an angel and he stood there drinking in her beauty. Just as she was about to pass them he nudged his companion and told him to go and beg for some reward. The *Korava* immediately stepped forward and removing his turban held it stretched in both his hands before the princess.

The princess smilled. "Show me some of your tricks," she said in a sweet voice and she told the palanquin bearers to halt.

Mahendraverma immediately stepped forward and started doing some sleight of hand tricks.

The princess sat amused and at the same time wondered how a handsome youth who looked above the rank of the people assembled there happened to adopt this profession.

Mahendraverma continued his magic tricks.

The princess addressed him : "Show me something special and I will reward you handsomely."

"Yes, Your Highness. Now watch," he said and the next moment he disappeared.

The people and the princess were astounded to see the man melt away as if in thin air. But he was found standing on the other side of the palanquin.

"Let me see you doing this disappearing trick again," said the princess. Hardly did the words come out from her lips than Mahendraverma was found standing on the other side. How could he go round the palanquin bearers and other spectators so quickly and that too without anyone detecting him ?

It was astounding and the princess much pleased with him took out a necklace from her neck and gave it to Mahendraverma.

"I am much pleased with your magic feats. I want you to come to the palace and enter-

Estd. : 1906 H. O. : UDIPI (S. India)

THE

CANARA BANKING CORPORATION LIMITED

50 YEARS OF BANKING SERVICE !

A period of 50 years in the life of an Institution is not of much significance and value. But, the growth of the "CORPORATION" during the last about 50 years from 1906 from a small "Nidhi" of only Rs. 5000/- to a total working fund of over Rs. 41 crores, in spite of the two Great World Wars that shook the very foundation of the whole world, is really of much significance and value. For this remarkable progress, the "CORPORATION" owes a large debt of gratitude to its thousands of shareholders, customers and well-wishers for their unstinted co-operation and unshakable confidence in it and offering 'Best In Banking' to one and all of them in the years to come, it now looks forward to celebrate its GOLDEN JUBILEE early in the year 1956. By the by, it also wishes them all A HAPPY & PROSPEROUS DEEPAVALI.

tain the king and his counsellors" she said.

The palanquin moved away and the spectators vied with one another to reward this young and handsome magician who had so pleased their beloved princess.

Soon Mahendraverma had collected a small pile of coins. He gave it all to his companion retaining the necklace for himself.

The next morning two messengers came from the palace with an invitation from the king.

Mahendraverma was received by the king with due respect and kind enquiries were made about him.

"I heard about your magic feats from the princess. Are you new to this place?" the king enquired.

"I come from the other side of the mountain. I am not a magician by profession but a prince. I wanted to see the world and chanced to come to your capital."

"I feel honoured by your visit. Are people in your country proficient in magic?"

"No. I acquired these powers by the grace of Kali. I am more than a match to any magician or sorcerer in your country."

"Sorcerer?" the king echoed with suppressed breath. The word seemed to have instant effect on those assembled in the durbar hall. All eyes were fixed on him. The atmosphere was tense.

"Sorcerer?" the king echoed again as if repeating it to himself. Then addressing Mahendraverma he said in slow measured tones:

"Once there was a great sorcerer in our land. He was a good Brahmin but slowly he began to covet power and wealth. People began to fear him and avoided him. He practised greater austerities and succeeded in getting under his control wicked demons and a Brahmarakshasa. Since then he has become a menace. No power on earth seems to harm him. Swords cannot touch him. They melt away. Anyone who opposes him is either burned to ashes or turned into stone. We had had him surrounded by a thousand soldiers. But he had calmly walked away without so much as a scratch on his body. Today he lives in a magic island far into the sea built by the demons."

"A good riddance," interposed Mahendraverma.

"I wish it were so. But it is not so. He comes now and then. The Brahmarakshasa carries him instantly to any place he wishes to go. Seven years ago he came to our capital..." The king paused for sometime and then proceeded:

"He came here and forcibly snatched away the queen."

"I heard it said that it was a Brahmarakshasa who carried her away," said Mahendraverma.

"So you have already heard about it. It was the sorcerer aided by the Brahmarakshasa. Perhaps you have also heard about the vow of the princess not to marry till the sorcerer is killed," said the king.

"Yes. That is why I planned the magic performance yesterday. I wanted to get myself introduced to her. I will be glad to be of help to you."

"Let me warn you," the king replied, "the sorcerer is powerful. You are quite young. Don't unnecessarily risk your life."

"By the grace of goddess Kali I feel I can kill that sorcerer and restore your queen to you." So saying he took leave of the king and proceeded to the Kali temple promising the king that he would tell him of his plan the next day.

(*Next month*: *Visit to the magic island.*)

SEA WATER BARS

Sea water bars are being opened at some German resorts. There you can order a pint of water distilled from sea-water, pleasantly flavoured with orange or lemon. There are "Neptune" cocktails for adults, and sea-water minerals in many flavours for children.

But why drink sea-water, even though it has been treated and flavoured? Because, say German health experts, there's nothing like it for restoring energy and even for quenching thirst.

The water is said to contain vital matter which, when added to the body's organism, give it more resistence to disease. Certain rheumatic, gout and stomach disorders are greatly relieved by sea-water minerals it is claimed.

x x x

IDENTITY TEST

Gardener: "Is this your ball in the garden here?"
Boy: "Are there any windows broken?"
Gardener: "No, sonny."
Boy: "Oh, that'll be my ball, then."

x x x

It was his first great speech, and he wanted it to be a success. His oration was long and passionate, and he wished to end it with a warning.

He could have couched his warning in the old proverb about locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen, but that was too commonplace. He wanted something original.

He thought of something better at last, and exclaimed:

"Don't, I beg of you, don't wait till the house catches fire before you summon the fire brigade!"

x x x

"Mother, have I been a good boy lately?"
"Yes, Bobby, you have been a very good boy."
"And do you trust me, mother?"
"Why, of course, I trust you, Bobby."
"Then why do you go on hiding the jam?"

INSANIYAT: A MAGNIFICENT FILM

S. S. Vasan has a flair for doing things in a big way. It was he who first showed to Indian producers that pictures produced on the scale of some of the Hollywood epics can definitely be a success in India also. His *Chandralekha* was a landmark in the history of Indian films. *Insaniyat*, now released in city and elsewhere, is a worthy successor to this Indian epic.

Insaniyat is a powerful and suspense-packed story of a village which organises itself and stands up to a tyrant chief, Zangoora by name. When Banu Pratap, Zangoora's captain, loots that village with his band of soldiers, Durga, the daughter of the village headman, slaps him and admonishes him for his wicked deed. That chastens him up and renouncing his command he comes back to the village and organises it for work and defence. Durga falls in love with him but she is also loved by Mangal, a youth of the village. The latter, however, when he comes to know of Durga's love for Banu, sacrifices his love for the sake of her happiness. But the marriage celebration is disturbed by the raid of Zangoora's men, who however, were soon defeated.

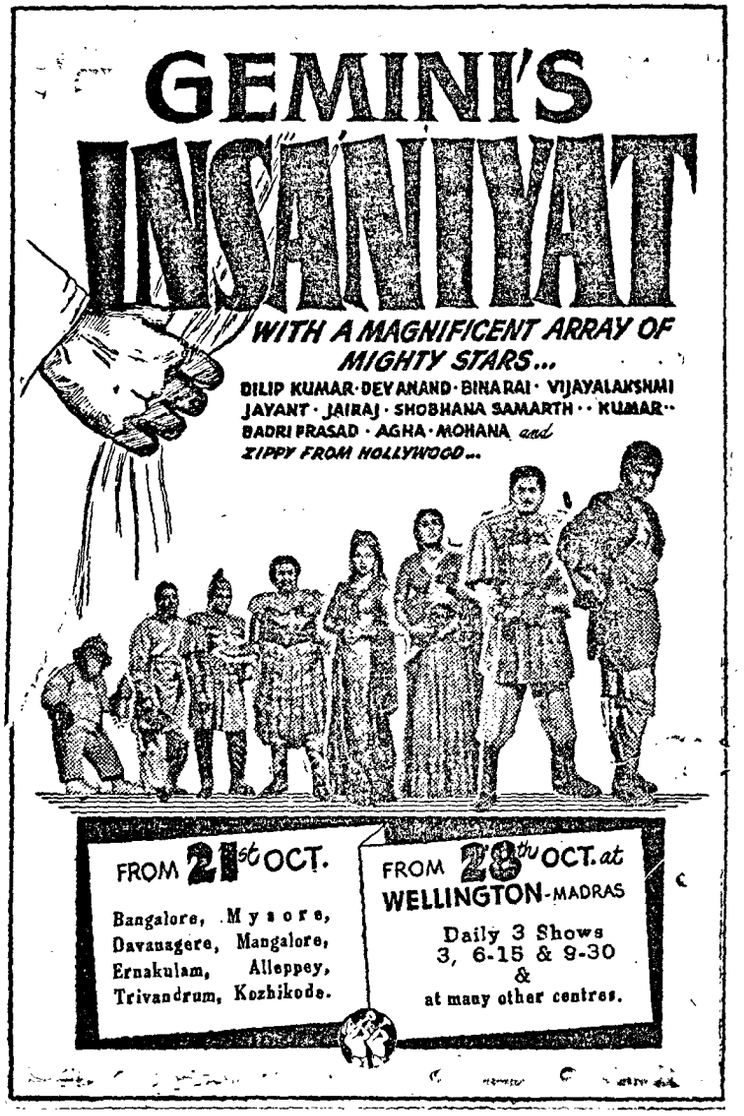
Time passes. But Zangoora had not forgotten his defeat. He wants to take revenge on Banu Pratap and plans a raid at the time of the great feast at the hill temple which is attended by all the villagers. Banu is captured and Zangoora sentences him to death. But Mangal rescues him and Banu with the help of the villagers marches against the tyrant's fort and defeats him. Mangal, however, meets with his death while rescuing Durga's child.

There is no dull moment in the entire length of the film. Scenes roll one after another withbreath taking suspense and the climax is reached when Durga's child is rescued by Zippy, the Hollywood chimpanzee (in the film it is known as Jippoo), from the hands of Zangoora who is about to dash it down before the storming villagers led by Banu. Jippoo's exploits are many and you would love them.

Dilip Kumar as Mangal is indeed lovable. His characterisation of a difficult role is superb. Dev Anand and Bina Rai as Banu and Durga give a refined performance. Zangoora's part is played to perfection by Jayant while Agha, the comedian, with Jippoo as his companion, sends the audience into peals of laughter. There are others too who by their polished performances have added to the entertaining value of the picture.

Mother : Jessie, the next time you hurt that kitten I am going to do the same thing. If you slap it, I'll slap you. If you pull its ears, I'll pull yours. If you pinch it, I'll pinch you.

Jessie (after a moment's thought) : Mamma, I'll pull its tail.



THE SACRIFICE

(*By P. Venkatesh*)

It was like the festival of morning light after the riot of wind and rain the whole night. The sparkling silver sunshine flooded the entire empyrean. The mainas in sheer delight sped towards the sapphire sky from neighbouring bamboo thicket, while the magpies in the distant woods held their musical consorts. The rain droplets, settled in the dell of vernal green, glistened like pearls set in the ears of a sweet maiden. Gay shouts of men and women filled the air while the wild blossoms recklessly scattered their perfume to the passing wind.

Suddenly a little boy's shrill voice filled the air when he witnessed a wild mongrel in mad terror rushing past him. Poor creature ! Some urchins had tied a tin can to its tail and the frightened creature was running fast to escape from the noise. "Aradhana, where do you want to go ?" asked Bhargavi anxiously, as he tried to slip from her hold.

"I want to catch that dog mother, and untie the can," said the boy, panting with excitement.

"Dog ? Oh, it will bite you," she chided him with a delicately evasive smile and seeing that her words had made no visible effect on the boy, begged in endearing tones, "Come, Aradhana, come, and be a good boy." She again tenderly gave her forefinger for him to hold.

Though Aradhana called Bhargavi as mother, yet in truth she was not so. For he had no mother, nor father, none other than Bhargavi his elder sister.

For a long time after Bhargavi's birth her parents had no children. And then late in the evening of their lives, a son was born to them. Then as dramatically as this, death laid its icy hands on both of them and ever since the child was looked after by his sister.

Before this, another calamity also had befallen the family. Bhargavi's child, also a baby-boy, scarcely seven days old, died. Thus not only the orphan child easily conquered his sister's heart but became her sole object of love. Perhaps this was the supreme compensation for the baby-boy designed by destiny ! Inscrutable indeed are the ways of Providence ! All her newly awakened mother's love, which had lain dormant all along in the inmost meshes of her heart were now centered in her brother.

But it wasn't so with Bhargavi's husband, Gurunath. It was in fact the reverse of it. He was by no means pleased with this unforseen unnecessary addition to his family. The child was an usurper in his eyes, for without him, the five acres of fertile land and a bungalow of no small worth would have otherwise been his.

Bhargavi at first spared no means to share her love for the boy with her spouse but met with little success. So she tried to keep the boy away from the icy, loveless, jealous look of her husband.

Little children brimming over with life and laughter, are apt to commit a hundred and odd mistakes which elders if well-meaning pass over as mere childish pranks. But where there is no affection, they will appear as unpardonable naughtiness. It was exactly so with Gurunath. He was greatly annoyed with Aradhana's innocent pranks. For instance, when the boy hurled an orange peel at the wall clock, Bhargavi would administer a small scolding prentending to be angry but her husband would get furious at the boy and would box his ears and cane him mercilessly. In short, he not only would openly show his hatred and enmity towards the innocent little boy but contrive a thousand and one ways of causing him annoyance and inflict unjust punishment. Bhargavi, being utterly helpless, could only intervene and receive half of the onslaughts on her own back and taking her punished brother into her own apartment caress and embrace him and in a voice filled with love and grief lull him to sleep on her lap with such endearments as " my jewel, my pearl."

Oh ! to what horrid ugly ends avarice leads men in this world and makes them utterly averse to all human values ! Thus as Bhargavi's love grew for Aradhana her husband's hatred for him and indifference to his wife increased.

One fine afternoon, a plan for new mischief entered Aradhana's head. There was a rich mango orchard in the neighbourhood in full flower and fruit. His plan was to plunder the fruits and have a feast with his friends and bring home some to his dear sister who he knew was very fond of them. So he gathered all his boy companions over whom he was despot and invaded the orchard.

Like a set of wild monkeys set loose, they soon climbed the trees and brought down several baskets of fruits.

In the evening when the owner of the despoiled mongo orchard came and saw the sight his anger knew no bounds.

He guessed who the miscreant was and straight made towards Bhargavi's home, and lodged a complaint with Gurunath, whereupon the bestial man betaking the opportunity, boxed the boy's ears and thrashed him mercilessly. The boy wailed and whined pleading for forgiveness. Presently he swooned and fell with a thud on the floor. Bhargavi was all along away from home. On her return she saw the child lying in an unconscious state on the floor. His shirt was torn and his whole body was bruised. She gently carried him inside and laid him on the bed. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she sprinkled some cold water on his face and in a tear-choked voice tenderly called "Aru, Aru" whereupon he half opened his eyes and closed them again. She sat by his side all day gently massaging his limbs.

When Gurunath returned home that night she remonstrated with him but the brute only kicked her.

Now their relations were completely strained. From then onwards Gurunath began to come home late and sometimes he would stay away the night too.

Then one day he suggested to her to sell the house of Aradhana. Since she was the guardian of the boy she had every right to sell it he persuaded her but she would not agree. This led to a quarrel and he in his thwarted anger thrashed and kicked her and then gave vent to his wrath in a volley of abuse and then went out. Bhargavi was lying on the floor in a half swoon, while Aradhana crouched in a corner, petrified with fear and sorrow at his sister's sorry plight, his tear-filled face hid in his cupped palms.

A week thus labouriously passed. Bhargavi's condition became worse. She pleaded with her husband to send word to the neighbouring doctor. But he only looked at her with withering contempt and walked out of the house.

Aradhana saw all this with great anxiety. Though a child, yet he realised that he was the cause for all this calamity at home. He softly came to her bedside and whispered : "Ma, why father is so harsh towards us ? What have you done that he should beat you so unkindly? He beats me because I do mischief; but you, you.....is it because you always side me and love me ?" But Bhargavi did not allow him to speak further. Taking him into her arms she gently stroked his head. "Mother how hot is your body !" the boy exclaimed. Bhargavi in order to hide her illness from her brother as she knew that it would cause him sorrow untold, wiped the hot tears that, rolled down her pale cheeks and told him with an affected smile, "No child. I'm alright and I will be alright soon."

But the next moment Aradhana was gone.

He knew where the doctor's house stood in the nighbourhood and ran straight thither and begged him to accompany him home at once.

When they reached home, Bhargavi lay in an unconscious state and was gasping for breath. The doctor after examining the patient, prescribed some medicine. The boy knew where Gurunath kept the money. He opened the box and taking some money went with the doctor and brought the medicine. With great care he gently opened his sister's mouth and poured the medicine. He knew that it would taste bitter. So he softly applied some sugar to her dried up lips and then sat by her side fanning her all day long

In the evening Gurunath returned Even when he was at the door step, his eyes fell on the bottle of medicine kept on the table. He thundered at the child as to who had brought it to which Aradhana answered in all his boyish dignity "I." Blazing with fury, he scowled : " Who the devil asked you to do that ?"

" I went of my own accord as mother was suffering," was the boy's bold rejoinder. The tone of the reply so utterly different from the one he had expected to elicit and was wont to receive, raised his wrath a hundred fold. He pounced on him like a wild animal. A shudder went through the child's body. He knew the coming onslaught and wanted to run away from the place but the man caught him and slapped his face. Tears in torrents rolled down his cheeks ; for a while he felt dizzy. And even without his knowing it he shrieked. Poor child ! he had resolved to bear the punishment without a cry, lest his sister should wake up. " I'll cut you to pieces you rascal," Gurunath said clenching his fists unsatiated yet of his brutality and dragged the little boy to the lumber room and thrusting him inside bolted the door.

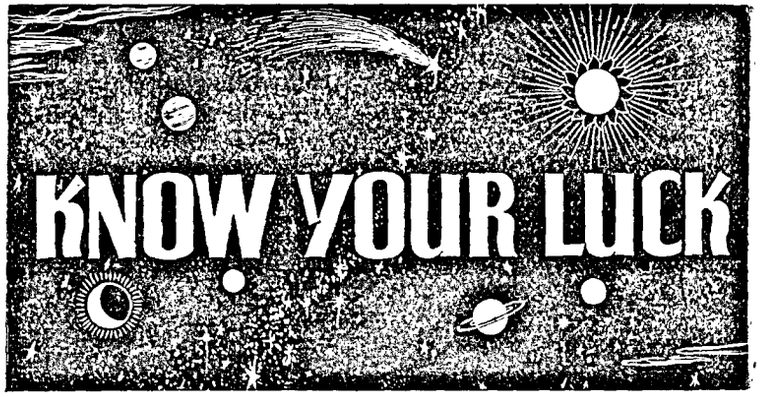
It was dark and full of all sorts of rubbish. A foul odour filled the room. This time the boy could not help crying aloud, for the fear of darkness seized him. He pleaded and wailed in turns saying that he would never more commit any wrong. "Father do please forgive me this once. I will not do anything without your bidding hereafter," he begged in an agony of fear. He had his other great anxiety also as to what will happen to his dear sister who lay sick. But the brute would not listen to him. He went away.

Left alone confined in that dark room Aradhana cried till his heart seemed to burst. Suddenly he saw something shiny in the opposite corner. It was a snake and as it crawled near him, a tremour ran through his slender body. "Mother, father, snake ; pray open the door." Again and again he cried at the top of his voice but the villain outside was not moved.

Though Bhargavi was still in a delirious state she heard his cry of pain. She opened her eyes and called for her husband but he had walked away. Again the poor child cried and groaned. Bhargavi sensed that the child was in some trouble in the cellar. Though utterly weak and frail, she got up from her bed and dragged herself to the cellar using every ounce of her strength. She opened the door and peeped into the room calling in a voice that wouldn't rise above her throat "Aru, my child, my child."

Slowly her eyes got accustomed to the darkness and she saw Aru lying there with clenched fists and foam in his mouth. And at the same time she noticed a snake crawling out of the room.

In that first horrible moment of the realisation of the tragedy the blood curdled within Bhargavi's heart. A mist came before her eyes ; cold sweat stood upon her face. From the very depths of her crumpled, broken heart, she uttered a painful and agonising cry. "Oh, Aru, my child, my brother," and fell on the body of the beloved boy in a swoon. When Gurunath returned he found her lying there stiff and cold !



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

Aswani Bharani and ¼ Krithika

Planetary alignment does not sound favourable to you since their positions indicate troubles, anxieties, ill health, financial embarrassment and court troubles. The only benefic influence radiates from the V house position of Guru. This will reduce the evil effects of other planets to a minimum. You will have no satisfaction about your children's affairs. Mentally you will be restless. Your health as well as your wife's will be often disturbed. Domestic happiness will therefore be wanting. Financially greater pressure is indicated during the month. Last week will register slight financial improvement. Second half will prove hardly better. Change of professional activities is envisaged. Officially no improvement is noticed. Merchants will find first half better than the second. Partnership will be labouring under dispute and misunderstanding.

1, 5, 17, 22, 25, 30 are better days.

x x x

VRISHABHA RASI or TAURUS

¾ Krithika, Rohini & ½ Mrigashira

Planetary course during this month is promising a better turn of life. Financial planet works surprisingly in the first week. Though its pressure is on the increase timely help is indicated. Mangal alone in the V till 19th will bring about heavy and sudden expenditure in your family. Your system will get over-heated, and if you are already a chronic sufferer, this month will keep you more disturbed owing to stomach disorder. Nervous disability, fever and disordered system or biliousness will be evident during this month. Owing to the change of Saturn's position on the 13th, there may be some happy official change. Your enemies will be rendered powerless. Second half does not promise good health for your wife. A journey in a few cases may occur. Matrimonial question, if any, will get delayed. Merchants will speculate well in the first week. Second half may cause them worries financially.

5, 8, 12, 13, 17, 24, 29, 30 are better days.

x x x

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

½ Mrigashira, Ardra and ¾ Punarvasu

Second half of his month will prove slightly better than the first one. Frst half shows mental affliction, domestic inharmony, stomach complaint, and pensive mind resulting in pessimistic view of life. There may be a journey also. Second half shows settlement of pending affairs and timely help in difficulties from elders or near relations. Middle of the month indicates some disappointment or disagreement with an elderly person. One of your brothers will cause you much anxiety. Avoid then also correspondence or signature on any important document. General health will require special attention owing to stomach ache or irritation of your system. Second half of the month registers better financial conveniences. There will be no encouragement in service. Merchants will have better turnover in the second half. Partnership will not fare well.

3, 5, 6, 8, 11, 25, 27, 30 are better days.

x x x

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

¼ Punarvasu Pushya & Ashlesha

The lay out of the planetary positions characterises an admixture of both good and bad results during this month. First half seems to be more favourable to you than the second. Financial conveniences are emphasised more in the first half. In the middle of the month there will be financial transactions with others. There may be court proceeding also resorted to in the matter. Domestically you may not be happy on account of your family and children. Any marriage negotiation near about 16th may prove disappointing. General health may be disturbed. A journey may be envisaged in a few cases. A house move may be in the picture. Second half will cause anxiety about the health of your children. Merchants will be more speculatively inclined in the second half. The middle of this month shows unexpected trouble for them financially and socially.

4, 5, 8, 17, 22, 24, 29, 30 are better days.

x x x

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Makha, Poorvaphalguna and ¼ Utharaphalguna

Both Guru and Sukra are favourably posited in the month's chart. The solar course through the

III house in the first half promises better relationship wlth the neighbours, correspondence to your advantage, a journey as desired and happy social activities. Health may be below par. Avoid pursuit of pleasures at the sacrifice of your duties. The planetary influences place the limelight on you as a personality. Let your head rule your heart in this particular month. Mangal in the II house lays stress on your financial inconveniences unless you are careful in finaneial matters. There may be a marriage negotiation concluding successfully after initial disappointment. Your work officially will increase and may attract your boss's attention. Domestic change is indicated. You will be happier in the first half. Merchants will fare somewhat better in the first half only. Partnership will not be in the limelight owing to differences amongst partners.

1, 3, 4, 8, 12, 13, 17, 25, 26. 28, 29, 30 are better days.

x x x

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

¾ Uttara-phalguna Hastha and ¼ Chitra

You will be free from the tentacles of seven and half years of Saturn from the 13th November and thus freed from the family and financial troubles that were overwhelming you for the last seven and half years. Mangal till 19th will not be conducive to your wellbeeing. You may suffer just on the eve of Saturn's entry into the next house Vrischika. Avoid transactions with others. Social activities may be suspended for some time more. Fnancially you will have heavy fluctuations and even loss in any investment if ventured upon. A journey may occur. Avoid rupture in the domestic life in the second half. Expenditure will be on the increase beyond your control. Officially there may not be any change worth the name. Great stress is to be laid on your correspondence and relationship to your own people and others. Merchants will not do well during the month. Partnership will not be favoured by the planetary combinations.

1, 3, 5, 12, 17, 24, 26, 30, are better days.

x x x

THULA RASI or LIBRA

¾ Chitra Swathi and ¼ Vishaka

Guru in the XI house is a good testimony as to your financial facilities. With the entry of the income lord Kuja into your Rasi Thula on the 19th your finance and all matters concerning monetary affairs will improve. Expenditure will be heavy meanwhile. Avoid legal troubles in financial transactions. Health will be disturbed. Marriage negotiation will be a success. New knowledge will be gained. Avoid differences with elders or seniors in the office. Officially, you may have some gain or other or change of working centre during this month. Your eyesight will be affected more if you are already a sufferer. Merchants will find this a transitional period. They will suffer loss if they speculate recklessly. No fresh

business opening should be tried. Partnership may flourish under changed business conditions.

2, 4, 5, 8, 11, 17, 22, 25, 27, 29 are better days.

x x x

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

¼ Vrichika, Anuradha and Jeshta

Planets near the X and XI houses confer gainful development in your professional and financial matters. They also add to your all round activities socially and domestically. There will be many friends rallying round you in the first half of this month. They will prove costly to you in the second half. Avoid friction and misunderstanding with those around you at home and outside. Domestically you will not feel happy on account of your own family. Finance will be easy in first half. Pressure will manifest itself in the second half. You will be honoured in the social and public life. Yet you will not have mental peace. Your affairs in general don't seem progressing well to your satisfaction. There are enemies at work against you behind your back. Some sudden change in respect of your residence will be in the offing. Second half shows some slight advantage in service. Merchants will gain more during the commencement of the month.

1, 3, 5, 8, 12, 17, 22, 24, 29, 30 are better days.

DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS

Moola, Poorvashada Uttarashada¼

Benefic influences of planets predominate over your affairs during this month. First half is luckier than the second one. Financially though expenditure is running high beyond your control income also will be fairly good. The aspects of two malefics to your Rasi are not good for either your health or mental peace. One of your children will claim your special attention. You will move in the higher circle and take greater interest in social and family life. You will gain by your contact with people at higher level. There may be difference with a friend of yours. Second half shows heavier commitments on your purse. Avoid friction with some of your colleagues and also financial transanctions with near relations. Merchants will do well with foreign businessmen. Distant or foreign business will prove more advantageous.

1, 3, 5, 7, 8, 17, 24, 30 are better days.

x x x

MAKARA or RASI CAPRICORN

¾ Uttarashada Sravana ¼ Dhanista

The opposite elements viz. Saturn and Sun in the X house coupled with Guru in the 8th house don't sound well as to the success of your undertakings. They don't contribute to your credit outside in your activities. Better avoid rupture and misunderstanding with elders and in any financial deal.

Second half of the month will prove decidedly better. Financial conveniences will also improve. But expenditure side goes up beyond your control owing to the malefic aspects of Saturn and Mangal. Private enemies are closely following your heels secretly. Unwelcome news may be heard during the month. One of your near relations will claim your special attention. Your general health will be below par. Officially you may not achieve advantage worth the name. Merchants will fare better in the second half. They should be careful of their speculations lest there should be sudden loss.

1, 2, 5, 7, 15, 16, 22, 24 are betetr days.

x x x

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

But for the Astama position of Mangal till the 19th this whole month would have proved quite good in all respects. Mangal would disturb your health and cause you anxiety as to your wife's health as well. A distant journey is envisaged in a few cases while for some others there may be legal troubles. Lawyer's help may be sought. Guru in 7th will see to the successful termination of them. Finance will be better in this month particularly in the second half. Domestic sphere will be harmonious in the second half. There may be a marriage performance for the marriage seekers. Officially, there will be a good change in the second half. Avoid misunderstanding and differences with the elders or seniors. Last week will confer favour of superiors on you. Merchants will do well in the second half. Partnership will also be in the limelight then. Foreign business will prove more profitable. 13th to 16th will be eventful.

¼ Dhanista, Sathabhisha & ¾ Poorvabhadra

1, 5, 7, 8, 22, 24, 30 are better days.

x x x

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Planets' positions don't indicate a harmonious and trouble free period. They indicate financial pressure and loss where business or financial handling is concerned. Planets in the 8th house also cause health trouble and consequent sufferings. Second half might prove slightly better. Socially and domestically there may not be expected relief. More money is needed to meet your commitments. Even a temporary loan may in some cases be found unavoidable. Officially, first half will be troublesome and disappointing. Avoid friction with the higher-ups. Your astama Saturn or Sani will once for all leave you carefree from the 13th. There will be thereafter less troublesome life for you in the work-a-day world. Merchants will feel the lessening of business hindrances which have kept them in great stress and strain so far.

