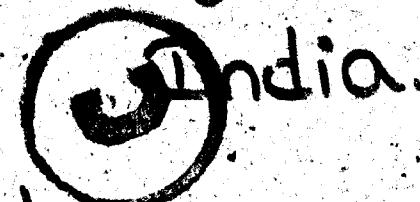


179

My Magazine of



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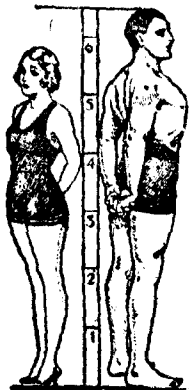


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- L. No. 1010-F. Ranchhodbhai Govindji Patel, Dar-es-salam, Africa. "My marriage was done with the same girl and I was successful in marrying the desired girl."
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PROF. ASHOKA, Director, HINDU ASTROLOGICAL SOCIETY (M.M.)
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FORMULA FOR YOUR HEALTH

Sage who showed the Way

(A TRUE EPISODE)

(The readers must have read with interest the details of the process of Kayakalp recently practised on Shri Pt. Malaviyaji, which has established beyond doubt the supremacy of our indigenous medicines and Ayurvedic system of treatment. We give below the prescription of another such general tonic that has been equally praised by Doctors, Vaid and Leading Businessmen equally efficacious in summer and winter for Male and Female. The readers are advised to read this article carefully.)

Sometime ago, "Desh Uptarak" informed its readers, about a recent conversation of Pt. Bhakur Dutt Sharma Vaid Bhushan with Khalifa Hayat Mohammad Khan, the father-in-law of H.H. the Nawab of Bahawalpur, wherein the latter told Sharmaji, that an old milk man took at a time by mistake a few doses of a medicine granted to him by Mahatma Ratnagiri of Qallati Hills. The result was that he felt strong enough to set up home again and lead a family life milk man contracted three marriages. Hearing this Sharmaji approached the said Mahatma succeeded in acquiring the formulae of this medicine. We too prepared this medicine "Maha Shakti Data" according to the formulae and tried it on thousands of hopeless patients.

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11 Masha of Bhimseni Kapoor, in the juice of Ghrita Kumari and burn the preparation in five seers of dung-cakes. Secondly, repeat this process by mortaring same with one tola of pure Hartal Warki and 11 Masha of Bhimseni Kapoor. Thirdly, mortar the preparation with one tola of purified mercury and 11 Masha of Bhimseni Kapoor, and fourthly, repeat this process by substituting one tola of pure Amlesar Sulphur, and 11 Masha of Kapur Bhimseni. After this repeat each of the above processes four times, thus burning the preparation under 16 fires. Mortar the preparation into the powder and keep buried in the earth for 4 months, after which time take it out, and the medicine is ready for use. Take 1/2 ratti in the morning and equal dose in the evening according to direction for your particular ailment for 40 days and you shall be pleasantly surprised at the result. All further enquiries must be accompanied by 0-2-0 postage for reply. In the event of your not being able to prepare the medicine yourself, you may order a full course of 80 doses (sufficient for 40 days) at Rs. 7/4/- (inclusive of packing and postage).

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Vol. 26

1st March 1955

No. 5

Articles

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| WIDE RANGE OF SPORTS | ... 13 |
| SECRET OF SELF PURIFICATION | ... 57 |

Skits

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------|
| SLIM YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS! | ... 49 |
| THE ART OF BEING HAPPY! | ... 60 |

Stories

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| LOVE AT THE PICNIC | ... 17 |
| CHILD OF DESTINY (Serial Story) | ... 22 |
| A CASE SO SIMILAR! | ... 30 |
| MISSING LADY | ... 32 |
| GIFT FROM THE BLUE! | ... 41 |
| MAN PROPOSES..... (Cover Story) | ... 52 |
| HUNT FOR A MORSEL | ... 73 |
| INTERLUDE | ... 89 |
| THE HUSBANDS' BOYCOTT | ... 94 |

Features

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| EDITORIAL | ... 5 |
| NEWS AND NOTES | ... 7 |
| OPEN LETTERS | ... 12 |
| SLIPS AND SLAPS! | ... 26 |
| YOU ASKED FOR IT! | ... 46 |
| FORTY GOLDEN PRECEPTS | ... 59 |
| AQUARISTS' CORNER | ... 62 |
| SOUND AND SHADOW | ... 68 |
| GLEANINGS | ... 78 |
| FACTS FOR FARMERS | ... 84 |
| SMILE A WHILE | ... 86 |
| BOOK REVIEW | ... 107 |
| 2nd THOUGHTS ON | ... |
| SQUAREWORD No. D-39 | ... 108 |
| COMMENTS ON | ... |
| I.W.C.C. No. C-37 | ... 110 |

Competition

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| MYWORDS No. 40—Clues | ... 102 |
| —Entry Form | ... 103 |
| MYWORDS No. 39—Prize Winners | ... 104 |
| MYWORDS No. 41—Clues | ... 106 |



public for this bungling; indeed, Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia made the resignation of the Thanu Pillai Ministry the chief issue before the Party. But the Nagpur Convention made matters smooth and even Dr. Lohia gave his nod of approval. The green light was ultimately shown to the T.-C. Ministry to proceed with its job.

Meanwhile, the Congress Party, alarmed at these developments, decided to withdraw its support. But the Ministry would not resign at this broad hint. It challenged its erstwhile supporters to bring forward a no-confidence motion. The P.S.P. had secret pourparlers with the Communists to canvass their solid support for the Ministry. To appease them, it is reported, prisoners, sentenced for offences involving moral turpitude, were set at liberty.

But the Communists perhaps thought that enough had not been done and kept neutral when the Ministry was facing the onslaughts of the Opposition. The no-confidence motion was adopted by the T.-C. Assembly with 60 voting for and 30 against it. Thus the eleven-month-old Ministry was thrown out but even then it made no quiet exit. Sri Thanu Pillai demanded a dissolution of the Assembly, to be followed by general elections.

It looked as if there would be President's rule for a brief spell. But, happily for the State, wiser counsels have prevailed. The Congress, on being assured of co-operation from the T.T.N.C., announced its decision to shoulder the burden of office. A five-man Cabinet was formed, with Sri Panampilli Govinda Menon as Chief Minister. In answer to P.S.P.'s charges of betrayal, one may well retort that if a minority of nineteen was given the opportunity to rule, a chance must not be denied to the largest party in the House.

As a matter of fact, the Congress Legislature Party has a working majority of sixty-one members today. If only it had taken courage in both hands last year and come to a working arrangement with the T.T.N.C., political conditions would have been more stable and more people would have been won over to the Congress cause. But apparently the T.-C. Congress Party believes in the maxim: "Better late than never."

N. B.—The opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Editor.

—Ed.

News and Notes

A Silver Jubilee

Twenty-five years ago, that great philanthropist, Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar, set apart a good portion of his fortune for the founding of a unitary and residential University to serve as the seat of Tamil learning and culture. That is not to say that science and modern knowledge have been accorded a place of secondary importance. The Annamalai University has made phenomenal progress in varied directions.

The recent Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Annamalai University were marked by great rejoicing and enthusiasm. Warm greetings and messages from the President, the Vice-President, the Prime Minister, State Governors and several Ministers and leaders poured in on the occasion.

The Rajpramukh of Mysore, inaugurating the celebrations at Annamalai Nagar before a vast gathering of educationists and students, said that Universities should help in the resuscitation of the great moral and social values of human existence. "This role is in conformity with the time-honoured conception of the true spirit of a University. The content and method of higher education should be adapted to realise this conception."

Earlier, the Rajpramukh unveiled a statue of the founder and spoke in praise of his great services.

Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of the Madras

University, delivering the Silver Jubilee address, made an eloquent plea for the guarantee of full academic freedom and University autonomy. It was essential not merely for the sake of the alumni but also for the larger good of the country. He complimented the Pro-Chancellor, Raja Sir Muthiah Chettiar, on his keen interest in the progress of the University.

Tamil Writers' Conference

At the third Tamil writers' Conference, held in Madras recently, several speakers appealed for promotion of unity in culture. Sri Sri Prakasa, who inaugurated the Conference, described Tamil as probably the oldest living language and added that it had withstood the ravages of time for centuries. He expressed his pleasure at the fact that the Writers' Association had never allowed itself to be obsessed by any narrow or parochial outlook. He exhorted writers not to seek Government aid or patronage for popularising the language as that would handicap them ultimately.

Sri M. P. Sivagnana Gramani, who presided, declared that the Association transcended the barriers of religion, caste and party, and called upon all writers to join the organisation and strengthen it. He also made a fervent appeal for better inter-regional understanding among the authors and writers of the country.

In the course of a symposium that followed, suggestions were

made that Tamil should soon become the official language of the State. It was also recognised that Government, in sympathy with this aim, had already allowed one district to carry on the administration in Tamil. The President admitted that a time limit was necessary and that there was need for the preparation of a long-term and short-term plan for effecting the change.

Mendes-France Quits

The Paris Government, headed by that liberal-minded statesman, M. Mendes-France, has fallen on the issue of North African French possessions. M. Mendes-France had many achievements to his credit as Prime Minister. The Indo-China Cease-Fire Agreement would not have been possible but for his resolve to bring about a truce at any cost. This caused almost a fitter among conservative Frenchmen who are still dreaming of a colonial empire. Again, M. Mendes-France took the initiative in solving the vexed question of French Settlements by announcing their *de facto* transfer to India. It is a pity that reactionaries conspired together and defeated a Government which did much to re-

habilitate French prestige and self-respect in the eyes of the world.

Malenkov's Demotion

After nearly two years in office, M. Georgi Malenkov, Premier of Soviet Russia, tendered his resignation. Marshal Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin, Defence Minister, has succeeded him. At a joint session of the two Houses of the Supreme Soviet this dramatic announcement was made. This was unprecedented in the annals of Russian Communist history. Ordinarily, the man who falls from power because of general dissatis faction would have been done away with, like Beria. The charge against Malenkov was that he paid



An inflatable cricket-pitch cover which was tried out by the M.C.C. last summer, and used in one of the England-Pakistan Test Matches, has aroused much interest in cricket circles in Britain and Commonwealth. The cover — latest product of a company which manufactures inflatable equipment in a Welsh mining valley — gives protection to a pitch for four to five days. When not in use it can be carried in a valise by one man.

nadequate attention to the development of heavy industry, so necessary for the progress of the armament race. He is lucky to have been appointed Deputy Prime Minister. Not much significance need be attached to this cabinet reshuffle. It probably means that Soviet foreign policy will stiffen up. Russian statesmen are evidently gripped by the fear that the U.S.A. is out for a showdown.

M. Molotov, the Foreign Minister, made a fighting speech on the occasion, claiming for his country decided superiority in atomic strength.

Visitors from the Soviet

The Soviet Cultural Delegation was given a warm welcome in Madras. At the Civic Reception, accorded to them, the Mayor said that there was an increasing appreciation of the fact that the nations of the East were coming closer together. He also expressed gratitude to the members of the Soviet Football team for treating the citizens to a masterly display of the technique of the game. The Mayor, however, wished that a cultural delegation like theirs, coming to this country to interpret Russian art and culture and taking what was best in Indian art, should have had a programme for a longer stay.

The leader of the Soviet Delegation, M. Surkov, thanked the Mayor for the welcome extended to them and said they were all impressed with the way in which Indians were building a new, bright and better nation. At another meeting in the City, M. Surkov praised India's labours in the cause of world peace and observed that the ties between this country and his were being strengthened.

Hoarding in Gold

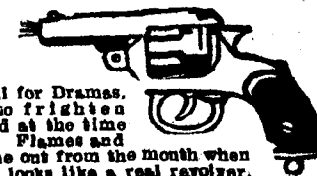
The habit of hoarding one's wealth in gold and silver was deprecated by Dr. Jivraj N. Mehta, Bombay's Minister for Finance, Prohibition and Industries, in the course of a thought-provoking speech at the All-India Bullion Traders' Convention. He himself explained why our forbears saved in gold and silver. In the old days when political and economic conditions were unsettled, when famines and droughts were of frequent occurrence, people amassed as much of these precious metals as they could.

Now that conditions were more stable today, went on the Minister, and banking facilities were more easily available, the ancient method of saving must be given up. "The tendency of hoarding one's savings in bullion hits the poor man in two ways," Dr. Mehta point out. "Whenever he prospers he buys gold at rates higher than what he should pay normally and is often duped and when in distress he has to sell off his gold at cheaper rates and suffer a loss in his initial investment."

The dearer a commodity is, the more coveted it is. There is every need, therefore, for Govern-

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ment to import more quantities of gold and silver and thus reduce their prices. But Dr. Mehta argued against the lifting of the present ban. It should be noted that habit dies hard and people in many parts of the country, especially the rich and the illiterate, believe in possessing pots of these precious metals or coins in underground vaults. It is not even a decade since freedom came to us and stability in political and economic conditions differs in degree and content in various parts of the country. In many rural areas banking facilities are conspicuous by their absence.

As for our womenfolk, rightly or wrongly, they have come to believe that ornaments of gold not only enhance their attractions but also assure them of something to fall back upon in times of need. The Minister envisaged an ideal state of affairs which may not materialise for decades to come.

Madras Aquarists' Society's Stall at Flower Show

A unique attraction of the exquisite Flower Show held by the Corporation of Madras recently in My Lady's Garden in the City was the display of rare tropical fishes in the two Stalls put up by the Madras Aquarists' Society. In the first Stall were exhibited literature pertaining to the hobby, gadgets, fish foods, tanks, a working model of a filter, and the modern method of transporting fish in plastic bags filled with air. In the second Stall, literally an animated art gallery, named appropriately "The Under-Water World," were arranged two rows of ten tanks each.

Sumatra barbs, Harlequins, Lemon tetra, Sword-tails, Platies, Snakeskin gourami, Chinese Paradise fish, Gold fish and fighter varieties, Kissing gourami, Neon tetra, Sea-horse, Albino gourami,

(Continued on page 65)



Thirty-two Sedbergh-type gliders have been ordered by the Government of India from a Yorkshire firm, Slingsby Sailplanes, Ltd. In the Sedbergh — a highwing type, designed as a two-seater trainer — which is already in service with Britain's Air Training Corps and the Royal Air Force, tutor and trainee-pilot sit side-by-side. Training can be carried out faster and more surely than in trainer with tandem seating.

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5. S.S.L.C. (55 Oct.)	15. Handloom Weaving
6. B.O.L.	16. Agriculture
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IN LIGHTER VEIN:

Open Letters

THRO' AIRY MAIL

Hon. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad,
Minister for Education,
Govt. of India, New Delhi.

Honourable Vindicator,

Never did the hundred per cent pure Indian blood in my veins course more rapidly in sheer patriotic thrill than when I read in the dailies about the statement made by you at Mysore recently that Dr. S.N. Sen would be writing a plain and unvarnished account of the incidents connected with the First War of Indian Independence, allegedly called the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

Who else but a really educative Minister than you could have thought of spending public money for such a superb public cause instead of pouring money down the drain on scientific researches and statistics of economics?

The more money is spent on test tubes and telescopes, on geological surveys and ambassadorial appointments, the more commercial and materialistic will we become. But this re-writing of history of nearly a hundred years ago would expose the callowness of the British who were brutish then and add to the glory that was Hind.

Besides (this shows your exquisite concern for the school children's joyful scholastic sojourn), how many times will the boys and girls in the schools and colleges be able to pull up their teachers and lecturers whenever they speak about the Indian Mutiny by shouting out, "Please, sir, Dr. Sen has debunked that Mutiny nonsense!"

And what a lot of cultural activity can be created by all the dance troupes enacting the First-War-of-Independence-miscalled-Mutiny ballet all over the country! And think of the presses working overtime bringing revised and/or enlarged editions of Indian history books. Add to this the guide-books by the tutorial colleges! To this period of our history would have been given sense by Dr. Sen.

You have shown how to use public money. The citizens will certainly not bother to know about the lakhs spent on the vindication of our national honour. Azad Zindabad!

Yours hysterically,
MYWALLAH.