¼ Poorvabhadra Uttarbhadra & Revathi

2, 3, 5, 8, 11, 17, 22, 24, 27, 30 are better days.

NEWS STORIES

Fred Small was an American with an inventive turn of mind. In 1916 he was living near Lake Ossipee with his wife. He had insured his bungalow for £1,000. It was a good bungalow as bungalows go, except that it had six inches of water in the cellar seeping in from the lake. He had insured his wife too; she was a good wife, but he had known her only ten days when they were married.

One day he telephoned his friends, asking them to accompany him on a trip to Boston. None could go, but he had prepared his alibi. Then he 'phoned for a conveyance to call at his house to take him to the railway station. The driver heard him shout farewell to his wife, but did not hear any reply.

While Small was miles away in Boston his bungalow caught fire and burned out. He was informed by telephone and raced home expressing grief for his wife. Then he rang up the fire insurance company, and telephoned a local undertaker for a funeral casket and flowers to inter his wife's ashes.

He was astounded when they asked him what they should do with the body. "What!" he exclaimed. "Is there enough left to be buried?"

There was enough left to bury him, too. When the floor collapsed the burning wreckage fell through into the cellar. His wife's body was found, preserved by the water in the cellar; there was a bullet wound in her head and a cord about her neck. There were also the remains of an ingenious piece of clockwork mechanism which had set off a fire hours after he had left for Boston to make his alibi. He was hanged.

x x x

SNORING

Who snore the louder, men or women? The usual complaint that men do has once and for all been debunked by Colgate University, U. S. A., where physiologists made a study of some 1,000 men and women snorers. Professors came up with the news that they found it impossible to distinguish between male and female snorers!

x x x

A GHOST CHILD

An eerie experience with a "ghost child" who accompanied them on a flight is reported by Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Haldeman, of Pretoria. The doctor and his wife, who have a private 'plane, flew to Australia and back, a 30,000-mile trip.

Before taking off from Pretoria, a photographer took a picture of their 'plane. There was no one in it or near it, but in the cabin plainly to be seen in the picture, was a little girl about six years old.

"We felt her presence throughout," Dr. Haldeman said. "The

'ghost child' guided us repeatedly in times of danger. Flying from Masirah to Salah, we hit a monsoon and gave ourselves up for lost. It seemed, however, that the child took over from us and guided the 'plane to safety. We took the photo with her in it along with us."

x x x

JEWELS IN FASHION

Jewelled tin-openers and ash trays are in the fashion in U.S.

The jewelled tin-openers are gold plated and encrusted with multi-coloured stones.

There are also jewelled ash trays, jewelled feather dusters, jewelled fly swatters, jewelled shoe-horns.

One can even buy a jewel-trimmed telephone and a jewelled icebag for the morning after.

x x x

SPACE TRAVEL

Space travel is likely to be common before the end of this century according to most scientists. You may therefore be interested in the following facts about interplanetary broadcasting: Your message from Venus will take 2¼ minutes to reach Earth; from Mars, 3¼ minutes; Mercury, 4 minutes; Jupiter; 37 minutes; Saturn, a full hour; Uranus, 2½ hours; Neptune, 4½ hours, and there's a 5 to 6 hours' wait from Pluto.

x x x

THEY LIKE GIRLS TO BE FAT

Modern women starve and sometimes drug themselves to keep slim but high-bred. Touaregs of the Sahara Desert like their womenfolk to be fat. In fact the fatter a woman is the more beautiful she is considered to be and girls from their infancy are subjected to a fattening process which is as strenuous as the training of a boxer. The girls are rubbed with oil and forcibly fed on goat's milk and fattening food containing a high sugar content. The fatter a girl becomes the more she is sought in marriage and if there is a girl who is exceptionally fat it may lead even to bloodshed among rival suitors.

x x x

MADE LOVE TO MAKE HIM A MURDERER

Catherine Hayes wanted to get rid of her husband. But how? She could not murder him alone.

Then one evening Mr. Hayes brought home Tom Wood, a young man he had befriended. As Catherine's eyes met the stranger's she decided she would make him her accomplice.

It did not take long to persuade Wood to help her evil plans. His reward was to be half her husband's fortune.

The date was fixed for a week's time—the victim's birthday. Mr. Hayes got drunk, egged on by Wood.

When Hayes flopped senseless on the floor, Wood gave the

helpless man one blow with a hatchet. Catherine was a widow.

They threw the corpse's head in the Thames, thinking they could then bury the headless body without fear of identification, and went off gloating at their success.

But they did not gloat so much the next day. The head was washed up under Westminster Bridge and taken to the local magistrates.

They ordered it to be washed, the hair combed, and stuck on pole in St. Margaret's churchyard.

Thousands of people milled to Westminster to see this new attraction—among them several who knew Mr. Hayes.

That evening the magistrates asked Catherine to examine the head.

On seeing it she wept, and asked if she might have a lock of his hair.

"Methinks, madam, you have had too much of his blood already," remarked the chief magistrate.

Catherine swooned, but, charged with murder, denied her guilt. Wood, however, confessed.

On May 9, 1726, Wood was hanged, and Catherine was burned alive.

x x x

THE HEADLESS GHOST

Pedestrains and motorists in the Cape Town suburb of Bellville were startled recently to see a tall headless and armless man strolling along a main street. Two cars collided and a woman walked into a lamp standard. A constable on point duty forgot about signals as he stared, then set off in pursuit of the "apparition" and collared it.

It was a youngster walking on low stilts, wearing one of his father's suits. The jacket was pulled over his head and the shirt was buttoned up above his head as well. The sleeves were tucked in the pockets.

x x x

REGAINS SPEECH AFTER-TICKLING

A 13-year-old French boy who has been mute for ten years regained his speech after being tickled by his foster-sister. He is Robert Pignot, of Montaigu, near Poitiers.

At the age of three, the boy suffered a physical shock and became mute. Doctors who examined him could not find any physical cause.

What in the beginning looked like a passing phase, however, developed into a chronic condition. Robert was brought up in a school for the deaf and dumb at Poitiers.

In September, 1952, a warm-hearted, well-to-do lady, Mada-

me Devallois, adopted him and another orphaned child, Odette Fouganey, three years his junior.

One day, while playing with her foster-brother, Odette started teasing him, and tickled him under the arms. While laughing heartily, until tears streamed down his cheeks, Robert cried: "Stop it, Odette—stop it ! You are hurting me! " The girl ran to her foster-mother, crying: "Mother, mother, Robert can speak!"

"I didn't believe her at first," said Madame Devallois, "until Robert hurled himself into my arms, crying. 'I can speak—I can speak!' "

Robert now goes to an ordinary school like other children.

x x x

SURPRISE FOR EXAMINER

Presenting her with the yellow ticket of failure, the examiner had been glad to get out of the car. But the big fellow—over six feet and fifteen stone, with broken nose and cauliflower ears—was after him. "Hey, you ! Have you just failed my wife?" he shouted.

"Yes," replied the examiner apprehensively, wondering how ever he could survive a crashing uppercut.

Whereupon, guffawing cheerfully, the heavyweight stuck out a ham-sized fist and said, "Shake hands, chum ! I'm always telling her she can't drive !"

x x x

FUN AND GAMES

Dear old lady (reading paper) : "Well, well, I never knew that our firemen were so childish. It says here that, after the flames were extinguished, the firemen played on the ruins for some hours."

x x x

WORDS DON'T COUNT

Patient : "How can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?"

Doctor : "By cheque, postal order, or cash."

x x x

Husband : "Darling, I don't think you ought to give meals to all the tramps when they call here. We can't afford it."

Wife : "I know it—but, you see, it is such a change for me to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking."

x x x

An out-of-work commercial traveller, applied to the manager of a firm explaining that, once on the job, he could guarantee such a flow of orders that the staff would be unable to cope with them.

The manager knew his business, and said : "Well, young fellow, I'd like to see if you could do something I can't. Industry is in a topsy-turvy muddle; and you can't get order out of chaos."

The applicant squared his shoulders, and declared as he

looked up a telephone directory : "Let me do it. I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Kayoss, but I'll get an order out of him somehow."

x x x

A group of workmen were discussing the origin and evolution of man. One of the party remained silent, until a companion turned to him and demanded his opinion.

"I ain't goin' to say," he replied, doggedly. "I remember as how Bill Green and me thrashed that out once before—and it's settled as far as I'm concerned."

"What conclusion did you come to, Albert?"

"Well," he said, slowly, "we didn't arrive at the same conclusion. Bill arrived at the 'ospital and me at the police station."

x x x

"Does he always keep his word?"

"Yes—no one will take it !"

x x x

"Congratulations! I hear you've got a rise."

"Yes but what's the use of it? I talk in my sleep and my wife heard about it."

x x x

"Then," said the old soldier, "the surgeons took me up and layed me carefully in the ammunition wagon and—"

"Look here," interrupted one of the doubtful listeners, "you don't mean the ammunition wagon, you mean the ambulance wagon."

But the old man shook his head. "No " he insisted, "I was so full of bullets that they decided I ought to go in the ammunition wagon."

x x x

"Look here," the poet gasped to the editor. "I wrote a poem to my little boy and began the first verse with these words : 'My son, my pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes?"

"Read!" he exploded. "See what your compositor did to my opening line."

The editor read, 'My son, my pig, my counterpart.'

x x x

"How many times, Bobby, must I tell you that one must keep one's eyes closed during prayers?"

"Yes, mummy; but—er—how do you know I don't?"

x x x

Customer : " I wish to buy an appropriate gift for a bride —something timely and striking."

Merchant: " How about a clock ?"

x x x

A woman with a particularly disagreeable expression had

been holding forth to a man sitting next to her at a dinner party.

" Ah," she said at last, "my husband has always been lucky. As a child he was thrown by a horse but wasn't injured ; as a youth the ice broke beneath him but he wasn't drowned : and as a young man he was caught by an avalanche but escaped uninjured."

" Yes," put in the man, quietly ; " but strangest of all he has been married to you for twenty years and is still alive."

x x x

" Your husband has a new suit."

" No, he hasn't."

"Well, something's different."

" It's a new husband."

x x x

" An author's life must be a thankless task."

" Not at all. Every time I send a manuscript to a publisher he sends it back with many thanks."

x x x

Actor (modestly) ; " As a matter of fact, I have received letters from ladies in almost every place in which I have appeared."

Rival : " Landladies, I presume."

x x x

" I tried to flirt with a girl and she called a policeman."

" You were lucky. Most girls in such cases call a clergyman."

x x x

" I was simply historical with laughter."

" Hysterical, darling—not historical."

" No fears ! Historical—I laughed for ages."

x x x

" The witness said you were driving your car as quick as thought."

" Yes, I know the witness—he's a very slow thinker."

x x x

Grandma : " Well, Tommy, I hope you are doing well at your sums. When I was your age I was learning vulgar fractions."

Tommy : "Ours isn't a vulgar school."

x x x

Father (to daughter's suitor) : "My daughter shall never marry a fool !"

Suitor : " Ah, you don't want her to make the same mistake as her mother did !"

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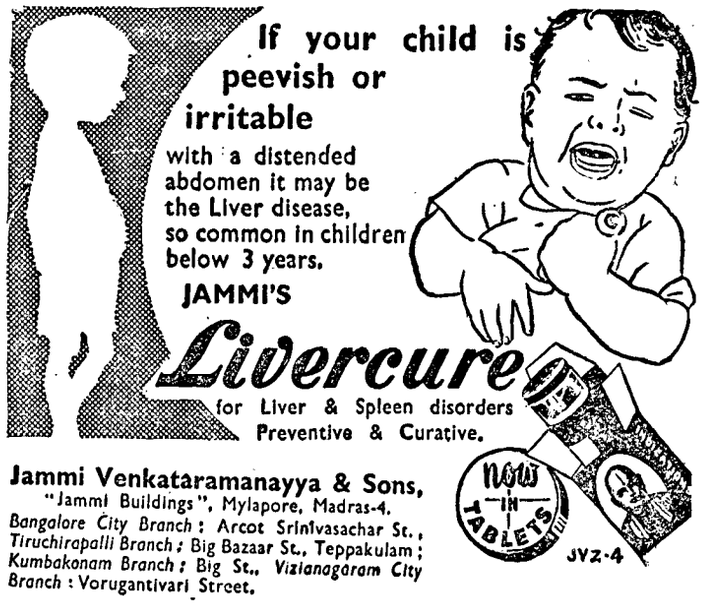

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KAHANIYA

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A Life of Art
(Story of a True Stage Tragedy)

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Bihar Sati Case

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Rambles in Court Life

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An Unexpected Reward

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Your Luck for October

4 ANNAS

SHORT STORY MONTHLY

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Reserves	....	**Rs.**	**13,50,000**
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Kahaniya

SHORT STORY MONTHLY

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

Vol. II | **OCTOBER, 1955** | **No. 6**

A true story of a great stage tragedy that occurred some seventy years ago in South Kanara.

A LIFE OF ART

(*By K. P. M. Prabhu, B.A*)

I had gone over to Moodabidri, the historic Jain centre of pilgrimage in South Kanara District, with my young son for sight seeing.

After having gone round the Thousand Pillared Basthi and other old Jain shrines there, we went over to the big maidan at the western end of the town, and parking our car near a grove of gold mohur trees, sat down on the verdant grass in the cool shade of the trees, to have our tiffin, which we had brought with us.

We finished our tiffin. A friendly little mongrel pup was circling round us, his tail furiously wagging, in hopeful anticipation. My son tossed the remains of our tiffin to the pup. It bolted down the same in a trice, and then coming over to my son, grovelled in front of him, its eyes beaming with mischief.

My son, like myself, has a strong liking for dogs. He wanted to fondle it. But as soon as he approached it, it rose up and darted into the heart of the grove, inviting him for a friendly chase. My son ran after it in hot pursuit.

I was all the while dreamily watching the scene through half closed eyes, with amused interest; the heat of the afternoon sun was overpowering, and the cool, whispering breeze that was blowing through the green canopy, had nearly lulled me to sleep.

SURAJMAL'S

FOR

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Suddenly I was awakened from my nap on hearing my son calling out to me from inside the grove. I ran and found him bending over a plain marble slab grey with the dust of decades and on which there appeared to be some inscription which was not easily decipherable. My son was busy wiping the slab with his handkerchief. My curiosity also being aroused, I too helped him at his task.

Finally, the entire inscription was visible on the polished slab. It was in Kannada,and ran thus: "Vijaya Krishna. A.D. 1875-85. Death crowned his life of Art," followed by the 27th sloka of the 2nd chapter of the Bhagavadgita: "Of that which is born, death is certain, of that which is dead, birth is certain. Therefore, over the unavoidable, thou should not grieve. Om, Shanthi, Shanthi, Shanthi."

"What is this, father?" asked my son.

"Looks like a tombstone. But I am not sure. We shall enquire," I answered, and coming out of the grove, waited to see whether I could catch hold of any local resident, who could throw some light on the inscription.

The grove of gold mohur trees stood in the centre of the flat green maidan. There were six trees, spaced in a perfect circle, about 20 feet from one another. They formed a lovely setting to the marble slab that lay at the centre. The slab was flush with the emerald green sward, as though it wished to merge itself with its sylvan surroundings.

There was nobody in sight and I was afraid that our curiosity was not going to be satisfied. I, therefore, regretfully decided to get into my car when a grey-haired old gentleman was seen crossing over to the maidan from the main road. When I found that he was heading for our grove, with a book under his armpit, I instinctively felt sure that our curiosity was going to be satisfied after all.

He came close to us, and sitting down by our side gently smiled at us. "Have you been in?" he asked me jerking his thumb in the direction of the centre of the grove.

I nodded my head in assent.

"Then, you must have already seen the slab. Do you know what it reads?" he queried.

We shook our heads in an emphatic "No."

NOTICE

The next issue of "Kahaniya" will be Deepavali Special Number containing more number of pages but priced as usual only 4 as. Readers are requested to book their copies in advance with their news agents or write to

Manager,
'KAHANIYA'
32, Pelatope,
Mylapore, Madras-4.

"Well, I shall recount the story to you. It happened before you were both born. Listen."

He took out a bidi from his pocket, and offered it to me. When I politely declined it, he carefully put it between his lips and lighting it with a shaky hand, slowly puffed at it once or twice. He then cleared his throat to speak.

"When I was a young man like you, there was a well-known dramatic company, known all over Karnataka—the Jaya Karnataka Nataka Mandali, hailing from Mysore, the home of the Kanarese stage. This famous company used to tour far and wide, and give performances in the leading cities of Karnatak, such as Bangalore, Mysore, Hubli, Dharwar, Mangalore and Udipi, and several other smaller towns too numerous to mention.

"Pride of place amongst its actors was held by Jayaramachar. There were no buses running then on our roads, but people used to walk ten or twenty miles to Mangalore to see him acting. No wonder that the people had bestowed the befitting title of *Nataka Ratna* upon their idol. He was wonderful, superb. He used to keep his audience spell bound during his performance.

"The drama in which he used to particularly excel himself was the *Harischandra Katha*. Jayaramachar was, physically and emotionally, peculiarly fitted to play the part of the hero in plays dealing with the triumph of truth and love over the forces of evil. And in this play, in

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GANGA WORKS
ADYAR.

which Harischandra, the embodiment of truth, is subjected to the cruel vagaries of fortune, Jayaramachar would work himself into such a state of emotional fervour, that during the play the audience would completely identify him with the real Harischandra, for in the upsurge of emotion, the actor became lost to the outside world and got utterly merged in the conception of that super personality. His entire face and chest would become suffused with a rosy pink colour, and it took him more than an hour to come back to the normal plane.

"His only son, Vijay Krishna, aged ten, used to play the part

of little Rohitashva, the son of King Harischandra. To Jayaramachar, to whom practically nothing else mattered save his dramatic art, little Vijay was the sole exception.

"No wonder he loved his son Vijay so much. Who would not have loved the handsome little lad? To see him was to love him. He was fair, with an exquisitely clear and lovely complexion, and with those limpid, oval eyes, that at once compelled your attention.

"The young boy, even at that tender age, had inherited the love of the art and creative genius of his father. Without having been taught anything, he had imbibed the spirit of the roles that he was called upon to play. The ladies amongst the audience, after seeing him acting, would send him flowers and sweets, so much did he endear himself to the audience.

"I believe you already know the story of King Harischandra. For the benefit of your young son, however, I shall repeat the story in brief.

"Harischandra was the king of Ayodhya. He was the living embodiment of truth. Once, Vashista, his Guru, praised his devotion to truth before Indra in Heaven. Rishi Viswamitra thereupon became jealous and enraged and swore that he would prove that Harischandra could be made to utter an untruth. Rishi Vashista took up the challenge.

Viswamitra carefully laid down his plans to trap the king. He went over to Harischandra's court one day, and caused the king to offer him a huge pile of gold as a gift. But instead of taking it away with him then itself, he left it for safe keeping in the king's custody, and returned to his hermitage.

Later, through the power of his *Maya* he caused the kingdom to be overrun by wild animals, which laid the country waste. The king went out to hunt the animals, and reached the forest, where Viswamitra's hermitage was located. There, two Chandala daughters of Viswamitra, born of his *Maya*, tried to woo the king. The king, indignantly spurned their offer, and sent them away in deep disgrace. Viswamitra became deeply enraged at this affront, and gave the king an ultimatum, either to marry his two daughters, or else to gift the entire kingdom to himself.

Harischandra preferred the latter course, and decided to leave the kingdom and go away. The wicked Rishi then further taunted him saying, "Oh, king, you have now donated to me your entire kingdom, with all that it contains, including the gold that I had left in your safe custody previously. Now, in honour bound, you have to give me an identical weight of gold over again." He gave him seven weeks' time to find the gold, and to hand it over to his disciple Nakshatraka, whom he ordered to follow the king, wherever he went.

"Thereupon, Harischandra left his kingdom, accompanied by his devoted and virtuous wife, Chandramati, his young son Rohitashva, and Nakshatraka,

for Kashi, to try and raise the money. After many trials on the way, they finally reached Kashi, the holy city. There, Harischandra sold his wife and son to a Brahmin to pay a portion of the amount due to the greedy Rishi. Then, for the balance amount he sold himself away to Veera Bahuka, the terrible keeper of the cremation ground of Kashi, who made him the watchman of the burning ghat, and ordered him to allow none to dispose of their dead there, without paying the cremation fee

"Little Rohitashva was in the meantime bitten by a cobra and died. His grief stricken mother Chandramati took his body to the cremation ground, but Harischandra refused to allow her to burn the body there without the cremation dues being paid, even though he was aware that the woman was Chandramati, and the body was that of his son.

"Poor Chandramati went away to find the necessary money. But on the way, she was falsely accused as the murderess of the son of the Maharaja of Kashi. Desperate now she confessed to the crime, of which she was innocent, and was ordered to be executed. Fate made this work fall to the lot of her husband. But Harischandra did not waver and when in the discharge of his duty, he raised his sword to sever the head of his wife, the Gods could not remain passive at this display of super human devotion to truth and duty, and the holy Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Iswara, manifested themselves before

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him, and blessed him. Rohitashva was brought back to life. The repentant Viswamitra also blessed him, and the noble king was again installed on the throne of Ayodhya in all his former splendour. The story demonstrates the triumph of truth over evil."

The old man threw away the stump of his bidi, and lighted another. "Well now, having told you the story of Harischandra, let me again continue the tale," he said.

"We were having an important Jain festival at Moodabidri, the Jain Kashi, at that time. The town was crammed with thousands of pilgrims. The Jaya Karnataka Company decided to take advantage of the event, and putting up their huge tent theatre, announced that they would stage five different plays altogether during their stay.

"Need I say that the tent was packed to capacity, every time? I was fortunate enough to obtain a front seat for the Satya Harischandra play, which took place on the fifth and final day.

"All the seats were filled up long before the play was due to commence and everyone was impatient for the opening of the play, in eager anticipation.

"As you know, it is usual for the company to open the play with a Ganapati puja, to propitiate the lord of good fortune. Through the heavy silken curtain, we could watch the puja going on at the back of the stage. The Pujari was slowly waving lighted *arati* before the idol with his right hand, and tinkling the bell with his left. The *arati* had gone up for the third time, when suddenly it slipped and fell from the hand of the horrified Pujari. But not much notice was taken of the matter at that time.

"The orchestra struck up a tune and the curtain went up.

"The first act showed Indra holding court in heaven and the scene was marked by lavish pomp and glory.

"The second scene showed Harischandra in the midst of his durbar. The whole audience burst into a low murmur of applause on seeing their favourite actor, the great Jayaramachar, on his glittering throne. His serene and noble face radiated kingly dignity; he was every inch a king. There was again another burst of applause when his virtuous queen, Chandramati, came on the scene, her eyes cast on the ground, leading the Raj Kumar, Rohitashva, by the hand.

"Viswamitra then came on the scene. The star of evil was in the ascendant. Poignant scenes followed one after another in succession. Tension amongst the audience was slowly mounting up. When the subjects of Harischandra started weeping on seeing their just king leaving the kingdom to go away to the forest, the women folk amongst the audience also wept with them. The men sat tense and silent, gazing sullenly at the haughty Viswamitra who was driving away the king into exile.

"Then came the scene where a fierce forest fire, fanned by the rage of Viswamitra, threatened

to devour the noble king and his wife and son.

"But when the raging fire receded before the virtuous Chandramati who marched into it determined either to perish or to subdue it by the power of her virtue, the ladies in the theatre, with tears of joy streaming down their cheeks, clapped their hands in ecstasy.

"But the joy again changed to sobs as they saw the fair and gentle Chandramati and innocent little Rohit, being sold like cattle, in the market of Kashi to a greedy Brahmin, who knew not their noble worth, and who dragged them away to his house as though they were beasts of burden.

"Ah, what misery did the fair audience endure, as they saw the daily durdgery the noble queen underwent in her new home.

"They watched with awe and admiration Harischandra selling himself away to Bahuka to redeem his spoken pledge. Compassion and pity welled up in their hearts, when they saw this lion amongst men, made to preside like a ghoul, at the cremation ground.

"Then came the most poignant of all scenes. It was a scene which could not have but stirred the heart of man or woman. It was Rohit's own.

"The curtain went up. The ladies had wiped away their tears, and everyone was sitting up straight to watch the darling Vijay.

"The stage had been transformed to resemble a sylvan glade. Rohit came in, accompanied by two young friends, gathering grass to be taken home in the evening.

"'Look at that large clump of green grass,' Rohit exclaimed. 'It is growing round an anthill. I shall pluck it and come back. My master will be pleased when he sees it. Then he will not ill-treat my mother for the day, and this will make me happy.' Rohit put his basket down on the ground and went forward towards the anthill.

"'Beware Rohit. There may be a snake inside. Please, please do not go. What will aunt Chandramati say, if you should be bitten? Come back, oh dear Rohit,' entreated his friends.

"But when Fate calls, do we, or can we, hang back, whether it be for good or evil? Rohit went forward to his doom, which the audience was expecting in hushed silence.

"The stage music had been stopped to heighten the effect of the tragedy. The boy went forward to the anthill, glancing

back at his friends to reassure them His smile was so sweet.

"The climax of the scene had nearly reached. The audience knew that a live cobra had been hidden in the anthill, that it would put its head out of the hole at the critical moment, and that it would strike at the boy when he should bend down to pluck the grass. The introduction of a live cobra in the act had added the Master's touch to an already dramatic scene.

"There was pin drop silence in the vast theatre. Everyone was watching the stage with bated breath, all eyes glued on the anthill and Rohit.

"Little Vijay put out his hand to pluck the green grass. The cobra suddenly reared itself up through a hole in the anthill, a vivid streak of grey and gold, and the glistening black and yellow bespectacled hood struck at the innocent and terrified young prince, a lightning blow.

"The boy gave a shriek and fell down on the ground, rolling over and over in agony. 'Mother, oh, my beloved mother, I am dying. I am dying. Help me mother.' The piteous cries penetrated every corner of the theatre and tugged at the heart strings of the audience. A thin streak of blood was trickling down the boy's arm, where Death had struck.

"By this time, the ladies amongst the audience were openly and unashamedly sobbing. Two had actually fainted overcome by the terrible sight, and were carried out. Some of the men were also furtively rubbing their eyes.

"The curtain went down. The tense atmosphere in the theatre relaxed a little. The music started again. The women were rubbing their eyes, getting ready for their next cry, when they should see the grief-stricken Chandramati weeping over the dead body of her son.

"The curtain took a longer time to go up than was usual. People seemed to be hurrying to and fro behind the screen. The music suddenly stopped for some time. After an interval, it commenced again, heralding that the curtain was going up again.

"It did. Chandramati came on the stage, and saw with horror writ large on her face, the dead body of Rohit, lying near the anthill. The child looked the very picture of death, the face livid, the tongue swollen, the lips puffed, the body rigid and contorted, as though it had been subjected to extreme physical anguish. Never could one have expected that a boy so young, could have acted his part so realistically. The thought that the son would one day outshine the father rose up in my mind.

"Other heart-breaking scenes followed one after another in routine succession. The corpse being taken to the burning ghat by the sobbing mother; Harischandra, in the garb of a Chandala, stern and implacable, demanding his ground fee for the burning of the child; the mother relating her tale of woe; the mutual recognition by husband and wife; the shock

felt by Harischandra on the death of his son; his paroxysm of grief which for a fleeting second reduced the man of iron will to a pitiful state; then again, his becoming the stone-hearted keeper of the burning ghat and demanding the fee from his wife, all these passed before the packed audience.

"Finally, came the last scene. Harischandra stood on the burning ghat his sword upraised to execute his condemned but innocent wife who had been declared a murderess, the corpse of his son, lying on the pile of faggots, still unburnt.

"Then the Gods appeared before him and gave him their benedictions. The pent up agony of the audience finally vanished into empty space like a summer cloud. Never had they seen acting of this type. Tears streaming down their faces, everyone, man, woman and child stood up and shouted, "Jai Harischandra Maharaj ki Jai. Jai Sri Jayaramachar ki Jai. Jai Sri Vijay Krishna ki Jai." The deafening applause lasted for over full five minutes.

"The curtain went down, and then came up again, to show the king and queen and little Rohit standing up to receive the blessings of the Gods and Rishis. The hearts of all were replete with joy and though they had only seen a play, all felt greatly relieved as though they had been really witnessing a great tragedy. Only a few people at the front felt that little Rohit appeared to have grown a shade bigger between the acts, but they explained it away to themselves as due to the deceptive glare of the powerful lights.

"The curtain went down for the last time. This was followed by a crescendo of claps and cheers. People were calling for Jayaramachar and Vijay. The cheers were insistent and compelling.

"After a long time, and very slowly and reluctantly, the curtain went up again. Harischandra was standing in the centre of the stage, a grave but arresting figure, with the

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lifeless body of little Rohit in his arms, livid and swollen, but yet preserving its essential charm and beauty.

"There was pin drop silence in the theatre. Harischandra silently bowed low to the audience.