(Continued on page 66)

SPORT in Britain — helped by the temperate climate — has one of the widest ranges of any country in the world. Easily the most popular game is Association football, which, with nearly a 10-month season, attracts an aggregate weekly attendance of well over 1,250,000. Cricket, despite a comparatively brief life in the summer months, is a close second in national appeal, particularly when Test matches are in progress.

Tennis and athletics have a vast following. Wimbledon, of course, stages the internationally famous tennis championships series each year, and there are attendances numbering many thousands on each occasion when home and oversea athletes show their prowess

There are four major Football Association League Divisions in England, comprising 92 clubs in all, and two senior Divisions in Scotland totalling 32 clubs. With Wales and Northern Ireland, an annual series of inter-country matches are held to decide the national championship in the sport. The meetings between England and Scotland are the premier attraction; when staged at Wembley Stadium, on the outskirts of London, some 100,000 spectators attend, while in Scotland, at Hampden Park, Glasgow, an average audience is in the region of 130,000.

CRICKET is essentially a summer game. It is a sport which is typical of England in restful mood — yet excites applause and appreci-

WIDE RANGE OF SPORTS

in track and field events at the White City Stadium, London. On a slightly smaller scale, there are swimming, horse-show jumping, cycling, football, hockey, Rugby and boxing.

One of the most internationally famous Association football clubs is the English Football League First Division side, Arsenal. Their recent meeting with the Moscow Dynamos, and again with Russian opposition in London from Spartak, provided a talking point to football followers from one end of Europe to the other. Arsenal's list of outstanding achievements includes winning the League championship on seven occasions (between 1931 and 1953) and the Football Association Challenge Cup three times (1930, 1936, 1950).

BY C.D. CURRAN
The impact of Test matches on national interest is tremendous, while the country championships, a seasonal range of fixtures that maintain public interest as well as supply the representative national XI, are closely followed.

Main grounds for Test-cricket spectacle are at Headingley (Leeds), Old Trafford (Manchester), Trent Bridge (Nottingham), Lord's (London), and The Oval (London). These are the nerve-centres of the game that has probably the greatest Commonwealth magnetism.

Wherever tennis is played, the fame of Wimbledon is known. On its courts have been seen in action the greatest exponents of the game. The victors in recent years have mostly come from the



THE THRILLING LEAP

U.S.A., but despite that domination for the world's most prized tennis titles, Wimbledon has no parallel. All nations strive to register final triumph — and the championship secured has full world status.

The overseas challenge to Britain has become increasingly strong, and, in overall effect, Wimbledon has witnessed more national defeats in the singles and doubles—and even in the mixed doubles—than one of her premier sports has deserved. But the United States, Egypt, France, and other overseas countries have revealed a physical agility and skill on the court that has left Britain still seeking the elusive major honours. There are still so many junior players of international promise, however, that the problem is only one of time.

In athletics, Britain has excelled against formidable opposition. Her record of track successes alone in 1954—and 1953—against the United States and West European nations and, during October 1954, in the London V. Moscow tournament was a revelation of newly-found winning capacity.

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Roger Bannister was the first human to "break" the four-minute mile. Chris Chataway followed that amazing performance shortly after by registering a joint world record over three miles. Chataway pursued his search for additional world honours by defeating the Russian and European 5,000-meters champion Kuts by inches (at the White City) over the distance. A few weeks later, Kuts knocked four-tenths of a second off that time in Prague.

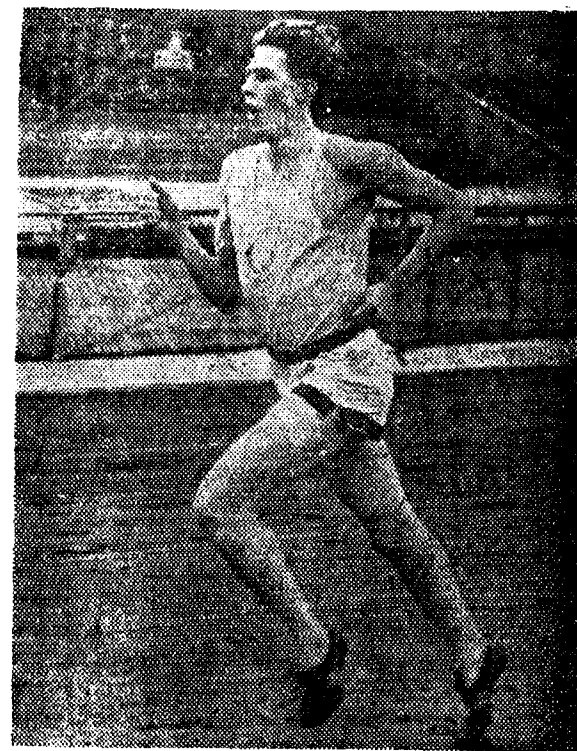
Among women athletes, Diane Leather recorded the first time below five minutes for the mile. Also to her credit is the fact that her time for the half-mile in the 1954 National Championships was, at that time, a new world record.

Horse riding, though popular enough, is an accomplishment that rarely figured among Britain's international rankings. Recently, however, at Basle, Switzerland, with only five entries to her credit, Britain registered two successes in the three-day European event.

It was the first time Britain had featured in the series, and her five riders made a triumphant mark that was a credit to their prowess.

Both the team event and the individual championship were their ultimate awards, and this was against an original entry of 43. Of these, 29 started, and Britain's final placings were first, second, third, sixth and seventh.

In cycling, there is no doubt as to where world honours lie. Britain has both world titles in her keeping—the world professional sprint championship, won for the third time in succession by Reg Harris, and the world's amateur sprint title, won this year by Cyril Peacock.



ROGER BANNISTER

Short Story Competition Rules & Conditions

1. This Competition is open to all the readers of *My Magazine of India* irrespective of age, sex, colour or creed.
2. The total amount offered for this Competition is Rs. 300/- only.
3. There are three categories of prizes, Viz., First Prize, Second Prize and Third Prize.
4. The value of the First Prize, Second Prize and the Third Prize is Rs. 100/- each.
5. There is only one First Prize and this will be awarded to the Short Story adjudged to be the best received by the Committee of Judges.
6. There are 2 Second Prizes of Rs. 50/- each and these will be awarded to the 2 Short Stories adjudged to be entitled to the prizes by the Committee of Judges.
7. There are 4 Third Prizes of Rs. 25/- each and these will be awarded to the 4 Short Stories adjudged to be entitled to the prizes by the Committee of Judges.
8. A Committee of Judges of not more than 4 eminent men will be constituted and their names will be published in due course.
9. Those who send Short Stories for this Competition must abide by the decision of the Committee of Judges. No reasons will be given regarding the selection or rejection of the Short Stories submitted for this Competition nor will any correspondence be entered into in this connection.
10. Short Stories submitted for this Competition should have preferably an Indian background and a romantic theme.
11. Short Stories sent for this Competition should not exceed 3,500 words in length.
12. Short Stories having crime detection, scientific fiction, and adventure as the main theme will not be eligible for consideration in this Competition.
13. The Short Stories must be written in English and must not be translations of Short Stories published in any other language.
14. Each Short Story must be accompanied by a written declaration about the originality and its previous non-publication in any other paper, journal or periodical.
15. The Short Stories must be typewritten (in double spacing) on one side of a white foolscap paper.
16. Each Short Story sent must contain the name and full address of the sender in block letters.
17. Copies of the Short Stories sent must be kept by the writers to safeguard against possible loss or damage during postal transit.
18. To ensure safe receipt, the Short Stories should be sent by Registered Post.
19. The Last Date for receipt of Short Stories for this Competition is 31st March, '55.
20. Covers containing Short Stories should be addressed to: "Short Story Competition," *My Magazine of India*, 32, Broadway, Madras 1.

FAMILY PLANNING BIRTH CONTROL

FULLY ILLUSTRATED; 125 EASY METHODS

By Lady Dr. K. SATYAVATI, M. Ms., England.

This book, with a Foreword by Gen. Cariappa, opined and appreciated by Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru, Shri Munshi and others, contains all the latest, sure and easy methods of Birth Control. Eng. 5/-, Hindi 3/-, Urdu 2/8-. Besides getting the book, Birth Control medicines, appliances etc., you can see personally for Sterility & Fertility treatment also at:

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THE night was far advanced. Lying on a wide cot of gleaming ebony, Tapan was immersed in rosy dreams about his sweetheart, Chandra. Tapan was a medical student.

The room was neatly furnished. There was a big mahogany table just in front of the latticed window. A big costly glittering bookcase beside the table was gracing the room. A few famous oil-paintings were hanging on the walls. On a little rosewood teapoy, between two tall well-painted porcelain vases containing white tube-roses, there was a fancy radio set which was tuned to a foreign station.

"Chandra... Chandra..." Tapan repeated to himself tenderly. "What a sweet name!"

Chandra was Tapan's class-mate. Her beauty was matchless, he thought. She was a newly bloomed flower with all its lustre and fragrance. Love slept in her pensive black eyes like fire in an uncut diamond. All the young men of the College were bowled over by her beauty. They worshipped the very ground on which she walked.

Tapan felt that he was the luckiest of all. Chandra had fallen in love with him. Why, the other day, she was stealthily looking at him and smiled when he suddenly looked up. Tapan floated on air, so to say, and was puffed up with great pride.

Soon the picture of a handsome young man was super-imposed upon his imagination. Ratan, for that was the name of the young man, was the most brilliant student of the same College. All the professors were of the opinion that it was Ratan who would one day enhance the prestige not only of the College but of the country. Moreover, he was a musician and sportsman of exceptional merit.

Ratan belonged to a high family. He was handsome in appearance, sober in disposition, and charming in manners. Tapan, on the other hand, was the son of a Munsiff. He was also handsome, but was not a promising student. He often neglected his books.

SCENES of the recent picnic organized by all the boys and girls of the College with Ratan as their leader recurred clearly to Tapan's mind and made him uneasy.

At the end of the programme, which included music, recitations, tennis, etc., Ratan was requested to say something.

With a smiling face, Ratan made a very eloquent speech full of fine sentiments. He said that such a lovely occasion afforded an opportunity to strengthen the bond of their friendship.

He, however, struck a note of pessimism by saying that the day was not very far off when they would

BY
Biswarup Banerjee



Tapan rose, put out the light, lay down and again lost himself in these recollections. He clearly remembered how Chandra looked with a sweet smile at Ratan when he was speaking. Tapan failed to stand her keen interest and turned his head in the other direction all the while, feeling extremely restive.

RATAN went on with his speech. He stressed that they, the future medical practitioners, should, therefore, not attach so much importance to money but think of quiet service to the people and contribute to their happiness. They should always remember

Tapan and went over to Ratan and gave him a gentle push with a bewitching smile on her face. Ratan reciprocated her smile and moved a little further in order to make room for her by his side. This incident escaped the notice of all except Tapan who received a tremendous shock. All through the picnic Chandra was found spending a pleasant time with Ratan. Many students had no doubt that Chandra had fallen in love with Ratan. Sitting under the shade of a tree, he was slyly watching the two.

But still Tapan had a conviction that Chandra was in love with

Beauty slept in her pensive eyes like fire in an uncut diamond. Tapan conjured her up even in his dreams but now and then he was torn with doubt and suspicion for his sweetheart Chandra was only too jovial in the company of Ratan.

that their fellowmen were very poor and they could hardly afford the requisite money for their treatment.

When Ratan concluded his short speech, he was greeted by thunderous applause from the young audience except Tapan who sat like a statue, gazing at the distant horizon.

Tapan now vividly remembered an incident which made him somewhat uneasy.

At the time of taking a group photograph, Chandra suddenly left

him only. It originated from a smile which Chandra flashed at him a few days after the picnic.

THE class was going on in full swing. Tapan suddenly raised his eyes to see Chandra was looking at him. The moment she knew that Tapan had noticed her, she blushed and looked down in some confusion at the book on the table but her smile sent Tapan's heart oscillating and he forgot all about the picnic affair.

Tapan was now certain that it was nothing but a lover's smile. But Ratan? Just nothing. He

pooh-poohed the very idea of Chandra seriously giving her heart to another fellow.

Since that day Tapan had been making vigorous attempts to meet Chandra but without the desired result. Chandra had always gone out under some pretext or the other. She was always talking with Ratan inside and outside of the College. Perhaps, Ratan was helping her over the lessons. That fact should not scare him.

The clock struck three. A chill wind, reminiscent of the fast approaching dawn, caressed Tapan and he sank into a sweet sleep.

HE found himself playing upon his favourite guitar beside a fountain on high hills with Chandra dancing and singing to the rhythm of the instrument. There was no Ratan nor anyone to disturb. Tapan felt infinite pleasure. Yes, Chandra was his own. What a lovely moment! He wished no end of it.

The morning breeze, laden with the aroma of flowers, was very refreshing. It carried the melody of a flute from the distant hill. Chandra's song was sweet, soothing and profoundly intoxicating and her rhythmic movements were superb and magnetic. Her dancing costume could hardly cover her whole body, decked with sparkling jewels. Some big hill flowers in the tresses of her black copious hair made her look like a fairy of the forest. Never had Tapan beheld such a beauty embodied in human flesh.

Soon the song was over. With a roguish twinkle in her eyes

Chandra stretched her arms as if to welcome Tapan in. When he proceeded towards her like a charmed snake, she began to beat a hasty retreat with a quizzical smile on her rosy lips and then she suddenly disappeared behind a bush. Tapan cried out loudly, "Chandra... oh, Chandra! Come here, darling!"

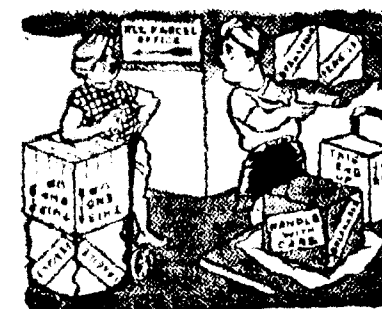
"Ha... ha... haa..., I'm Binu, Dadababu."

TAPAN got up from the bed with a start and realized that he had been dreaming. A patch of bright sunshine had fallen upon his bed through the window. The very presence of their maid servant, Binu, with a raised broom-stick in her hand at the moment, made him furious.

"Nonsense!" he growled and made for the ground floor drowsily.

Binu burst into a fresh peal of laughter.

The conviction was creeping upon him that he had lost Chandra to Ratan. He knew that sweet dreams did not alter that fact.



Porter (to junior pal on the right): "Will you listen to the voice of experience? You are handling the parcels all wrong!"

AT the christening party, there were about thirty more invitees waiting who had not come to church. Altogether it was a jolly party, with plenty to eat and drink. There was a small dance-band consisting of a saxophonist, a guitarist and a jazz-drummer, and between the three of them they made enough noise to keep the dancers jumping about from time to time. Country liquor was freely served and when this had begun to do its work the three musicians started making funny faces and jumping up from their seats which somehow tended to make the dancers more excited. Brian had

for certain. They were so graceful. I can't see anything in this 'jive' business myself, believe me. It looks so ridiculous."

"It is ridiculous—at least to me."

"Was that your sister you were dancing with?"

"Yes. She's just come home for her holidays."

"I notice she hasn't danced with anybody else here. I suppose she's very shy, eh?"

"Well, not that exactly. Mother and I don't approve of her dancing

two dances. He was a light and stately dancer but he could never take to "jive," and this noisy jumble of so-called music grated on his nerves. He, therefore, found a seat next to an elderly gentleman with whom he soon got into conversation.

"Don't you dance?" asked the elderly gentleman.

"I do," Brian answered, "but I don't 'jive.'"

"Haven't learnt it, I suppose?"

"I don't wish to. It doesn't appeal to me."

"Ah! It's surprising to hear a young man like you say that, indeed. But there's nothing to beat the old waltzes,

with others. There's more time for all that."

"Are you strangers here?"

"Oh, no! We've been here for about eight years. Why? Why do you ask?"

"Well, I suppose it's because I've noticed that you have kept aloof all evening from the other young men here. Surely, you know them? They, too, live here, I believe?"

"I do know them. Some of them were my school-mates."

"Any quarrel?"

BRIAN did not reply to this last question. This was what he had often wondered about. He had never quarrelled with any of his friends but, of late, they had begun to treat him with indifference bordering on contempt. At first, he did not know what it was. Then he learnt that they passed scornful remarks behind his back, calling him a Congresswala and such-like names, as Priscy's friends at school had done. Strange, he mused, that people should act hostile towards him because he tried to follow his convictions, because he tried to face facts instead of ignoring them. He was convinced that his reasoning was not at fault and that he had found the correct answer to the problems which vexed his community today. Still, what puzzled him was the incredible fact that even the leaders of his community failed to appreciate the full significance of the political changes which were then sweeping over the country. Anyway, beyond giving his opinion

whenever it was sought, he had done nothing to invite such hostility from his friends. He felt a little sad whenever he thought of this but nothing, he knew, would make him give up his convictions. Nothing and never!

Priscy came up at that moment to tell him that they were going home presently. So, taking leave of his elderly friend, Brian left the christening house with his mother and sister, after having wished Mr. and Mrs. Lanny goodnight.

ON their way home, Mrs. Lacey said to him, "You were lucky to have Mr. Recontre all to yourself this evening, my son. Did you talk his head off?"

"Mr. Recontre? He didn't even tell me his name, mother."

"What! You don't know Mr. Recontre? He's the new Secretary

STORY SO FAR

BRIAN LACEY and **COLIN ANDREWS** are good friends. The latter who is in love with Philo discovers she has jilted him in favour of some one else. Brian Lacey is in love with **ANGEL** and meets her often. He decides to see her parents. The unpleasant interview with Angel's father makes Brian realise she would not be his. Later he reads a note in the papers about her engagement to one Joseph de Bram and finally about her trip to Bombay. He goes to the Convent to bring his sister Priscy home for the holidays and learns from her that her schoolmates refer to him contemptuously as a Congressman. Brian, Priscy and their mother attend the christening of Mrs. Lanny's child.

of the Association, you stupid! Didn't you know that?"

"Of course, I knew that one Mr. Recontre was elected Secretary, mamma. But I never met him till this evening and when you told me just now what his name was, I never thought this was the same person."

"His daughter sat for her High School this year, Brian," Priscy put in. "She's one of the girls who tease me at school."

IN point of fact, this last sentence of Priscy's was uttered in a half whisper, to Brian alone, for by a single stare and a quick shake of his head, he had silenced her in time as he did not want his mother to be unduly worried over the way those girls in school had treated her loving daughter.

"Well," said Brian, "I'm glad we never mentioned politics between us. I'm sure I would have annoyed him if we did, and it would have been a great pity, indeed, considering that we really did agree on one thing at least."

"On what?" his mother asked.

"Dancing. He didn't like 'jive,' he told me."

"Then, why does he allow Patsy to 'jive'?" Priscy asked, pouting her lips.

"Who's Patsy?" Mrs. Lacey and Brian asked at the same time.

"The girl I just told you about, Brian. She goes for dances during her holidays and she's even got a boy-friend."

"Never you mind about her boy-friend, Priscy!" Mrs. Lacey

said sternly. "You mind your studies!" Then, as if on second thoughts, she said, "I hope you don't chit-chat about such nonsense in school, Priscy?"

"No, mamma," Priscy answered weakly, glancing sideways at her brother who was smiling to himself. Brian knew what girls were up to at school, though he couldn't say whether Priscy had a boy or not. It did seem likely, at her age, but he had never found



anything suspicious in her behaviour.

ABOUT this time a very interesting discussion was taking place at Mr. Lanny's house, where the christening party was still in progress. After the Lacey's had left, Ronnie Dillon, a lad of about twenty, took the seat next to Mr. Recontre which Brian had left vacant and engaged that elderly gentleman in conversation.

"Did he start his phoney talk about Indianisation, Mr. Recontre?" Ronnie asked.

"Who?"

"Brian Lacey, the chap who was seated here just now."

"Indianisation? Oh, no. We discussed dancing. He told me he didn't care for 'jive.' We spoke only for a few minutes. He seems a nice lad."

"Oh! Everybody says that at first until they get to know him



better. He's full of ideas about joining the Congress Party and about India getting independence and all that rot. He wants us to follow Indian customs and wear shirts and dhotis and saris, instead of Western clothes."

"What did you say his name was? Lacey? I seem to have heard that name before. Now, when was it?" Recontre bowed his head down a little and scratched the back of his ears, trying to think.

"Ah!" he said at last. "Yes, now I know! Patsy was telling us about it sometime ago. Yes, it all comes back to me now. He has a sister in school, Patsy's junior. That must be the girl who was here this evening. So, that's the lad! That's the chap who once called the Association a body of blundering idiots and hypocrites, he did! What a pity we didn't mention

politics between us two! I would have put some sense into that silly head of his!" Then, changing the subject abruptly, the gentleman asked, "What are you doing now, Ronnie?"

"I'm leaving for Kasauli to-morrow, Mr. Recontre. I've joined the Indian Army Clerical Corps."

"That's very good news, indeed. I'm glad to hear it. Going in a batch, I suppose?"

"Yes, six of us."

"Very good. Very good, indeed."

But he was not thinking of Ronnie anymore. He was thinking of Brian again and stopped wondering now why Brian had kept aloof that evening. Brian's sudden silence when he had asked him if he had quarrelled was now understandable, Mr. Recontre told himself. (To be Continued.)



By
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"To wage peace, Atomic Energy is wanted," that is the excuse.

That is, by the use of Atomic Energy peace would break out in destructive calmness of ruinous quiet.

Surely, mass annihilation means peace, perfect peace to all who cease.

**

J.P. Narain retires from politics for good, because he thinks we are too political-minded to the neglect of more urgent needs of the Nation.

Bhoodan, he says, must be given priority. But who decides priority?

**

From President Eisenhower's speeches and arguments, one does not know whether he wants to wage a peace-war with Republican China or a war-peace with his own countrymen.

**

"I am amazed at the progress made," said Sri Deshmukh, the Union Finance Minister, speaking about Independent India's advance.

But Sris Krupalani, Lohia and others are exactly of the opposite view, nay, they weep over the ruined state of the country.

Poor Leaders, they forget that they can enjoy their weeping so freely and fearlessly in Republican India.

Of the two astrologies, personal astrology and Political astrology, the latter is an excellent pastime if time hangs heavy with you.

Here is the question: "What will the World look like in 2000 A.D.?"

The Political Astrologer answers:

1. Asia will be rid of outside control and Colony or Dependency idea will be completely wiped out.
2. Foreign Imports into Asia will be almost nil; i.e., Asia will be the World's workshop.
3. Peking and Delhi will be the centres of future World schemes; be they Commercial or Cultural.

Elating to the Asiatic, but how would the West and the New World receive this reading of the Future? But if the West cannot endure, it must find its own cure.

**

"My country looks to India for economic and cultural assistance," said Mr. Syed Hammad Tewfic Finance Minister of the Sudan. Well might Sudan do so, because the World looks to India for peace.

**

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"Hindu Marriage Mill," was enthusiastically supported by the Women's Indian Assn., says a headline.

Indeed, to many a law-abiding husband his marriage turns out to be a mill whereon he is turned.

Gun in one hand and a loud-speaker in another, that is how a Communist is said to have been going about in the Andhra land.

Surely, both are excellent things to make yourself heard: only, the gun will make the Communist hear more than he makes himself heard.

"Grand Council" should be formed for the British Commonwealth: but what about grand change of heart by the co-opting of all the members of the Commonwealth in the management of the Commonwealth?

Dr. Helen Keller, the born-blind Friend of the Blind, is coming to India.

What can she see? wonder many.

See, she will, more than many who came to us, looked at us but did not see us, even though they had sight.

Blind Keller will see us, because she is blind to Colour, Creed and Caste, and Cash prejudices.

Smt. Lakshmi Menon, Parliamentary Secy. to the Prime Minister, protests against debarring married women from Administrative Services.

Plea for this rule is that pregnancy might disturb their duties: but does not the Indian lady today know the value of public time?

Bamboo and Buddhism are India's gifts to Japan. What a juxtaposition! It is like saying, "Iddali and Itihasas," or, "Pach-hadi and Puranas" or, "Masala dosai and Mahabharata."

"Diamonds by Synthesis," not from Kimberly but from laboratories, even harder than Nature's diamonds.

Quite alarming news to the owners of diamond jewels.

As a cottage industry in the 2nd Five Year Plan, every little cottage girl with many a curl can have diamonds, as many as she likes. How handy for the coming Socialist pattern of Society!

Six Explosions of Soviet Atomic bombs, in the last four months, have been detected by the French Scientists.

Surely, a useful indication of things to come:

Coming events cast their bombs before.

"Petty thefts" are really charities of the sublimest kind: Let not one hand know what the other gives; so we are taught. But, in the case of thefts or pick-pocketing, the whole man does not know what he gives absolutely without any knowledge or motive.

20 crores for Railway Passenger amenities, says a bold headline. And yet, complains a Railway passenger, he was not allowed to peacefully or uninterruptedly travel even in a third class, just because he had no ticket with him. He wonders where the amenities come in?

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A Case So Similar!

ALL the inhabitants of the Kali Charan Road were greatly amazed. They could not, during the last six months, solve the mystery. They even went to the extent of questioning Amar Nath's servant about his whereabouts and antecedents but the latter also showed complete ignorance about it.

Amar Nath was a very handsome young man of about thirty years of age. He was always well dressed. He had a very fascinating face and a burly body. He had hired one of the best flats on the Kali Charan Road, but he would only come to live in it two or three times a month although his servant was always in the house to serve him even if he came at odd hours. Amar Nath did not make any acquaintance in the locality and if anyone ever tried to draw him into conversation, he would very cleverly avoid him on the pretext of being in a hurry. Some people of the locality thought he must be a very rich business man or a very big official. But no one could ascertain what exactly was Amar Nath's profession!

Who then was this Amar Nath?

One day, while passing through the main street of the town, Amar Nath noticed a middle-aged Madrasi with his luggage in a tonga proceeding towards the railway station. Amar Nath knew the timings of the outgoing trains very well. There were still about three hours for the Madras train to leave. He at once hastened to his house, packed up his luggage

consisting of a leather suitcase, a bedding and a small new attache case which was of the same colour and size as Amar Nath had seen, a little while ago, in the tonga with the Madrasi, and left for the railway station. There he saw the Madrasi booking a ticket for Nellore by a first-class compartment.

As soon as the Madrasi left the booking window, Amar Nath purchased a first class ticket for Nellore, had his luggage shouldered by a porter and got into the only first-class compartment in the train. The Madrasi, in the meantime, had settled down. It was 8-30 P. M. and the train was to leave at 10. Amar Nath took his seat and was after an opportunity to open conversation with his fellow traveller.

AFTER a short pause, the Madrasi asked Amar Nath, "Would you mind letting me know how far I would be enjoying your company?"

"I am going on a month's holiday to Nellore. I am working as a District and Session's Judge here."

The Madrasi, offering a cigarette to Amar Nath, said: "I am a Barrister at Nellore and had come to Lahore to conduct a case in the High Court. I would only be too glad to put you up there during your stay in my house."

By U. C. CHOPRA

Amar Nath accepted the invitation gladly.

For about a quarter of an hour they discussed general matters. It was 9.15 P. M. now and the Madrasi asked Amar Nath if he had to dine. "No," Amar Nath said. The Madrasi told Amar Nath to look after his luggage as he wanted to have a bite at the railway refreshment room.

AMAR NATH was a notorious pick-pocket and had judged by the careful way in which the Madrasi, while proceeding to the railway station in a tonga, was handling his attache case that there must be jewels or cash in it. He, therefore, at once interchanged his own attache case with that of the Madrasi, resumed his seat and began to await the return of the co-traveller. The latter came back and as soon as he entered the compartment Amar Nath told him that during his absence to the refreshment room he had received a message from his house that his wife had suddenly taken ill and that he would, therefore, take the next train. He then engaged a porter to carry away his luggage, bade farewell to the Madrasi and left the railway station. When he was on the overhead bridge he was stopped by the policeman on duty.

"Why are you in a frantic hurry today?" asked the constable.

"No, no, I am not in any hurry. But please let me go."

"How can you do so without giving me my share?" he asked, with a sly grin.

Amar Nath was in a fix because both the train and his "prey" were still there. He took out two green currency notes and was about

to hand them over to the policeman when both of them were surprised by the Deputy Superintendent of Police who also had to travel by the Madras train.

The policeman at once turned the tables against Amar Nath and told the Dy.S.P. that he had apprehended Amar Nath, the notorious pickpocket, who, in order to effect his escape, was offering him two hundred rupees. The attache case was with Amar Nath at the time. The Dy.S.P. detained Amar Nath and took both him and the policeman to the platform. The guard was already waving his flag and the train was about to steam off.

Amar Nath confessed before the Dy.S.P. that the attache case with him belonged to the Madrasi. The Madrasi, on the other hand, denied its ownership. Amar Nath was stunned and the Dy.S.P. felt startled.

THE attache case was broken open and lo! there was in it a substantial quantity of opium.

Amar Nath then realised that the "Barrister" was in fact an opium smuggler. The pick-pocket's attache case was lying on the upper berth with the rest of the luggage of the Madrasi, and he (Amar Nath) knew its contents. He told the Dy.S.P. to search the luggage of the Madrasi and assured him that something incriminating would be found out from it. This was done and the Dy.S.P. recovered a pistol from the attache case. This Amar Nath had taken along with him to rob the Madrasi forcibly, if need be. The latter was taken aback and both the first class passengers were found to be old jail birds and are still "enjoying" the fruits of their "labours." ●●

"WHAT could I, an Anglo-Indian Inspector of Police, have to do

with love affairs in a Hindu family?" is a reasonable question which any reader might ask. Love in a Hindu family, mixed up with a Police Inspector!

Some might turn up the nose and wonder what there can be to relate but the story of a faithless wife, perhaps involved with a domestic in her house, or of a widow maddened into rebellion and defiance of convention, a police investigation, a newspaper sensation, a trial at the Sessions, a verdict of guilty and a silly crowd gaping! Right, but you ought to take the evidence. This tale is not a tragedy but relates to the pranks of Cupid. The reason why I was called to investigate was that the affair happened in my division. And, remember, it happened at the turn of the century.

There was a rich gentleman in Vepery, who was very friendly with the Europeans, especially of the higher Military Service, as his opinions and views were identical with theirs. He had three sons, who were fairly educated and belonged to the modern school of thought. They lived a free and easy life but maintained the good traditions and customs of the Hindu community. The eldest son was married to a girl who was very pretty and charming. She was also fairly educated and both were leading a happy life. However, the husband died within two years leaving the young woman to what looked like a bleak future.

MISSING LADY

— BY B.L.R. —

But she did not suffer all the hardships to which a Hindu widow is often subjected. She was allowed to comb her hair and wear her jewels. The mother of the deceased boy soon followed in the footsteps of her son. The master of the house, too, died

shortly after. The family was now reduced to three members, the two younger brothers and the girl. They were in affluent circumstances. The boys, being well brought up and not having the necessity to seek jobs for their living, led a pleasant life, attending music concerts, throwing up parties for friends and making merry occasionally. The death of her parents-in-law did not change the position of the girl for worse, but on the other hand, she became practically the head of the household. There was much affection between the brothers and herself, and the young men regarded her as their elder sister.

ONE day the brothers went on business to Black-Town (which became "George Town" after King George came to Madras in 1906) and did not return till 9 P. M. When they came back the girl was gone. Gone! Yes, gone, with no trace, and with all her jewels worth some thousands of rupees. Gone, but where and with whom, the most careful, though distracted, enquiry could not elicit. The servants knew nothing, the neighbours knew nothing and her friends looked as blank and dismayed as the enquirers.

The brothers were filled with grief and consternation. Not only

RAJ-JYOTISH PANDIT JANARDAN SARANGI, C.E.S.

Kesarpur, Cuttack—1 (Orissa)

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SCHOLARSHIP

Govt. of Orissa, Home Department, Office Order, Cuttack. 24—5—'50.