" 'Brothers and sisters. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your spontaneous appreciation. In the midst of my personal grief, your affection and regard for me has given me supreme courage. Rohit, my beloved Vijay, whom you see lying so still in my arms, has fallen a victim to the bite of the cobra. The cobra that you saw today, had been captured only a couple of days ago, and by a cruel trick of fate, its fangs had not been removed. My son was fated to die, and I, unworthy wretch that I am, was fated to see him die. I, accursed soul, still live, but my heart is dead within me. I had two consuming passions within me, one was for Vijay, and the other for art. My beloved Vijay is dead...No. No ...It is his body that is dead. He lives...It is my heart that is dead within me. Long live Vijay, Long live Art. Oh, my beloved son, Vijay. How shall I ever live without you, Vijay! God have mercy upon us.' Crying out thus, the greatest actor that the Kanarese stage had ever known, fell down in a dead swoon across the dead body of his son. And the curtain went down."

The old man was wiping his eyes as he spoke. "Some small insect flew into my eye," he explained to us apologetically. "The next day, little Vijay was cremated on this very spot," he said, pointing to where the marble slab lay nestling in the green carpet. "Vijay is dead. Or is he?" he queried, in an undertone.

The golden rays of the evening sun were kissing the cream white marble slab now. The gentle breeze was rustling through the green foliage and seemed to be whispering "Vijay, Vijay." A few yellow leaves gently fluttered down on to the slab in silent benediction.

It was getting late for us. Both my son and myself rubbed our eyes a little; the invisible insect had also got into our eyes. We saluted the old man, and left for home.

Maid : "I am sorry, but she said I was to tell you that she is not at home."

Caller : "Oh, that's all right. Just tell her that I am glad I didn't call."

x x x

A statistican has calculated that a woman of seventy would have spent at last 6000 hours before a mirror!

x x x

The reason women prefer a strong silent man is that they think he is always listening.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

Bihar Sati Case

By S. Rajagopalan

Hindu conception of wifehood is something high and transcendant, and the marital union is not sundered even by the death of one of the spouses. The couple continue to exist even in the astral plane; and this is well illustrated by the fact that oblations which the pious descendants offer in ceremonies and on ceremonial occasions do not conceive of a male or female ancestor without reference to his or her spouse.

As a logical, though terrible consequence, a theory grew up at some stage in the history of our country, for which, however, there is no warrant in our sacerdotal literature, that a wife should eternally be with her husband and that as a corollary, she should also follow him unto death. In certain parts of the land the widow immolated herself as a matter of course on the very pyre of her husband. Every school boy (or girl) knows that it was the British Viceroy, Lord William Bentinck, who abolished this pernicious custom, miscalled "Sati". The laws prohibit such cruelty. In fact Sec. 306 of Indian Penal Code provides prison for ten years for abetting suicide, for such indeed it is. Of course it is more drastic when the victim is under eighteen, in which case the abetment is classified as homicide and punished with death.

It is however inconceivable in the modern conditions of society to think of a woman committing or being compelled to commit *harakari* on the death of her husband, but what happened some years ago at Bihar, and a few weeks back at Bikanir show that old customs die hard.

Sampati Kuar (23) was the daughter of Keshav Pande of Berna (Bihar). In 1917 or there-

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abouts, she was married to one Sidheswar, but it was never consumated and she continued to live in her parent's house until August 1927, when Sidheswar fell ill. She went to his house, nursed him till his death on 21-11 1927. Sampati Kuar was a pious gentle girl of high caste, with but rudiments of education and observed purdah. She lost her father early and the only male who afforded some sort of protection to her was her young brother Muralidhar (17). Her uncle Kuladip did not take any interest in her affairs. As stated, Sidheswar died on 21-11-1927.

In the early morning of 22-11-1927, a party of persons who had arrived late in the night, were resting in a shed in the compound of the Sub Divisional Magistrate Court at Barh. They carried with them a 'Khatoli' on which rested the body of Sidheswar. They were taking it to the burning ghat on the banks of the Ganges about two miles further on the north. At 5 o'clock in the morning on that day, a Rajput constable Ramnarayan found the party to consist of 15 or 16 persons in all.

The corpse was lying on the Khatoli, and sitting by its side was the widow Sampati. The constable was told that she was going to commit 'sati'. He then proceeded to the police station to take steps to avert it. He and other two constables returned to the party and expostulated with the woman and her companions to give up the idea. The party however refused to listen, inspite of threats to get them arrested. Sampati however appeared to have been convinced of the futility of her endeavour and got off the Khatoli. The corpse was thereupon sent off to the burning ghat carried by four Kahars and accompanied by all the party excepting Sampati's brother Muralidhar, her youthful relation Jagdeo and another man Gaya Pande by name. The funeral party practically vanished along the bund road toward the ghat. Sampati was left alone with her brother and she was even willing to go back to Berna. The men called in an ekka. She got into it and she believed that she was going back to her father's house. And the police thought so too. But something had happened in the meantime. In a few minutes there arrived a senior member of the funeral party, one Vidyasagar. The three youths got Sampati and her maid Lakkia into the ekka and drove on, ostensibly to Berna. Then a crowd followed shouting. "Sati Mata Ki Jai," and it gathered strength to the tune of about 4000 persons. The police party though augmented by fifteen more was yet unequal to the task of averting the tragedy that was to come soon. They could only persuade the people to dissuade Sampati from becoming 'sati'. But by now Sampati became convinced that she was in for being a true 'sati' and that a miraculous fire would envelop both her and her husband.

She was not taken to Berna. Vidyasagar and six other Pandes followed her ekka on foot. They took the ekka back to the ghat overawed the police who had crossed them. The police were mobilised further and they reached the burning ghat. At the ghat, the body had long ago arrived, which was nearly an hour before the ekka containing Sampati reached that place. The police party tried to burn the body of Sidheswar before she arrived but could not do so. When the ekka came in, Sampati alighted. She then bathed in the Ganges and made her 'pathetic' toilet with the assistance of her maid, brother and an old Pande Latchman by name. They held up the screen for her. Latchman took away her ornaments; her nails were cut off and her feet dyed. She seated herself on the pyre prepared by the three boys and Latchman. The corpse was then put on the pyre. When she took her seat, her left hand was concealed in her draperies. She took the corpse on her lap and its head lay on her left thigh near the concealed hand. A moment later, flames burst from her clothing. At the torture of the flames, the poor creature leapt from the fire and rushed into the river. The Pandes then threw the corpse which slipped out of her grasp into the Ganges. The crowd now shouted at her to drown herself. Some policemen at this stage put out in a boat and tried to rescue her, and with their assistance, Sampati was ultimately helped ashore in a shocking condition. She went to lie down under a tree a few paces away. People then threw coins at her. After some hours a doctor came. He tried to give an injection but was driven away. The police too were prevented from taking her away to the hospital. For two or three days thereafter she lay in agony. On 24-11-1927, the Sub-Divisional Magistrate arrived on the scene and drove the crowd. But on the following day she died. A little shrine was erected on the spot sometime later.

As a result of police investigation, sixteen persons were charge-sheeted and put for tria

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under Sec. 149 and Sec. 306 I.P.C. These were Muralidhar Pande (17) brother of Sampati, Jagdeo Pande (20) a distant relative of hers, Raghbir Singh, (40) a religious enthusiast, Gaya Pande Vidyasagar (16) brother-in-law of Sampati, Latchman (48), Sahdeo (25), Hardeo (26), Keshav (42) all of whom were related to each other and Mussammet Lakkia (35) Sampati's maid servant and Ramadatur (36) the driver of the ekka. The carriers of the bier, who were four in number were also charge-sheeted.

The Sessions Judge acquitted the carriers and Gaya Pande and another and the case of the rest ten persons was sent up to the High Court of Patna. The case was reviewed in detail and the judges sentenced Ramadatur, the ekka driver, to one year rigorous imprisonment and the woman Lakkia for a like term. Muralidhar and Vidyasagar, Sampati's brother and her brother-in-law, got five years, Jagdeo Pande seven years and the rest namely Latchman, Hardeo, Sahdeo, Keshav and Raghbir Singh were sentenced to ten years rigorous imprisonment. The judges wound up their judgment with these words:

"We can only punish the body. We do not pretend to know if there be any survival after this life is finished. But if so, and if God be just and merciful in the sense that we very imperfectly understand justice and mercy, then such of these men as survive their earthly punishment, may well go on humble pilgrimage to Sampati's flower decked shrine and with ashes on their heads, cast themselves down and invoke her gentle spirit to intercede with the Almighty to save their guilty souls from everlasting damnation."

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HIS MISTAKE

Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat. All the evening he had been trying to say something nice to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance.

"What a small appetite you have Mr. Jones," said his charming hostess with a smile.

"To sit near to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."

x x x

The difference between love and marriage is just that between yearning and earning.

x x x

"The doctor told my wife she must take exercise," he told his friend.

"And is she following his advice?" asked the friend.

The man grimaced. "Yes, if jumping to conclusions and running up bills can be called exercise."

RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE (V)

Lawyers And Their Dress

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

Sartorial equipment of a lawyer is often a matter in which the judge as well as the public take some interest. A litigant always likes his lawyer to be well dressed. He has an innate belief that good dress helps win a case and an ill-dressed lawyer fails to score a point over his rival. There are judges who appreciate the good deportment of counsel aided by a neat and flawless dress. A flambuoyant dress often annoys the judge. You can't win a case by mere good dress however. Other things being equal no doubt a decent dress helps a counsel over his rival. Mind you, a good point gets lost if the lawyer is in an ugly dress. Simplicity but good and clean appearance is indeed the key to success. This the client knows. In fact the client as well as the lawyer study the weakness or inclinations of the presiding judge.

It was a case of an emergent injunction to be got restraining the defendant from proceeding with the construction of a house on a disputed site. The plaintiff had engaged Mr. X who was an able senior. But Mr. X had the knack of coming to court in a patched up black coat and a dirty old gown and with a dirtier turban. The civilian judge had all respect for sensible arguments but he abhored bad and dirty dress. In the forenoon when the petition was presented the judge sniffed and was inclined to say, "We will consider it after lunch and see if notice is not necessary to the opposite party." Some knowing but capable tout whispered into the plaintiff's ears that unless the neatly dressed Mr. Y was engaged, notice has to go. After lunch Mr. X. said, "Your Honour, my friend Mr. Y is appearing along with me." Mr. Y stood up in his immaculate

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attire, beamed up with a smile and in his silvery tone addressed the court, "Yes, Your Honour, I have the honour of appearing along with Mr. X. Your Honour will doubtless hear the arguments we address for grant of injunction," and sat down quietly. Mr. X then proceeded with his facts and citation of case law. But the Judge turned to Mr. Y, beamed up and said, "Yes, Mr. Y., the matter is now clear. We order interim injunction straight away."

There was then the judge who always saw to it that no counsel had an unbuttoned coat and exposed his tummy barefacedly before the seat of justice. A visiting middle-aged lawyer Mr. N who was new to the court was arguing vehemently for over half an hour. The judge frowned and looked scorningly at the lawyer's exposed belly. The lawyer went on unaware of the judge's disapproval. The judge at last blurted out: "But Mister ...I don't hear you."

Mr. N. said: "Your Honour, I am at the height of my voice. Judges in the past always had a grouse against me that I talk too loud. But Your Honour is not 'hearing' me! That is strange." Mr. N. was chuckling inwardly that the judge was probably short of hearing.

"But sir," said the judge, "I don't hear you. It is left to me, to hear you or not. Isn't it?" Mr. N. was bewildered and looked askance at on old lawyer of the place who whispered that it was His Honour's way of reminding counsel that he had not buttoned up his coat.

But the same judge was outwitted for a time, by a veteran lawyer. Mr. Z. who never had his last three buttons (out of five) of his closed coat for over thirty years of his practice. He had appeared before umpteen judges who always heard his arguments and never were so mean as to look below his second button. But this judge was indeed exasperating and it looked Mr. Z had to give up his privilege of appearing sans buttons! But Mr. Z would not accept defeat so easily. He attended court in the same coat and when his turn of addressing the court came he would button-up dexterously. While his opponent was addressing he would un-button and when his turn came he would button up again and so on and so forth. But the judge was not to be taken in by this trick and would stop his opposing lawyer and suddenly turn to Mr. Z. and say: "What do you say Mr. Z. to this point? You can take one minute to button up and then answer." In this way Mr. Z. had to do up his buttons too often and finally the judge mischievously uttered: "Mr. Z. I am not convinced at all by your arguments. You appear to consume more time on your buttons than concentrate on the case. Well sir, you had better button up once for all for the day and take a vow not to release them till you are released for the day from court work!" The whole bar roared with laughter at this homethrust. Mr. Z. had to revise his ideas.

Talking of buttons reminds me of one Mr. S. who had a habit of touching his third

button and arguing his cases. One day somehow he had not noticed that that particular button had fallen off. It was an intricate point of law. He could not proceed elaborating his point. His thinking faculty gave way. The judge came to his rescue. "Mr. S. I think your mascot is absent. Please replace the missing button and we shall hear you more fully after lunch." Mr. S. rushed out of court room and his client was only too eager to supply a gold button if only he could regain his usual form and win his case. Needless to add, in the afternoon Mr. S. came with his magic button, argued and won the case for his client!

Buttons may be annoying. But creaking shoes are the limit. That always gets on the nerves of even the most patient judge. Once a judge was calling up the next case when a junior made a representation. "Your Lordship, my senior is on his legs in the 3rd court and he will be here in ten minutes. May I request this may kindly be passed over." Exactly ten minutes after, His Lordship heard the creaking of the shoes and looked askance. The junior said, "My Lord, senior is coming."

"Yes, let him. I hear the noise. But please instruct him to buy pair of decent noiseless shoes." The thrust went home and the senior accordingly made amends.

It is indeed difficult to keep a lawyer's gown neat. It gets crumpled up and dirty during the perambulation of counsel from one court to another or from chambers to court. The more elderly a lawyer the more chances there are of his having a tattered gown. In fact some old horses used to trenchantly compare themselves to the new comer in the profession before a doubting client this wise: "Well, you went to that fellow with the newly purchased gown. What is the result? You lost your case. Well sir, experience counts. My gown will speak. Every hole in it speaks the history of hundred cases." But old hogs have nowadays revised their old dictum.

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Secretary.

But in these days of hard life, all lawyers cannot afford to go on buying gowns. There is sometimes a co-operative spirit engineered by dire economic necessity. One wears the other's gown and gets on with the hour's work. But then the difficulty arises when both have to appear in court. A third partner has to be necessarily hooked in. But in the moffusil judges do not often insist on gowns. But it often happens that some do insist. In one case when X had to conduct his case and refused privately to consent to an adjournment asked by his opponent Y. the latter resorted to the mean trick ofsecreting X's gown. When the judge called up the case X could not appear. He was fuming and there was no other gown available. Y presented his petition for adjournment and got it as X could raise no objection.

This particular judge who had a fetish for gowns forgot one day to wear it when presiding over the court. It was whispered he had obviously a violent quarrel with his turmagant of a wife just before he started for court! The court peons have a knack of gathering such news and passing it on to the lawyers who have made it sometimes a fine art to take advantage of the weaknesses of the judges.

That day the veteran lawyer N needed an adjournment in the case he was arguing. He had purposely left his gown in his room. The court was curt and refused. Mr. N. was at his wits end. However he coolly said, "Your Honour, apart from my client's inability to get his witness, I am personally unready. To be frank I was completely upset this morning due to a domestic wrangle and I could hardly get ready for the case. I even forgot to bring my gown." The judge was sympathetic. He felt like helping a comrade in distress. He said, "Well gentlemen, I am also feeling indisposed. I propose retiring and sitting for a time after lunch. Mr. N in your case I will give a short adjournment."

Often members of the Bar have a knack of assessing the judge's mood by the way in which he is dressed up for the day. If he is spruce, neat and comes with a beaming smile, obviously 'everything is heavenly at home' and His Honour will be pleasant for the day. A hastily tied up turban of the judge may indicate that either he had come to court in a hurry or that he was peevish after a tussle with his partner in life. A buttonless collar and unshaven face may indicate worry and absent-mindedness.

A lawyer with heavy work if he rushes into court without the advocate's band round his collar, it bespeaks want of time and probably too much preparation. Neatness is often associated by some with lack of proper preparation of a case. A judge who was a keen observer of human nature once nettled a lawyer when he said he was "ready" though he was not really so. The other side was asking for an adjournment. The lawyer was spruce and neat and had not any symptoms of his

usual busy mind. The judge said, "Well, Mister. I am sure you are not ready. You are not in your usual bad dress. I adjourn the case and order no costs to you."

Speaking of dresses, it is unbecoming for a lawyer to dress in clothes other than enjoined by the rules. All judges are enjoined to wear black coats and black gown with white stiff collars and bands. Vakils of High Court shall wear black gown when appearing. Advocates shall wear black coats, stiff collars, band and black gowns. Pleaders shall wear black long coats. Head dress should be a turban, a fez or Parsi head dress according to one's pursuation. A cropped head does not need head dress (vide High Court rules of practice and circular orders.)

Hence if an advocate is dressed in a flambuoyant manner against the rules, it is most improper. Oswald says, "A learned Vice-Chancellor once refused to hear a youthful advocate arranged in spotless white waist coat untill the objectionable garment had been concealed from view by the pinning of his gown over it." It is said Byles J. remarked of the late Lord Coleridge, "I always listen with little pleasure to the arguments of a counsel whose legs are encased in light green trousers." Once a young Barrister was sent for by Sir. Richard Belhoe, Advocate General, in order to remonstrate with him for having appeared in court clad in waist coat with gilt buttons on it.

So bad and indecorous dress ill fits judge or counsel. It is least conducive to the solemnity of a court of law. A judge who disregards the regulation in respect of his own dress is also not to be commended. "What is there in dress" quoth the thinker. But as we have shown above "there is much in dress, at any rate it has its own history in court life!"

Husband : " Didn't I wire you not to bring your mother with you ?"

Wife : " That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram."

x x x

He (as they drove along a lonely road) : " You look lovelier to me every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of ?"

She : " Sure. You're about to run out of gas."

x x x

" Your fiance, " said her girl friend, " goes about telling people that you're worth your weight in gold."

" The silly boy !" said the other girl. " Who's he saying that to ?"

Her friend smiled.

" To his creditors most of all."

Padmini, like most wives, didn't like her husband sending money to his uncle when they themselves were in need but.....

Unexpected Reward

(By M. L. Shanthi)

This was the second time he had done it, and Padmini decided to stop this nonsense right away. For six years she had led a life of no complaints. Jagannath, her husband, had always been such a wonderful man. He had given her almost everything she could think of to make her happy. They were not rich, and yet, somehow, he had managed to care for her in every possible way. But to Padmini all these things were so unnecessary. They loved each other very much.

Then little Seshu was born. Her world was more than complete. They idolised him and he grew up to be the most handsome and intelligent boy she could think of.

Seshu was now four years old and very slowly, yet surely, he had begun to grow away from her. He did not seem to care for or want her companionship or even her love any more. He wanted only to play and to be on his own. He seemed to exert and express an individual personality in every respect, a personality completely mischievous.

Sitting on the doorstep or standing on the pavement was now his greatest delight. He loved to watch the cars, buses and every possible life on the street. Padmini was scared that he might meet with any accident or fall into bad company. Such things did not happen to him. But he had made friends, as far as she was concerned, with a great type of nuisance—the postman.

She did not like this particular postman. He would come along when she was busy in the kitchen or engrossed in some household work, and bellow "Post".

Seshu was always before her in reaching the door when she went to open it, and on seeing her the postman would put on a serious expression and run through his pile of letters to find the one for her, winking at Seshu every little while. Then the kitchen would call her with its smell of burnt dhal or vegetables and she would be forced to leave Seshu with the postman.

Padmini could not understand this friendship. It had resulted in the boy playing the postman in the house which was a regular nuisance.

Every cigarette packet that her husband threw away (he was more than an average smoker) Seshu would pick up. He would tare them at every fold and hold them according to their respective sizes in one hand, as the postman did his letters. Then approaching every article of furniture and almost everything in the house, he would shout "Post!" together with the names of the recipients such as, Mr. Chair, Mr. Table, Mr. Stool, Mr. Box, and would deliver one to each, every few minutes.

Padmini had been very severe about this at first ; yet her love for Seshu had spared him chidings. She kept blaming the postman for influencing her little idol and spoiling him and wanted Jagannath to do something about it. He took her lovingly into his arms and kissing her said:

"My darling, it is a healthy game Seshu is playing, and as for the postman, he is an old family friend."

This was how Jagannath ended it all.

But the postman was the unwitting cause of her anger that morning. He had delivered the M. O. coupon which showed that Jagannath had sent Rs. 50 to his uncle in the village. This was the second time he had done this and this time she was not going to spare him. Seshu had reached his school-going age, his educational expenses had to be looked to. He would soon be having a baby sister—this time it was going to be a beautiful daughter, like her. Whatever it was expenses again. Prices were soaring sky high, and with Jagannath's pay it took all her economy and skill to keep the standard of their living fairly high. At a time like this he had sent fifty rupees which he could hardly spare to that uncle of his!

Seshu was asleep, and Padmini, still grumbling as only a loving wife could do picked up to mend Jagannath's shirt which the dhobi had torn, and ere she got started, she was surprised to see her husband enter the house. He had come home late, but she did not stop to reason why. Her anger was still red hot and Jagannath had come just in time to receive it. Without a word to the poor man she brushed past him and bolted the street door with such a bang that could have given little Seshu a nightmare.

Jagannath was reclining in his favourite easy-chair. He looked sick, but to Padmini he looked fit enough to take what was coming to him.

"This is the second time you have done it," she said sobbing. "Did you ever think of Seshu and me and your next little daughter? You can't go around playing the kind king. You can't just afford to. This is the

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second time you have sent that old, old.....". She could not finish her sentence.

"Darling Padmini," Jagannath said, "you know I love you but I also want you to know that that old, old...as you say, is my uncle, the man who brought me up after my father's death, the man who educated me, helped me get this Government job, helped me stand on my own feet. He is an old, sickly man living by himself in his village home. He only cares for our happiness darling, and now things seem to have gone wrong for him after all these years. He needed help, needed money badly, and was I wrong in sending him that paltry fifty rupees he had asked for?"

The month passed. On the next pay day Padmini began to worry again. What would her husband do? Would he send money again to his uncle, Padmini wondered. Jagannath too was thinking hard. His uncle had not written him for the past few days. He had not mentioned about needing any help again, but was he to send him the money in spite of his silence?

Jagannath decided not to send the M. O. He wanted to give Padmini the whole salary, plus the yearly increment he had received that month. He wanted her to feel happy.

When he reached home little Seshu ran up to greet him. He was dressed up in his best clothes. What was so special about today? Jagannath began to wonder if he had forgotten something. And then the postman greeted him with a big "Salaam". It was odd that he should be there, and even he was dressed up in his Sunday best. Before Jagannath could have a word with him, Padmini came out of the kitchen with a beaming smile.

"What is going on about here darling?" he enquired. Before answering him Padmini went inside the room and came out holding high an envelope.

It was an insured envelope, insured for the fabulous amount of Rs. 1,000, and it was addressed to his wife. The postman began to move restlessly, as if tickled by some sudden urge. Jagannath opened the cover—it had already been examined by his wife — and pulled out a bundle of crisp hundred rupee notes. He counted ten of them and then he saw the letter. Before reading it he looked up to see Padmini. She was smiling down at him, but in her eyes there were tears, tears which seemed to come from her very heart.

This was surely the most surprising day in Jagannath's life. He began to read the letter:

My dear Padmini,

This is my first letter to you and I find it rather difficult to write, as I have an important secret to disclose. The secret concerns you.

When Jagannath married you, he married against my wishes. I had planned his marriage with a rich girl of my own choice, a girl who could bring him material comfort and security, as this seems to be the most important factor these days.

But he fell in love with you and married you. I expected him to come to me for help financially. But he didn't do so. His happiness was all I read about in his letters, to me. Then little Seshu came along and I was sure, this time Jagannath would need my help; for I knew how impossible it would be for the poor boy to manage with his paltry pay; but still there were no complaints, no requests, no wants in which I could help and show up his mistake.

For this, the whole credit goes to you my child, and that was how I began to really like you nay even love you. Though you were poor, you had brought more riches than any other woman could have given Jagannath.

Then I thought of putting you two to a little test. I asked for help, firstly, to know if Jagannath really valued helping his old uncle. The poor boy never knew how rich I really was. I was just an old uncle who lived in a village and somehow seemed to help him. Secondly, it was to test you! How would you feel if your husband placed me before his and your needs? The fact that I received the money the second time too immediately after I wrote shows the goodness of your heart too.

You have passed the test with flying colours my child, and I feel really happy.

I am very anxious to meet you and little Seshu. I will pay you all a visit as soon as I have settled a few business transactions. I will not stay long in

Madras, as my love for the countryside, my village and my farm is always greater. You must know, my dear, though I studied to be a lawyer, I am more a farmer at heart.

Your loving uncle,
Jagadish.

N. B.: With 1,000 best wishes in rupees. This is the first of such wishes that are yet to come.

x x x

Without a word of comment Jagannath put back the letter and the money into the envelope. His love for his wife grew deeper into his heart. He took little Seshu into his arms and kissed him. A solemn stillness of contentment and peace seemed to settle on his very soul.

It was the postman who brought him back to reality.

"Jagannath Sir, I never really understood why you kept sending your uncle money. I could not believe that a rich man like him would need money from

you. I have known your uncle for a long time. You know, Sir, I once lived in his village and it was through him that I became a postman. Your uncle has helped my family in many ways. I have told your wife everything I know about the kind old gentleman and she was so happy to listen. I told her some of the things he did for you too. Now I know how much she really likes him. At least now, I am sure, I can continue to be little Seshu's friend !"

"You know more about my uncle than I do Raju," said Jagannath. "I never really knew him to be this rich. I'am going to ask Padmini to tell me what all you had told her. Now, there's something I want to settle with you," and taking a ten rupee note from his purse gave it to Raju saying that that was for his little boy—a present from Seshu. Inspite of many protests the postman was made to accept it and sent home in a happy mood.

Padmini saw the postman off and when she came back to meet her husband, she did not know what to say or do.

In times like these Jagannath had always helped her. He came to her rescue now. Taking her into his arms he kissed her.

"Even all the praise in the world is not enough for you my darling," he whispered in her ears and kissed her again.

A little city girl watching the farm hands spreading out a stack of hay to dry, could contain her curiosity no longer. So she politely asked :

"Is it a needle you're looking for ?"

x x x

Billie (to chemist) : "Please sir, I want some soap with an extra strong perfume,"

Chemist : "What's the idea sonny ?"

Billie : "Well, I want mother to know when I've washed my face, so that she won't make me do it all over again !"

x x x

There was a dear little baby in the compartment, and a gentleman opposite said : "A fine child, madam. I trust he will grow into an upright and honourable man."

"Yes," smiled the mother, "but it will be rather difficult."

"As the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined," the gentleman said, pompously.

"But the trouble is," replied the mother, "the twig is bent on being a girl."

x x x

Producer: "Now that you are a famous star you must lead a life of strict decorum."

Actress : "But can't my stand-in do that?"

ILLUMINATING STORIES

The Glory of Ram Nam

Mahatma Gandhi's birthday falls this Sunday, October 2. In his later years he held regular prayer meetings in the evenings with the singing of "Raghupathi Raghava Rajaram." The following story about the glory of Ram Nam would therefore be found appropriate on his birthday week.

(By Swami Sivananda)

Sri Vasistha once performed a certain yajna. Many sages, rishis, munis and kings attended the function. Narada, Viswamitra and Sakunta, the then king of Kasi, were also present. Sakunta, made prostrations to Sage Vasistha first and then to others at the time of departure.

After some months Narada Rishi paid a visit to Rishi Viswamitra and said to him in the course of his talk, "O adorable Rishi! Your prestige as a prominent Rishi is gradually vanishing."

Viswamitra said, "Why is it so, my beloved Narada?"

Narada said, "Don't you remember, Viswamitra, that Sakunta, the king of Kasi, paid respects to Sage Vasistha first and then to you and to the rest? Since then I hear only the name of Vasistha wherever I go. There would have been no harm if Sakunta saluted you first and then Vasistha. As you did not punish Sakunta for the disrespect, others also are now following his example."

Viswamitra said, "O Narada! Is it solely due to that incident that I am lowered in rank of estimation? If it is so I must punish Sakunta, or I must attain eminence by doing severe penance. What do you say now, O great Rishi?"

Narada said, "Adorable Rishi Viswamitra, the behaviour of the king on that occasion was not good. This has lowered your rank in the estimation of others. Really you are a great tapasvin. You are not in any way inferior to Vasistha. Kindly establish your name anyhow."

Viswamitra, in a rage, said, "Sakunta has ruined my fame. Why should I not ruin him? Why should I not curse him now?"

Narada said, "This is indeed a proper punishment, but you must not lose your power of austerity by taking recourse to that method. I will suggest to you a nice plan. You may adopt it if you approve of it. Kindly ask your disciple Sri Rama to punish Sakunta."

Viswamitra at once proceeded to Ayodhya and met Sri Rama. Viswamitra said, "O Rama, are you not bound to keep up my prestige and reputation?" Sri Rama replied, "My adorable guru, I am certainly bound to keep thy honour and reputation."

Viswamitra : "Then kill that man who has spoiled my reputation, by sunset tomorrow."

Sri Rama: "My worthy guru! Very well. I shall carry out thy behest. I shall act accordingly. May I know the name of the person?"

Viswamitra: "Sakunta, the king of Kasi."

Viswamitra then returned to his ashram.

Narada went to Sakunta and said, "O King, you are a great devotee of Rama. Despite your devotion to him he is going to kill you before sunset, tomorrow.

Sakunta: "O adorable Rishi Narada! what is the reason for this?"

Narada then narrated the whole incident.