The Hon'ble Chief Minister has been pleased to sanction a grant of Rs. 200/- (Rupees Two-hundred) only to Sri Janardan Sarangi, Thoriasahi, Cuttack for research in Astrology.

(Sd.) T.N. Saraf,
Addl. Under-Secretary to Govt.

N.B.—Pandit Sarangi has at present changed his residence from Thoriasahi to Kesarpur.

PRACTICE

"Pandit Sri Janardan Sarangi read the horoscope of my father and predicted that he would expire on 25—11—53. In fact to our utter grief he breathed his last on 20—11—53. So not withstanding the time difference of five days, I believe this prediction of his to be most accurate. To me it appears that his predictions are most wonderfully correct.

(Sd.) Ramchandra Das,
Police Inspector, Enforcement,
19—12—'53. Cuttack.

I have been wondered at your prediction. As per your prediction I have joined at my duties here on 29—10—51 being appointed in the junior branch of Orissa Finance Service. Along side this I have been allotted a Govt. Quarter, a facility which I think none of my friends joining this department at the same time have been able to enjoy. I thank you for your perfect reading of horoscopes.

(Sd.) A. Mallik,
Asst. Commercial Tax Officer,
15—2—'52. Balangir.

You rectified my horoscope and gave ten years' life reading. All that you predicted are coming true to the word.

(Sd.) B. Patra,
Assistant Engineer,
3—11—'53. Brajarajnagar.

Sri V. Balaguruswami, 37, Perumal Kovil West Street, Nagapatnam, writes:

"Of all the articles so far published in the Astrological Magazine on the subject of birth rectification yours published in two instalments is in my humble opinion the best.

19—9—'49. (Sd.) V. Balaguruswami,

the loss of the sister-in-law they loved but also of the jewels made them very nervous, indeed. Unless she was dead the disgrace would be terrible. She, a widow, leaving her home, and publicly going out (with some man?) would make them lose their caste and the incident would cast its shadow on the other members of the family, too. The suspicion of the brothers lighted on a friend of theirs, but no complicity could be traced to him. He said he knew nothing and circumstances supported his statement.

The brothers came to me as a last resort but lodged no formal complaint. What they wanted was the return of the girl with

the jewels. I entered with the deepest interest into the case and promised to do my best for them. The brothers gave the following particulars.

THEIR sister-in-law was about eighteen. She was considered to be a very beautiful girl. She could read and write and could also sing well. They had allowed her considerable freedom. She was permitted to move with the guests and serve them tea and refreshments personally. One of the guests, named Bakthavatsalam, was a man of means and a frequent visitor. In fact, he was their daily companion. The guests misused the freedom allowed and one day a love letter was intercepted accidentally, and this led

to exposure, a scene and the prevention of Bakthavatsalam's further visits.

THE sister-in-law promised not to write again and, to the best of their belief and knowledge, she kept her word. Her disappearance, therefore, had completely startled them and naturally the suspicion fell on Bakthavatsalam. They naturally went to his house and

with stout protests and strong language he affirmed his innocence and, though he was watched carefully, nothing could be discovered against him. Having done all they could, they had come to me.

It was clear to me that, in spite of protests and appearances, Bakthavatsalam was the prime mover in the drama of the girl's disappearance. Love and, above



all, illicit love, like stolen fruit, is the sweetest of all. This truth kept on recurring to my mind.

I TOOK my cue and put Bhakthavatsalam and his house under special watch, but all to no purpose. Women visited the ladies of his family and men came at all hours but he showed himself to be blameless. He went out as usual and returned as usual. I must admit that I was baffled by this man. Nearly a month passed and to the anxious questions of the brothers I had to give the same blank, negative replies. Anxiety gave way to alarm. Suppose the girl had been murdered for the sake of the jewels? There was no clue whatever to go upon. I had at last recourse to another device.

In the same suburb, a notoriously self-assertive and rowdy type of woman, Gangamma by name, resided. She was often watched by the Police and so I was very well acquainted with her. She was a widow of substance with a formidable figure and a lashing tongue. She wanted no lawyer to plead her cases but defended herself. No liberties with her, if you please. She was the proud and happy owner of half-a-dozen cows and buffaloes and of three jutkas. She drove a roaring trade in milk, butter and curds and her jutkas were in constant demand.

The Police used to bring her before me twice a week on average. The charge was always: "Kicking up a row and obstructing the thoroughfare by causing a crowd to assemble." Under such circumstances, Gangamma would give herself readily into custody; with equal readiness would she go to

the Inspector and show him clearly that the Police complaint was not for breach of the peace but for an earlier refusal on her part to ladle out to them curd or butter-milk gratis. She was indeed as good as one could meet anywhere and would pour out copious tumblerfuls of butter-milk to any one who asked her; but when her blood was up woe to the unlucky individual who applied to her, whatever his status. Knowing this, I invariably let off Gangamma with a warning and she had, I think, a sort of sneaking regard for me and whenever I passed by her house, she would invariably come out of her house and have a chat with me.

ON one occasion, when Gangamma was brought to my house on the usual charge, I thought there could be no harm in questioning her about the disappearance of the girl as her jutkas were plying in these parts and the runaway girl might have been taken in her vehicle. So, after finishing the farce of cautioning her, I sent away the constables, telling her that I wished to have a talk with her alone. I appealed to her, in her own language, to tell me if she knew anything of the elopement and described graphically the grief of the brothers and the shame and scandal which had been caused. I implored her by all she held dear and sacred, by the kindness I had shown her, not to refuse me any information which might be in her power to give.

I saw a change stealing over her face and my heart fluttered as I thought that I was on the road to success at last. She asked me to go with her to her house. She led me into a private room free

from all prying eyes and ears and she asked me to swear by all that I held sacred not to reveal that she was his informant. She said: "The man implicated is wealthy and dangerous. He may ruin and poison me. Do whatever you can, but do not mention my name."

I agreed.

AFTER being fully assured, she said: "For the past few weeks, and on alternate days, my best pony and one of my jutkas are being hired under very suspicious circumstances. The driver has instructions to wait at 10 p.m. by the gate of the People's Park (West Gate) and by 3 a.m. they come back. I questioned the driver, but I suppose he is well paid and instructed and he told me he knows nothing beyond going at 10 p.m., taking the gentleman who is fully covered and going into various streets and coming back at 3 a.m. and being told to come the next day at 10 p.m."

"I had no reason to disbelieve my man and as I got my hire punctually, I did not care to ask any further questions. One morning, when the jutka came, and hearing voices, my curiosity was roused, I wished to see who my customer was. Stealing out carefully, I saw the man who got out of the jutka. It was Bhakthavatsalam."

"Will the jutka go to-night?" I asked.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

The clue was enough and I became exultant. Dismissing Gangamma with expressions of eternal gratitude and a glass of brandy which she quaffed with delighted shame-facedness, I sat down to think.

"So it is Bhakthavatsalam, after all!" I mused. I must give him credit for considerable astuteness. He had planned and executed his scheme admirably and the secrecy with which he managed so guardedly to come out and enter his own house again. My plan was formed. I had in mind a fine, sturdy fellow who was much better than my own constables in such emergencies. He was just the man for my purpose. "Cholay," I said to him, "I want you to do a particular piece of business for me to-night. If you carry it out successfully, you shall have one rupee and a glass of brandy."

The man's eyes brightened and he replied, "I am ready, try me once. Won't I do anything for my master who gives me *conjee*?"

"All right, I will speak to you by and by," I told him.

AT half-past eight, I called and instructed Cholay to go and seat himself by a particular sweetmeat stall. "An empty jutka will come and halt there at 10 p.m.," I instructed. "Watch it as a cat watches a mouse. A gentleman will come and get into it and it will then drive off. Follow it as far as you can without their notice and then come back to me and report."

I, however, saddled my pony, rode to the Central Station, got a constable to follow me and made my way towards the Western Gate of the Park. Getting down and giving the pony in charge of the constable, I quietly walked and observed Cholay watching the customers at the Bazaar. Cholay, with more intelligence than what I gave him credit for, withdrew from the glare of the lamps.

Presently the closed jutka approached. It stopped and went along the General Hospital Road, and came back again. It stopped for a few minutes and up it went to Chintadripet market and returned. At this time, a figure with a dark shawl thrown over its head, came briskly near the jutka, opened the door and disappeared into it. The driver started off in the direction of Poonamallee. After a time, another man rose suddenly and darted off on the route of the jutka. I returned home quietly and did not enquire if Cholay came back or not.

"HAVE you told your wife?" was my first question to Cholay when he met me and gave me his account.

"Not a word," he assured me.

"You are a wise man," I said. "You have surely earned your rupee and the glass of brandy. Tell me what happened." He described how the jutka went straight off on the Poonamallee road, past the toll-gate, and even to Aminjikarai.

"Enough!" I cried. "Here is your rupee and here is your glass of brandy. Only be careful even if you are drunk."

That day passed and the next night I called up Cholay again. Putting another rupee into his hand I said, "Go, hire a jutka for Poonamallee and be there at half-past nine. When this jutka passes, follow it up and keep it in sight. Mark where it stops and remain at Poonamallee for the night if necessary."

He followed my instructions to the letter and told me the next morning that the jutka stopped at Velappan Chavadi, a village at about the 7th milestone.

"Very well," I remarked. "You have earned more money and here it is."

ON the third day, I called Cholay and told him, "Now, go like a village bumpkin to Velappan Chavadi and find out the house at which the jutka stops."

Cholay gave me a correct description of the house which could be recognised beyond a doubt.

Now, the question was how to get at the girl. No warrant could be obtained because she was not a criminal, and being of age she could do what she liked. The jewels were hers. Besides, how could the house be forcibly entered

ed or raided? It was also beyond the City jurisdiction. No doubt the girl could be waylaid and seized but that would be an extreme measure. There was the need for the utmost secrecy for, if Bakthavatsalam got any scent, he might remove her to a more inaccessible asylum. Some quick work had to be done.

I sought the help of a *pandaram*, a mendicant well-known in the streets of Madras, with his red cap, the enormous caste mark on his forehead, his slippers and his tambourine. I got him to my house, gave him some money and persuaded him to sing a song in Telugu. I brought in another tambourine, and began to imitate him. He was amazed. I told him, I could live by being like him. Completing the rehearsal, I broke the ice and told him that I had a wager with a friend who was to pay twenty rupees if I went openly to his house and was not recognised by him or his family.

"I SHALL dress myself as a *pandaram* and go with you on your rounds and, if I succeed, you shall have all the money, as I do not want it and as I wish only to trick my friend," I said.

The *pandaram* fell into my trap and agreed.

"What I want you to do, therefore, is to go with me tomorrow," I urged. "I shall dress myself as a *pandaram* and accompany you."

I went to the Police Station and calling my favourite Head-Constable gave him a commission. "Take three policemen and go up to Poonamallee Road tomorrow at 10 a.m. Stop where you turn to

Velappan Chavadi. I shall be singing with a *pandaram* and when a crowd gathers, you also join in. You will know when I want your assistance. Come in plain clothes but keep your official dress in your bags. Do not tell the constables about the nature of the business on which they have to go. Select them just when you start and let them not know the bogus *pandaram*."

NEXT morning, I asked my cartwallah to proceed with my pony and my uniform and he was given similar instructions to wait on the outskirts of the village.

As arranged, the *pandaram* came at noon, and he was rather flabbergasted at the sight of my disguise. I was a perfect copy of himself. But beside me there was also a little *pandaram*. A jutka stood at the gate (readers should remember that till 1902 the jutkas in Madras were closed carriages and not the present Vellore vehicles with an arched roof open at both sides) and we went leisurely. Little did the old *pandaram* know of the extraordinary adventure on which he had embarked.

We stopped about a quarter of a mile away from Velappan Chavadi. The pony was grazing and Cholay was watching it. The Head-Constable and his three companions were taking rest under a tree. Turning off, I followed the direction indicated by Cholay and arrived with my companions before the house in which the "missing" lady was accommodated.

"Stop!" I said to the *pandaram*. "Let us begin our *bhajan* here." Forthwith we turned up and commenced singing a popular

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Telugu song. Scarcely had we completed two parts when out came a young girl. Remembering the details recorded in my case-book, I knew that the long-sought Sitamma, the missing woman, was before me. She was indeed a pleasant little sinner to look upon, with the prettiest face, clean bright eyes, clear soft skin and long tresses of hair. She was a girl to raise anyone's benevolence to the most extravagant pitch. I could not blame Bakthavatsalam for his choice and his excellent arrangements. What if he spent money lavishly, suffered fourteen miles' journey in a jutka and lost his alternate night rest? There was the balm which consoled him and a very delicious, animated, kind of balm. She did not long remain there hearing our song, but rushed inside the house, shouting, "Sister, sister, come and listen to the beautiful song the pandarams are singing."

WE proceeded with our singing. Neighbours came out, children rushed from their play and came staring at us. Men passing by stopped and listened. We came back from one end of the street, singing another song. The crowd was entranced and lost all sense of shyness. A side glance revealed to me that my Head-Constable and his three men were following me closely.

There was another constable in regular dress but he had strayed from somewhere and didn't recognise us. The time for action was approaching fast. I was looking at Sitamma. She was so enraptured, for it was a song of love that we were repeating. There at last! She was within our reach.

(To be concluded in Next Issue)

MEENA, slight, young and pretty as a picture, lay on the old divan languidly regarding her husband, Mohinder Desai, much older than herself, lounging in an easy-chair avidly devouring the day's news.

"Every day it's the same," she thought. "He and his office and the daily papers. That's all that life means to him. No diversion, nothing."

Only six months ago it had all been so different. Free as the lark, she had roamed about with her two brothers, Ramesh and Kailash, both younger than herself. Life had been a regular merry-go-round of pictures, plays, people and

places. All that was gone now together with her parents, her old chums and her Ramesh and Kailash.

They were all miles and miles away from her now. They had married her off to Mr. Desai and then packed her off here because her husband worked here, in this city, as an accountant in some bank. It was not as if she hadn't made any friends here. Now, Mrs. Rao, for instance, was quite a close friend of hers.

"Do you know, darling?" she said presently, addressing her husband in a tone of mock tenderness, "the swellest play of the year is running at the 'Opera.' Won't you stretch a point and let's go to this one at least?"

"Don't give it another thought, dearie," replied her husband with-

out taking his eyes off the paper. "All plays are rotten and they often run far into the night. There's the finest film of all times showing at the 'Plaza.' We'll go to a matinee tomorrow."

IT had been like this ever since they were man and wife, she wanting to see a good play and he voting for a matinee show of some movie. The fact was that Mr. Desai, who knew from experience his wife's craze for showing off, was obsessed with the fear that during nights the theatres would be swarming with thieves and pickpockets who entertained predatory intentions against her jewels. Meena would never step out of the house

by Dawood Adam

without converting herself into a miniature show-room of jewellery. And Mr. Desai, knowing the futility of trying to argue her out of this dangerous craze, had come to the decision that a night show was not the safest of entertainments for her.

Presently the cook entered the room with coffee for both and the afternoon's mail, which consisted of just a single cover addressed to Meena. The post-mark showed her that it was a local mail. Tearing it open, she took out the contents. Suddenly she gave a cry of delight as she scanned two blue tickets and a short note.

"Two First Class tickets for to-night's play at the Opera! Oh,

how wonderful! Who has sent them, let's see." She picked up the note and read aloud:

"CAN you guess whom these tickets are from? Bet you can't! Just come along to the 'Opera' tonight and find out for yourself. Don't fail to come. Bring your hubby along. We should be charmed to meet you at the play."

Mr. Desai was gazing open-mouthed when his wife had finished

reading the note. Now he took it from her and looked it over with a puzzled frown.

"What do you make of it?" he asked her.

"If you mean," answered Meena, "have I any notion who has sent the tickets, I must say I have."

"Well?"

"I think the tickets have come from the Raos. You know how fond

Mrs. Rao is of me. Now that I come to think of it, I distinctly remember Mrs. Rao asking me only last Sunday if I would like to see the play at the 'Opera.' Yes, it must be she who has sent the tickets with that note."