Sakunta: "O Rishi Narada, Rama can kill me and my whole family. We are quite ready to die through his hands. But we do not wish to die as his enemies This gives me great anguish."

Narada: "O King Sakunta! Do not be disheartened. Be bold. Be courageous. Use your intelligence and try to secure help from others."

Sakunta: "No one will help me. I do not wish to bring trouble to others. I am prepared to die. I shall myself appear before Rama before the appointed time."

Narada: "Never despair. Some wise and powerful man may protect you without violating the vows of Rama. Please try."

Sakunta: "O wise Rishi! Please tell me how can I get the help of such a person."

Narada: "O king! Go to the forest and speak loudly, 'Is there anyone who can save me from danger? Let him appear before me and protect me.' If anyone comes before you tell him all about your trouble."

The king placed his son on the throne immediately and went to the forest and shouted for help. Anjanadevi, mother of Sri Hanuman, heard the shouting and came out of her cave. She said, "O man, what is your trouble? Why are you weeping? I will save you from your danger. Let me know in detail, all about it."

Sakunta: "O venerable lady! Give me assurance and I will tell you everything in detail."

The woman: "Do not doubt me. I promise in the name of my dear son that I will protect you from your danger. Please tell me all about your danger."

Sakunta: "Rama has determined to kill me today before sunset. Save me from this danger."

The woman: "What a terrible mistake I have committed on account of my pride of my strength and egoism. I should not have given promise before having the knowledge of the service to be rendered. My son is most devoted to Rama. Had it not been for the promise I myself might have killed this man and done some real service to Rama. I cannot break my promise. There is conflict of duty in my mind now."

She hid the king in a cave and

shouted, "O my beloved son come to me at once."

Hanuman immediately appeared before her and said, "O beloved mother, what is the matter? Is there any service for me?"

Anjana: "My dear Hanuman! I am in a great trouble. Save me.I have given word of promise to Sakunta to save him from danger to his life. Now I cannot break a promise. Please save him from the arrows of Rama."

Hanuman concealed Sakunta within the ample coils of his tail, sat on the top of a hill and began to meditate on Rama and chant his name.

Lord Rama sent Satrughna to bring Sakunta before him. Satrughna proceeded to Benares. He did not find him there. He got the news that the king had gone to a neighbouring forest. He went to the forest and searched him there. He saw Hanuman sitting on the top of a hill. He approached Hanuman and enquired of him about Sakunta.

Hanuman said, "O Satrughna, I am keeping Sakunta within my coiled up tail in order to keep the words of my mother. Kill me first and then take him away to your brother."

Satrughna said, "O adorable Hanuman! you are the greatest devotee of lord Rama. You have extraordinary powers. You saved me once from death. I regard you as my own brother. You are blessed as a *Chiranjeevi* by Sri Sita. I am not prepared to kill you. Even if I attempt I will certainly fail in my attempt."

Satrughna returned to his place and informed Rama that he had no strength to bring Sakunta.

At once Lakshmana started to bring Sakunta. Satrughna secretly told Lakshmana the real fact. Lakshmana went but returned without bringing Sakunta. Then Bharata went to bring Sakunta. He returned back and plainly narrated the facts to Rama.

Thereupon Rama himself proceeded to the spot, where Hanuman was. All the brothers accompanied him. Rama saw Hanuman. Hanuman made prostrations to his lord and again sat in meditation.

Rama said: "O beloved Hanuman, I must kill Sakunta

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in order to carry out the behest of my guru. Leave him to me."

Hanuman said: "O lord, I am forced to save Sakunta to keep the words of my mother. Please kill me and then kill Sakunta."

Rama: "O Hanuman! Get yourself ready for fight." Saying this Rama shot an arrow at Hanuman. It fell like a beautiful garland on the neck of Hanuman. Rama sent many arrows on Hanuman. They all had no effect. In the end he sent the powerful Narayana-astra. This produced terrible heat everywhere. All the Devas ran here and there for safety and at last fell at the feet of Brahma.

Hanuman was all along repeating R a m a Mantra. Brahma along with the Devas appeared at the spot. Brahma asked Hanuman to open his eyes. Hanuman opened his eyes and found Brahma and others before him. At once Hanuman fell at the feet of Brahma. Brahma asked Hanuman to prostrate at the feet of Rishi Viswamitra. Hanuman prostrated at the feet of Viswamitra. The Rishi blessed Hanuman. When Hanuman got up Viswamitra found that King Sakunta also had been prostrating at his feet.

Viswamitra said loudly: "O dear Rama! Please do not kill Sakunta. Stop fighting because he has fallen at my feet. I must save him now. Otherwise I will incur sin."

Rama obeyed the words of Rishi Viswamitra. Thus the fight ended.

Sri Hanuman fell at the feet of Rama and begged to be excused for his misbehaviour.

Rama said: "O My beloved devotee! I am immensely pleased with you. You are the foremost among my devotees. You have showed to the world the glory and the power of Rama Mantra."

Rama embraced Hanuman and blessed him.

Narada prostrated at the feet of Rama and said: "Please pardon me for the mischief and trouble I have created."

Rama said: "O great Rishi, you always do immense good to the world by creating some kind of quarrel. You have pleased me very much by creating this trouble."

Rama said: "O Sakunta! Through you only the glory of Ram Nam is made known to the world. Great devotees and sages will ever select virtuous persons like you for proving the true principles to the world. Return back to your kingdom and be happy. I am pleased with you."

Now Anjanadevi came before Rama and said, "Please pardon me and my son for our wrong actions." The Lord said, "Even the mistakes of a true devotee towards his Beloved bring great good to the devotee and others. I am also pleased with you."

Rama blessed all persons who were present there. All went back to their respective places in great joy and happiness.

The glory of Ram Nam is indescribable.

An extremely entertaining story bordering on the supernatural.

The Fourth Dimension

(*By Lillian Bennet Thompson*)

Professor Ridgley dropped the chalk and mopped his perspiring eyebrow with his handkerchief. Stealing a surreptitious glance at the clock, he almost gasped with relief. Five minutes more, and he would be at liberty to leave the stifling lecture room and to seek the comparative cool of his study.

The heat was almost intolerable. In the morning, a slight breeze had ruffled the leaves of the tall elms on the campus and crept in at the windows; but shortly after the sun passed the meridian, the wind died away.

The storm king was marshalling his forces, and now threw his threatening phalanxes forward from the darkening west. Rank upon rank, squadron upon squadron, the murky foe advanced. The air was close, heavy, lifeless.

With the fervent hope that the coming storm would cool the superheated atmosphere, the professor picked up the crayon and proceeded:

"The 'cuboid' as this abstract body has been called, has four dimensions—length, of the line, breadth, of the square, thickness, of the cube, and one other dimension, extending somewhere. But where? We do not know; we cannot conceive.

"Yet we have no right to say that there can be no body of four dimensions, simply because we have never seen and are unable to imagine such a body. The fourth dimension may be a fact. It should not be classed with such absurdities as squaring the circle, the duplication of the cube, the bisection of the angle.

"Mr. Ames are you listening?" The psofessor broke off.

A young man, sitting at the end of first semi-circle of seats, looked up. He was rather loosely built, with legs and arms that seemed too long for his body. His features were not bad; but his light hair struggled in an unruly fashion about his head, and the wide blue eyes he turned upon the professor were filled with a dreamy, abstracted expression.

"I asked if you were listening Mr. Ames?" the instructor repeated impatiently.

With an evident effort, the blue eyes met his.

"No, sir," came the low answer.

The heat of the day, the difficulties of the subject and a severe headache had all combined to set Ridgley's nerves on edge. He glared at the culprit a moment before he observed with fine sarcasm:

"It may be that the information I am endeavouring to impart is superfluous to you? That you are so well acquainted with the theory of the fourth dimension that you find my groping irksome?"

"I am very sorry, professor."

"You have not answered my question, Mr. Ames. You know all about this subject ?"

"Why, no sir, not all," he answered in somewhat shame-faced apology.

For an instant there was silence, broken by a smothered chuckle from the class. Ridgley felt the blood mount to his fore-head.

"If you will be good enough to remain after dismissal Mr. Ames," he said in a strangled tone, "I should like to inquire more closely into the extent of your knowledge."

"Certainly, sir." Ame's tone was perfectly respectful. Ridg-lely's hands clenched ; but there was nothing to be gained by losing his temper. With an effort, he mastered his rage and turned away.

"We creatures of three dim-ensions," he went on, as if no interruption had occurred, "know no other space than the one in which we live. But we can imagine a space having two dimensions only. Let us suppose that there is such a world -a perfectly flat plane, inhabited by perfectly flat creatures, who live more and have their being in a world of two geometrical dimen-sions.

"Had these people of shadow-land brains, reasoning powers, their minds would be no more capable of grasping the idea of a three dimensional space—the world in which we live—than we are able to conceive of a world of four dimensions.

"The shadow of a body of three dimensions possesses but

two dimensions. A three dimen-sional body,passing through sha-dowland, would convey to the inhabitants of that land the im-pression of only two dimensions. Similarly were a four dimen-sional body to pass through our space, we should be conscious of only three of its dimen-sions.

"May it not be within the bounds of possibility that there is another world, of which we know nothing,to the inhabitants of which we creatures of three dimensions appear as shadows appear to us?"

A bell rang sharply; there was a little bustle among the stu-dents. Ridgley removed his glasses and swung them from his forefingers.

"So much for the fourth dim-ension," he concluded. "The possibility of its existence may not be disputed, but it cannot be proven. Algebraically we can indicate it; geometrically no. We cannot even project its out-lines in limitless space; for to us, space itself has but three dimensions; and it is because of

this fact that even our widest flights of imagination brlng no tangible image of a four dimen-sonal figure before our mental vision.

"That is all, gentlemen."

In another moment, the lec-ture room was empty. save for the professor and the student, Ames, who sat drumming on the arm of his seat and gazing dreamily out of the window at the approaching storm.

"And now Mr. Ames, I shall be glad to have you tell me what you know of the fourth dimen-sion." Ridgley settled back in his chair and regarded the young fellow before him with keen dis-approval.

Ames got to his feet in leisu-rely fashion, slouched to the blackboard and with a few strokes of the duster, obliterated the diagram that the professor had drawn. Pulling the model stand forward, he placed a wooden cube in position and with a piece of chalk, slowly and deliberately sketched in its out-lines on the blackboard.

It was an extremely simple process, but it appeared to take considerable time, and Ridgley had yawned several times before the drawing was completed. Ames stepped back a pace or two and regarded his work criti-cally, his head on one side.

An ironical smile curved the professor's lips.

"Well, Mr. Ames?" he sug-gested.

The boy started slightly and passed his hand over his fore-head.

"I was just considering how best to make it clear to you

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sir." He picked up the cube from the model stand and turn-ed back to the board.

A rumble of thunder came faintly through the open win-dow. The heat was oppressive. The professor caught himself nodding. He yawned again, as with half closed eyes, he watch-ed the deliberate journey of the piece of the chalk.

"I think you will find this cor-rect, sir." Ames was speaking. "Here is the original cube with its three dimensions." He pointed to the drawing he had made from the model. "And here," he rapidly indicated a number of dotted lines with the point of the crayon, "is the body of four dimensions, of which the cube is but the shadow. You can see the four demen-sional body—the cuboid, profes-sor ?"

"Yes." The word was almost a whisper. Ridgley scarcely recognised his own voice. It was strained and harsh, and seemed to come from a vast

distance off. "That rather strikes a blow at the law of the impenetrability of matter doesn't it, Ames? Apparently two bodies can occupy the same space at the same time." His eyes were blinking uncertainly behind his glasses.

"May I go now, professor?"

Ridgley did not answer, his head had dropped to his hands. He was amazed, bewildered, stunned at the stupendous revelation. Ames—a mere boy—had discovered and proven the existence of the fourth dimension! He had achieved the impossible, conquered the insurmountable obstacle!

And if Ames could demonstrate so clearly the absolute certainty of this incredible discovery, could not he—Ridgley—lecture upon it before all the greatest scientists in the world? To what heights might he not climb? Ames must explain how—

The professor lifted his head. He was gone. Ames had gone. A dense twilight filled the room.

On the blackboard was a white blur; Ames had rubbed out his diagram before going to his rooms.

"The cube is but the shadow," murmured Ridgley. He rose and picked up the chalk, drawing the cube on the blackboard with swift, accurate strokes. "The lines of the four-dimensional body came—"

The chalk clattered to the floor, as the professor leaned heavily against the desk for support. He could not remember the figure Ames had constructed.

There was the shadow, but whence had come the outlines of the substance? In what direction did they extend? Strive as he would, he could not bring back the picture which a moment before had been, so clear to him.

What had Ames shown him? Had Ames showed him anything?

The horror of the thought clutched him by the throat. No! It was true! He had seen that figure of four dimensions, clearly, distinctly! It was no dream; it was real, real! He would recall Ames at once—but suppose Ames too could not remember? Had Ames been really in the room?

With an inarticulate cry Ridgley sprang to his feet, dashed from the room, and down the dim corridor wrenching open the door, he was almost hurled from his feet by a terrible gust of wind. He seized the railing, and peered out through the gloom. A hundred yards away Ames was hurrying across the grass.

It had been no dream!

The wind shrieked like a thousand furies; then suddenly all was quiet. The sky was blotted out by the inky pall.

"Ames!" The loud call rang out over the campus.

The hurrying figure stopped, turned. Ridgley beckoned widely.

"Come back!" be shouted.

"Coming, sir!"

And then the heavens were split by a sheet of flame; the very earth seemed to tremble in the terrific detonation of

thunder. Ridgley shrank back, covering his eyes with his hands.

When he looked again. Ames had vanished; but something lay prone upon the grass—a sinister something that was very, very still.

Like a man walking in sleep, Ridgley descended the steps. Bending over the prostrate figure, he turned the white face upward.

Men were running across the campus; a little crowd gathered.

"He's gone," some one said.

Ridgley bent lower; his lips moved.

"I can't remember, boy," he muttered. "You have taken it with you—taken it with you."

—*H. S. Magazine.*

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MADRAS-3

A sweet little story dealing with a child's vague and undefined fears about the dark and the unknown.

The Scissors

(By Y. Nagibin)

It was all the fault of the sunbeam. Thin and sharp, it pierced the lace curtain, glanced off the glass shade of the table lamp, slid across the lid of the powder case, grazed a small glass, and finally fell full on the scissors, lighting a tiny, blinding fire.

This was most opportune, for Mitya had been languishing for a whole eternity—about half an hour—in profound loneliness. At first he had tried drawing, covering a whole page of the album with elephants and giraffes. But each elephant looked remarkably like a tea-kettle, while each giraffe looked like a derrick. When he tried drawing a Moskvich car, it turned out exactly like a cockchafer, and Mitya got tired of drawing He was already thinking of opening the little valves of the gas range, which he was most strictly forbidden to touch, when suddenly the sunbeam brought a lot of interesting things to his attention.

Mitya followed the sunbeam with his eyes. A door banged downstairs, and the curtain wavered. The sunbeam trembled; a golden cone flashed on the lampshade, an arrow shot from the powder-case, a short flame leapt out of the fire on the scissors, and all was again as before.

Mitya warmed to the sunbeam, the only guest to share his loneliness. He got off the couch and wanted to take the sunbeam in his hands. His hand came together, but the sunbeam slipped out. Again Mitya tried to catch it, and again the sunbeam slipped away. At first this pleased Mitya, and he laughed, but soon he got tired of the sunbeam: he could not touch it and find out whether it was hard or soft, hot or cold.

The scissors were a different matter. Mitya appreciated them at once. He did not even look at the lamp, the powder-case or the glass. Scissors! Funny, he hadn't noticed such a wonderful thing before. Taking a ring into each hand, he spread the blades far apart, and then tried to bring them together again. At first the scissors were obstinate, even the joints of Mitya's fingers began to ache; but soon the scissors gave in and folded with a pleasant swish.

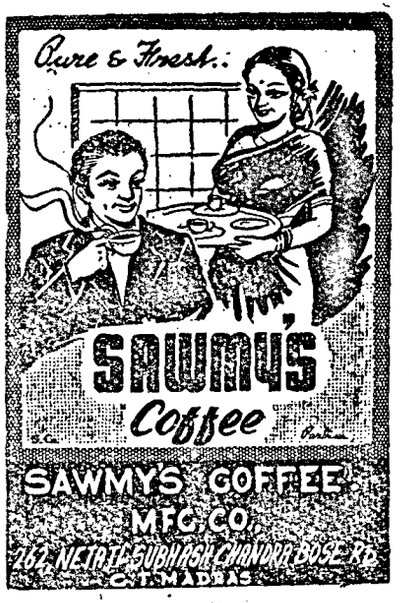
Mitya had not time to think of anything when the scissors reached of themselves to his golden forelock and cut out a nick over his forehead. The boy held his breath for a few moments, afraid to believe what had happened. Then the joy of first discovery filled his heart.

He had never yet done anything for himself! In the mornings his mother dressed him as she pleased, washed him as she pleased, and combed him as she

pleased. Small hope there was of changing anything in her set routine. When Mtiya had once tried to put his shoes on backwards, what a to-do there had been. And when he had tried to turn his shirt into trousers and had almost got his foot into a sleeve, his mother warned him that he would be the death of her if he ever did such a thing again. As for his hair, how he hated that smooth forelock combed down almost to his eyebrows. But no sooner was it tousled in play, than his mother hurried up with a prickly comb, held him fast with her knees, and did not let go till every single hair was in its proper place. No more of that now!

Mitya boldly cut another notch out of his hair. Instead of a narrow strip of skin, above his eyebrows appeared in two large triangles, his shiny, bulging forehead. He liked this forehead very much. The he began cutting the hair on his crown. He discovered that his hair was all different. From the side it looked golden, along the cut it was grey, while on the temples it was almost white. He pricked himself, but bore the pain, a thing that never happened to him before. And even a drop of blood that appeared on his forehead only made him twist his lips a bit. Really this was another Mitya, he even felt himself that he had become different.

This new Mitya was not afraid of anything. He would go into the lumber-room, the most mysterious and dreadful



place on earth. The bath which stood there had formerly been used, but then it sprang leak and was now covered with boards on which were piled an old leather armchair, with springs that moaned sadly at a touch, a three-legged chair without a seat, and suit-cases with jumping locks. A tub, which hummed ominously, when hit, leaned against the wall. There were mice in the lumber-room, while in the corner opposite the door hung a grey, soft, stuffy rag of a cobweb. A spider lived in it.

More than that. In the lumber-room hid the midnight visitor who moved furniture about in the dark, played shrill little melodies on the glassy icicles of the ceiling lamps and some times sat on a chair, star-

ng at Mitya. Mitya knew well his hunched, sharp-shouldered little figure and his knobbly knees. But as soon as mother, wakened by Mitya's cries put on the light, the midnight visitor, with wonderful agility, took the shape of Mitya's clothes which were thrown over the back of the chair. And Mitya felt an involuntary shudder when his mother took up his clothes in the morning.

Holding the wide-open scissors before him, Mitya started for the corridor. He opened the door of the lumber-room with a kick. Everything here emitted sound. The door creaked, then gave a shrill squeak, as if a tiny person had been squeezed in it, and flying open, struck the tub. The tub gave a deep moan, not ominous but sad; the springs of the arm-chair tinkled just as sadly.

"Ah-ha," said Mitya to himself, "the things also know that I'm different."

Light poured into the lumber-room and Mitya saw everything just as he had pictured it to himself: the armchair, the three-legged chair, the suit-cases and the dusty, grey, raggy spider web. Only the midnight visitor had disappeared, as usual. Mitya snipped with his scissors into all four corners of the room. Something rustled across the boards covering the bath. A black velvety mouse ran out from under the armchair, stood up on its hind feet, bared its teeth, and shook a front paw at Mitya.

"Shershatz!" Mitya rapped out the hairy, bird-beaked word and clicked his scissors.

The mouse squirmed, drew its head into its shoulders, and whisked behind the suit-cases.

"Shershatz!" shouted Mitya at everything in the lumber-room and clicked his scissors three times as loudly as he could. And everything that was in the lumber-room sighed, shrank, and became small and no longer frightening. Only the grey, dusty, rag cobweb swung threateningly at Mitya, and a hunch-backed spider with a cross on his back ran out to the middle of it.

"Just wait, you soft, dusty rag, just wait, spider!"

Mitya strode up, spread the blades as far as they would go, stretched out his hands, and cut the spider web. But the cobweb slipped from the wall, entwined the scissors with its grey, sticky

LOUIS PASTEUR

As soon as Louis Pasteur invented his method of processing produce by heating in conformity to a definite regime (pasteurisation), he rushed to patent it. But as soon as he obtained the patent Pasteur immediately offered all who wished to freely use the new method. His friends asked him:

"Why did you take the patent out for if you don't want to use it yourself?"

"I did not want anybody else to do it before me to line his own pocket," Pasteur replied.

body, and tore them out of the boy's hands. The scissors clanged on the floor. At once the tub hummed triumphantly. "Got you!" squeaked the springs. Stepping with his huge legs the spider went at Mitya. In tears, the boy ran out of the lumber-room.

It was very light in his room, and Mitya soon stopped crying. Still he was afraid to look at the door through which the terrible lumber-room creatures could appear any moment.

But no one appeared. Mitya waited a little longer and got slowly off the couch. When Mitya crept carefully, on tiptoe, up to the lumber-room, his heart beat as if it were ready to jump out of his chest. Hardly realising what he was about, Mitya struck the door of the lumber-room with both fists.

"Here I am!" Mitya panted heavily. "And I am not afraid of anything!"

When mother came home from shopping, Mitya told her about everything.

"You know, Mummy," he said thoughtfully, "there's really no one in the lumber-room, just old things and a spider web."

"That's right," said mother. "Your fear lived there, but now you've driven it out."

—*Soviet Land.*

Nell: "I hear their engagement was broken off through a misunderstanding."

Bell: "Yes; he understood she had money, and she understood he had."

x x x

The smart young lady entered a stationery shop and asked for a pound of floor wax.

"I am sorry, miss," replied the assistant. "We sell only sealing wax."

"Don't be silly," she remarked. "Why would any one want to wax their ceiling?"

x x x

Mother (at seven o'clock in the evening): "Come, Ethel, it is bed time. All the little birds have gone to sleep in their nests."

Ethel (at five o'clock next morning): "Come, mamma, it is time to get up. All the little birds are up, and the mamma birds, too."

x x x

"Dad, did your father thrash you?"
"Yes, my son."
"And did his father thrash him?"
"Of course."
"And did great-grand-father get spanked by his father?"
"Of course."
"Then who began the silly nonsense?"

Cheerfulness The Best Antidote

Cheerfulness is an antidote for both mental and physical maladies. Raise your spirit by elevating your thought to the remembrance of God within you. It is no good depending upon another for the needed guidance and solace, in times of difficulty and depression. One should look within for guidance. One ought to have recourse to independent means, which is the contemplation of God. That will give you light and make you forget the trials of life at once.

To get over the difficult situations in which we find ourselves, what is required is faith in the power and in the influence for good of the indwelling spirit of God. Do believe in the benevolent nature of this Supreme Power. Habituate your mind to the contemplation of Him. Then all your perplexing problems will at once dissolve and disappear.

Worry is the cause of most of the distempers of the mind and the body. Remove worry by steadfast faith in and constant thought of God. Leave your life in His hands, and give up all anxieties about it. Regulate your life in such a manner that you can devote more and more time to the remembrance of God, through bhajan, repetition of God's name, and meditation on His great attributes. Don't be dejected. God, who is the Almighty, is your help. And be sure that he who trusts Him never comes to grief. Go on repeating the all powerful Divine Ram Mantra, " Om Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram ", whenever you are free from other work. Depend upon it, the Divine name can save you from all troubles.

You are not really weak and helpless. All strength and power are within you. God-vision is yours the very instant you will for it, with concentration. Why don't you? Simply because you do not choose to. Ramdas is here giving expression to a truth, gathered from the depths of his experience. Complete trust in and submission to God's will, under all circumstances, means the vision of Truth, the vision of the root-principle of all creation. The words "If God wills" means only "If you arouse and assert your real, inner, all-powerful divine will " The solution therefore is to awaken the inherent power of your soul. You are verily the immortal Truth—the great, deathless and changeless Reality. Victory be ever yours! —*Swami Ramdas in* Vision.

"Have you a speaking acquaintance with the woman next door?"

"A speaking acquaintance? I know here so well that we don't speak at all."

x x x

" My wife has the worst memory I ever heard of."

" Forgets everything, eh ?"

" No ; remembers everything. "

The Magic Men of Africa

As he gazed at the blood-spattered hut and yard, Shaka, first great king of the Zulus, roared in majestic anger.

"Who has committed this vile deed against the house of Zulu?" he shouted. " What were the guards doing ? Blood calls for blood..."

The royal hut and the yard around it were smeared with blood. Who could have done this horrible thing in the heart of the royal enclosure ?

Mbopa, one of the chiefs, replied : " Great Crushing Elephant, the night was dark and the evil perpetrator must have sneaked in. This reeks of witchcraft and should be 'smelt out' by the diviners."

" You have spoken wisely," bellowed Shaka. "Summon all the witch-doctors. I will have such a 'smelling out' as the land of the Zulu has never seen before."

And it was indeed ! For Shaka, sickened by the horrors perpetrated by the witch-doctors, had set a trap to turn his people against them, writes *Weekend Mail* reviewing *Shaka Zulu* by E. A. Ritter (published by Longmans, London.)

He called all the men of the tribe to a great assembly. Thirty thousand Zulus squatted in a huge horseshoe.

An eerie wailing and caterwauling arose from outside the palisades. Through a side gate poured a gibbering, crouching, vaulting and seemingly endless line of witch-doctors.

In all, 152 " magic men " emerged. They were led by Shaka's greatest enemy and rival —Nobela, a woman.

She was grotesquely dressed. The skin of a giant python wound round her body. The stuffed open-jawed head was mounted on her head.

A hypnotic terror gripped the Zulus as the witch-doctors crept nearer and nearer hissing.

The witch-doctors had split into 15 teams, and each line was followed by a party of huge, club-carying "slayers."

If one of the witch doctors touched a Zulu with the wildebeest tail he carried, that was the signal for the man to be executed.

When Nobela reached Mbopa, whose power as a chief was almost as great as Shaka's own, she stopped. Her eyes gloated in unholy triumph.

First she sniffed Mbopa's ears, then his mouth.

In a high-pitched falsetto, Nobela now screeched : " Do you smell what I smell, my sisters ?"

"We smell what you smell," came the sing-song chorus.

" Blood comes from blood !" shrieked Nobela. She vaulted high in the air. As she came down, she struck Mbopa across the head with the wildebeest tail.

The " slayers " pounced on Mbopa and marched him off. But Shaka had given a strange order—nobody was to be put to immediate death, as was usual. So Mbopa was closely guarded while Nobela continued the great " smelling out."

When well over 300 trembling

victims had been picked out, only two which-doctors were still left to make their choice.

Shaka faced them, stren as death. "Who would you 'smell out' as having done this evil deed ?" he growled,

"Does the king wish to hear the truth?" asked one.

What else have I asked you all here for ? Speak !"

"O king! I divine the Heaven (Zulu). IT and IT alone did it....."

This meant that Shaka, whose clan name was Zulu, had himself done it.

There was a pregnant silence. But an approving smile spread over Shaka's face.

"Ye are right," he roared. "You alone have spoken the truth. Listen, my people. I did the deed. I spattered blood with my own hands—to find out who were the true diviners.

"In the whole land there are but TWO true witch-doctors—these young men. The rest are false."

"Now I ask you," thundered Shaka, "what shall we do to these false accusers ?"

A great roar went up from all the crowd : "Kill them ! Kill them ! Let them die through the impalement skewers they intended for us."

But they weren't quick enough for Nobela. Unseen, she emptied the contents of a little gourd into her hand—a lethal dose of atropine.

She slipped it into her mouth and closed her eyes, smiling.

When the executioners reached her she was dead.

"Have you seen Miss Ransome since she inherited a fortune ?"

"Yes. She is greatly changed."

"How ?"

"Well, she used to be frightfully skinny, and now she's divinely slender !"

x x x

Wife (breaking the news of good-for-nothing brother's arrival): "Hector has come to stay for a few days, poor boy. He's looking very seedy."

Husband : "Seedy, is he ? Well, he isn't going to plant himself here !"

x x x

The accused had been convicted of bigamy, and the judge asked : "Have you anything to say ?"

"No, not a word," was the reply.

"It's hardly likely," retorted the judge. "A man with two wives would never get a chance."

x x x

Small Boy : "Father, what's committee ?"

Father : "A committee is a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours !"

Adventures of Mahendraverma

Going in search of food Mahendraverma is drawn by music coming from a cave. There he finds a Nagakanya imprisoned by a rakshasha. He slays him and sets free the Nagakanya and proceeds in search of fresh adventure.

By 'S'

After the Nagakanya left the cave, Mahendraverma felt lonely and longed for company. He assumed the form of an eagle, flew high in the sky and cleared the mountain. Beyond lay a vast stretch of territory dotted with towns and cities. He flew further and further surveying the land and in the evening sighting a prosperous kingdom alighted at a lonely spot on the outskirts of the city and assumed his human shape

The place where the landed was an elevated spot and it overlooked a burning ghat. Mahendraverma noticed a man sitting alone with a monkey lying by his side. Watching a little more closely Mahendraverma could see that the monkey was dead and its owner way weeping over his loss.

Wishing to do him a good turn Mahendraverma walked over to the burning ghat. Seeing a figure coming towards him the *Korava* was frightened a bit. Is it some spirit that is coming towards him ? How foolish he was to wait there brooding till after sunset, he thought. His legs began to shake and inwardly he began to pray involuntarily closing his eyes.

Mahendraverma saw how frightened the man was and addressed him assuringly. "Don't be frightened my good man. Why are you sitting alone here in this god-forsaken place ? What ails you ?"

The *Korava* opened his eyes and seeing a charming youth standing before him he gained some courage. Slowly and hesitatingly he told his tale. His only means of support, the monkey, was dead. It was a well trained monkey which could do many tricks. Now that it was dead he felt lost and did not know what to do.

The grief of the man was genuine and Mahendraverma went over to the monkey and gently stroked it. Immediately, by virtue of the boon given to him by goddess Kali, the monkey became alive again. It opened its eyes and stirred its legs. Then

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slowly it got up and sitting on its haunches began to scratch its head as if bewildered.

The *Korava* could not believe his eyes when he saw the monkey which was dead sitting up. He stood there looking at the monkey like a man in a dream, then suddenly he picked it up in his hands and when it began to chatter in response to caress, he was sure that what he saw was not a dream but an actual miracle. Tears flowed down his cheeks and he knelt before Mahendraverma and in a voice filled with deep emotion said, "Sir I am beholden to you for the rest of my life. You are a Mahapurusha. Tell me how I can serve you."

"Get up. I am a human being just as you are. I am new to this part of the country. I belong to the country on the other side of the mountain. This country looks prosperous. Tell me what is the name of this city and who rules over this place."

The *Korava* replied:

"This city is called Ratnapuri and is ruled over by king Mahadeva. He is the richest and the most powerful of kings and gets tributes from a number of other kings. The people love him because he is just and the taxes are few."

"A king who is loved by his subjects must be happy."

"Oh, yes. But...!"

"But ?"

"But the king is not happy."

"Why ?"

"Because, the princess, his only daughter and heir to the throne, is still unmarried."

"Is she not beautiful ?"

"Ho, she is the most beautiful princess that ever walked this earth, and she is accomplished too. Several princes, hearing of her beauty, have come here and proposed marriage. The king wants her to marry but she has refused. She has vowed not to marry till....."

"Till what ?"

The *Korava* looked mortally afraid. He looked this side and that as if he expected some one to come and strike him dead.

"What are you afraid of ? As long as I am near you you needn't be afraid of anything. If I know all the facts I might be able to help the princess."

"No," he said nervously. "Let us go away from this place. You can know more about it from other people. I dare not speak about him."

"Come, come, who is this man who seems to be such a terror that you dare not even speak of him ? There is no one here who can hear you. Why be afraid then ?"

"Please, let me go."

"I won't let you go unless you tell me all about it."

"Ah, you have not heard about this Brahmarakshasha. We don't talk about him at all. Even the mention of his name brings evil."

"A Brahmarakshasha! Is he troubling the princess ?"

"Not the princess. O-o-o-o... Let me go from here please. I will tell you all in the choultry. Please, please," the *Korava* begged.

Seeing that the man was getting more and more nervous,

Mahendraverma agreed and they proceeded towards the capital and reached a choultry.

Reaching the safety of the roof the *Korava* then related the story.

The Brahmarakshasha was a terror to all the kings. Where he lives nobody knows but whenever he came he forcibly took away any queen he fancied. None can oppose him. He can turn men into stones by his mere look! He can reduce whole cities into ashes by his mere breath. Even wild animals turn tail and shrink away from him. By his magic power he can make stones speak and trees dance.

"It was seven years ago he happened to come here," continued the *Korava*. "He saw the queen who was most beautiful. He just snatched her in his arms and flew away. The king and the princess naturally were most grief striken and the princess who is now eighteen has vowed that she would marry the prince who will kill that Brahmarakshasha and restore her mother to her. Daily she spends four hours in the Kali temple praying to the goddess and people say that the goddess has given her word that she would soon send a prince to fulfil her prayers."

"I am glad to hear that. The words of the goddess will be fulfilled," said Mahendraverma. He felt that his *Ishta Devata* had a plan in having him banished from his land and bringing him here in this strange land. "Tell me," he said addressing his companion, "when does the princess go to the Kali temple for her prayers ?"

"She goes early in the morning and also in the evening."

"To-morrow evening we will go there. I have a plan," said Mahendraverma.

(*To be continued.*)

A woman had advertised for a maid. When the first applicant presented herself, the woman said to her: "What about your references ?"

"References ?" repeated the girl, with a sniff.

"Yes," answered the other; "my advertisement stated, 'Excellent references.'"

"Oh," said the girl, tossing her head, "I thought that applied to you."

x x x

"Does a man become more sensible after marriage ?"

"Yes, but it's too late."

x x x

Hospital Nurse: "You say financial difficulties brought you here ?"

Patient: "Yes. I saw a creditor coming, crossed the road to avoid him, and half way across I saw another creditor on the other side—I did not know what to do—hesitated and went under a car."

house Thula. Officially you will have better position owing to the grace of God that begins to shed on your life from the very beginning of the month. Merchants will have greater turnover yielding better profits. Second half will prove more encouraging than the first.

1, 2, 6, 7, 11, 13, 15, 19, 21, 22, 26, 28, 30, 31 are better days.

x x x

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Makha, Poorvaphalguna and ¼ Uthara-phalguna

The position of Guru in your Rasi connotes a happy frame of mind bordering on optimism. Important affairs of your's will be successfully conducted. You will come in contact with people of higher level and get favours from them. One of your children will do well in the month. First half indicates slight pressure of money while the second half shows relief. Yet there will be some setback in all your financial plans. Heavy expenditure is indicated in the second half. A journey is also envisaged. The last week shows sudden acquisition of money. Correspondence will be emphasised after the first week. Officially greater encouragement is indicated from the second week. You will meet your sister or brother after a long separation. Domestically you will not be as happy as you seem to be on account of your own family and children. Merchants will have financial pressure. Second half is more favourable.

2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 11, 15, 21, 26, 28, 29, 30 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

¾ Uttara-phalguna Hastha and ¼ Chitra

Planetary set-up does not promise to be favorurable to you during this month. There is more pain than gain on the whole. Fiery planets in your Rasi from the 3rd bring about extra heat in the system and render you liable to physical debility and also susceptible to latent disease existing in your system. Keep your system therefore cool without the onslaught of extra heat. Sukra indicates some eye trouble. There will be unexpected set-back in the progress of your profession or undertakings. From the second week, financial improvement is registered. Expenditure runs high beyond the budgetted amount. Domestic happiness is disturbed more in the first week. Your wife's health will be below par. Officially your hopes will be realised only in the second half of the month. New learning also is acquired then. Merchants will not find this month lucky. They will be facing financial strain.

1, 2, 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 18, 21, 27, 28, 30 are better days.

x x x

THULA RASI or LIBRA

¾ Chitra Swathi and ¼ Vishaka

Till the 8th the position of Guru alone is favourable showing success here and there. Thereafter Sukra's position in your Rasi will add weight to the benefic rays of Guru, projecting greater personality of yours in the forefront of life. Rahu in the 2nd house whose lord will

enter XII house on the 3rd does not presage financial conveniences to your satisfaction. Heavy expenditure is indicated in this month. From the second week of this month financial conveniences will improve slowly and in a few cases sudden financial gain may not be impossible. Defect of eyesight where eyesight is already affected will cause you anxiety. Favours from the higher level will be in view but not realised owing to some set-back. Domestic life will improve from the second week. Wife's health will be disturbed. There will be investment on land, costly dress and jewels. Merchants will face heavy expenditure during the month. Partnership will have good prospects.

1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 14, 20, 21, 24, 26, 29, 31 are better days.

x x x

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

¾ Vrichika, Anuradha and Jeshta

But for the two planets Saturn and Budha in the house of disquiet life this month would have certainly proved quite a lucky one to you. Yet the position of the luminaries in the eleventh house coupled with Guru, the Lord of the wealth and mind, in the angle, will go a long way to improve your conditions of life in the domestic and professional activities. Financially much improvement is seen. There may be gain through your relations and friends in profession. People at the top will appreciate your services. Your social life will get more widened. Wife's health will cause you anxiety. There may be some stomach trouble for you. Merchants will be lucky and have more profitable turnover. Partnership will be found more profitable.

1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 11, 13, 15, 18, 21, 26, 28, 29, 30 are better days.

x x x

DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS

Moola, Poorvashada Uttarashada¼

The planets during this month radiate favourable influences on your life. Guru in the ninth house is an outstanding aspect favouring success at the top-level, favour from elders and from people in a distant place and success in litigation, if any. New friends will be made to your advantage. You will move in higher circles and profit by them. Though some of your undertakings may receive some setback success will come in the last week owing to the retrogression of Budha. Sukra in the eleventh house from the eighth indicates successful marriage negotiations if any and the fulfilment of your desires and gain through near relations. Officially there will be a marked change. Merchants will be lucky, both in single and partnership business.

1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 18, 21, 25, 26, 28, 30 are better days.

x x x

MAKARA RASI or CAPRICORN

¾ Uttarashada Sravana ¼ Dhanista

Planetary course during this month spells dull and quite unencouraging. Mangal and Soorya in the 9th house indi-

cate that you will be disturbed mentally regarding your children and also your health during the month. Second half shows trouble in your profession. Yet you may be lucky to gain in service some promotion and boss's favour. Sukra's position in the X house from the 2nd week onwards favours this rise in service. Financially there will be pressure in the first half and improvement in the second half. Avoid altercation with seniors or elders. Last week of the month is brighter and happier. Avoid rupture or misunderstandings with others in financial dealings. Merchants will not find foreign business profitable enough. Correspondence may be avoided with foreign markets as far as possible. Last week will prove encouraging and bright.

2, 5, 7, 11, 13, 14, 21, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30 are better days.

x x x

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

½ Dhanista, Satbabhisha & ¼ Poorvabhadra

First half of this month does not seem to be promising on account of the solar course through the 8th house. Important affairs of yours will get delayed. General health will be affected due to extra heat in the system. Astama Surya coupled with Astama Mangal might bring about a long journey or an unnecessary aspersion may be cast on you by your own friends or relations. You must be careful in all your correspondence lest there should be unintended sting in it which may wound or disturb the party addressed. You will be attracted by social and public activities. There will be special interest evinced in the cause of a marriage. The last week will cause you anxiety regarding one of your children. Financially the month is fairly good. Merchants will do well in foreign business.

2, 6, 7, 11, 13, 16, 18, 21, 25, 26, 28, 31 are better days.

x x x

MEENA RASI or PISCES

¾ Poorvabhadra Uttarbhadra & Revathi

The planetary configurations in the sixth and the seventh houses indicate that you will have a hard time of it especially in the first week of this month. You will have no peace of mind regarding financial matters. Your ruler Guru in the sixth house may necessitate temporary raising of a hand loan. Avoid putting your signature on important papers as far as possible. The lord of the fourth, Budha retrograde in the Astama, does not work for the success of your dealings in property matters. Beware of monetary transactions in this month as there may be disappointments therein eventually. Your health may be disturbed and that of your wife's may me below par. Last week of the month will prove more encouraging for merchants.

2, 7, 9, 11, 15, 13, 16, 18, 21, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30 are better days.

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MADRAS

Road To Crime (*A three-act play*)

Mankapur Murder Case

The Spendthrift and the Alchemist

Effect of Prayer on Plants

The Nagore Andavan

When Husband is Led By the Nose

A Premonition

Adventures of Mahendraverma

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KAHANIYA

SHORT STORY MONTHLY

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Road To Crime

A one-act play translated from Kanarese.

(By K. Vittal Rao, B. A., B. L.)

Scene: Outside the prison gate. Channa and Kanna are talking.

C (*Looking at the prison gate*): I am not feeling happy, Kanna.

K: No wonder. Happiness is such an elusive thing. It eludes the efforts of even millionaires who spend enormously in its quest. Let that be. Is it not said that true repentance washes away all sins?

C: Yes. But persistence in sinful ways brings back the evils so washed away.

K: Well then repent again and again. True repentance is a sovereign remedy. Do not our Puranas and Shastras proclaim so?

C: Whatever it be, one should not tell lies and thieve but earn his daily bread by honest labour. Far better to take to even begging than swerve from the path of dharma.

K (*Sarcastically*): All paths leading to dharma have been taxed. Money is dharma and lack of it is karma.

C: I don't agree.

K: Why discuss? Follow me and I will show where happiness lies.

(Kanna and Channa proceed towards the town and soon come across Siddanna, the servant of Dhanapati, a rich local merchant.)

C: Namaste, Kempanna.

S: My name is not Kempanna, I am Siddanna.

C: Oh! What an exact resemblance you have to my friend Kempanna. I mistook you for him. I am sorry.

S: Never mind. You look strangers

SURAJMAL'S

FOR

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here. Who are you and to which place do you belong?

K : We do not belong to any particular place. Wherever we go, it becomes our place.

S: What do you do for a living?

C: Till now we were engaged in private business, but that was very tiresome and not paying also We hear that there are many rich persons here and we intend calling on them.

S : Why do you interest yourselves in the rich only ?

K: What can we get from the poor ? Can you tell us the rich people of this place ?

S : Oh! No dearth of them here. Every street can boast of at least eight or ten of them. But none has a sympathetic ear to the cries of distress of the poor.

K : If you are destined to get money none can prevent it.

S: I don't know much about that. When lust of money makes the rich close-fisted the fate of poor people is to live by what they give.

C (*Sympathetically*): You are looking at it from a wrong angle. It is not menial service you are doing for the rich. The wealthy in their past lives would have died indebted and they are made to discharge their debts by employing their creditors of past birth and paying them in monthly instalments !

S : That is a funny way of looking at it. Look there. Do you see that three-storied bungalow ? It is my master's. Twenty years ago he was living in a small rented house. To day he is the richest man in this town.

K : Then we will call on him first.

S : See him if you like and try your luck. But you won't get any help from him. I have urgent work to attend to. It is late already. (*He goes.*)

(*In the palatial building. The owner, Dhanapati, is reading a newspaper. Kanna and Channa enter.*)

D : Who are you to enter like a son-in-law without even a 'by your leave ?'

K : Pardon us sir, but there was no one at the gate.

D : Is not my servant there ?

C : No sir.

D : Well, what brings you here?

K: We are at present unemployed sir.

D: Well, there are so many *Dharmasalas* in this town for people like you.

C: No sir, we don't desire doles. We want to earn and live.

K: We have in the past served many rich people, sir.

D: Then why did you leave them ?

K : The government called us away, sir.

D: Oh ! I see you have been in government service too ?

C : The best part of our lives we have spent in government service.

D : Have you any certificates ?

K : Plenty of them. But they are all with the Inspector.

D : Which Inspector ?

C : Police Inspector.

D : Police Inspector ?

K : Yes sir. Our certificates, service registers etc. are with him.

D : In what capacity did you serve and what are your qualifications ?

K : We are proficient in both civil and criminal work. Government had ample proof of our ability and it transfered us from place to place like Bangalore, Madras, Hyderabad, Yervada and so on. We were relieved only to day.

C : It was a thankless task sir. However much we worked we were not paid for it. All we got was our board and lodging.

K : If we had put in so much hard work under your service, sir, we wouldn't be in this plight to day.

D : Your talk makes me suspicious.

K : Of course. In the beginning Government too suspected us. Our behaviour and movements were watched for six months and then their suspicions were confirmed.

C : And one day the Inspector came and led us away.

D : Where to ?

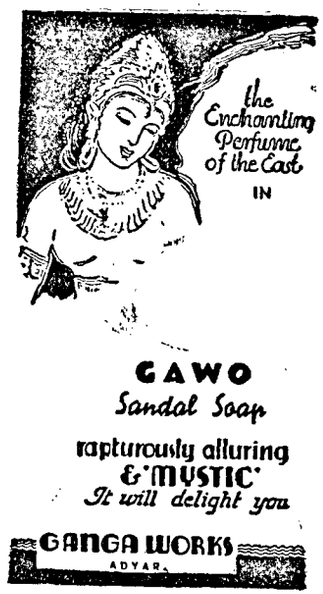
K : To the lock-up.

D : Oh ! Then you are thieves !

K : That is exactly what we have been trying to explain to you sir. But now the Inspector has made us vow to give up our old ways and lead honest lives.

D : Fools ! Do you think people are so gullible as all that ? Will anyone place his trust in an ex-convict and employ him ? Can a dog's tail be straightened by inserting it in a tin pipe ? Can a margosa plant be made to taste sweet by watering it with sugar water ? Can a cobra's bite be made harmless by feeding it with milk and honey ? Go away, you thieves !

K : Sir, we are really surprised and pained too at your attitude. If we tell lies you



punish us. If we tell truth you don't believe us. Then how is it possible to create trust in the public ?

D : Enough of this nonsense ! Begone or I will have you thrashed like a dog and thrown out. Go and beg. A couple of cut-throats posing as Harischandras !

(*Kanna and Channa both proceed along the street.*)

K : Did I not tell you that honesty does not pay ? These are not the days to follow truth, justice and dharma. Times have changed.

C : Why blame time ? It is the people who have turned bad. Truth and honesty are eternal.

K : That is where you are mistaken. From ancient times our land has been denuded of all its virtues. Take Yudhisthira for instance. He was known as Dharmaraja. When he died he took away all the *dharma* from this land. So did Karna who is known as *Danashura*. Charity and compassion vanished from our land with his death. Then take again the instance of Harischandra. He collected and carried away all the truth from our land. And you are still harping on truth and virtue. There is no happiness for people like us except through lies, theft and robbery.

C : No my friend. Let us not depart from the path of dharma. I would rather beg and live than live by falsehood.

K : Alright. Please yourself. But soon you will get disillusioned and come to my way of thinking.

x x x

(*In the house of Dhanapati.*)

D (*Addressing Siddanna, his servant*) : You son of a donkey! Don't provoke me to heap curses on you. To-day is an auspicious day and our Swamiji is paying us a visit. I asked you to get mango leaves but you damned fool, you have brought margosa leaves ! It is inauspicious.

S : I was going to fetch the mango leaves sir, but *Amma* called me and asked me to fetch margosa leaves first as they were needed urgently for some medicine.

D : Medicine ? What medicine ?

S : That Pandit you consulted yesterday prescribed a special *lehyam* for begetting a child.

D : Let him go to hell ! (*Wiihin himself*: Yet, another trial.) You know Siddanna I have ried every tonic, used all known talismans and performed all tantras, mantras and yantras. With what result you know. And now she wants to pin her faith on margosa leaves! Margosa leaves ! Bah !

S : That is her obsession. She says she will eat even dust if only she can get a child.

D : Yes. We have all the money we want but God has denied us the one pleasure

we so ardently desire.

S : You have wealth sir, but no children. But the beggars in the street have not the money for their next meal but they breed like rats ! That is God's *leela*.

D : I was told that by performing pada-pooja to the Swamiji and earning his blessings, one can get one's heart's desire fulfilled.

S : I have implicit faith in it. If Swamiji is pleased he can surely bless you with a child.

D : It is time for Swamiji's arrival. Don't waste time. Run and get the mango leaves.

(*Siddanna goes and Kanna and Channa enter disguised as beggars singing Purandaradasa's kirtanas.*)

D : Go away, go away. Our Swamiji is expected here now. Till the *pada-pooja* is over no alms will be given here. Get away.

(*The beggars don't heed his words and go on singing.*)

D : You rascals ! Are you deaf ? Get away or I will call the police. It is a shame that sturdy people like you should beg. Why can't you do some honest work and live ?

K (Taking off his disguise) : Sir, only a while ago when we asked for a job, you told us to beg. Now when we beg you tell us to do some honest work ! Neither work nor alms do

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you give us. How then can we live?

D : Ha, ha! So you have now come in this disguise, you two jail birds! Get out you rascals or I will call the police and put you in the lock up.

K : We have come from that place and it holds no terror for us. Sir, there is *punya* in doing charity. Give us food. God will bless you.

D : What insolence! I shall flay you alive until your hide comes off. (*Calls his servant.*) Siddanna, Siddanna.

S (*Comes running*): Coming sir. Swamiji is on his way. I have already brought the mango leaves.....

D : Leave the mango leaves alone. Throw these rascals out first.

K : Pooh! Who dares to put his hand on us? Come and try if you can. Fie on your riches! Shame on your life bereft of compassion for the poor and needy. Living in a three-storied house for just two of you and eating like a brute—nay, you are worse than brutes, for brutes have at least a satiation point whereas your greed is never satisfied! And so you amass wealth and starve the poor turning a deaf ear to their pitebus cries. Is there any glory, any justice, any dharma in such a life? You parasites living a life of plenty amidst poverty! Of what use is your wealth which rusts inside? Will your wealth follow you in your life after death? Do you think by ministering to the wants of this body, which after all will turn to dust and ashes like any other poor man's, you will occupy an honourable place in the eyes of God?

C : If falsehood and thieving are considered as crimes then you are the real culprit! If only you will use wealth to wipe a tear and bring cheer in the homes of the have-nots, to-day's *Daridranarayanas* will be *Dhanyanarayanas* of to-morrow.

D (*Shaking all over with rage*): Shut up! (*Addresses his servant*): Siddanna, go and fetch the police, quick.

S (*Addressing the beggars*): Come, come. Don't provoke him further. (*Tactfully escorts them out.*)

(*Outside in the street.*)

K : Did I not tell you? The world is not for the honest.

C : Oh! The irony of it. We who are hungry are turned out when we ask for a handful of rice; but at the same time he is eagerly looking forward to receive that Swamiji and fall at his feet! He no doubt will be fed well and sent away with costly presents too. He must be a blessed person indeed!

K : If you look at it rightly it is we who are the blessed ones. We burgle the rich and distribute their ill-gotten wealth to the needy and thus confer a blessing on both.

C : Then why does the government punish us?

K : Government is run by a few people at the top. They make the laws. The legislature has been captured by the rich and privileged classes. The penal code is one of their devices to protect their vested interest.

C : Is there no way of changing this state of affairs?

K : Yes. We should be on our guard and not vote for those wolves coming to us in sheep's garb whatever be the party they belong to.

C : Next elections are far off. And the utopia we dream of may take a long time to come. What shall we do now to appease our hunger?

K : If you will only follow my advice, I will show you an easy way. You have seen how your truthful ways do not yield any dividends. Dhanapati has given me an idea. You pose as a sannyasi. I will act as your *chela* and spread the news that you have come from Gokula on an all-India pilgrimage—that you have remarkable powers, that you can cure the sick, restore sight to the blind, bless people with children and so on. Dhanapati is sure to come to us and then we will teach him a lesson.

(*Exit the two.*)

x x x

(*In Dhanapati's house*)

D : Santhanalakshmi, Santhanalakshmi.

S (*Entering*): She is not here sir. She has gone to do pooja to the Aswatta tree.

D (*To himself*): To get a child. (*To Siddanna*) Ha! It is exactly a month since our Swamiji went away refusing to accept my *pada pooja*. Had it not been for those two jail birds!—they came at a most inopportune time and created a row and Swamiji took it as inauspicious. Oh! How I wish those two rascals were never born! But for them, our Santhanalakshmi would have been blessed with a child.

S : That reminds me, sir. A great sannyasi has come here and is camping near the river. Everyday more and more people are visiting him for his blessings. He has exorcised a devil which had troubled our Doddanna for twelve years. People are coming form thirty miles around and pouring money at his feet. But he

doesn't touch it. It seems whoever approaches him with genuine bhakti gets all his desires fulfilled. Even childless couples too are blessed with children they say.

D (*Smilingly*): Then let us go too. Go and call Santhanalakshmi. Quick.

x x x

(*Enter Inspector Rangayya and constable.*)

C (*Thinking of the many thefts in the past month and his vain efforts to catch the culprits*): How can you blame me sir? If only I know who the culprits are I will immediately arrest them.

Inspector Rangayya: You are an ass!

C: Yes sir.

R: If the culprit is known even a child can apprehend. A constable's duty is to watch every possible suspect and on the slightest suspicion make an arrest.

C: Only if there is cause for suspicion, sir.

R: Why you fool! You have to suspect some one at least. Cultivate that habit. Therein lies the ingenuity of the police.

(*Enter Siddanna.*)

R: Hello! Siddanna. How is your *yajaman*? What a lucky man he is. He has all the wealth a man can dream of. And he spends his life either visiting holy places or honouring holy men What a *punyavan* he is.

S: Yes sir. But he is still unhappy because he is childless.

R: Yes. Poor man.

S: He has tried every known medicine in this world, visited all the holy places and yet God has not blessed him with a son. He has to-day performed the *pada-pooja* to the Gokul sannyasi also.

R: That man who has camped near the river and claims to be a *Hanuman Upasaka*?

S: The very same,sir. The *pada-pooja* is over. Lakshmi pooja will be performed in the night. For this all the cash and gold in the house will have to be put in a box and pooja offered to it. That will be followed by *upadesh* of the *Santana soubhagya mantra* at midnight. He has assured that *Amma* will beget a child within a year. But all this is strictly confidential. Even I am not allowed to stay in the premises when *pooja* is being performed.

R (*Reflectively*): Ha! There I smell a rat!

x x x

(*In Dhanapati's house Channa dressed in long ochre robes is seated on a high pedastal with Kanna standing beside him with folded arms. In front is the jewel box to which pooja is being offered with the chanting of mantras.*)

C: *Siddha putram bhava.* (*Then addressing Kanna*) Give that *prasadam* to this bhakta. (Kanna gives *prasadam* to Dhanapati and his wife. *More mantras follow. Channa's head sways from side to side. Slowly the whole body begins to sway and he begins to talk.*) What is your desire?

Santhanalakshmi: Swamiji, I have only one desire in this world, to beget a son. Grant me that boon.

C: Daughter, you have sinned in your past life and so are childless in this life. But don't worry. For three days come to me with the offering of three cocoanuts, three seers of sugar, badam and sugarcandy, thirty plantains and three rupees. Your sins will be washed away.

Santanalakshmi: Yes Swamiji.

C: It is getting time for the mahamantra. (*Chants the refrain, Kodanda Rama.....*)

D: The *prasadam* is a heavenly one. What a joy. Lo! See the stars are coming down, down..... (*He and his wife fall down in a swoon.*)

K: Ah! How wonderful is this *bhang lehyam*. Bhageeratha when he brought down the Ganges partook of this *lehyam*. Krishna made Arjuna take this *lehyam* when gave him the *Gita Upadesa*. The world thrives on three things—lies, theft and deciet. In fact they are the real Thrimurthis we have to worship in this Kaliyuga if we are to flourish!

AMRUTANJAN

FOR

All Aches and Pains

C: Our plan has succeeded. But still I am afraid.....

K: Shut up! Take that jewel box and follow me.

(*Enter Inspector, constable and Siddanna.*)

R: Badmashes! Stop. Constable, arrest them! (*Constable immediately handcuffs them.*)

S: Oh! My *yajaman* is unconscious.

R: Don't you worry. Take these two thieves to the lock-up. I will fetch a doctor.

C: What a fate O, God! Sins

can be washed off by repentance. But how can one get rid of this ? (*Shows his handcuffs*).

R : Shut up ! (*Beats him.*)

K : Don't beat sir. Don't you too have pity on us, you who aught to be grateful to us ?

R : Grateful, you pig !

K : Yes. Without us where will you be ? From the Inspector General down to the constables, jail officials and warders—all of you owe their jobs to us. Can you deny it?

R (Reflectively) : Yes. You are intelligent.

K : Yes sir, we are honours graduates.

R : Then why did you take to this life ?

K : What else can we do sir ? When we ask for a job it is refused. When we beg we are driven away. God has created hunger, why He alone knows. To appease our hunger we had to turn thieves. Is it God's fault or our fault or the society's ?

R : May be there is some truth in what you say. Unemployment and consequential poverty is responsible for most of the crimes. But what can I do ? I am a government servant and I have to do my duty.

K : Do your duty Inspector. This is our *Karma*. (*Sings Purandaradasa's kirtana*):

If the sins I have committed are great
What is it you can do to help me, O, Rangayya ?

(*Curtain.*)

A man rushed into a police station and said he wished to give himself in charge, as he had assaulted his wife with a poker.

"Did you kill her ?" asked the officer on duty.

"No," was the reply, "that's why I'm here."

x x x

A promising youth sought information from his father regarding family affairs.

"Dad," said he, "do you like mother ?"

"Why, what a question ! Of course I do !"

"And she likes you ?"

"I'm certain she does."

"Did she ever say so ?"

"Thousands of times, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you ?"

Dad became angry and said : "Look here, young man, you're getting too personal. But I don't mind telling you that she did."

The boy added, after a pause : "Tell me this, dad. Was mother as near-sighted then as she is now ?"

x x x

Women would be the most fascinating creatures in the world if in falling into their arms one did not fall into their hands.

FAMOUS MURDER TRIALS

Mankapur Murder Case

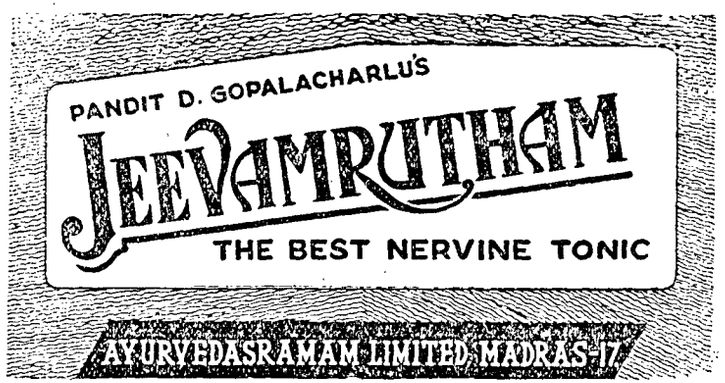
(*By S. Rajagopalan*)

Raghuraj Singh was the Rajah of Mankapur estate in Oudh. He had three sons, Ambikeswar, Lal Saheb and Bhaya, the last being a legal practitioner. He had a servant Ramlal by name who appeared to have played false with him in the closing years of his life. He was smarting under it and unusually enough, expressed a desire in his will that he should not be reemployed by his sons.