"But surely your guess could be wrong, Meena," ventured Mr. Desai, trying to choke off her excitement.

"It couldn't," answered his wife firmly. "No one else of my

friends is so much attached to me as to send me tickets."

"But why should she have mailed the tickets? Why couldn't she come herself and ask us to the play?"

"How can you expect her to do that when she knows from past experience that any personal invitation would be only thrown away on you? I am sure she has resorted to this method, thinking that you



might be persuaded to accept. Surely you are not going to refuse?"

"I should not be so cock-sure," muttered Mr. Desai. It is Mrs. Rao who has sent the tickets."

"WHAT do you mean? Who else could be so much interested in me?" I'll bet it is Mrs. Rao the tickets have come from. At all events, there could be no harm in going to a play no matter who has sent the tickets!"

"It will be very late when the play is over," Mr. Desai mumbled uneasily.

"Look here, dear," cried Meena, "don't be absurd. It's not playing the game to refuse to go when she has sent us the tickets. For once let's not refuse. Let's show there is some decency left in us."

"All right, then," agreed Mr. Desai, yielding ground for fear of a regular scene, "on one condition only."

"What is that?"

"That you won't put on any jewels."

"Pooh-pooh, dear, what nonsense!" she laughed. "Thieves and pickpockets are a regular obsession with you."

"It would be just as well to keep our heads above water, particularly when we are not sure whom the tickets are from."

"You mean some thief or robber has made use of this fine play to lure us to the theatre so as to rid me of my jewels?"

"I shouldn't wonder. You know it is the talk of the town that you

never go out without weighing yourself down with a lot of gold."

"But....."

"No buts, dear. If you are so much bitten with the play you will not put on any ornaments at all, or we're not going out. That's all there is to it."

For a moment it looked as if she might throw a fit of temper. But she thought better of it and cooled down.

"All right," she said. "I won't wear any jewels." So great was her desire to see a play.

BY nine o'clock Meena, dressed to kill so as to make up for her lack of jewels, accompanied her husband to the theatre. When they arrived the Raos were not to be seen anywhere about. So they decided to wait in the foyer and keep their eyes peeled for the latter. Half an hour passed. Still there was no sign of the Raos. Mr. Desai fidgeted uneasily in his seat. He looked terribly worried. He did not exactly know why. He knew in his bones that there was

"I know if I tell you this secret, you won't pass it on to others because it concerns you!"

more to this ticket business than met the eye. The play was about to start.

"Don't know," he said, "why the Raos don't show up. The only explanation that occurs to me is that they didn't send us any tickets at all."

"Bosh," said his wife. "It's they who have sent the tickets. No doubt about it. Perhaps they may have arrived here earlier than we did and are probably in the auditorium now. Hadn't we better go in?"

"All right, though I'm sure it doesn't speak well for Mrs. Rao's attachment to you if she couldn't bring herself to wait until we arrived."

IT was nearly one o'clock when the play was over. When the Desais came out of the auditorium Mrs. Rao was with them. The latter had come to the play rather late.

"Fancy meeting you at the theatre, dear!" said Mrs. Rao, addressing Meena. "I should never have thought your husband was capable of such leniency."

"Of course," murmured Mr. Desai shame-facedly, "I don't mind admitting I always draw the line at plays and night shows. But in this case I didn't mind stretching a point because I didn't want to have you think ill of me."

"I am afraid I don't quite understand," said Mrs. Rao.

"He means," Mrs. Desai explained, "he did not want to let you down after you had gone to all that trouble to mail us those tickets." (Concluded on page 101)

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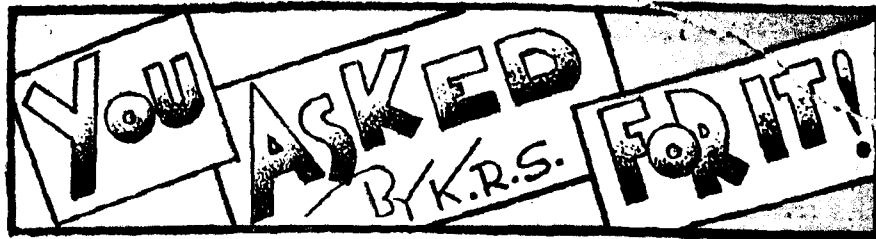
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"Mathukumalli", Nellore

Q.—Is God a Communist or a Socialist?

A.—The grand Isolationist. Having created the worlds and its inhabitants, He has left them to do as they please.

K. V. G. Krishnamurthy, Guntur

Q.—Which is the most desirable thing in a man's life?

A.—His childhood, for it is sans all sins of sex and selfishness.

Puli Rama Rao, Parvatipuram

Q.—Which is burdensome and endless — Love or Life?

A.—Neither. How burdensome or how pleasant Love or Life can be depends purely on our own mental make-up. This is the stark truth.

P. H. Punjabi, Mirzapur

Q.—Why are women heartless?

A.—Cold-blooded men are the reason.

V. S. Jayaram, Bombay-1

Q.—What is Vijayanthimala's caste?

A.—By birth she belongs to the Mandya sub-sect among the Vaishnavite Brahmin caste. By inclination and experience she is cast in the classic artistic mould.

Mohandas, Bombay

Q.—An intimate friend of mine is not on good terms with me now-a-days since he has fallen in love with a girl. May I know the reason?

A.—You are daft! You can't help him to share the bed or the house as well as the girl would, can you? Be more sensible to the practicalities of life.

R. Nair, Fiji

Q.—Is it a sin to love women?

A.—Yes, when this love turns into lust.

S. Vivekananda, Badulla, Ceylon

Q.—Was any great man born in your country?

A.—By the dozens, including the one whose name you sport!

S. Venkatasubramanian, Madurai

Q.—Even though the 5-Year Plan will be solving unemployment problem to a great extent, should not the Govt., as an immediate step, issue orders for compulsory retirement in all commercial institutions of the over-aged?

A.—It can be done if people like you are prepared to pay for the maintenance of a Pinjrapole for the over-aged bipeds.

K.Q.M. Ayoob, Kozhikode-1

Q.—Who has greater powers of attracting a lover — man or woman?

A.—The latter undoubtedly, for she scores over the male by her physical specialities.

Sudhansu Shekhar Bohidar, Purunakatak

Q.—Why do most of the people of our country seem to be dissatisfied though we have attained independence?

A.—Because those that do not exert cannot bear those who succeed. All round, several have improved their status; several do so only by attacking the state of things for thereby they create a nuisance value for themselves. Politics is the dirtiest game ever.

Kansarla Adinarayana Rao, Madras-12

Q.—Do the Russians know the English language?

A.—Only such as are made to know it for state purposes. The Russian people might not like to learn English because it is the language of the capitalist democracies of the world.

Published below is the letter received from Sri Prema Dutt and his photo.

A photostat copy of the certificate received from the Hospital Authorities will be published in the next Issue.

Dear Sir,

I have received the M.O. sent by you. The amount will be a great help to me in the treatment of my disease. The news that you are going to publish the appeal in another four issues of your esteemed Journal gave me much pleasure. For this act of kindness and benevolence I am and I shall remain ever grateful to the Proprietor, "K.R.S." and to the staff of *My Magazine of India*.

Moreover, I hope, you will kindly offer my heartfelt gratitude, through the pages of *My Magazine of India*, to those who have kindly donated their mite to help me in my distressed condition.

Reid Chest Hospital,
Shillong. 1-2-'55.

Faithfully yours,
(Sd.) PREMA DUTT.



Prema Dutt Fund

An appeal was made by Prema Dutt of Shillong for financial help as he is suffering from T. B. I promised to appeal to you all to help him and request you to send your mite. Remittances may kindly be sent to: The Manager, *My Magazine of India*, 32, Broadway, Madras-1. Mention that it is for Prema Dutt.

The following have been kind enough to respond generously to the appeal. It is your turn now to send your mite to help a pal. — K. R. S.

Amount already received.	...	Rs. 72-12-0
Anonymous, New Delhi-5	...	25-0-0
Ayob K.Q.M., Copra Bazar, Kozhikode-1	...	2-0-0
Sudhansu Sh. Bohider, Asst-Teacher, N.P.M.E., School, Purunakatak, Orissa	...	1-0-0
Krishnachandro Nayak, Merchant, Jeypore, Orissa	...	1-0-0
Narendra Nath, 35/36, Faiz Bazar, Delhi	...	7-8-0
X. Y. Z.	...	6-0-0
Chelladore M. (Dr.), Kakinada	...	4-0-0
Hanumantha Rao, U., Kakinada	...	5-0-0
Appa Rao, B. Kakinada	...	3-0-0
Krishna Rao, Kakinada	...	1-0-0
Raghavachari K.V., Kakinada	...	1-0-0
Suryanarayana K.V., Kakinada	...	1-0-0

(The amounts from the above mentioned 5 gentlemen were collected and sent by Dr. M. Chelladore of Kakinada)

George L.M., Manickpur, W.Ry., Raina T.N., Opp-Saraswati Pathshala, Sipri Bazar, Ihansi	...	1-0-0
Gayadhar Pothal, Secretary, Biraja Pathagar, Head Pandit, Barahata L.P. School, P.O. Rambag, Cuttack	...	2-0-0
Karchada Subba Rao, Merchant, Big Bazar, Berhampur	...	1-0-0
Kasinath Bhuyya, Martha Sai, Berhampur	...	2-0-0
Buragana Kamaraju, Merchant, Berhampur	...	1-0-0
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Subba Rao D., Clerk, Goods Shed, Berhampur	...	1-0-0
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Gunithi Mallikarjuna Rao, Merchant, Berhampur	...	1-0-0
Silla Chidambaram, Merchant, Berhampur	...	1-0-0
Abdul Salam S.M., Skin Merchant, Berhampur	...	1-0-0
Chakrabarthi R.B., Brass Merchant, Berhampur	...	1-0-0

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In Lighter Vein:

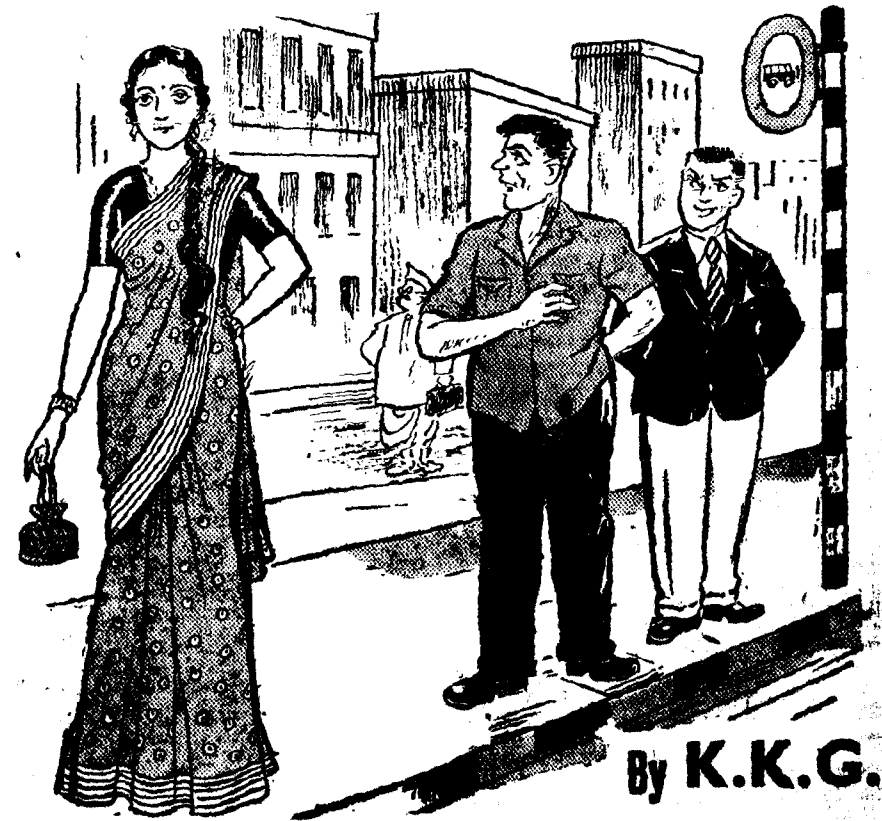
Slim Your Way To Success!

WHATEVER good health may connote, slimness is in great demand—demand with a capital D, these days. In schools, colleges as well as offices, only slim girls are reckoned with. Be it private sector or public vocation, plump girls are quite unpopular and slim ones reign supreme.

easily discover that everybody wants a "tall, slim, fair-complexioned and beautiful girl." The adjective 'slim' may appear, as it does in this case, at the second place, but it really ranks first. Only slim girls qualify as beautiful girls and vice versa. The marriage market values slimness as an inestimable quality.

If you look at the legion of advertisements in the matrimonial columns of newspapers, you will

Married ladies can keep their husbands under the thumb by virtue of their slimness. Girls



5 — 1st March '35.

49

who don't happen to be married can, with their attractive slimness, choose the man they want.

If slim, you can attend games, swim and dance in clubs. All this must naturally be denied to plump girls. People make friends with you willy nilly; you need not advance much on your own in this respect. Even the shrugging of your shoulders at moments leads to no uncomfortable situations.

FATNESS is a distinct liability, they say. It is no less than an enemy of beauty. Pretty face, nice hands and soft shoulders, good hair and beautiful skin—all go with slimness. And everything minus slimness means little.

What holds good for ladies holds good for men as well. Fat men are also not wanted at all. How can slim ladies accept fat men after all? It is a joy to be slim and a joy for both men and women.

The question of age, the question of self-esteem, is easily answered by slimness. All candidates for Miss So-and-So title are slim. We have a slim Miss Simla, we have a slim Miss India and, again, a slim Miss Universe.

To recount the advantages of being slim, it must be said, you can sprint for the bus, squeeze through a narrow aisle or pirouette on one toe. Surely your personality becomes more magnetic, your health improved, your happiness reinforced.

In public life, there are well known instances of slim ladies spinning their way to glamour and success. Among our leaders in India, Dr. Radhakrishnan and

Jawaharlal Nehru, to name only two, are slim and of slight build.

FOR reducing weight women will do anything from drinking carrot juice to accepting hypnotic suggestions. Like many others, British women are also very concerned about over-weight. They take to diet regulations—two days of liquids, two days of proteins and two days of vegetables. At forty become twenty years old!

Doll Dimples was America's most beautiful fat lady in the show business in 1950. She got her weight down from 39 stones 9 lbs. to 11 stones in less than a year. She just kept off fattening foods. There was no magic, no treatment, no special this or that. It was just will power. She only smoked a cigarette every time she felt hungry at the wrong moment. The result was that she lost her job but saved her life.

A West London hypnotist puts the idea into people's sub-conscious minds through hypnotic suggestions in a series of consultations and makes them slim.

Dr. W. G. Anderson, an American diet specialist, had another idea. "Eat slowly," it was. Thereby the sensation of taste is satisfied more quickly and by less food and the digestion is benefited.

Others prescribe exercises, baths and household work. A spoon of salt every morning was long considered to keep off the fat; there are still many who swear by it.

Last but not the least comes the new Hollywood method called "Formode." Doctors know it and

you start slimming tomorrow without in any way ruining your figure, or making you short of breath or endangering your health. Easily half a pound a day less is something creditable, but there seems to be some snag somewhere.

It is not pleaded that there are any safe cures for plumpness but at the same time there is no gainsaying the fact that in staying fat there is no health, no beauty, no happiness. Slimming has become a definite philosophy today and the cinema imparts to it all the more emphasis.

OF persons, contradistinguished from slim ones, there may be three categories—(1) plump (2) over-plump and (3) fat. None of them is to be emulated to make you a laughing stock of the world, to be sneered and jeered at by everyone, to be the butt-end of ridicule.

In a recent issue of *Reader's Digest*, Vinne Young gives some rules to make a plump girl beautiful. His is a psychological approach to tackle the problem on a mental plane. The reducing session may have its pitfalls but they are by no means insurmountable. No amount of re-evaluation of your personality pays unless there is something solid in the bottom of it. There is something potentially delightful about a slim figure; nothing so, on the contrary, about a plump personality.

Instead of being always apologetic, instead of being always on the defensive for plumpness, the modern up-to-date social ladies believe in slimming. Men rightly follow them.

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MAN PROPOSES....

IT was our first wedding anniversary and I had long before noted with satisfaction that the day was a Sunday. There was one whole day which we could devote to each other, all wrapped up in ourselves. Who would spend such a day in a noisy hotel or a tortuous queue in front of a theatre? No, I would give my wife the best of gifts. I would take her to watch the sunrise, to see the big ball of red rise up majestically and slowly—or even so slowly from a blue sea to the blue heavens above. She had long expressed a desire to enjoy this morning glory but, poor girl, it needed all her efforts to wake me up in time for a hurried shave and coffee before I left for the Office! But this day was something special for us and I felt very proud and good when we decided to get up before the first signs of dawn and drive to the beach.

The day dawned crisp and grey and I woke up hurriedly and followed my wife to the kitchen. She was there already dressed and she had put the kettle on the stove. How nice it was to sit there, on the stool, and watch her at work. Always neat and graceful she was. "Sarasu, we must be there soon," I said.

"Yes, dear, I shall get you the coffee in a few minutes," she replied and it was then that we heard a knock on the door! Who could it be at this early hour, I wondered. As I went to the door

and opened it there stood Uncle, greeting me. Now, Uncle is a genial old man, brisk at sixty-five, and I am sure I have always liked him. He is really not my uncle but a great friend of my grandfather and in our little village of Poyyur his house stood next to ours. Many an afternoon had I spent playing with his betel-box as he and grandfather sat talking and exchanging pan on the pial of our house. He had recently settled in Nungambakkam and it was his habit to take a walk in the early hours along the bank road to return in time for the morning paper.

By S. N.

"COME in, Uncle," said I, really glad to see him and quite secure in the thought that he would soon leave.

"What, my boy, you are up so early!" he remarked. "I saw the light and thought I would just peep in. Going out anywhere?" I do not know what made me say so; perhaps it was a secret fear that he would offer to accompany us to the beach or perhaps it was the devil in me which wanted me to impress him as an active and industrious young man, and I blurted out, "I am not going anywhere, Uncle; it is my daily habit to get up early."

Only then did I realise how true is the saying, "What a tangled web do we weave when first we practise to deceive." For, Uncle sat down in the easy chair and soon proceeded to make himself comfortable. Gone was the little pleasure of sharing coffee with my wife in the kitchen.

"SARASU, get Uncle a cup of coffee," I bleated and as she came in I introduced her to Uncle though I was a little nervous how he would regard her, but I need not have worried for he took an instant liking to her and chatted on merrily as he sipped the coffee.

"Glad to meet you, dear. Known him ever since he was that high," he said, pointing to a little teapoy. "Funny fellow he was, with a long plait and big ear drops, would not learn his tables, always up to some mischief, breaking pots with his beastly catapult and stealing mangoes."

And by the time Uncle finished his reminiscences of my childhood the sun was high up in the horizon and I was left with a feeling of abhorrence for my younger days. I cast a meaningful glance at my wife but her eyes, though full of disappointment, had also a mis-

chievous twinkle which seemed to say: "Well, since we cannot get what we want this entertainment is quite as good!"

Then she hastened in to prepare the morning meal. An hour passed and I went into the kitchen. "Sarasu, Uncle is staying for dinner," I said in a whisper.

She cast a glance of mute appeal at me and I began to explain: "I could not help it, dear. Aunt is away at her daughter's; Uncle says he is so lonely, Sarasu. Just imagine his helplessness at his age."

Instantly, her heart melted and she said, "It is all right. We have the whole day ahead of us." She went on with her work.

"I will take you to Ennore this evening, dear," I put in hopefully. Her face lit immediately like a child anticipating its first treat.

I WENT back to find that Uncle had received an express letter for me. The right to know is the privilege of the elderly and soon I found myself reading to Uncle the contents of the letter. It was from Subbu, a cousin of my sister's husband. He was employed in the railways and now stationed at Delhi. Authorities had mercifully

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Almost daily, lots of unsolicited opinions pouring in our files from different parts of the world.



provided him with a free pass and on his frequent visits to his native village *en route* he would spend the few intervening hours with me while he changed from the Mail to the Local. And he had asked me to meet him at the Central that evening. When Uncle heard this, he said, "What! Subbu? Surely not Rangu's son? Not the boy from Kodumidi?"

I explained to him that it was the very same boy.

Soon I found out that Subbu had married one of Uncle's nieces and that the old man had lost track of them since their marriage four years back. He had a great desire to see Subbu again and the meeting place was to be our house. It was under cover of Uncle's sheltering presence that I told Sarasu of this new intrusion on our privacy and in the presence of a third person. She, preforce, had to behave herself.

After dinner, Uncle went upstairs to have his afternoon nap.

"SARASU," I said, "the train is due at 4-30 p.m. As soon as I bring Subbu home, I shall plead an unavoidable engagement fixed already, and we can go out."

"Let us see," was all the answer I got.

Then we sat down to a game of chess. Sarasu is passionately fond of the game and a skilled player at that and whenever I sat down to play, to me the scene would shift and my mind's eye saw only Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess on Prospero's enchanted island while those sweet lines rang in my ears. She seemed to me at her glamorous best whenever she

sat down to play the game and I loved to contemplate her intelligent face, bright eyes and serene smile.

WE had just reached a point when she was about to lose the 'queen' and, again, there was a knock on the door. My spirit groaned as I opened the door to welcome my colleague, Swaminathan. We used to work side by side and often had I invited him for a cup of tea, little dreaming that he would choose this very day. His wife was to sing for the A.I.R. and as his radio was under repair, he hoped to hear her over ours. He had brought his son also, a little boy of six. We talked shop and, after a while, I tuned in the radio.

For a time, all was peace and quiet as my friend sat thrilled by his wife's voice on the air and I made a polite show of interest, while Sarasu took charge of the little boy. When my friend left, there was hardly time for me to go to the station before the arrival of the Grand Trunk Express. As I entered the platform, I was confronted by the Notice Board which said: "The G. T. is running late by 35 minutes." I did not know what to do. There was hardly enough time for me to return home and come to the station again. Slowly I stepped up to the book-stall and stood there, reading a weekly. Thirty-five minutes passed and still there was no sign of the train. The notice-board was blank now and I went to the Enquiries Office. "Sorry, sir," I was told by a girl, "the line is not clear and we do not know when the train will arrive. It may be a few minutes from now or it may take hours to come."

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Dahyabhai M. Vyas, c/o Barclays Bank (D.C. & O.), Tonga, T.T., B.E., Africa:— I have much pleasure in

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As I sat there sweating with impatience, sweet visions of my wife sitting hand-in-hand with me on the sands came to torture me in my misery. At last, when darkness had fallen, the train did come, but search as I might, I could not find Subbu in it. Wearily, I returned home.

Uncle had already left and when my wife saw that I had come back alone, she simply turned her back on me.

"He has not come," I said, answering the question in her eyes. A little later, we sat down for food.

"Please, Sarasu, I tried so hard," I began. But she averted her face and her lips twitched tremulously, almost mutinously, in a vain attempt to fight back the hot tears in her eyes.

We ate the rest of the meal in silence and went to bed without a word.

THE next morning, I was awakened by the sound of voices outside the door. I rose to find Subbu dismissing a taxi.

"So sorry, Gopu," he said to me. "I decided to start by a later train and I really forgot to let you know."

"It does not matter. I am glad you have come," I found myself muttering mechanically, almost sheepishly, as I welcomed him in. "Sarasu," I called. "Please get us some coffee."

To End It With!

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "always remember that you should never end a sentence with the word 'with.' That is," he went on hurriedly, "unless you have nothing else to end it with."

Secret Of Self Purification

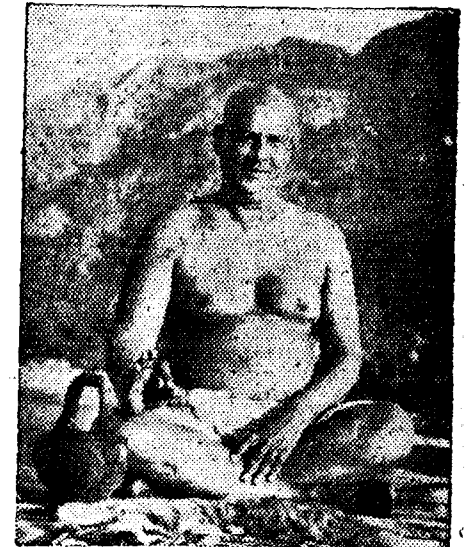
By H.H. Mahamandaleswar, Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati

TO serve and not wait to be served is the secret of harmony, joy and well-being. Shifting the emphasis from privilege to duty is the golden key to peace, plenty and prosperity. A solemn determination to do one's duty, and the cultivation of a spirit of selfless service, are the brick and mortar for every selfless worker.

If one always focuses one's attention on one's duty, the privileges will come automatically. Trouble arises only when man claims his privilege—often self-granted—and ignores his duty.

"To work alone has one got the right, not the fruits thereof," says the *Gita*. There is a very great secret in this dictum. It is only the fruit or the expectation of reward that binds man to this world. If man is not attached to the fruits of his action, if he does his work for work's sake, then he does not accumulate any more *Karma* to be borne. Such a person does not expect anything at all and all his past *Karma* works itself out. He gets various experiences, but he is not interested in them, and, therefore, he is not really affected by them. When his past *Karma* has been exhausted, he gets liberation.

The circle of cause and effect in relation to oneself can be transcended only by performing actions selflessly. Selfless service is the direct road to Self-realization. The secret of selfless service is to con-



Founder-President
Divine Life Society, Rishikesh.

centrate one's entire attention on service, on performing one's duty, and leaving the fruits thereof to take care of themselves and not to long for them.

ONE'S actions must be based on the principles of appropriateness, goodness and the immediacy of the need, always keeping one's privileges second to those of others in relation to one's duty. Reason or discrimination between the right and the wrong should always be the guiding factor in one's actions.

In everyone there is the higher and the lower self. The higher self is the purer one, and is a fountain of virtue. It goads man to become noble, selfless; it urges

him to serve and to do his duty—to work for work's sake. The lower self in man goads him to seek and to demand his privileges and to close his eyes to duty. It is this little self, the false self-arrogating egoistic self, that impels man to be selfish, to be greedy, to be lustful—in short to be an animal.

This lower self has to be completely annihilated by the higher self. That is the threshold to *Moksha* or final liberation from every limitation and imperfection. One should try to attain this goal through spiritual practices such as introspection, self-analysis, cultivation of virtues, reflection and meditation.

TRUE selflessness is the realization of the one Self in all. Never forget this. This is the consummation of *Karma Yoga*. In this selflessness, everything short of the infinite consciousness will smack of imperfection. The path to this *Kaivalya Moksha* lies in the practice of selfless service and devotion to duty; for, these two rub the ego on either side and destroy it. Destruction of the ego is the realisation of the cosmic consciousness. Selfishness and craving for privileges fatten the ego and thus take one further from the Divine.

A selfless, dutiful person is peaceful wherever he is placed; he radiates peace to all around him. It is only he whose mind constantly dwells on the one common consciousness pervading everything that can be really peaceful. The very nature of that consciousness is peace. The mind that is in communion with it is always peaceful. The objects of the world are constantly changing; the experie-

nces that the senses gain from the objects are also changing; the mind that is linked to these, therefore, is ever restless.

WHAT are the marks of a truly selfless man? He will be equanimous in all conditions. He will not be elated by praise, nor will he be depressed by censure—because he expects nothing and accepts whatever comes his way without disturbing his inner tranquillity in any way. He is indifferent to the pairs of the opposites. He is inwardly rooted in the Self. He is always blissful. He radiates bliss to one and all. He is always happy; his very proximity makes one happy. Such a noble soul is ever devoted to common weal, to the well-being of the entire humanity. None is his enemy; nor has he a special attachment for anyone. He treats all equally. He loves all without any differentiation. He serves all with *Atma Bhav* or *Narayana Bhav*.

Selflessness is not achieved in a short while. It needs cultivation from the cradle. The mother who rocks the baby in the cradle should be selfless, and it is she who should first of all sow the spirit of selflessness in the child. Fearlessness and unflinching devotion to truth, absence of vanity and of frustration are essential for creating the necessary condition for cultivating selflessness. The mother should impress these qualities on the child through her own personal example. Unless this is done, one has to struggle very hard to cultivate selflessness in adolescence and youth. Instructions from the parents will hardly make

(See next page First Column)

Forty Golden Precepts

By H.H. MAHAMANDALESHWAR SRI SWAMI SIVANANDA SARASWATI

(Continued from previous issue)

7. You must open your heart freely to your Master. You must be very frank and candid. Otherwise you will not be benefited.
8. You must give up the self-asserting *rajasic* vehemence, vanity and arrogance. You must respect everybody and prostrate before all. There is *Antaratman* (Inner Self) in all.
9. You must carry out your Master's orders with faith and *Prem* (Divine Love). You must obey him implicitly. You must be wet with *Bhakti* (Devotion).
10. You must give up the dangerous habit of constant self-justification with falsity of speech and dissimulation.
11. You must observe perfect discipline. You must be civil, polite, courteous, gentle, noble and gracious in your behaviour towards the Master and all others.
12. You must keep up the *Vairagya* (dispassion) and spiritual zeal till the end of your life.

(To be Continued.)

(Continued from page 58)

any impression unless they are attested by their conduct.

Great is the glory of *Nishkama Karma Yoga*. May you all serve with the right *Bhav*. May you all be regular in self-introspection and meditation. May you all constantly remember your goal of life. May God bless you all. ☯

Fourth Anniversary

The fourth anniversary of Sri Veda Sabha of Egmore, Madras City, was celebrated in an impressive and inspiring manner during 14th to 17th February, 1955. Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar, Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University and Banaras Hindu University, inaugurated the 4th anniversary functions. Dharma Rakshamani K. Balasubramania Ayyar, M.L.C., Sri V. Bhashyam Ayyangar, M.L.C., Sri P. Ramakrishnan, I.C.S. and Sri S. Varadachariar, retired Supreme Court Judge, were the presidents of the functions for the four days respectively. Lectures for the respective

days were: "Vedas and Bhakti," "Sri Vishnu Sahasranamam," "Purusha Sooktham" and "Vedas." They were delivered by Dr. V. Raghavan, Sri D. Ramaswami Ayyangar, Pandit K. Balasubramania Sastrigal and Sri K. V. Jagannathan, (Editor, *Kalaimagal*).

The tremendous response to and the unique success of the 4th anniversary celebrations were due to a great extent to the untiring and infectious ardour and sincerity of Sri M. R. Viswanatha Sastri, the Secretary of the Sri Veda Sabha.

Free Silver Vel

The *Ashtothra Satha Valayudha Puja* with one hundred and eight silver *Vels* that was performed for 48 days in connection with *Thiruvithigai* by Swami Venkateswarananda for World Peace in Arogya Asramam, Gandhi Nagar, Adyar, Madras, concluded grandly. Those interested in deriving benefit by possessing one silver *Vel* and worshipping it may write at once to: Director, Arogya Asramam, 50, Second Main Road, Gandhi Nagar West, Adyar, Madras-20.

The Art Of Being Happy!

MANY years ago I came across a book entitled *How To Be happy Though Married*. The title was more arresting than the book. Somehow it came to my mind as I was reflecting on the increasing pessimism and sense of frustration in the modern mind and the mounting number of suicides.

Even in India where, whether because of the climate or the religion or the racial temperament or sense of *Karma* or *Kismet* or oriental defeatism or any other cause, people have been prone to accept whatever comes and enjoy the simple pleasures which alone can be available in a poor country for the bulk of them, a new spirit of non-acceptance, a new upsurge of the spirit of revolt and a new mood of pessimism and despair are becoming more and more obvious. We have seen instances of young men playing Robin Hood, falling in front of running trains, taking poison, etc.