Ramlal was married to Mussamet Prabha Devi and he had also a brother Chottelal, who lived within two furlongs of the Rajah's habitat. Raghuraj Singh died on 17—11—1935 and his eldest son Ambikeswar succeeded to his estate. And soon Ramlal, the servant, contrived to ingratiate himself with the new proprietor to such an extent that in defiance of the late Rajah's wish, he remained not only in service but became the trusted friend and companion of Ambikeswar.

Ramlal and his wife were not on cordial terms. He was complaining that she was not cooking or keeping his house efficiently. She on the other hand was much exercised over his infidelity and association with women of ill repute.

On the night of 18 - 6—1933, at about 9 p.m. Ramlal was in his house. The Rajah (Ambikeshwar) sent for him and despatched his servant Udai and orderly Ambika to fetch him. They both entered into the zenana and wanted to speak to Ramlal. Just then, his wife Prabha Devi came out of the room and asked Udai if he had brought any other woman for



her husband that night. It transpired that some days previously Udai had procured a woman for Ramlal and that was the justification for the question. Ramlal felt irritated at her outburst and asked her to keep quiet. The woman did not respond, but started abusing Udai. On this Ramlal threatened to shoot her, but even that had no effect and she persisted in her vociferations. Then Ramlal whipped out a revolver which lay hidden under his pillow on the cot where he was reclining when Udaiand Ambika came to meet him, and shot his wife several times. The woman staggered and fell down at a short distance from the cot.

Both Udai and Ambika immediately tried to catch hold of Ramlal's arm whilst he was shooting. In this attempt, the revolver swerved towards them, and one of the cartridge was accidentally discharged piercing the *Angucha* (or turban on the head of Ambika and hitting Udai also in the arm. Ambika fled out of the house; but Udai sat down, crying out that he had been killed. Both of them then repaired to the Rajah's residence. Ambika met the Rajah's brother Lal Saheb and narrated to him what had happened and Udai informed the Rajah similarly. Lal Saheb wanted to contact Udai but he was not to be found. He had gone back to Ramlal's house.

Prabha Devi was lying on the cot outside the house. All of them, Udai, Ambika and Lal Saheb,joined and went in search of Ramlal who could not however be found anywhere near the precincts. They went to inform the Rajah who was then fast asleep.

Then Chottelal, brother of Ramlal, fetched Ramlal and directed him to Lal Saheb. Ramlal fell at his feet and implored him to help him. Lal Saheb then asked him as to why he had shot down his wife. He replied that she had stopped cooking for him for three days past on account of his having taken a woman into the house. There was a conference about the means to de devised to save Ramlal from the clutches of the law and money was also forthcoming to that end.

At 3 A.M. Chottelal, Ramlal's brother, proceeded to the nearby police station and presented a written report stating that somebody, possibly a thief, had shot Ramlal's wife at midnight and that she was unable to identify him. It was also stated that Ramlal was not in town and had gone to Benares along with the Rajah's wife on 17—6—1933. The police Sub-Inspector then registered a case under Sec. 307 I.P.C. (attempted murder). He left for the place of occurrence at 4-30 A.M. in the estate car and reached there at 5—6 P.M. He proceeded to record immediately the statement of Parbha Devi who was lying all alone and unattended. This report was in the indirect voice and was as follows :

Parbha Devi gave out that she was sleeping inside her house on a cot in the courtyard. Her mother-in-law and sister-in-law were sleeping outside at the door. The main door had no chain. The mother-in-law hence used to close it from the outside. About midnight, a thief entered the house. She being disturbed in her sleep woke up when the thief caught hold of her. She raised an alarm. He fired three shots at her. She collapsed. The assailant then took to his heels. She could not identify him as it was a dark night and there was no light burning in the house. Her mother-in-law and sister-in-law came to her weeping. Her neighbours also joined. She was removed outside the house. Her husband was not present but had gone away the previous day with the Rani of Mankapur to Benares. She had no enmity with anyone. Nor her husband with anybody.

Then she was taken in the estate car to the Gonda Hospital for medical attention. The Civil Surgeon examined her and found six gun shot wounds on her person, one behind the right shoulder, a second two inches above it, a third on the lower part of the back, the fourth over the left shoulder blade, the fifth 4" above the left nipple and the last one above the navel. She was six months gone in pregnancy; the foetus was dead in the uterus; and she was in a very serious condition.

In the afternoon the Circle Inspector came to the police station and was dismayed to find that no case diary had been prepared and no dying declaration from the victim had been obtained. He contacted the Superintendent of Police who sent word to a Magistrate to come. Before, however, the Magistrate arrived the woman was removed from the hospital without the knowledge of the Surgeon and taken to the King George's Hospital at Lucknow. She was admitted there at about 2-30 P.M. on 21—6—1933 and in the course of the day, she gave birth to a still born child and died herself very soon after-

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wards. Some effort was made when she was alive to get her to name the assailant. All she could say was cryptic though significant: "What could I say?" *Main khya kahun ?*

The postmortem report of the injuries was on the same lines as indicated before excepting the fact that a bullet was taken out from injury number two.

No clue as to the murderer was forthcoming or discovered by the investigating Sub-Inspector. Things were moving on normally. Lal Saheb was married on 2—7—1933 at Mankapur with all paraphernalia. Then a curious thing happened, which really marked a turning point in the case. Mr. Cole, District Superintendent of Police returned from leave and called on Lal Saheb to felicitate him on his wedding. The conversation turned on Parbha Devi and Lal Saheb gave some information to Cole which set him thinking. The upshot of it all was that a new Sub-Inspector was requisitioned to start the investigation and he was commissioned in the first instance to get a statement from Udai and Ambika as well as to arrest Ramlal. Ambika alone was available but Udai could not be found

Ramlal was arrested on 10—7—1933. Lal Saheb had requested Mr. Cole not to cite him as a witness, and Mr. Cole promised to do so if Udai would surrender. Subsequently a warrant was issued against him and he was arrested on 11—8—1931 with a tell-tale scar of a bullet wound in his left arm. He was examined twice at the Sessions Court and at the High Court but he gave two contradictory versions.

The trial was held marked by great commotion and excitement. It was plain that Ramlal was being supported by the entire estate staff and expert and costly legal aid was also made available to him.

Ramlal contended that death was due to shooting by an unknown person at midnight and that in fact he was not in the place that day, having left on the previous day to escort the Rani to Benares. As evidence of that fact a telegram was produced by the Rajah, purporting to have been sent by Ramlal on the afternoon of 19—6—33. The telegram which was sent at 5-40 P.M. that day was in these terms: "Rani Saheb arrived safely. Am extremely sorry to learn of the attack on my wife. Reaching to-morrow morning."

At the trial Ambika and Lal Saheb gave evidence for the prosecution. Udai gave two versions. At the Sessions Court he stood by Ramlal, but when he was examined by the High Court, he was inclined to support Ambika and Lal Saheb. A number of witnesses came forward to support Ramlal and some were positive that he was not at the place at all on the fateful day. A European, George Laik, who had turned Buddhist, however, swore that Ramlal was present in Lal Saheb's house in the afternoon of 18—6—33.

The Sessions Judge acquitted Ramlal. The State took up the matter on appeal to the Chief Court of Oudh.

The judges felt no difficulty in adjudging the guilt of Ramlal. They regarded it as established that the statement supposed to have been made by Parbha Devi to the police Sub-Inspector was not genuine. They were also positive that Ramlal was present in Mankapur at all material times, and were inclined to attach very little value to the telegram from Benares which was a faked one. For one thing the party had arrived there long before the message was sent; for another there was no need to mention about Parbha Devi's killing in a private message to the Rajah. Furthermore, it was proved that some other servants escorted the Rani to Benares. They attached great value to the testimony of George Laik. No doubt the case was detected after a long interval but that had been due to the powerful influences which were shielding Ramlal. At any rate it was not until Mr. Cole contacted Lal Saheb that anything like foul play was suspected.

Finally they sentenced Ramlal to death.

(*Copyright with the author.*)

Teacher: "Correct the sentence, 'Before any damage could be done the fire was put out by the volunteer fire brigade.'"

Boy: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire brigade."

x x x

Defendant (being cross examined): "I have been wedded to the truth from infancy."

Counsel: "Is the court to imply from this statement that you are now a widower?"

x x x

First Undergraduate: "What shall we do to-night?"

Second Undergraduate: "Let's toss for it. If it's head, we'll go to the pictures; if it is tail we'll call on the girls: and if it stands on edge we'll study."

x x x

"What is a budget?"

"Well, it is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterwards."

x x x

The nations that are clamouring for arms now are the nations that will be clamouring for alms before the world is so much older.

x x x

"I've given you everything I possessed, and now you refuse to marry me," said the disappointed young man.

"Yes, I know," replied the girl. "You're far too extravagant."

A delightful folk tale from China with a great moral.

The Spendthrift & The Alchemist

(By Li Fu-yen)

Tu Tse-chun, who lived at the end of the Northern Chou Dynasty (557-581 A. D.) was a young spendthrift who neglected his estate. Since he was dissolute, fond of drinking and low pleasures, he soon squandered his fortune. And relatives whom he asked to take him in all turned him away because he refused to work. One winter day, ragged and hungry, he loitered at the west gate of the East Market, till it was late, not knowing where to go. A picture of misery, he stood there looking up at the sky and sighing.

An old man with a stick came up and asked him, "Why are you sighing?"

Then Tu poured out his indignation at his relatives' heartlessness. His face revealed his feelings.

"How much money do you need?" asked the old man.

"I could manage with thirty or forty thousand," said Tu.

"That's not enough," said the old man. "Think again."

"A hundred thousand."

"That's not enough."

"A million."

"That's not enough."

"Three million."

"That's more like it," said the old man. He took some money from his sleeve and gave it to Tu, saying, "This is for tonight. Tomorrow at noon I shall wait for you at the Persian Hostel in the West Market. Be sure to come on time."

Tu went there punctually the next day, and sure enough the old man gave him three million cash, but then left without telling him his name.

Now that he was rich, Tu became a spendthrift once more, confident that his vagabond life was over. He bought fine horses and rich clothes, and gathered boon companions to enjoy music and dancing in the courtesans' quarter. Not once did it occur to him to invest his money. In a couple of years the money was spent and he had to sell his rich clothes, carriages and horses to buy cheaper ones. Eventually he sold his last horse and bought a donkey, then sold his donkey to go on foot, until soon he was as poor as ever.

Once again he did not know what to do, and could only lament his fate at the market gate. At once the old man appeared, grasped his hand and said, "What! Are you reduced to this again? Tell me how much you need, and I will help you."

Tu was ashamed to answer, and although the old man pressed him he kept declining. At last the old man said, "Come tomorrow at noon to where we met before."

Tu did so, in spite of his shame, and received ten million cash. Before he accepted the

money he was determined to turn over a new leaf and go into business so that he could outdo the richest men of old. But once he laid hands on the money, he forgot his good resolutions and became as fond of pleasures as before. So in three or four years he was poorer than ever. Once again he met the old man in the same place. Overcome with shame, Tu hid his face and turned to go but the old man took hold of his coat and stopped him saying, "How badly you manage!" With that he gave him another thirty million, and said, "If this does not cure you, you must be beyond saving."

Tu thought, "I have led a dissolute life and run through all my property, and none of my relatives have ever helped me out. Now here is this old man who has given me money three times—how can I repay him?" So he said to the old man, "With this sum I can settle my worldly affairs, make provision for my poor relatives and fulfil all my obligations. I am deeply grateful to you. After my affairs are settled, I shall do whatever you tell me."

"That is what I wish," said the old man. "After you have settled your affairs, meet me on the fifteenth of the seventh month next year under the twin juniper trees in front of the Taoist temple."

Tu bought more than one thousand five hundred acres of land in Yangchow and erected mansions in the suburbs of Yangchow and built more than a hundred country villas by the chief highways. Having settled his poor relations there, he arranged marriages for his nephews and nieces, and moved back to the ancestral burial place all members of the clan who had been buried elsewhere. He also repaid all who had helped him and settled scores with old enemies. This done, he went to the temple on the date appointed.

He found the old man singing in the shade of the twin juniper trees. Then they set out for Yuntai Peak of Hua Mountain. After they had walked about fifteen miles they came to an imposing building which was obviously no ordinary man's house. Bright clouds hovered over it and phoenixes and storks were flying there. In the central hall was a cauldron over nine feet high, in which drugs were being brewed. The purple flame cast a bright light on the windows. Around the cauldron stood magic figures of the Jade Virgins, the Green Dragons and the White Tigers.

It was now nearly sunset, and the old man took off his ordinary dress and revealed himself as a priest wearing a yellow cap and red cape. He gave Tu three marble white pills and a goblet of wine. Then he made Tu sit on a tiger skin by the west wall, facing east. "Be sure not to say a word," he warned him, "even if you see deities, devils, vampires, wild beasts, the horrors of hell, or your relatives bound and in agony—it will all be an illusion. But you must neither speak nor stir. Have no fear, for no harm will

come to you. At all costs, remember what I have said." He then disappeared. When Tu looked round the hall, he saw nothing but a huge jar filled with water.

The priest had no sooner gone than thousands of chariots and horsemen swept over the hills and valleys with flags flying and weapons gleaming. Their battle cries shook heaven and earth. Their commander was over ten feet in height and both he and his steed were in gilded armour which dazzled the eye. This giant led several hundred warriors straight to the hall, where they unsheathed their bows. "Who are you?" the commander shouted at Tu. "How dare you confront me?" All the warriors rushed forward with drawn swords, and demanded Tu's name and reason for being there. But he said not a word. This enraged them, and furious shouts of "Shoot him! Kill him!" resounded like thunder. But still he said not a word, and finally the commander went away, fuming with rage.

Then fierce tigers, deadly dragons, griffins, lions and tens of thousands of cobras rushed forward roaring and hissing, threatening to swallow Tu up or throw themselves on him. But not a muscle in his face moved, and soon these beasts vanished too.

Then torrential rain fell, and the day became dark. Lightning flashed around him, and thunderbolts crashed beside him until he could not open his eyes. The court-yard was presently more than ten feet deep in water which poured swift as lightning, loud as thunder, and irresistible as a deluge into the hall. In a flash the water had reached him. But Tu sat there ignoring it, and soon the flood vanished too.

Then the commander came back, leading ox-headed jailers and other grotesque devils from hell They set a boiling cauldron before Tu, and surrounded him with long spears, swords and prongs. "If he will tell his name, then let him go," ordered the commander. "Otherwise run him through and throw him into the cauldron."

Still he said nothing.

Then they brought in his wife and threw her down at the foot of the steps leading to the hall. Pointing to her, they said to Tu, "Speak, and we will spare her."

Still he made no reply.

Then they whipped and beat her, shot at her and slashed at her, burnt and branded her, till her whole body was streaming with blood and she was in agony.

"I know I am only a simple woman, and not good enough for you," cried his wife. "But I have served you for more than ten years. Now devils have seized me and the pain is more than I can bear. I would not ask you to lower yourself to plead with them; but if you say just one word, my life will be spared. How can you be so heartless and grudge even one word?" Tears poured down her cheeks as she reproached and cursed him. Still Tu paid no attention.

"Do you think I cannot kill her?" demanded the commander. Then he ordered the devils to fetch a chopper and chop off the woman's feet inch by inch. Tu's wife screamed with pain, but still he paid no attention.

"This scoundrel is well versed in magic," said the commander. "We cannot let him live." And he ordered his guards to kill Tu.

When Tu had been killed, his spirit was hailed before the king of hell.

"Is this the wizard of Yuntai Peak?" asked the king of hell. "Put him to torture."

Then melted copper was poured down his throat, he was beaten with iron rods, pounded with pestles, ground between millstones, thrown into a fiery pit, boiled in a cauldron and dashed against a forest of swords. But through all his sufferings he bore in mind what the priest had said, and let no groan escape his lips. When the jailers announced that all the tortures had been tried, the king said, "This is a scoundrel. He must not be allowed to be a man. Let him be reborn as a woman in the family of Wang Ching, the magistrate of Shanfu Country in Sungchou."

Then Tu was reborn as a woman. As a child she was delicate and often sick. Not for a single day was she free from painful medical treatment. Once she fell off the bed, and another time fell onto the stove. The pain was agonizing but she did not utter a sound. She grew up into a beautiful girl, but never spoke a word—her family thought she had been born dumb. Her relatives insulted her in many ways, but she never retorted. A scholar from the same country, named Lu Kue, heard of this dumb girl's beauty, and sent a matchmaker to ask for her hand in marriage. When the family declined the offer because she was dumb, Lu said, "She doesn't have to speak to make a good wife. And she will be a good example for women who talk too much." Then the family agreed, and Lu married Tu with due ceremony. They came to love each other, and after they had been married several years, Tu gave birth to a son. Soon the child was two years old, and amazingly precocious.

Lu could not believe that his wife was really dumb. One day holding the child in his arms, he spoke to Tu, but the latter would not reply. Lu tried various ways to trick his wife into speaking, but still Tu remained silent. Then Lu flew

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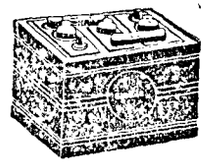
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into a rage and said, "In ancient times the Minister Chia had a wife who despised him and would never smile; but after seeing what a good hunter he was she changed her mind. Now I am not as bad as Chia, and my literary talents are much superior to skill in hunting; yet you refuse to speak to me. What use is a son, when the husband is despised by his wife?"

Thereupon, seizing the child's feet he dashed his head against a stone. The little boy's skull was smashed, and blood spurted out several feet. Love for the child made Tu forget the pledge and give an exclamation of horror.

While the exclamation was still on Tu's lips, he found himself back on the seat in the hall, with the priest before him. It was dawn. Purple flames in the cauldron were shooting up through the roof to the sky, and fire was rising from all sides to burn the house to ashes.

"Look what you have done! You have spoilt my work, you silly fellow!" exclaimed the priest. Seizing him by the hair, he threw Tu into a jar of water. Then the fire was extinguished.

"You succeeded in mastering joy, anger, sorrow; fear, hate and desire," said the priest. "Only love you could not overcome. If you had not cried out, my elixir would have been completed, and you could have become immortal too. How difficult it is to find a man who can attain godhead! Still I can brew my elixir again, while you remain a mortal and lead your own life on earth. Farewell!" Then he pointed out to Tu the way he should go back.

Tu forced himself to look around. The cauldron was ruined. In it was an iron rod as thick as a man's arm, several feet long. Taking off his outer garment, the priest began to cut this rod up with a knife.

After Tu's return to the world he felt ashamed to have failed to repay the old man's kindness, and swore to himself that he would make good his failure. But when he went back to Yuntai Peak there was no one there. He had to return sadly home.

SHAW'S WIT

Someone remarked to Benard Shaw, on seeing a lot of wealthy loungers hanging around a London hotel: "These rich people make me tired! What's the use of having money if you don't know how to enjoy it?"

"But why fret about it, old chap?" returned Shaw. "Are you any better off? What's the use of knowing how to enjoy money if you haven't any?"

x x x

One is entitled to only so much food as would fill one's stomach to appease hunger. He who claims a right to more is a thief.—*The Gita.*

The Nagore Andavan

(By Swami Sivananda)

The Rajah of Tanjore was on his death bed. Doctors had given up hope. The grief-stricken royal household hung their long faces down and awaited the end of the life they loved. Sleepless nights and torrents of tears had left them weary and speechless; their blank looks sought the floor more than the monarch's face.

"Get thee gone, you beggar; great doctors have failed and you are going to succeed?" shouted the gate keepers of the royal household. The target was a mendicant. Little did they realise that he was the renowned Saint Ragavaiah.

Ragavaiah was a contemporary of the great Muslim mahatma, who has since then been known by the name 'Nagore Andavan'. They lived the life of Avadhuthas. Their almost naked bodies clung 'loosely' to an enlightened soul ready to fly away to its original sweet Home any moment. Their bearded face radiated peace. The light in their eyes put to shame the most ravishing beauty of human form. There was that something about them that compelled attention, reverence and love.

Ragavaiah and Nagore Andavan were one at heart. Many were the miracles they played together. In all cases, they aimed at Visva Kalyan. They healed the sick, brought prosperity to the faithful, conferred spiritual felicity on the devout.

Ragavaiah gazed at the care-worn face of the gate keepers. "May not a beggar succeed where doctors failed? Tell me what is the matter with the king. Let me see if I can help. I am not here to beg, but to bless."

The elderly mother of the Rajah heard this calm stout-hearted declaration of the monk. The maternal mind clung to the ray of hope that this apparently insignificant person threw into her heart. She ran to greet the beggar, The gate keepers looked away in perfect disdain. The drowning man clutched at the floating straw.

"May I see the Rajah, mother? Perhaps God might show us some way out."

Struggling between the hope generated by the sadhu's cont fidence and the hopelessness betrayed by his appearance, the king's mother took him to the Rajah's room.

Ragavaiah gazed at the Rajah in silence. He smiled. In spite of themselves all those around him smiled; they felt their burden lightened.

"I cannot suggest any medicine myself," said Ragavaiah. The ladies burst into tears. "But I can tell you where to find relief."

Between sobs, the mother pleaded: "Please!"

"Go at once to Nagore Andavan. You will find him underneath a tree in the mango grove. Represent your case to him. He

will give the necessary medicine."

A phaeton sped the road to Nagore. The royal mother's heart was a mile in advance !

The most venerable, usually haughty, mother of the Hindu monarch, lay prostrate at the feet of a half-naked, ash besmeared body of the Muslim fakir Nagore Andavan.

"Save my son, Prabho !" cried the mother, catching hold of the feet of the fakir. The fakir turned his head away. "Hm, you do all sort of foolish things and then come to me when in danger. Alright, will you do just as I tell you to do ?"

"Yes, Prabho ! Anything."

"Go straight to the palace. Near the ceiling above the king's head, you will find a newly plastered circle on the roof. Cut it open. A pigeon is struggling for its life in the the wall. Release it forthwith. Your son will be alright. It is on account of this heartless action of this that he is suffering. Exactly the same thing that afflicts the pigeon the king has to endure. If the pigeon breathes its last, the king, too, will die at the same moment. Rush. He will survive ; but you must take a vow this very moment: "Never to cause the least injury to any living being. Remember all life is sacred. An ant has as much justification and right to lead its own life as the highest to Brahma has. Man has no business to interfere in the life-course of any being. Go. "

The mother rushed to the palace, armed with the saint's blessings. She made a bee line to the Rajah's chamber. Masons were summoned ; the plaster was removed in an instant. A pitiable sight. Struggling between life and death lay a pigeon, its half-closed eyes reflecting the voiceless agony it was enduring within the lethal chamber. The mother nursed it back to recovery. The Rajah sat up in his bed. Every grain of rice that the pigeon ate, every drop of water that was put in its mouth revived the Rajah. The Rajah admitted : "There was a hole over my bed. Pigions used to live in it. They spoiled my bed. I felt they were a nuisance and so I ordered that the hole be blocked." The mother was impassioned. "You have been saved, my son, by the miraculous grace of the Nagore Fakir. Go to him. Bow to him. Take the vow in his presence that you will never cause the least hurt to any living being. Lose no time."

The Hindu monarch's crown swept the dust of the Muslim fakir's feet. It was he, who originated the name 'Nogore Andavan', by which name the saint has since been known.

When one seeks the good of all, succeeds in controlling his mind and never allows his mind to be overcome by grief, then he is said to have purified his heart and gained chitta-shuddhi. —*Sanat Sujata.*

Do Plants Respond To Silent Prayer?

(*By Dr. T. C. N. Singh, D.Sc., F.B.S., Department of Botany, Annamalai University*)

Active work has been in progress in this laboratory since 1952 on the effect of musical sounds on the growth and reproductive phase of plants like Mimosa, Telegraph plant, Cosmos, Marigold, Balsam, Angelonia, Onion, Garlic, Tapioca, Sugarcane, Ocimum and others. The results obtained so far have demonstrated that performance of both vegetative and reproductive growth are far superior in the plants treated with music than those maintained as controls.

These results have attracted a good deal of interest both in India and abroad and quite a number of people have been paying visits to the Botanic Garden to see these experiments first hand. One distinguished visitor, Mary Cushing Niles of the American Embassy, Delhi, paid us a visit early in 1953 and evinced a very keen interest in these experiments. During the course of her discussion with me she drew my attention to the work of Prof. J. B. Rhine (Duke University, U.S.A.) who has been doing very intensive work on plants and animals from the viewpoint of psychoanalysis and prayer etc.

This suggestion of Mrs. Niles enthused me to take up certain experiments and investigate the effect of silent prayer on the growth and reproductive phase of plants. In pursuance to this two species of flowering plants namely *Tagetes erecta* L. (Marigold) and *Cosmos bipinnata* (Cosmos) were experimented upon and the results obtained have been interesting and, therefore, they are presented in this paper with a view to invite criticisms and suggestions of psychologists.

Material and Method

Seedlings of both Marigold and Cosmos were raised on nursery beds in the Botanic Garden out of previous year's collection of single plant seeds. Great care and precautions were taken during the period of germination to see that the nursery was free of weeds, the soil was uniform and that the irrigation was done regularly and uniformly. When the seedlings had attained a height of about three inches they were transplanted in pots of uniform size containing soil of the same texture and chemical compositions. Care was taken throughout their life cycle to see that these pots were similarly and regularly hoed and irrigated at suitable intervals. When the plants of each species had been well established, they were divided into two batches. One batch was ear-marked as contro

and the other as experimental. The number of plants per batch was six. Two series of experiments have been conducted during the last two years.

Observations

Both the experimental and control batches of plants of each species were separately arranged side by side in two lines of three each. The batches of plants meant for experiment were exposed to the experimental treatment of prayer as follows: The person conducting the prayer used to stand in close proximity of the experimental plants and used to pray for the good growth and productivity of plants with eyes shut and without uttering any audible *mantras*. In other words the thought waves of prayer were directed towards the experimental plants with greatest composure and concentration for a brief period of about five minutes. This process was continued from day to day and the observaitons on them were taken weekly.

Remarkable differences have been noted in the general performance of their vegetative and reproductive phases.

The first visible sign which was noted was that both in Marigold and Cosmos the experimental plants were much more vigorous in growth from the view point of leafiness of plants and their respective height, than the control. In fact it was found that the percentage of increase of the height of the stem worked up between 30 to 40 percent and the increase in the leafiness was about 50 per cent.

In both cases it was found that the vegetative phase continued for a longer period than the control, that is, the reproductive phase was delayed by about 3 to 4 weeks.

A very notable feature worthy of note during the course of this experiment has been the observations on one of the batches of Cosmos. Out of six plants constituting the batch during the course of experiment, two plants got diseased due to some fungal attack. So the first thought was to reject these plants outright, but on a second thought they were maintained in the series in order to investigate that if prayer had a potent effect on the growth and reproductive phase of plants, then surely the prayer should have the effect of curing the disease and bring about normal growth of the plants under reference.

With this idea in view the plants as usual were treated with daily silent prayer of five minutes. After three weeks it was found that the diseased plants recovered fully from the ravage of disease and what is more interesting is that in the long run they grew and flowered more vigorously than the control plants. No insecticide or fungicide was used. Throughout the period of experimentation both the control and experimental plants were kept side by side under identical conditions in the open in the physiological yard.

Discussion

From the foregoing account it is quite clear that the prayer

...ne form of thought waves ...e directed towards the experi...tal plants only. The ques... which presents itself is as ...ow these plants are affected. It is very well known that at the growing points of tips or branches very rapid cell division is taking place. The cell walls are extremely thin and the protoplasm in its fluid condition is most active in this region. Did the silent prayer which is converted into waves, affect this sensitive protoplasm at the growing apex where, as already stated, the cell division is very active? It is very well known that the protoplasm is very highly irritable to various physiological factors like light, temperature, humidity, wind etc, and recently it has been demonstrated in this laboratory that they are irritable even to sounds. Therefore there is no wonder if the silent prayer in the form of thought waves affects the protoplasm. While I was invited last year to deliver an address at Sri Aurobindo International University on our experiments on the effect of musical excitations on the growth of plants, one of the oldest disciples of Sri Aurobindo disclosed to me how he had seen Sri Aurobindo directing his thought waves towards crows and other birds and driving them off by such means and without using any other means of scaring the birds. So it is likely that the protoplasm in the growing region as already pointed out is affected salubriously by the waves of prayer and the plants are able to grow much better than the control. It is significant that recently certain experiments on the effect of curse were conducted elsewhere on the growth of cultures of bacteria in petri dish cultures. One was kept as control and those which were experimented upon were cursed every day by chanting "You are not growing; you are not growing; you are not growing; you are dead; you are dead; you are dead." It was found as a result of this curse that not only the further multiplication of bacteria was checked in the petri dishes but also at the end of experiments the bacteria had all practically died.

These details have been given out in order to stimulate discussion among the psychologists and to attempt to formulate a psycho-analysis of this phenomenon.