Feeling depressed by such ideas, I went to my dear friend Dr. Nesan to seek light on such a disheartening and perplexing problem. When he heard my tale of woe, the irrepressible and jovial Doctor laughed uproariously. He said: "Ramu, what has come over you of late? You think and speak and act nowadays as if you wish

'To shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From your world-weary flesh.'

Come! Come! Let us drink and enjoy Mrs. Nesan's excellent coffee.

By K.S. Ramaswami Sastri

It will make you rejoice in the present and you may cease to worry about the problems of the world in general.

"You have enough of personal problems and domestic problems like me and others and you are getting on in years. The time is out of joint. Do you think that you have been born to set them right?"

I felt exhilarated a little by his contagious hilarity and said: "Dr. Nesan, you are right as usual. Let us have the tasteful and fragrant coffee prepared by Mrs. Nesan. But after feeling a little joy in life, let us see if we cannot find ways and means to relieve the depression, despair and defeatism of the modern man."

He said: "Ramu, you are a devout reader of the *Bhagavad Gita* unlike myself who am a reprobate, an agnostic, an atheist and a man of sin. Does it not say: 'A man is his own friend; a man is his own enemy. If a man conquers himself by himself he is his own friend. If a man does not own himself he is his own enemy.'

"ALL this looks funny. It is so cleverly and antithetically put that one will miss the point of it if he merely reads superficially and goes to the next verse. I am stressing that point not because I wish to teach the *Gita* to a life-long student of religious literature but because, when we are in the vortex of the worry and hurry of modern life, we are likely to

miss a very simple but eternal truth relating to fundamental human nature.

"THE fact is that we are getting to be more full of egoism and feel unhappy when we are avid of the costlier and rarer pleasures of life which our perverted and vitiated palates crave for and find that expectations are falsified and are not fulfilled.

"Why cannot we see that the simpler and cheaper pleasures of life are as ample and abundant as ever before and can be had for the asking? Pleasure is our only God and Money is His only Prophet. Let us take a leaf from the book of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's life. He is the most modern of moderns. And yet he has put his country above himself and rejoices in the simple and abundant pleasures of life. He is the most over-worked man in India and yet he has no sense of strain. He loves children and they love him. He seeks their company and they seek his company.

"Just hear this one incident which will reveal the *malaise* of the modern world much better than many books on ethics and metaphysics. Some time ago Pandit Nehru found himself in a strange situation when he went to a tea-stall outside the Sapru House Auditorium to have a cup of tea and some eatables. He had gone there to see Kalidasa's *Shakuntala*.

"During the interval he went out along with Dr. K. N. Katju, the (then) Home Minister at the Centre. Getting hungry, he felt his pockets for money to have some tea but in vain. He asked

Dr. Katju: 'Have you any money with you?' But Dr. Katju was in the same predicament.

"Both of them laughed and wondered if and whether and how they could have tea. Pandit Nehru asked Dr. Katju jocularly why he came out with pockets. Dr. Katju then went out and got some money from one of his personal staff. Then both the leaders went into the small tea-stall and rubbed shoulders with all and sundry there, bought refreshments and tea and enjoyed the same cheap and humble pleasures as the ordinary folk who had gathered there. Panditji then bought pan for himself and Dr. Katju from a pan-wallah. Both then left in high spirits."

I told Dr. Nesan: "Nesan, I thank you for bringing me back to myself. That is my faith also but it was shaken by the recent doings of some so-called educated men. I returned only recently from attending the Krithikai Deepam festival at Tiruvannamalai. Thousands went there and felt happy.

"WE are an ancient people and know how to be content with the simple and abundant pleasures of life. Most of us attend fairs and festivals and go on pilgrimages. Our *Purans* and *Harikathas* cost little or nothing. Formerly the greatest musicians and artistes used to sing and dance at the temple festivals and tens of thousands of persons could enjoy the finest arts for nothing.

"We must not be running up and down and then miss the bus of real happiness. That is the only way to be happy though modern."



Aquarium Water

WE are all familiar with water, the stuff we use to wash with, to make our tea, and to keep our fishes in. We are also familiar with the physical properties of water, namely that it is a clear liquid, it goes solid when cooled (i.e., it forms ice) and that it turns into a gaseous vapour when it gets hot (i.e., it forms steam).

Now, what is water? Fundamentally it is a chemical compound of oxygen and hydrogen. Chemical formula: H_2O . However, our fishes would not get on very well if placed in pure water, the substance just described. The water we use in our aquariums usually contains multiple dissolved compounds which determine whether the water is what we call "hard" or "soft", and whether the water is an acid, a neutral, or an alkaline solution.

The factors which govern the acidity or alkalinity of water involve the mathematical chemistry of water and for the aquarist's knowledge I think the following explanation is sufficient, writes

T.W. Sherburn in the Winnipeg Exotic Fish Club's Journal.

The acidity or alkalinity of the water is usually determined by measuring the P. H. of the water. The term P. H. is in scientific language "the logarithm of reciprocal of the hydrogen ion concentration." Neutral on the P. H. scale is given by P. H. 7. Water which records P. H. 8 is alkalitic. A substance of P. H. 1 is a strong acid and so on. Therefore, if our aquarium water is below P. H. 7 it is acidic and if it is above P. H. 7 it is alkalitic. There are three or more ways of measuring the P. H. of a solution, but there are only two methods practicable to the aquarist, namely the use of a comparator test set or the use of comparator test papers.

Another factor of great importance in aquarium water is its hardness. Again, this is another subject which requires a knowledge of chemistry to be fully understood. Hardness is caused by solids, usually the salts of calcium and magnesium being dissolved into the water, which causes kettles

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We receive many Appreciations every day like the following:—

The Best True Tonic.—I have used your medicine "BHEEMA-VEER". In my opinion I can boldly say that all you have said in your pamphlet is more than true. It is a fact that my nervous weakness has been cured completely. It is the best of its kind anywhere. (Sd.) M.L. HASSAN, Delhi.

The New Life and Children.—I was a physical wreck, early in life. Then a sympathetic friend recommended your "BHEEMA-VEER" to me. This worked wonder of wonders. This has given me a new life and abundant energy. Now I have children. I write to you all these out of heartfelt gratitude. (Sd.) K.C. MUKERJEE, Calcutta.

Skin Diseases Have Vanished.—I was a victim to Skin Diseases. My face was affected. I tried many blood purifying tonics advertised in papers. But none gave me any relief. By your "BHEEMA-VEER" my Skin Diseases have vanished. (Sd.) K. SHARADO, Parani, S. Malabar.

JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA

31, NORTH MADA STREET, MYLAPORE, MADRAS—4

and the like to "furr" up, and which also is responsible for a large wastage of soap.

Besides the above mentioned salts, water contains traces of far more substances such as carbon dioxide, salt, Epsom salts, and bacteria.

Some fish like acidic water, for example Angels and Fighters, but the majority live and breed well in

slightly alkaline water, about P.H. 7.4 to 7.6. Mollies prefer a slightly saline water. It is possible for an aquarist to add salts and substances to his water and to alter its P.H. value and degree of hardness, but this is inadvisable unless he is absolutely sure of what he is doing. However, it is a good idea for an aquarist to know the various "constants" of his own aquarium water. ☐

The Fighting Fish

THERE is an old temple called Yueh Chioh, near Okinawa, and the fish bred within the sound of its ancient bell is considered to be the true fighting fish. The people of Okinawa call them To-yu. The males are also called Yu-to and the females Mei-to. Only the males fight. Similar fish in Formosa are called "Formosa Gold-fish." There is another kind, called "Korean Fighting Fish," more vicious than those in Okinawa.

The author describes a fight he personally watched at Okinawa.

Each fish has a name and is taken to the rink in a jar 15 centimeters high and wide. Before the fight, the owner stimulates the fish into a fighting mood. To do so, he picks up a female with a pair of chopsticks and dips her into the jar containing the male. When the male sees her, he gets excited, his fins spread, his eyes flash, the colour changes. The owner presses the female's mouth against the male's side.....the male becomes frantic. At this time the female must be quickly withdrawn, while the male catches her by the tail and is also dragged out of his jar and, fighting mad, is dropped into the jar with another male, which intrusion causes them to fight.

In the feature "Aquarists' International News Sheet" in the Winnipeg Exotic Fish Club Journal, R.W. Andrews writes: "Mme. N. du Breuil, P.A.I., Hong Kong, has sent me the following translation by the invaluable Miss Brocade Chu, from an article in the local evening paper, which is probably a translation from some Japanese newspaper. A smudgy picture of two Paradise Fish was inset."

Sometimes they chase each other round and round the jar or beat each other with tails or sink their teeth into each other's sides. The most exciting moment is when one can see them, with every muscle tensed, shake with rage. When the fight nears the end the defeated one becomes listless, his colour turns grey, he tries to escape, but the other fish keeps attacking, rips off his scales and in some cases kills him at the moment the victory is proclaimed by the umpire.

THIS fighting fish, regardless of sex, has about ten horizontal stripes on the body. When the male is excited, not only his colour brightens, his eyes bulge and keep rolling, looking for an adversary, but the three fins (dorsal, anal and tail) stretch out, the whole outline becoming horizontal. The females can be distinguished by more rounded tail and shorter fins. ☐

NEWS & NOTES

(Continued from page 10)

were some of the many fishes that thrilled the visitors. The Clown Loach from Borneo and Guenther's Characin (Monkhausia oligolepis) were exhibited for the first time in India.

Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras, visited the Stalls. He was received and taken round by Sris B. V. Ramanjulu and S. Balasubramaniam, Secretaries of the Madras Aquarists' Society. The Governor felt so fascinated by the show that he invited the Society to put up an aquarium at the Raj Bhavan in Guindy. He cheerfully accepted the present of a beautiful tomato-red male Siamese Fighter fish by Sri N. Ramakrishnan Chetty on behalf of the Society. The Madras Aquarists' Society has done a commendable job and it will be no surprise if it outdoes other aquarist societies in India in every respect quite soon.

No Division

Kashmir cannot be divided under any circumstances. Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed made this categorical declaration in New Delhi, the other day. The Kashmir

question, he went on, could not be treated in the same way as the canal waters dispute or the evacuee property problem. The destiny of a people could not be decided by arbitration. The Kashmiris' stand was clear and irrevocable. The issue was regarded by them as closed whatever the United Nations might say or do.

Touching on the economic development of the State, the Premier stated that they were making rapid strides. Production had increased and communications had improved. Free educational facilities were being offered, and more schools and colleges were being started.

Referring to the friendly moves of Pakistan, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed said that neither India nor Kashmir bore any ill-will towards our neighbour. Only hitherto the latter had been adopting a hostile approach to every question and it was good to see that this attitude had changed.

A Great Jurist

In Shri Justice Rajadhyaksha's death the country has lost an eminent jurist who was respected for his integrity and whose wide range of knowledge and experience

(Continued on page 67)

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OPEN LETTERS (Continued from page 12)

Sri Jwalaprasad Tiwari,
President,
Bombay Bullion Association,
Bombay.

Sovereign Self,

Congratulations for the shining statistics given by you at the All-India Bullion Traders Convention. Otherwise, how could we know that ornaments worth 50 crores of rupees are annually required for 20,00,000 weddings at an average of Rs. 100/- per bride, that in all Rs. 125 crores are needed annually to adorn Indian girls before their marriage?

I am sure that if you had not been so hard-pressed by the billion bullion business botherations, you would have given us figures of the amount of bullion used by harassed hubbies to placate their scornful spouses in the shape of necklaces, ear-rings, etc., etc.

You have also not been allowed to tell the part played by bullion in coming to the financial rescue of the bewildered men by helping them to sell or pledge jewels to feed the semi-permanent in-laws or to meet the unreasonable prices of the sarees sold by sorcerers' miscalled merchants to bewitch the innocent wives.

And surely, haven't you failed to discharge your golden duty by not mentioning the sovereign service rendered by bullion in creating employment in the country by the privileged profession of pawn-broking? Don't forget to mention these in a supplementary speech during the next session nor about the interest shown by the honourable pawn-brokers in helping their interested customers' social needs.

But for the parent bullion, and its offspring jewellery, wouldn't the lot of fathers of marriageable maids be a dreary one when the bridegroom to be doesn't have to ask whether the partner to be will be worth her weight in gold?

I would have forgotten all about it if my mother hadn't sung the lullaby about the dazzling dowry.

I am looking forward to your golden statements in the near future. Lest the plastic trade should hoodwink our people, carry on a campaign by issuing hourly handouts stating that all that glitters is not gold.

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NEWS & NOTES

(Continued from page 65)

elicited the admiration of all sections of the public. A Judge of the Bombay High Court, he presided over several tribunals and Enquiry Committees. Recently, he was in the limelight of publicity as Chairman of the Press Commission which completed its labours only last year. As an adjudicator, Shri Rajadhyaksha showed a thorough mastery of detail, listened to both sides with patience and held the scales of justice even. As the AINEC President says, Shri Rajadhyaksha had looked forward eagerly to many years of useful activity after retirement and it was hoped by pressmen that he would be the first Chairman of the Press Council to be set up by statute, but alas! death suddenly snatched him away from our midst.

American Ghee for India

Interesting is the news item that the U.S.A. will be sending considerable quantities of ghee to our country. We hope it will be pure and fresh and inviting enough in point of smell. It is reported that American experts have been here, studying the needs of the market and collecting information about the standard and quality of the product that should be expected. In India only the rich folk and the middle classes use ghee as part of their food. Its high cost precludes the poorer sections, who regard it as a luxury. They go in for it only when a guest arrives or when an important function is to be celebrated.

In most towns and cities, 80 per cent of the ghee that is sold in the bazaar is adulterated and harmful to the health of the people. In cities like Madras butter is imported in tins and even this is adulterated with hydrogenated vegetable oil, more popularly known as *dalda*, and other fats. So, even when it is melted in the kitchen, it contains all the impurities and extraneous elements found in the ghee sold in the shops. Hotels do not use any sort of ghee in their preparations though they make extravagant claims about the plentiful use of that product in its purest form.

Indians will be thankful if America makes regularly available a liberal quantity of ghee at a reasonably low cost. Already there has been a noticeable fall in the price of indigenous butter. This is a pleasing trend.



"Yes, doctor. I do understand that my wife should have a quiet atmosphere. I have taken all measures to ensure it."

Sound And SHADOW

Hollywood To Be Shifted?

Move Hollywood? The idea sounds ridiculous. Yet it has already twice been seriously mooted in the past few days, states a *Picturegoer* report.

Smog set the thought in motion. For three successive days Los Angeles has had its worst smog in living memory. A Federal Judge closed his court and sent officials home, unable to carry on for the eye-smarting, throat-tickling haze. City Hall offices closed for one day. Planes were grounded at the international airport. The general hospital had a rush of calls for ambulances to pick up people collapsing in the down town streets.

Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles about as far north of City Hall as Hendon from Piccadilly, took the smoggiest smog yet with its usual frenzied preoccupation with its own affairs. But one producer-director—Otto Preminger—blew his cork.

"Smog," he cried, in a press announcement, "is an increasing nuisance and expense. The picture

industry came here for the high percentage of sunny days. That percentage has been dropping rapidly. Now studios are forced to take their location troupes farther and farther afield, or wait for smogless days which are becoming increasingly rare.

"Every time a producer, or a studio, has to put up a small fortune for costly production delays, he becomes more and more susceptible to the idea of permanently moving outside the smog zone. Once the exodus is on, Hollywood may become dispersed."

"Come to sunny Arizona," said a letter from an official of that inland state, sympathetically addressed to the heads of fifteen Hollywood studios.

Among the lures the letter listed cheap and plentiful land, labour, extras, off-season hotel accommodation and horses and cattle for Westerns.

Tactfully, the Arizona letter said nothing about smog. But it is in everybody's mind. And eyes.

Brando Wins British Award

Marlon Brando has the distinction of winning the British Film Academy Award also. The Academy named him the best foreign actor of 1954 for his performance in *On the Waterfront*.