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Tales & Parables Of Sri Ramakrishna*

In a forest there lived a holy man who had many disciples. One day he taught them to see God in all beings and knowing this, to bow low before them all. A disciple went to the forest to gather wood for the sacrificial fire. Suddenly he heard an outcry, "Get out of the way! A mad elephant is coming!" All but the disciple of the holy man took to their heels. He reasoned that the elephant was also God in another from. Then why should he run away form it? He stood still, bowed before the animal, and began to sing its praises. The mahut of the elephant was shouting: "Run away! Run away!" But the disciple didn't move. The animal seized him with its trunk, cast him to one side, and went on its way. Hurt and bruised, the disciple lay unconscious on the ground. Hearing what had happened, his teacher and his brother disciples came to him and carried him to the hermitage. With the help of some medicine he soon regained consciousness. Someone asked him, "You knew the elephant was coming — why didn't you leave the place?" "But," he said, "our teacher has told us that God Himself has taken all these forms, of animals as well as men. Therefore, thinking it was only the elephant God that was coming, I didn't run away." At this the teacher said: "Yes, my child, it is true that the elephant God was coming; but the mahut God forbade you to stay there. Since all are manifestations of God, why didn't you trust the mahut's words? You should have heeded the words of the mahut God."

God dwells in all beings. But you may be intimate only with good people: you must keep away from the evil-minded. God is even in the tiger; but you cannot embrace the tiger on that account! You may say, "Why run away from a tiger, which is also a manifestation of God?" The answer to that is: Those who tell you to run away are also manifestations of God — and why shouldn't you listen to them?

God undoubtedly dwells in the hearts of all—holly and unholy, righteous and unrighteous; but a man should not have dealings with the unholy, the wicked, the impure. He must not be intimate with them. With some of them he may exchange words, but with others one shouldn't go even that far. One should keep aloof from such people.

* From the book of same name published by Ramakrishna Math, Madras-4.

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STORY OF A BARBER

Once a barber was shaving a gentleman. The latter was cut slightly by the razor. At once he cried out, "Damn!" But the barber dind't know the meaning of the word. He put his razor and other shaving articles aside, tucked up his shirt-sleeves—it was winter—, and said: "You said 'Damn!' to me. Now you must tell me its meaning." The gentleman said, "Don't be silly. Go on with your shaving. The word doesn't mean anything in particular; but shave a little more carefully." But the barber wouldn't let him off so easily. He said, "If 'damn' means something good, then I am a 'damn', my father is a 'damn', and all my ancestors are 'damns'. But if it means something bad, then you are a 'damn', your father is a 'damn' and all your ancestors are 'damns'. They are not only 'damns', but damn —damn—damn—da — damn — damn."

In the midst of company, one should be careful not to offend others by indulging in talks which they cannot understand.

x x x

THE HARLOT AND THE SANNYASIN

A sannyasin dwelt by the side of a temple. There was the house of a harlot in front. Seeing the constant concourse of men in the prostitute's house, the sannaysin one day called her and censured her, saying: "You are a great sinner. You sin day and night. Oh, how miserable will be your lot hereafter." The poor prostitute became extremely sorry for her misdeeds and with genuine inward repentence she prayed to God beseeching forgiveness. But as prostitution was her profession, she could not easily adopt any other means of earning her livelihood. And so, whenever her flesh sinned, she always reproached herself with greater contrition of heart and prayed to God more and more for forgiveness. The sannyasin saw that his advice had apprently produced no effect upon her, and thought, "Let me see how many persons will visit this woman in the course of her life." And from that day forward, whenever any person entered the house of the prostitute, the sannyasin counted him by putting a pebble aside, and in course of time there arose a big heap of pebbles. One day the sannyasin said to the prostitute, pointing to the heap: "Woman, don't you see this heap? Each pebble in it stands for every commission of the deadly sin you have been indulging in since I advised you last to desist from the evil course. Even now I tell you: Beware of your evil deeds!" The poor wretch began to tremble at the sight of the accumulation of her sins, and she prayed to God

shedding tears of utter helplessness, inwardly repeating, "Lord wilt Thou not free me from the miserable life that I am leading?" The prayer was heard, and on that very day the angel of death passed by her house, and she ceased to exist in this world. By the strange will of God, the sannyasin also died on the same day. The messengers of Vishnu came down from Heaven and carried the spirit-body of the contrite prostitute to the heavenly regions, while the messengers of Yama bound the spirit of the sannyasin and carried him down to the nether world. The sannyasin, seeing the good luck of the prostitute, cried aloud, "Is this the subtle justice of God? I passed all my life in asceticism and poverty, and I am carried to hell, while that prostitute, whose life was a whole record of sin, is going to Heaven!" Hearing this, the messengers of Vishnu said: "The decrees of of God are always just; as you think, so you reap. You passed your life in external show and vanity, trying to get honour and fame; and God has given you this. Your heart never sincerely yearned after Him. This prostitute earnestly prayed to God day and night, though her body sinned all the while. Look at the treatment which your body and her body are receiving from those below. As you never sinned with your body, they have decorated it with flowers and garlands, and are carrying it with music in a procession to consign it to the sacred river. But this prostitute's body, which had sinned is being torn to pieces at this moment by vultures and jackals. Nevertheless, she was pure in heart and is therefore going to the regions of the pure. Your heart was always absorbed in contemplating her sins and thus became impure. You are therefore going to the regions of the impure. You were the real prostitute, and not she."

WASTE OF TIME

He: "My dear, this book is a remarkable work. Nature is marvellous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

She: "A woman doesn't have to wade through four hundred pages to discover that!"

x x x

"Mummy," asked the small child, "why has daddy so little hair?"

"Because he thinks so much, my dear."

"And why have you such a lot, mummy?"

x x x

"The man who gives in when he is wrong," said the orator, "is a wise man, but the man who gives in when he is right is—"

"Married," said a weak voice in the audience.

Lord Krishna Of Guruvayoor

(By P. I. Gopalan)

There once lived in Malabar a pious Brahmin by name Poondanam. He was very pious and noble. He used to visit the Guruvayur temple daily and worship Lord Krishna.

For a long time he was not blessed with children. He was very anxious to have at least one child. At last by virtue of his prayers a son was born to him and he was happy. When the child was one year old he decided to celebrate the birthday in a fitting manner. Accordingly invitations were sent to all his relatives and friends to participate in the function. They came even from distant places and even the day previous to the function the house was full of guests.

In olden days houses had small rooms without proper ventilation. Poondanam's house was not an exception to this type. As stated his house was crowded with guests and all the rooms were fully occupied.

Unfortunately it so happened that on the night previous to the function one of the guests entered into the room where the child was sleeping and unknowingly placed some bundles of cloth on the sleeping child. Poondanam and his wife were busy looking after the comforts of the guests and when they retired to bed late that night they did not bother to look for the child thinking that it was sound asleep in the corner of the room. Next day early morning Poondanam's wife searched for the child but could not find it. She raised a hue and cry. Some guests rushed into the room and enquired what the matter was. When they were told, they removed the bundles of cloth and to their horror found the child dead beneath them. The mother fell down in a swoon at the sight. But Poondanam alone was unmoved. He spoke quietly thus: "Nobody can foresee what happens to-day or to-morrow. It is all God's work. God Krishna is now my son." And

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then he composed some songs on the problem of life and death.

He went to Guruvayoor temple and met his friend Mepathur Bhatathirpad (an article on him appeared in our September issue. —Ed. *K.*) and requested him to scrutinise and rectify any mistakes in the songs composed by him. But Mepathur who was a great Sanskrit scholar declined because the songs were in Malayalam. Poondanam returned home disappointed. That night Mepathur had a dream in which Lord Krishna told him that he was much more pleased with Poondanam's *bakthi* than Mepathur's. This was an eye-opener to him and the next day he sent a messenger to Poondanam, requesting him to come and see him. When he arrived Mepathur went down on his knees and apologised for his neglect on the previous day. He then went through the songs composed by Poondanam and could find no mistakes in them. These songs are a great favourite with the people of Malabar even to day.

FASHION NOTE

"Are you going out, madam ?" inquired the maid.

"Yes, Laurette. I think I shall go to the park for a walk, taking one of the children with me. Which do you think would go best with this dress ?"

x x x

She: "What do you suppose I would do if you tried to kiss me ?"

He: "I haven't the faintest idea."

She: "And haven't you the faintest curiosity ?"

x x x

Foreman: "You ain't one of them who drop their tools and slink off as soon as knock-off whistle blows, are you ?"

Bill: "Not me. Why, I often have to wait five minutes after I put my tools away before the whistle goes."

x x x

A speaker engaged to lecture in a small town arrived in the afternoon. The place seemed poorly provided with bills, and he thought he would find out if people knew anything about what was in store for them. He entered a grocer's shop.

"Good afternoon," he said to the man behind the counter. "Any entertainment going on here to-night ? Anything that will help to while away an evening ?"

The shopkeeper gazed at his interrogator, wiped his hands, and then replied, slowly: "Well, I expect there's going to be a lecture. I've been selling rotten eggs all day."

x x x

Some women prefer a man with a past, but all woman rather like a man with a present.

A PREMONITION

On the afternoon of the day on which President Lincoln of America was shot, there was a Cabinet Council at which he presided. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary for War, being busily engaged, did not arrive until late; indeed they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room the President broke of in something he was saying and remarked:

"Let us proceed to business gentlemen."

Mr. Stanton then noticed with great surprise that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of lolling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his custom was, and that, instead of telling stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man.

Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General said to him:

"This is the most extraordinary Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln !"

The General replied:

"We all saw that before we came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, 'Gentleman, something extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.' "

To this remark the General observed:

"Something good sir, I hope."

The President answered gravely: 'I don't know, I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly too."

The General said, "Have you received any information, sir, not disclosed to us ?"

"No," answered the President, "but I have had a dream, and I now have had the same dream three times, once on the night pending the battle of Bull Run, once on the night of such another," naming a battle not favourable to the North.

His chin sunk on his breast again and he sat reflecting.

"Might we ask the nature of the dream, sir ?" said the General.

"Well," said the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a great, broad rolling river, and I am in a boat and I drift and drift—but this is not business," suddenly raising his face and looking around the table as Mr. Stanton arrived. "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen."

Mr Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice. And something happened. He was shot that night at the Ford's Theatre, on April 14, 1865.

The dense jungle you see in Tarzan films is in reality a plot of six acres at the back of *RKO* Studios in Hollywood. It is complete down to an artificial river and concrete cliffs.

RAMBLES IN COURT LIFE—VII

Talkative Judges

Swapping anecdotes is a sign of dotage. But in modern times, even the young vie with one another in this regard. With lawyers both young and old it is verily a pastime. In between lunch hour, or anent the next case is called, members of the Bar try to enliven their comrades across the floor in an aside or in the corridors adjoining the court hall or in their chambers, or in the Bar Association rooms. Otherwise life in court, particularly for the never do well lawyer, is miserable. To many of them such anecdotes act as tonic and make them feel happier than they really are. Some indeed pine for such tales and some others hunt after them. Very few run away from them even if the joke is turned against them.

Such is the comraderie and bonhomie atmosphere in courts. Lawyers who had very nearly a bout or an assault across the floor of the court hall while fighting for opposite sides, often come out in a carefree spirit, shake hands with each other, or even throw their arms round each other's shoulders bewildering their erstwhile clients who had felt that their respective counsel whom they had paid to fight each other had indeed fought well! But lo! What deciet! These wretched fellows in gowns now cajole and make fun with each other. So it was all a sham fight! The client is sorely disappointed. "These lawyers are a sham lot! They are not sincere! They will sell their souls for a mess of pottage!" Particularly the up-country clients feel terribly upset at this so called treachery. But the urban client has more perception and sometimes appreciates the humour of the situation.

Counsel are often keen on their rights and duty to their clients, sometimes even at the risk of crossing swords with the presiding judge. Before Mr. Justice Ridley in the case of Imperial News Agency V. Paul Brothers (1909) counsel for the plaintiff observed that "the competition was not a sketching competition."

The learned judge interposed, "It was a sketching competition." But counsel put it to the jury that it was a "colouring competition."

Mr, Justice Ridley retorted: "You are very rude."

Counsel parried, "To whom my Lord?" to which the judge said, "To me. I said it was a sketching competition and you say it is not."

Counsel: "At the risk of being rude I must do my duty to my clients and tell them what I maintain is the fact."

Judge: "You are the rudest person I have ever met. It will do you no good."

Counsel: "I am very sorry but I shall be rude fifty times before I neglect my duty to my clients."

A little later a juryman tactfully interposed: "Your Lordship will allow me as to form an opinion." That juryman was on the spot.

The question whether it was a sketching or colouring competition was obviously one of fact for the jury and his Lordship obviously had no right to pull counsel up.

There was similarly another unseemly and needless tussle between counsel and judge in one court at T. Mr. N. S., the District Munsiff, in an execution matter asked counsel R as to when he filed the security bond. Finding that the bond was filed two hearings ago though counsel was needlessly asking for time, the judge lost his temper. "Where did you file the bond? In open court?"

Counsel: "It was filed by my clerk in the office, Your Honour."

Judge: "It is sneaky to file it in office."

Counsel: "No, Your Honour. It is not sneaky to file in the office."

Judge raising his voice: "No, it is sneaky."

Counsel: "Absolutely not. It is a public office."

Judge: "Dare you question it? It is sneaky, Sir."

Counsel at top of voice: "Not at all Your Honour. I protest."

Judge: "Well, Mister, I am taking contempt action against you. What have you got to say?"

Counsel: "Your Honour has to put the question detailing the contempt for me to answer."

Judge: "Well, Sir, you loudly protested. Is it not sneaky?"

Counsel: "Your Honour first said it is sneaky to file a record in the office. I said 'No'. Your Honour persisted in calling me sneaky. I loudly protested. 'Sneaky' is a wrong term Your Honour. My clerk made a mistake in not informing me on the last hearing regarding the fact of filing."

Judge: "So you say you never meant any disrespect for the court."

Counsel: "Absolutely not. On the other hand I felt Your Honour used strong language against me needlessly."

Judge: "Well, Sir, since you say you meant no disrespect, I do not take any action."

Such is the temper and self importance of some perverse judges. They will err and hit below the belt and then call poor counsel to explain. These are some unenviable judicial prerogatives, hazardous to the safety of the Bar. The Bar has to put up a dignified protest on such occassions. Else peevish and perverse occupants of the Bench will get more puffed up and lose their judicial poise and eminence. For the very preservation of the eminence and dignity of the seat of justice it is necessary that a strong Bar should exist. They are better correctives than appellate forums.

We know subordinate judges never like their judgments to be reversed when they are in the same station. They would like them to come after they leave the station. They are sensitive

of Appellate reverses. More so will they feel if a strong Bar puts them in check then and there. But protest from the Bar should always be elegantly courteous to win over even a a most stubborn judge.

Talkative judges are often preferable to silent ones. The latter offer the spectacle of the sepulchre and counsel may not feel the warmth to make the best of a case. Mr, Justice Ramesam of Madras was reputed to talk out any counsel. That is the other extreme. But then, it shows the judge's way of thinking. Clever counsel can doubtless carry the case in a casual, if not incisive conversational style. Some counsel collapse at the very first judicial onslaught. Some carry on for the second or third round. But there are several who give a battle royal to a needlessly loquacious judge and convince him too. Often such judges are good men. Only they want their views to be heard. Nay, they like to hear their own voice than counsel's. It affords some peculiar pleasure to them. Senior and knowing counsel would let these whimsicalities good play and finally win their point.

Talkative judges are often frank. They are never wily. Counsel can trust them and bravely put forth their difficulties. But some icy cold judges are the limit. Counsel never knows whether he is sinking or swimming. But talkative lawyers are anathema to judges and are often a liability to the clients who engage them. Except in rare cases where talkative counsel can browbeat witness or even a peevish judge, on the whole sound judges of eminence do not like them. It is said Lord Watson said to a member of the Bar who complained of his Socratic methods, "Eh, man, ye should not complain of that, for I never interrupt a fool."

Another judge once remarked that he prefered judgeship to a lawyer's role for instead of talking nonsense all the time he felt it was better to "hear nonsense."

But a garrulous judge is the limit. As Lord Alverstone said he is a "nuisance", as he is apt to divert the attention of counsel from the vital points in the case and to lengthen the proceedings. But on the whole, talkativeness on the Bench is perhaps perferable to absolute silence. A happy mean is, however, the most desirable.

If the parents are short, the ehildren are practically certain to be short, too, we are told, Unless, of course, a rich relative happens to leave them something.

x x x

Mother: Now, Eric, just do as I tell you.

Modern Boy: Really, Mother! You're not talking to father now, you know!

Adventures of Mahendraverma

By 'S'

The king of Ratnapuri invites Mahendraverma to his palace and acquaints him of the sorcerer and how his queen was abducted. Mahendraverma assures the king that by the grace of Kali he would be able to kill the sorcerer and restore the queen to the king.

Taking leave of the king Mahendraverma proceeded straight to the Kali temple. Going to a secluded corner he rubbed the ring given to him by the fairy and the next instant she was standing before him. She was so bewitchingly beautiful and she said with a smile, "Why have you summoned me?"

Mahendraverma related to her what the king had told him. "Can you find for me where the magic island is? You roam the skies and it should be easy for you to find it."

The fairy replied with a sad face, "Ah, I know where it is. But that sorcerer is a powerful man. The island is guarded by the Brahmarakshasa and no one can land on it alive."

"By the grace of Kali I will be able to rid the world of this menace. Tell me where the island is," he said.

The fairy then gave him instructions as to how to reach the place and vanished. Mahendraverma then proceeded inside the temple and prayed to Kali for the success of his mission.

Kali appeared before him and said: "Arise my son. I have brought you here for this purpose only. The queen is a devotee of mine and no harm has come to her. On the day she was abducted she had undertaken a seven years' *Vrata* and the sorcerer has left her alone. The seven years will soon be over. Take these three flowers. Immediately you put your foot on the island throw one flower. The island is guarded by fierce-looking demons but they will be powerless to harm you. Don't be afraid if you see any hedious forms. The trees might bend as if to bar your way; but proceed straight. None can touch you. In the north corner of the island you will find a *parijata* tree in full bloom. Under it these is a marble slab. Push it aside. It is the entrance to a cave. Throw another flower into the cave. It will be lighted. Step inside. You will find the steps leading to an underground mansion with well-laid garden. Tempting maidens will be watering the plants. There will be enchanting flowers and fruits. As you proceed you will find rooms lined with gold and filled with all kinds of riches which all the kings of the world put together cannot have. Don't be tempted by any of these. In the north corner you will find a small grotto. In it there is a parrot chained with a golden chain. Seize it and immediately wring its neck. The sorcerer

will die that instant. But the Brahmarakshasa and the other demons who have been kept under control by him will then come rushing on you. Throw the third flower on them. You will be safe."

Mahendraverma thanked the goddess and taking the three flowers proceeded to the palace and told the king that goddess Kali had assured him that the queen is safe and chaste still as she had undertaken a seven years' *Vrata*. He then took leave of the king and went to the choultry where the *Korava* with the monkey was staying and told him that early next day he would be leaving the place. The *Korava* felt sad at the parting and he prostrated before him and made his monkey also prostrate and asked for the prince's blessings.

x x x

Early next morning before the break of dawn Mahendraverma took his bath and proceeded to the Kali temple and there prostrated before the image of Kali and took the form of an eagle. He then circled thrice over the image and then flew off.

The whole day he flew high in the sky and just at the time of sunset he sighted the magic island and alighted on the shore. Assuming his usual form Mahendraverma threw one flower given to him by the goddess and proceeded northwards. In the fast fading twilight he could see hedious demons resting on the ground in all sorts of postures. The trees and shrubs seemed as if they were doing a devil dance. There were huge ugly creatures crawling on the ground but Mahendraverma was undaunted and proceeded straight till he reached the *parijata* tree. Noticing the marable slab under it he moved it a little and saw a gaping hole. He threw the second flower and immediately it was flooded with light. He stepped inside and the sight that greeted him there took his breath away. It was like the veritable Indraloka with apsaras dancing in the enchanting garden. He, however, did not tarry to look at them and straight went to the grotto and noticing the parrot pounched on it and wrung its neck.

The next instant Mahendraverma heard a tremendous roar which seemed like a thousand peals of thunder. The Brahmarakshasa and other demons who were released from their bondage at the death of the sorcerer came rushing on him as if to devour him. Mahendraverma threw the third flower at them and they immediately vanished out of sight. But a new danger was threatening him. The island began to shake and he found it was fast sinking !

Mahendraverma immediately rushed inside the palace and dashed from room to room. In the far corner of one room there sat the queen of Ratnapuri in deep meditation before the image of Kali. Mahendraverma prostrated before her and told her that the sorcerer is dead and the island is sinking. She got up. The water was rising. Mahendraverma then remembered the Nagakanya whom he had

rescued from the clutches of a rakshasa and taking the water, which had by then reached upto their knees, in his palms uttered the secret mantra told by her and the next instant she materialised before them.

Mahendraverma told her of their plight and beseeched her to save the queen from drowning. She immediately ordered a whale to come and Mahendraverma and the queen sat on its back and proceeded homewards.

The whale with its two human passengers sped the whole night and at the early streak of dawn landed them on the shore. Mahendraverma and the queen offered prayers to Kali and then Mahendraverma sent word to the king through a fisherman about the safe arrival of the queen. The king and his daughter accompanied by the courtiers immediately rushed to the spot and Mahendraverma and the queen were taken to the palace.

There was great rejoicing in the whole kingdom at the death of the sorcerer and the safe return of the queen. Preparations were soon made for the wedding of the princess with Mahendraverma, who was later crowned. And the two lived happily for many many years.

(*Concluded.*)

KEPT HIS PROMISE

A twelve-year-old boy was invited on a camping trip. His timid mother gave permission on condition that he did not get into canoe while away, as she was afraid of its upsetting.

The boy promised, though reluctantly. At the end of ten days came the following letter:

"Dear Mother, I'm having the best kind of a time, and I don't mind a bit about the canoe. Yesterday was the only day I've really wanted to try one for we were going across a little lake to another camp. But they've been teaching me how to swim, and Ned said he and I could swim across, and let the other four take the two canoes; and so we did, and swam back again, too. Wasn't that great? And I knew you'd be pleased to think I remembered my promise. Your affectionate son, Subbu."

x x x

"My husband talks in his sleep. I wonder what I could do to cure him."

"Try letting him talk a little while he's awake."

x x x

The real problem concerning your leisure is how to keep other people from using it.

x z x

Father : "Now, children, tell me who has been most obedient during the last month, and done everything mother asked him to do ?"

Jackie : "You, daddy."

When Husband Is ★ ★ Led By His Nose!

(By Lotus Eater)

I dare say many husbands know by experience what it is to be led by the nose—by their wives! I don't say it is a bitter experience. It is not, if you are not a sentimental fool. It all depends on how you view it. If you have inconvenient notions of prestige, you are likely to be galled by such experience. If you have brains enough to realise that, after all, it has its own benefits, you would surely welcome it. For one thing, you can go to sleep like a top and trust your wife to look after all the affairs of the household including your creature comforts. If anything goes wrong, well, you have the consolation, that even if you had handled the affair, it might have equally miscarried. But you have to develop a fine sense of humour, and a thick skin besides if you are to enjoy being led by the nose! I would earnestly advise one to develop this quality seing that it affords such a good escape from the struggles of life, physical and what is worse psychological.

Just imagine a happy state of affairs in which a docile, nay, dutiful husband entrusts his salary to his wife and gives her the privilege of driving the family coach and thus relieves himself of the burden of carrying on the day-to-day problems of the family. If anything goes wrong, you have the whip hand and can take your wife to task for having mismanaged things and be sure the wife will not have the courage to talk back because she knows that if she did so she would forfeit the right to handle her husband's money thereafter. That is an excellent starting point for you to gradually assume effective control over your wife.

This "leading by the nose," however, seems to be a much misunderstood expression so far as the relations between husband and wife are concerned. It simply means, broadly speaking, a state of non-interference on the part of the husband in domestic matters. The wife is given complete freedom in these matters to do as she likes and generally speaking most wives are content to have this much of control. Their husbands then can have the liberty to do things as they like provided they can manage them without indenting on the domestic finance.

To husbands who are not tied down to their office files but have an urge to learn things outside their professions or love to contemplate on the eternal values of life, it is a nuisance to be tied down to domestic work and worries and they might with great profit to their mind and soul, rid themselves of such worries by putting this load of Atlas on the shoulders of their wives, who are welcome to imagine that they are leading their husbands by the nose!

And what is really wrong in being led by the nose by one's own dear wife? If you chafe at this, it only betrays your lack of love for her. To be led by the nose by your wife is to wear golden fetters. Why should you hate to wear them? Do not womenfolk wear the heaviest of ornaments with a beaming face?

If you can purchase freedom from domestic worries to be led by the nose by your wife is an excellent bargain!

TO BE CONTINUED

"What did your wife say about your being out so late?"

"Ask me next week. She'll probably have finished by then."

x x x

A small boy dashed up to a policeman.

"Come quickly!" he shouted. "A man has been fighting my father for over an hour!"

The policeman started to run.

"But why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked the child.

"Father was getting the best of it till a minute or two ago!" was the reply.

x x v

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them.

"Yes," she broke in, "and I am between two quacks."

x x x

"Is that an eight-day clock?" asked the young man who never seemed to know when to go.

"Well," said the girl, stiffling her tenth yawn, "why don't you stay a little longer and find out?"

x x x

"I want my photo taken, please," said the man.

"Certainly, sir," said the photographer. "Would you like a carte or a cabinet?"

The man thought hard.

"It doesn't matter whether there's a cart or a cab in it," he answered. "But if you could manage to put in a railway truck I should like it, because I'm a porter."

x x x

"Dad what is an actor?"

"An actor? My son, an actor is a man who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings filled with theatrical props, dirt and dust, other actors, stage hands, old clothes, and other claptrap, and say, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"

x x x

Woman have two ways of looking at a secret; it's either not worth keeping or it's too good to be kept.

Karma Is Like A Banking Account

(*By Mehta Ranjit Mal*)

Whether one is a theist or an atheist, one cannot but be impressed by the systematic and orderly working of the universe and is bound to realize that our world is governed by certain fixed and fundamental laws, whatever may be the source of their origin. These laws are generally described as the laws of Nature. It has been the persistent effort of the human mind from the ages, to observe the working of these natural laws and to systematize the knowledge derived from such observations. All our sciences owe their origin to these sources. One of the fundamental laws of nature is that "man reaps what he sows"; another fundamental law is that energy is never wasted, it must produce certain actions and reactions. In view of the acute and fundamental differences between the material and moral conditions of different individuals, which cannot and have not been satisfactorily explained on any other basis, all the prophets, saints and sages who appeared on this earth from time to time, have unanimously come to the conclusion that these differences are due to the actions and activities (mental as well as physical) of the individuals concerned. The proposition is true, so far as it goes, but it is incomplete and inadequate in the absence of a belief in rebirth and transmigration of the soul. When children are born under different conditions of happiness and misery, how can that condition be attributed to the past actions of the children concerned, if there was no previous birth and accumulation of *Karma*? The seers of Bharat—of practically all schools of thought—therefore, quite logically and correctly postulated rebirth and transmigration of the soul. This doctrine can logically and rationalistically explain the various diversities which we observe in the conditions of the different individuals, and sudden changes in the fortunes of the same persons. Chance, heredity, environment have been invoked by some thinkers to explain the phenomena referred to above; but they have failed to give satisfaction.

In a universe governed by fixed and uniform laws, it is ridiculous to attribute sudden and unaccountable changes to chance. The rule of law and chance are inconsistent with each other and cannot both be upheld; one of them must be discarded. As it is obviously impossible to discard the proposition that the universe is governed by fixed and uniform laws, we are bound to discard the chance factor as guiding or controlling the destinies of human beings.

In view of the above discussion it may be admitted that happiness and misery are the

necessary fruits of our own actions. If we sow happiness by making others happy, in due time we obtain happiness for ourselves. The same is true in respect of misery. This proposition leads to the further necessary corollary that there must be an accurate account kept of every individual's *Karma*. The implications of this proposition are no doubt baffling; but in this connection I cannot do better than refer to the authoritative and illuminating language by Buddha on this subject:

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
Worse-better-last for first and first for last;
The angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
Fruits of a holy past;
The devils in the uuderworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by;
Nothing endures; fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby
Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
For Gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.
Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm of gnat;
The end of many myriad lives is this,
The end of myriads that,
Only, while turns this wheel invisible,
No pause, no peace, no staying place can be;
Who mounts may fall, who falls will mount; the spokes
Go round unceasingly!

We often see that a wicked man enjoys prosperity and worldly comforts in life while a saintly person sometimes undergoes sufferings and discomforts. This observation should remind us of the working of the banks, which have been evolved out of experience of their soundness and utility. A man earns a lot and deposits a big amount in a bank; he can draw upon it at his pleasure to the extent of the last penny and the bank cannot object, according to its own principles and constitution, even when it is evident that the fellow is wasting his hard accumulated treasures and hastening toward ruin. The banking system of nature is also maintained on the same fundamental principle of freedom of choice of the use of one's own property.

If we hold, as we must, that the universe is ruled by law, the many good and virtuous people who accumulate merit by their actions must have their return. Some of them—like ascetics—will not have and cannot have return in this life, because they have renounced the world; therefore, they must enjoy the fruits of their austerities in the next life. This explains logically why some are born happy and continue to be happy during the whole of their life, although they have not deserved happiness by their actions and activi-

ties during their present life. This is nothing unusual or improper. As a matter of fact, they are only living on their own capital (accumulated wealth in the form of good actions of a past life).

If our present-day capitalists can only understand the deep significance of this principle as our rishis understood and from whom the philantrophists of old got their lesson in Bharat and from other teachers in other countries, they will realize that they will have to leave this world as paupers in spite of their huge possessions if they fail to deposit what they will require in their future lives in the never-failing, ever-vigilant and ever-open bank of Providence, which is available to everyone throughout the whole course of one's existence.

The bank of nature will not accept gold or silver or other material objects; it can only accept virtuous actions and pure thoughts, that is, whatever is in harmony with the laws of nature and what will contribute to general happiness and will elevate the persons concerned morally and spiritually.—*Kalyana Kalpataru.*

RELIEF

The professor rushed into the drawing-room where his wife was sitting.

"My dear," he cried, excitedly, "guess what has happened! Intelligence has just reached me—"

"Well, thank heaven for that, Hubert," replied his wife, as she embraced him.

x x x

He: "You are always wishing for what you haven't got."

She: "Well, what else can one wish for?"

x x x

Magistrate (to discharged prisoner): "Now then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company."

Prisoner (feelingly): "Thanks. You won't see me back here again."

x x x

Now-a-days it's only after a bath that a girl shows herself in her true colours.

x x x

"Dad," said the small boy, looking up from his book, "Where is Atoms?"

"You mean, 'what are atoms?'" said his father.

"No, I mean a place."

"You must be thinking of Athens."

"No," the small boy insisted; "I mean Atoms—the place where the things get blown to."

Utilization Of Solar Energy

On a single day the land areas of the temperate and tropical zones are flooded with more energy from the sun than the human race has utilized in the form of fuel, falling water and muscle since it came out of the trees over a million years ago. The whole amount of coal, petroleum and natural gas left in the earth is the energy-equivalent of only 100 days of sunshine. In fact there is more energy in the small fraction of radiation received from the sun than in all the uranium in the world. Attempts to utilize this solar energy, now wasted have been made for two centuries, thus far without notable success, writes Waldemar Kaempffert in *New York Times.*

The whole subject was surveyed at Tucson, Arizona, where 700 scientists from some thirty nations met recently for two days under the auspices of the Association for Applied Solar Energy, the Stamford Research Institute and the University of Arizona, with financial aid from the Ford and Rockfeller Foundations, the National Academy of Science, the National Science Foundation and the Office of Naval Research and UNESCO.

The guiding spirit of the conference was Dr. Farrington Daniels of the University of Wisconsin, a leading authority on the utilization of solar energy. Probably he voiced the opinion of those in attendance when he remarked that "we've got to be smarter in new technology and new ideas before we have something important.'

Our steam-engines are technically known as heat engines because they convert the heat generated by burning fuel into such mechanical work as operating a piston in a cylinder. The more heat that is generated the higher is the engine efficiency. Like water, heat flows from a high to a low place, and the higher the fall in both cases the higher the energy generated. Temperatures high enough for good engine efficiencies are hard to obtain with solar equipment. It is possible to melt platinum in the focus of a parabolic mirror, but focusing the sun's rays in this way is too expensive for practical consideration in producing power. There is nothing for it but to cover large areas of ground with heat-absorbing structures.

Prof Hoyt Hottel of Massachusetts Institute of Technology estimates that it might be possible to obtain thirty horsepower in Arizona per acre and twenty horsepower in the State of New York. This is only a minute fraction of the energy that falls from the sun on an acre. To cover an acre with engines and mirrors or flat glass heat-traps through which water runs would ruin a promoter.

The cow is a far more efficient solar engine than any so far devised by man. It eats vegetation which has been created by the conversion of carbon dioxide into starch and sugar. Just how

plants are created by solar energy has heen established by Dr. Melvin Calvin of the University of California. Why not imitate nature and thus overcome the difficulty to which Dr. Daniels called attention? Vegetation is much cheaper than any photosynthetical process that man may devise. Most vegetation costs nothing.

Even plants are none too efficient as solar devices. At best they can store no more than 20 per cent of the light energy they absorb. Chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of foliage cannot absorb half of the sun's radiant energy that reaches the earth. According to Dr. Daniels the figure drops from an ideal 20 percent to an unimpressive three percent. That is, 3 percent of a year's supply of solar energy is converted into food and fuel when there are abundant water and fertilizer and low light intensity, and it is assumed that there is an excess of carbon dioxide and that the ground is completely covered with green leaves.

The outlook for the utilization of solar energy on a large industrial scale in countries that have no fuel but much sunshine is not bright. The sun's rays could be made to air-condition a small house, operate irrigation pumps, distill salt water, cook food and warm houses, but economical engines of more than ten or fifteen horsepower are impossible at present. This does not mean that the problem of large scale solar power is hopeless, but it does mean that much research is needed, particularly in physical chemistry, if solar power is to supplement atomic or fuel power in our lifetime.

He had proposed many times, and her last refusal had been so emphatic that lately they had met as strangers.

But, on the ice one day, he could not resist the temptation to skate near her. She fled, he followed, and neither noticed the danger ahead until it was too late. So there they stood in four feet of freezing water while rescuers got busy pushing out a ladder.

"Now that the ice is broken," he said, with chattering teeth, "may I say again how my love burns for you?"

"The warmth of your regard leaves me cold," was her stony reply.

x x x

"That fellow Jacobs has owed me a tenner for two years."

"Can't you get it out of him?"

"Not a cent. But that's not the worst of it. I heard he'd started a debt-collecting business, so I wrote to him and asked him to collect my debt."

"What happened?"

"He replied that all efforts to collect the money had failed, and charged me a guinea expenses."

Thirty-five television sets were installed at the residences of the President of India, the Prime Minister and other important personages in Delhi in connection with the Indian Industrial Fair. Television is new in India but it has made considerable progress in the West. The following article reviews the advances made in this branch of science.

Television: Its Future Prospects

Television, which during its early years was the monopoly of the world's industrialized countries—the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Canada and the Soviet Union—has now mushroomed to the point where stations are operating (or are about to go into operation) in 58 countries and territories.

This figure comes from the 1955 supplement of *Television, A World Survey* by Henry Cassirer, a publication of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Unesco's survey shows that world television is well out of its planning and paper stage and that surprising changes are being made in its structure.

Paradoxically, while 14 educational television stations without commercial sponsors have gone on the air in the United States, commercial television has made its appearance in Europe. On the continent, sponsored programmes are broadcast by the first "European" television station, which began transmissions in the Saar in 1954, and by similar stations created shortly afterwards in Monaco and Luxembourg. European commercial TV will reach a new high-water mark this autumn, when the Independent Television Authority goes into operation in Great Britain.

The Unesco survey shows that Canada has now taken third place in the ranks of the world's television users with 1,000,000 sets in 1955 as against 35,000,000 in the United States and 4,000,000 in Great Britain. And, by the end of the year, TV will have a fourth "millionaire" if the Soviet Union carries out its plans to produce 160,000 sets during 1955.

France is lagging behind with only 200,000 sets in service—as compared to Britain, where 100,000 sets are being sold each month, and Italy which has already 130,000 sets after starting from scratch only two years ago. French television, however, with forty hours a week, offers the most complete selection of programmes on the Continent.

TV is also sweeping across national barriers. International relays are now being used extensively as was the case during the Big Four Conference in Geneva. Experiments under way for several years have resulted in the establishment of a network known as "Eurovision", which went on the air for

the first time in 1954 to talecast the world championship football matches from Switzerland and nine programmes from contributing countries. The network covers eight countries—Belgium, Denmark, France, the German Federal Republic, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland and the United Kingdom—each of which can now receive programmes broadcast by the others.

International relays are not confined to Western Europe. American programmes are picked up regularly by Canada through relays, and Cuba has been linked directly to the North American continent by Stratovision. Programmes are also sent on film or kinescope to Latin America, as well as to Europe and to Japan, Asia's leading nation as far as television is concerned.

Direct TV links between Europe and the United States are now under study and the BBC's television director has declared that there is no reason, in theory, why Europe's television network should not cover the 1956 Olympic Games in Australia.

A similar network is being planned in Eastern Europe to link stations in the USSR, Warsaw, East Berlin, Prague, Budapest and Sofia—all of which have now adopted the Soviet Union's 625-line definition.

Among the popular democracies, East Germany takes the lead with four TV stations now in operation. Czechoslovakia plans to start a second station at Moravska-Ostrova and a third at Bratislava in 1956, while Warsaw is scheduled to have television film projecting facilities built by British technicians.

However, the Soviet Union is the leader among eastern European nations—and it is also one of the first countries to telecast first-run films regularly. The USSR already has major stations at Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, and smaller ones at Gorki, Kharkov, Odessa, Stalingrad, Sverdlovsk and Tomsk. Others are being constructed at Baku, Minsk, Murmansk and Riga.

At the beginning of 1955, Moscow's television station offered 22 hours of programmes every week, but the figure was scheduled to be increased considerably during the year. Programme on film are exchanged within the Soviet Union and also with East European nations, but a radio relay between Moscow and Leningrad is now under construction.

In Europe, the number of television stations has risen in the past two years from 25 to 76—and in the United States from 125 to 413. Organization of these stations varies from one country to another. In the United States, the tradition of private enterprise in radio has been carried over to television, and hundreds of competitive stations have sprung up. In big cities, such as New York for instance, TV audiences have a choice of seven programmes. Since advertising foots the bill for these telecasts, American TV owners do not pay a yearly tax on their sets as in Europe.

However, for certain shows the "pay-as-you-view" system is replacing commercial sponsorship.

The United States have tried several methods of operating such a system. They all have one thing in common: the spectator can receive only a blurred image on his screen until he clears it up either by making a telephone call or by inserting a coin in a meter attached to his set.

So far, this system has only been tried out experimentally, but it has given rise to considerable discussion in the United States as it would involve paying for certain shows. But the system would also enable TV companies to organize programmes of interest only to a minority of viewers and to cover costs of production when telecasting operas, plays and first-run films. Its advantages are particularly obvious as far as the film industry is concerned. The day that one dollar in the meter will enable a third of America's television sets to receive the world premiere of a new picture, Hollywood will be able to cover nearly all production expenses in one night.

Colour television has been on the air regularly in the United States since 1954, while in the Soviet Union a station in Moscow has been broadcasting similar programmes since the end of last year. Although 151 American stations are now equipped to transmit colour, the results of colour TV have been disappointing. Originally, it was planned to manufacture 100,000 sets per year, but production has not yet reached 20,000 sets annually...and not all of them have been sold. This seems to point to the continuing reign of black-and-white for the next few years.

The future of television throughout the world seems to lie in greater cooperation among stations for transmitting foreign programmes is now becoming a current practice. This trend, however, has its pitfalls. There is always the danger that a limited number of world production centres will gradually impose their tastes upon national and regional cultures.

Here lies the danger of television at its present stage of development. On the other hand, it does enable viewers to see and hear at first-hand the inhabitants of other countries, and the representatives of other cultures. In this respect, television can become a force for world peace.—*Unesco.*

"Yes," said the meek-looking man to his neighbour at the snack bar, "I take my meals at a restaurant every chance I get."

"I suppose you prefer restaurant cooking to your wife's cooking ?"

The meek man shook his head sadly.

"No, I can't say it's that," he replied ; "but I can give orders in a restaurant."

ON MARRIAGE

To marry or not to marry—that is the question which confronts every youth when he attains marriageable age. On the one hand he is confronted with the potential domestic travail that besets every householder sooner or later. On the other hand the instinctive urge for pleasures of matrimony impel him towards that goal. His reason warns him strongly against marriage while his flesh draws him powerfully in its favour. Marriage is undoubtedly a gamble both for man and woman. And when it is brought about by " love at first sight ", its uncertainty is heightened a hundredfold. All our sagacity cannot enable us to look into the future of our marriages, whether they will prove to be happy or otherwise. No husband can predict whether his wife will bring him joy by her goodness or misery with her bad nature, and vice versa. It is certainly like taking a plunge in the dark.

The way in which man and woman find themselves mated as life partners is a perennial source of contemplation. In a majority of cases, it is just an accident which brings them together thus testifying to the adage that hanging and wiving go by destiny. Temple festivals furnish often enough the shandy for matrimonial alliances, and even here, it is an accident which brings the parents of the bridal pair together. The purohits and marriage brokers to prove serviceable in this connection. But the parents are very wary about such introductions and make their own thorough investigations into the anticedents of the party.

We are equally lost in contemplation, when we see the ocean of difference between a man and his wife, not only in their physical features, like height, complexion, stature etc., but also in their tastes and temperaments. In a majority of cases, the difference is striking enough. A tall husband is wedded to a short wife ; a fair man to a dark complexioned woman ; a fat husband to a lean wife ; a handsome youth to an ugly maiden ; a good man to a bad woman ; a gentle husband to an ill-tempered wife and vice versa.

In spite of these striking differences, speaking generally, in India matrimonial happiness is charactestic of most of the marriages. There are, of course, any number of cases of matrimonial disharmony. But having regard to the differences above mentioned, the wonder is such disharmony is not greater.

The causes of disharmony are many. When a man gets a wife, whom he does not like either because she does not come up to his expectations either in physical beauty or ideal temperament, and vice versa, there is bound to be disharmony. But the good sense of either the wife or husband or both, prevents the rift from getting wider. If they have the wisdom to realise that matrimony is after all a life-long friendship in the voyage of life they overlook these differences and gradually the disharmony gets lesser and lesser until harmony is brought about. Oftentimes, the birth of a child, great sorrow or good forture helps to achieve this.

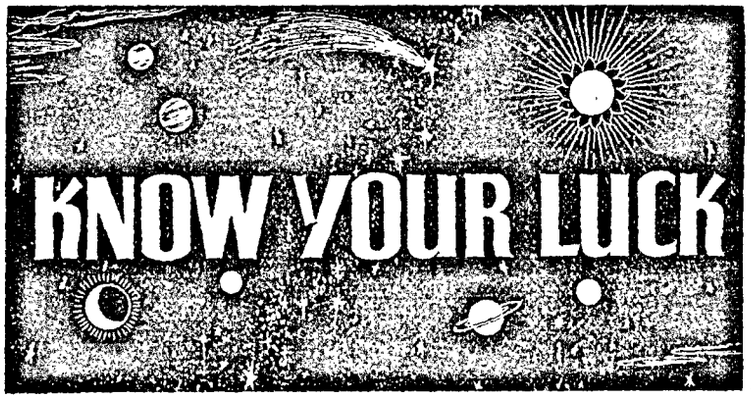
Rifts there are bound to be occassionally when because the husband or the wife or both, really or imaginarily are at fault. But they must have the good sense to forget and to forgive. Both must be anxious to break the ice without waiting for the other to do it. That is what really happens in a happy family and reconciliation is brought about without any residue of rancour.

Some opine that such lovers' quarrel add spice to matrimonial harmony and happiness. If they mean thereby that such rifts are necessary for greater happiness, I don't agree. But if they only mean that such quarrels do no great harm to the happiness of the couple, I agree. But I would certainly advice that both husband and wife should as far as possible try to see each other's point of view, instead of thoughtlessly quarelling over very trivial incidents and then trying to find an opportunity for reconciliation.

Marriage helps to develop our better nature and such abiding qualities like patience, tolerance, wisdom and the sense of right and wrong. Indeed marriage is a training ground which enables us to round off the rough corners of youthful buoyant spirit. The coming of children enables us to develop a sense of responsibility. And in course of time it helps us to sublimate our selfish nature into an altruistic one.

Indeed there is no life without marriage. An unmarried man can never hope to live a " full " life or to profit by life's experience.

The malicious adage that " A mistress is a necessary evil but a wife is an unnecessery one " must have emanated from a cynic. For the sensual aspect of marriage plays only an insignificant part in the life of a married person. Marriage is basically a social institution intended for the mutual convenience of either party to the marriage. The sexual attraction is only a glittering trapping which throws a halo of joy over marriage. But for such a wise dispensation niether man nor woman would tender his or her neck into the halter of marriage. If either the husband or wife after the first flush of sexual passion is over, does not see marriage in its true colours as an alliance brought about for their mutual convenience and for enabling them to lead a happy and rich life then they have only themselves to blame. For marriage is only a means to lead a good and moral life and be useful to society. It is never an end in itself. It is a biological necessity and it is essential in the sense that without it there can be no morality among human beings. And without morality other virtues can never be developed resulting only in social chaos.—C



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

Aswani Bharani and ¼ Krithika

Malefic influences during the month preponderate. Malefic coursing through the 8th house indicate troubled mind, ill-health, distant journey, stomach trouble, blame or accusation against you by others who have become your enemies of late and lastly legal troubles. Domestically this is a month of disturbed life. There may be either disturbed conjugal relationship or your wife's health will cause you anxiety. One of your children will claim your special attention. Second half of this month will show improvement. Financially in spite of heavy expenditure there will be financial help received. 5th Guru will give you moral courage in all your difficulties. Officially the month favours transfer if desired. Favour of the department is in evidence in the second half. Merchants will not fare well during this month. Their speculation and partnership will cause them great worries.

1, 4, 5, 15 to 17, 24, 26, 29, 31 are better days.

x x x

VRISHBAHA RASI or TAURUS

¾ Krithika, Rohini & ¼ Mrigashira

Planetary alignment does not favour a happy life in the line of least resistance. There will be keen opposition, struggle and dispute encountered in the quick march of your business progress or career interests. Marriage attempts will not succeed easily. A journey is envisaged. Financially heavy expenditure is marked by Mangal in the 6th. Better facility is

noticed in the second half. Sudden gain of money is also envisaged in a few cases. General health will suffer in the 2nd half if not already. Domestic life will be disturbed. A house move may be considered desirable but will not succeed. A child's health will disturb your mind. Second half is slightly better. Court proceedings will be emphasised after the 12th. An important ceremony also might occur in a few cases. Merchants will find obstacles in the way of their business success. Distant business may prove more profitable.

3 to 5, 9, 15, 17, 24, 25, 28, 30 are better days.

x x x

MITHUNA RASI or GEMINI

¼ Mrigashira, Ardra and ¾ Punarvasu

Planetary combination confers more favourable results in the first half than in the second half of the month. There will be therefore greater success and settlement of your pending affairs in the first half only. But your health may be below par owing to planets in the house of disease. Financially this month will prove troublesome first and more convenient thereafter. There may be hand loans raised for your emergency. Mangal in V will disturb a child's health. New friends may be made. Domestic life will prove happier in the first half. Your wife's health will he affected in the second half. Correspondence and distant news will prove gainful. Officially, you may not find any benefit. Your boss will be pleased with your work. The month is auspicious for a marriage, if any. The two malefic aspects of Mangal and Saturn will either disturb your general health or cause some anxiety as to your enemies' aspersions on your good name during this month. This month is favourable for merchants and their speculations.

1, 3 to 5, 9, 10, 15 to 17, 20 to 22, 24, 30 are better days.

x x x

KARKATAKA RASI or CANCER

¼ Punarvasu Pushya & Ashlesha

There will be much mental depression and anxiety at home and outside in your activities or carrier interests. Second half will prove much better. Many of your pending affairs of life will be settled well in the second half. Chronic sufferers of any kind will fare better in the second half. Domestic life will fall short of your expectation owing to mental affliction. A house move may be found desirable in a few cases. Children will make you unhappy. Financial conveniences will register improvement from the second half onwards. Meanwhile pressure will be felt. Marriage negotiation will be a success in the first half. But the celebration will be after the 13th Jan. '56. Officially, there may be departmental favour in the 2nd half. The aspect of Guru to the X house shows encouragement in service and the help of superiors in office. Merchants will be more speculatively inclined in the second ha lf. First

half will not bring about so much profit as in the second. Partnership concerns will also fare well then.

1, 4, 5, 15, 17, 20, 24, 26, 29, 30, 31 are better days.

x x x

SIMHA RASI or LEO

Makha, Poorvaphalguna and ¼ Uthara-phalguna

Planetary positions are satisfactory enough and bring about favourable results in almost all your affairs. Guru's position over your Rasi betokens your high aspirations, your movement in higher circles and your happiness through one of your sons. Planets coursing through the IV house might disturb your general health. The malefic aspects to the VI house cause you unnecessary worries regarding your health and health as well. Financially you will be able to tackle all problems inspite of your rising expenditure. Second half favours better financial conveniences. Between 10th and 17th sudden surprising financial fluctuations are noticed. Guru's aspect to Sukra till the 19th and also to Budha from the 12th augurs well for your general success in the turf activities. Domestically you may require greater rest and attention. Wife's health may deteriorate. Officially there may be slight gain achieved. Avoid friction with colleagues and seniors. Merchants will do well during the month. Partnership may take a favourable turn.

1, 3, 5, 9, 14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, 39, 30 are better days.

KANYA RASI or VIRGO

¾ Uttara-phalguna Hastha and ¼ Chitra

Planetary course promises better mental satisfaction than so far, the torturing planet viz. Saturn, having moved to a more desirable house. The three planets in the first half in the III house are conducive to the success of your undertaking in the line of least resistance. You will develop your intuitive faculties and social culture in your surroundings more than ever. Mangal in the second half might cause financial pressure and fluctuations. But Sukra, the income lord, is making it possible for you to meet all obligations without strain and stress. Heavy expenditure is at work for laudable causes. Domestic life will sound happier during the first half. Officially, second half is more encouraing than the first. Merchants will have luckier time of it owing to favourable position of Saturn for two and half years more. Judicious speculation alone will meet with success during this month owing to Mangal's aspect to the house of speculation.

1, 3 to 5, 9, 15, 17, 24, 25, 26, 28, 31 are better days.

x x x

THULA RASI or LIBRA

½ Chitra Swathi and ¾ Vishaka

This is decidedly a better month than the last one. Guru in XI house confers success according to your desires and ambitions. Financially second half indicates greater conveniences. Many of your affairs will be well settled. A journey is noticed during the month. Malefics in the second half will cause financial pressure and eye complaint. If you are an eye patient, you will suffer all the more in the first half. One of your elders will be of great help to you. He will come up well in his career. There will be occasion for you to come in contact with learned men and philosophers. Temples may be visited. General health of your elder brother, if any, will be disturbed. Officially you may stand to gain. Your boss will appreciate your work. Avoid discourses and altercations with your celleagues. Don't believe others who are associating with you. Merchants will fare well in the second half more than in the first half. Partnership will be encouraging.

1, 3, 5, 9, 10, 15, 17, 21, 24, 28, 30 are better days.

x x x

VRISCHIKA RASI or SCORPIO

¾ Vrichika, Anuradha and Jeshta

The malefics in the first and second houses do not portend favourable state of affairs for you during this month. Your ruler in the XI indicates that you are not steady and that you are likely to undo yourself if not properly guided in time. You seem to be heading against expenditure which goes beyond your control. Malefics in the first half will disturb your health and some deep set disease secreted in the system might show up if not already. The malefic aspects to the III house will work adversely in regard to your brothers or sisters. Any letter or correspondence by you will not convey the real spirit with which it is written. Your aggressive spirit alone will be commented upon. Domestic life will be somewhat more harmonious than in the last month. Officially you will gain departmental favour in any transfer question. A journey may not be out of the month's picture. Merchants will not do well here. Planets in the XII and the 1st will render business dull and not encouraging.

1, 3, 5, 15, 17, 20, 24, 26, 30 are better days.

x x x

DHANUR RASI or SAGITARIUS

Moola, Poorvashada Uttarashada¼

Though the planets in the XII house do not favour the general success of your undertakings, since Guru and Sukra are well placed you will be fortunate to achieve the ends in view without disappointment. New friends who are learned and happy will come to your aid. There is also likelihood of one of them becoming your enemy suddenly. One of your relations also is likely to be estranged from you. Financially heavier expenditure is in store for you. You will feel the pressure increasing in the month. Second half will prove decidedly better than the first. Officially, you will find encouragement after the 12th. You will not be happy in the official circle. Merchants will do well in foreign business. Local business will not prove profitable. Mon-

day and Thursday will be lucky for them.

1, 3, 5, 15, 17, 24, 26, 30, 31 are better days.

x x x

MAKARA or RASI CAPRICORN

This is fairly an encouraging month. Planets coursing through the XI house accomplish your objectives during this month to a greater extent than before. Friends will play a greater role to your advantage. Much is achieved through them. Old friends will perhaps be more dependable. Financially this month will be found easier. Second half shows higher expenditure and some unexpected journey. Professionally second half is more promising than the first half. Favour of the department is enjoyed. Change of work also is likely along with some increase of responsibility. Merchants will be luckier during this month. Business transactions will be many and profitable. Partnership will be encouraging. But the partners will be labouring under some disadvantage or other.

¼ Uttarashada ¾ Sravana Dhanista ½

1, 3 to 5, 10, 15 to 17, 21, 24, 26, 28, 30, 31 are better days.

x x x

KUMBHA RASI or AQUARIUS

Planetary positions indicate preponderance of benefic results during this month. Solar course through the X house in the first half and XI house in the second half shows your connection with people at the higher level, and your advantages through them, favour of your boss or Government officers as the case may be. Financially the month notices heavier and unexpected expenditure owing to malefic aspects of Saturn and Mangal to the XII house. Any financial dealing will only result in unpleasant relationship or in loss itself. Avoid such a deal with friends and relations. You will move in high circles and be appreciated by them. Officially you may stand to gain departmental favour and boss's appreciation. Your health will be below par. A marriage, if any, may occur. Merchants will do well in their speculations. Foreign business will prove more profitable. Partnership will flourish.

¼ Dhanista, ¾ Sathabhisha & ¼ Poorvabhadra

1, 3 to 5, 10, 15 to 17, 20, 22, 24, 26, 30, 31 are better days.

x x x

MEENA RASI or PISCES

Second half will decidedly prove more beneficial to you than the first. You may find inimical surroundings in the first half. Astama Mangal might still keep you in inconvenient financial position for some time more. Beware of further financial negotiations or transactions with others lest there should be further financial losses inadvertantly. Your general health will be below par owing to Guru's and Mangal's positions. Avoid any court proceedings. Second half is happier than the first one. Officially you will not gain much. In a few cases boss's displeasure will have to be undergone and tolerated. A journey may be envisaged during this month. Gain through brother or sister is denoted by the position of the planet Sukra in Dhanu and Makara in the course of the month. Avoid rupture with elders or seniors. Merchants may not feel this an encouraging month. Distant business might prove profitable. Sudden money may come their way on 10, 21 and 30.

¼ Poorvabhadra Uttarbhadra & Revathi

1, 3 to 5, 9, 15 to 17, 22, 24, 28, 30 are better days.

FOOLISH RISK

Teacher : "Robert, if you are always very kind and polite to all your playmates, what will they think of you ?"

Robert : "Some of 'em would think they could lick me !"

x x x

A Frenchman and a Scotsman dining together started to quarrel, finally coming to blows. It was arranged that a duel would be fought outside Paris next morning.

At the station the Frenchman took a return ticket, the Scot taking only a single.

"But you are not very optimistic," said the Frenchman. "I have fought many duels and have always used my return half."

"Aye," said the Scot, "I have fought many duels, too, but I always use the other fellow's return half."

x x x

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself begging ?"

"Madam, I am not begging—I am a professional coin-collector."

x x x

Nobody seemed to take much notice of Green. He tried to get in a word now and then, but somebody with a stronger voice always took command of the conversation.

At last the talk turned on the subject of dogs, and Green felt sure that his chance would come, for he owned a dog of which he was proud.

"There are some dogs," remarked Robinson, that have more intelligence than their masters."

"That's right," said Green, "I've got one like that."

x x x

A successful man is one who makes more than his wife can spend, and a successful woman is one who can land such a man.

x x x

Marriage is a game of give and take. What you don't give she takes.

x x x

It is plain women who know about love. The beautiful women are too busy being fascinating.

WHILE TRAVELLING IN TRAINS

Why do you get tired on train journeys ? A group of doctors travelled thousands of miles and experimented with dozens of people to find the answer. To get a cure for travel-tiredness they tried everything from cold compresses to sucking a lump of sugar, and finally they came up with three suggestions :

Sit with your legs crossed above the knee.

Sit in the centre of the compartment and face away from the engine.

Sip a teaspoonful of water, tea, or coffee every twenty minutes or so between meals throughout the journey.

All but two of the people who tried these remedies said they didn't feel at all weary after the journey.

x x x

HOW DO YOU WALK ?

Ever stopped in the street and studied how a person walks ? You can get a clue to his personality.

Take the man or woman with a silent cat-like walk—the type who creep up behind you, unheard. Their walk suggests that they are untrustworthy.

Then there's the bloke who walks with his toes turned in, pigeon fashion. He is probably a small-minded person, irritable and finicky about small things.

If you walk with your feet pointing straight forward, you are an honest character, but stubborn. A woman who walks like that hates authority.

When you walk are your feet splayed out ? If so, you are inclined to be conceited and self-opinionated. Women who do that are vain and rather extravagant.

A flat-footed person is the type who likes to help in charitable or voluntary work.

A tip-toe walker is a flirt—but rather careful in money matters.

x x x

FAN LANGUAGE

Spanish girls use a "Fan Language" to make known their wishes to their admirers.

If a girl wants to reply "yes" to a suitor's "Do you love me?" she quickly shuts her fan and shyly places it near her heart.

And when she covers her left ear with the fan opened, she is begging him to keep their friendship secret. But a shut fan, raised shoulder-high in the right hand, tells a man plainly : "Please go away immediately."

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