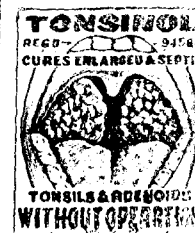
"Jawab" Has Down-to-Earth Story

Director-producer Ismail Memon's spicing of his first independent film, *Jawab*, is a regular gallimaufry of heart-warmingly familiar spectacles. In it the audience will see an exciting hu-tu-tu (kabaddi) match, a gory cock-fight, a number of beautiful girls dancing abandon to a gay melody and a whole platoon of unusually comic characters handing out laughs by the bucketful. All these, of course, are natural components of the story and take the screen only when the audience expects them in the logical sequence of events. From illogical, extraneous, meaningless grafting *Jawab*, happily, is completely free.

Which, of course, is only to be expected when three well known writers like Hasrat Lucknowi, S. Adib and Ali Sardar Jaffri, the last-named being a member of the writer's delegation which recently visited Russia, collaborate in evolving a natural, human, down-to-earth story and a man like Ismail Memon, trained in the school of realism and purposefulness by the example of Mehboob and the precept of the late P.C. Barua, directs it.

There are ready four edited reels of *Jawab* in the tins, with three songs picturised. The other members of the cast are

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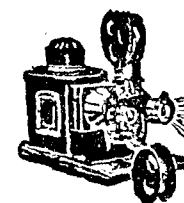
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Geeta Bali, Johnny Walker, Mukri, Master Romi, Achala Sachdev and Sankatha Prasad. Nashad gives the music and P. John cranks the camera.

Chitraniketan's Four Attractions

Forging ahead this year with four pictures, slated for early releases, are Chitraniketan Ltd. Their first in the series is *Tankha*. Presented by Filmzar and directed by M. Changezi, *Tankha* is the moving tale of a middle class family which subsists on the wages earned by the old father during the month. Crippled by age, the father is one day sacked by the firm for whose growth and prosperity he has given the best years of his life. Pran, the bad man of the Indian screen, plays the first sympathetic role of his career in this film. He plays the suffering father. Others in the cast are Nigar Sultana, Ajit, Jagirdar, Radhakishna, Leela Misra, Naina, Kammo and Master Anand. This down-to-earth story is generously sprinkled with musical interludes, dance ensembles, comedy and fun and its hauntingly melodious music is written by Bhola Shreshtha.

Next to come is Leela Chitnis Productions' *Aaj-Ki-Baat*, which deals with the topical problems of our life, starring sprightly Chitra, Leela Chitnis, Sunder, Johnny Walker, Bipin Gupta, Rattan Kumar, Manmohan and Uday. Snehal Bhatkar, whose enchanting melodies in *Sohag Raat* are still hummed by millions, has provided the music of *Aaj-Ki-Baat*, which is produced and directed by Leela Chitnis.

The third one is *Chandu*, N. R. Productions' hilarious comedy,

directed by that popular funster Majnu and played by the most boisterous comedians of the Indian screen—Meena Shorey, Om Prakash, Gope, Gulab, Sunder, Shashikala and Majnu himself. Pran is more villainous than ever in this film.

The fourth one is *Deenar*, an action-filled musical extravaganza set against the background of the Arabian Nights romances. Geeta Bali, the sultry siren of the Indian screen, displays her exquisite talent for dancing and superb beauty of form and figure in this film. She is supported by Pradeep Kumar, Renu Maker, Kammo, S. Nazir, Madanpuri and Majnu. Produced by Bhagwant Singh Issar for B. S. T. Films, the film is directed by Digvijay Bali and is embellished with the music score by Sardool Kwatra.

Recent Releases

Tribhuvan Productions' *Chandni Chowk*, starring Meena Kumari, Shekhar, Jeevan, Yashodhara Katju, Achala Sachdev, Pratima Devi, Smriti Biswas, was released at Novelty in Bombay. It was produced by Prince Hira Singh of Baria and Govardhandas Aggarwal. *Chandni Chowk* pictures the social conflicts of the feudal order. Screen-play is by I.S. Johar, adapted from a story by D.P. Berry. B. R. Chopra directed the picture.

Meant to entertain and doing it is Bhagwan's *Halla Gulla*, which was released at the Kamal in Bombay. In the cast are Bhagwan, Sajjan, Shakila, Leela Gupta, Baburao, Leela Gandhi, Begumbai and others. It was directed by Bhagwan himself.

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Premiered at the Super and other theatres in Bombay was *Mangu*, Sheikh Mukhtar Productions' maiden picture. Nigar Sultana, Sheila Ramani, Aroon, Baby Shashi, Mumtaz Begum, Mukri, Ana Nevada, Sheikh Mukhtar and N.A. Ansari are in the cast. The attempts of a doctor to do away with the small daughter of his late uncle in order to obtain the millions left by him and the help given to the girl through a providential friend and ultimate nemesis meted out to the doctor forms the powerful theme of the story. Production and direction are by Sheikh Mukhtar and N.A. Ansari respectively.

Jagriti, Filmistan's prestige production which was released at the Naaz theatre in Bombay, gives the fans a refreshing and tender story stressing the pressing need for reform in parental and scholastic care of the young. Abhi Bhattacharji, Rattan Kumar, Bipin Gupta and new find Rajkumar Gupta are in the cast, besides several others. Scenario and direction is by Satyen Bose. This picture is bound to appeal to the middle and upper-class people on account of its slants on education and reformation of children.

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This is to certify that we have checked the accounts of MYWORDS Competition No. 39 and find that the total collections received by way of Entry Fees in respect of this Competition are Rupees 855-8-0 (Rupees Eight Hundred and Fifty-five and Annas Eight only).

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HUNT FOR A MORSEL

KESHO wiped his perspiring brow with the sleeve of his shabby shirt as he sat down in the shady corner of the park under a neem tree to give his young but weary limbs the much-needed rest. He had done his best to earn a coin that would keep him going for the day but luck eluded him. Whether he had a future he knew not. All that was intelligible to him was that he was an orphan at eleven, without a shelter or home, and, above all, very hungry at that moment.

He had often suffered from malnutrition and lack of sleep but never from starvation. It impaired his otherwise frail constitution further, gave him hollows in the cheeks and under the eyes, which seemed to retreat farther into his head, famished lips, a dry mouth, and a gnawing pain in the stomach. He needed something that could be put into the stomach to overcome the extreme gnawing.

He found some neemolis where he was sitting. He picked up one and held it between his thumb and forefinger for a second before transferring it to his mouth. He did not like it. But since there was nothing else to satisfy the pangs of hunger, he needed it. He could hardly munch for his jaw ached. So he swallowed the bits. It was quite an effort but worth the trouble; it had the desired

psychological effect. It gave him the feeling that he had eaten something.

He was about to take another, when he smelt something spicy and appetising. He looked round and found a hawker selling piping hot potato chops and samosas nearby. He had attracted a good custom.

THE sight was gratifying; it gladdened him and brought a sparkle into his eyes, as he watched the people relishing the hot stuff. He forgot his neemolis, which he dropped mechanically. He was particularly attracted by a man in the light green shirt, who was licking his fingers. Kesho did likewise; and when

that fellow opened his mouth to bite the potato chop, Kesho opened his mouth, too, subconsciously. He felt excited. He could not just sit there and watch people enjoying themselves. He would join them, too. He got up and found himself walking towards the object of his fascination. But he stopped soon for he had no money. He had quite forgotten that. Now he became painfully conscious of the fact. His face fell.

Nevertheless, he resumed his march; not that he expected some kindly man to offer him something out of pity but because he had a feeling that seeing others eat would make him forget his own suffering. It proved otherwise; it only

7 — 1st March '55.

73

sharpened the edge of his hunger. And what grieved him most was an unwarranted rebuke from the hawker, who even denied him the pleasure of watching others.

"**H**! what do you think you are doing there standing?" he shouted. "Why can't you let people eat in peace? Must you show your ugly face and beg? Get away."

One or two people turned their heads to have a look at the boy. Others were too engrossed to take notice of him. Kesho beat a hasty retreat. There were tears in his eyes and a pain

in his heart that made him forget the ache of hunger. He had suffered hardships and privations, but never begged. Begging and stealing were not in his line. He hated them. He earned his bread truly and honestly by doing all sorts of petty jobs. And that hawker had the cheek to brand him as a beggar!

He was feeling very hot. He wanted to calm himself. He went to the municipal tap on the other side of the park and washed his face. Then, cupping his hands, he drank some water, which upset his empty stomach. He



rolled on the ground in great agony clutching his sides. He cried, "Bapu! Oh, Bapu!"

YES, Bapu was all he had in the world. He was three when he lost his mother; he had only a vague recollection of her. He had grown up under the loving care of his father, whom he called Bapu. But their companionship was short-lived. Bapu died suddenly six months ago, leaving him to face the hardships of life. Kesho had an uncle living in the same town. He was sorry for the boy but his wife was a heartless woman, mean, stingy and of a brawling type. After cremating the dead body of Kesho's father, they brought the boy to their place. Kesho was too tired and grieved to take anything that evening, in spite of the entreaties of his uncle and aunt. He had fallen asleep soon. He was disturbed at night by a big noise. He sat up and listened. They were discussing him and his father. His aunt was shouting at the top of her voice while his uncle was vainly trying to calm her.

"Let him wake," she snapped. "I don't care. Let him know; I shall tell him myself. I can't keep him. You said your brother was well off. A petty sum of thirty rupees was all I could

find in his trunk. And we have already spent this much amount in performing his last rites. What made you think he had money? He was a pauper, and I have no place for a pauper's son. We can't feed him"

Kesho was stunned. He plugged his ears with his fingers. He left that dreadful place quietly that night, never to return.

After some days, he got a job, that of a domestic servant. He was raw but quick to learn. He served for three months. One day he broke a teapot and got the boot. No salary was given to him. He received a beating instead. Since then, he had done odd jobs. A day came when he earned nothing — not even a pice — and suffered starvation, contenting himself with tap water, that had given him a terrible pain in the stomach ...

THE pain lasted for about ten minutes. It almost exhausted him. He was wet with perspiration and remained in a prostrate position for some time. He was afraid to get up lest the pain should reappear. When he was convinced that it would not, he rose and moved slowly towards the bazar in search of work.

He had not gone far when he saw, on the roadside, a tray full of *khatais*, tempting enough to make one's mouth water. Well, they did attract Kesho. He looked round; there was no one in sight, not even the hawker, who had gone to chat with someone. He had a mind to pinch a *khatai*; he even reached out his hand



but he controlled himself at once. That would be stealing.

Just then a crow swooped down on the *khatai*s. Before he could frighten the bird, it flew away with one, displacing another. The latter fell on the ground. He watched the crow fly to the nearby tree and peck at the eatable. He envied the crow. How lucky it was! No fear of starvation.

He wished he were a bird, too. The crow could steal; no one bothered. If he stole, he might be caught and given a hiding. But what about the fallen *khatai*? Would the hawker mind if he kept it for himself? No, that would not be right for it belonged to the hawker. Lest it should escape the latter's notice he picked it up from the ground and was about to return it to the *Khauncha*, when some one caught him by the neck. It was the hawker.

"Caught you red-handed," he said triumphantly. "Stealing, eh?"

KESHO gave a start. The *khatai* dropped from his hand into the tray. He found himself in a nasty situation. He was shaking with rage, too. First a beggar, now a thief! Was there no virtue left in the world? he wondered. If so, it was an evil place, indeed. He wanted to do a good turn, and that was his reward. A common thief! He shuddered and was frightened too, for the hawker had not taken kindly to him. He had already tightened his grip. Kesho pleaded not guilty and his loud protests attracted a few passers-by. Not only did they disbelieve his story but one of them also counselled the hawker to slap the thief. Others nodded assent. The hawker

was about to do their bidding, when someone intervened and stopped him.

"You can't do that," he said in a commanding tone.

ALL looked towards the intruder, who was a well-dressed young man. The hawker left the boy, who was happy to be released. He felt his aching neck. Yes, it was quite intact. He looked at his benefactor. There were tears of gratitude in his eyes.

"The boy is innocent," he went on. "I endorse his account. He was putting back the fallen *khatai* displaced by the crow—the real villain and thief."

"You run after the real culprit and punish it," commented one of the onlookers, addressing the hawker.

His remark evoked general laughter. Soon every one went his way. Only the boy followed the young man. When he saw Kesho following, he stopped and asked the boy what he wanted and whether he could be of some help to him.

Kesho was touched. He fell at the feet of the young man. Rakesh, for that was his name, lifted the boy up and had a good look at him. He was not slow to realise that the boy was hungry—perhaps starving. He felt for his purse, took out a two-anna piece and gave it to the boy.

"Babuji, can't you give me some work?" pleaded the boy.

He looked at the boy's face for a moment before replying. He was impressed by Kesho's honest, sad face and behaviour. He did

not look like a common boy or a street arab. But there was nothing he could do for him.

"Sorry to disappoint you," he said, "I have no job. If you want money"

"No, thanks," said the other dejectedly and interrupting him, "I think I shall go and find some work."

Rakesh watched the boy go. Then he turned away. He was really sorry for the boy.

Rakesh had hardly gone a few paces, when he stumbled over a stone. Lucky, he did not hurt himself or sprain his ankle.

PRESENTLY, a car drew up near him. It was Rashmi, his wife, who gave him a welcome smile, opening the door for him. He jumped in beside her. They had driven about twenty yards, when they heard some one shouting from behind. Rakesh looked back to see what the matter was. He found Kesho running after the car. He had something in his hand. Rashmi stopped the car at his request. He got out and waited for the boy to come up. When he reached, he was completely out of breath. Sweat poured out of him like rain: his face was deathly pale. In his hand was a purse, which he gave to Rakesh, who immediately recognised it. It was his purse. Besides currency notes, it contained

some important papers. He was surprised.

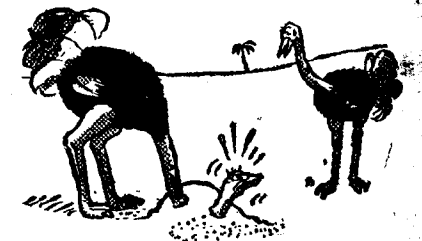
"You stumbled over a stone and dropped it," he explained, breathing hard. And the next moment he fainted in Rakesh's arms in sheer exhaustion.

HE lifted the boy and placed him gently on the back seat. Then seating himself by his side, he asked Rashmi to drive home, much to her astonishment. Their place was not far off.

"But who is he?" she asked, putting the car in motion.

"I shall tell you later," replied the other. "Please hurry up. No time to lose. We must save the boy. He is a gem—too good to be lost to the society. We shall look after him."

Rashmi said no more. She increased the speed of the vehicle while the other attended to the boy.



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BABIES BORN IN MID-AIR !

BIRTHPLACE--that's one thing none of us can choose. And the records show that babies have been born in 'planes, trains, ships—and even in a telephone booth, writes Ashley Brown in *Tit-Bits*.

The first birth in an aircraft was in October, 1929, when a seven-and-a-half-pound baby girl was born to lovely young Mrs. M. D. Evans in an aeroplane as it circled 1,200 ft. over Miami, Florida.

Ever since her marriage, it had been Mrs. Evans' ambition to be the first woman to have her baby in mid-air. In the 'plane with her were her doctor-husband, two nurses, two local hospital service attendants and an attending physician, as well as two pilots and the infant's grandmother.

Half an hour before the birth Mrs. Evans was taken in an ambulance to the aeroplane and lifted aboard. The 'plane took off and after the birth landed immediately. Mother and child—both doing well—were then rushed to hospital.

Problem for Astrologers !

Another baby born in an airliner 19,000 ft. over the Atlantic in 1949 set astrologers in several countries a problem.

He was born at 5.34 a.m., latitude 54 deg. 10 min. N., longitude 19 deg. 20 min. W. As no other baby was born at the same time within 400 miles, the child had an astrological pattern of his own.

Said an astrologer: "One would expect to find prominent in the birth chart of a baby born in such unusual circumstances the planets Uranus and Mercury. So it is gratifying to find that these two planets are most prominent in this child's chart."

Asked what the air baby's stars foretold, he said: "His mind should be original and inventive and he's likely to turn to the latest thing of his time." Perhaps he'll be an atom scientist or pilot of a spaceship when he grows up!

No Return Possible

There are many other people living to-day who can never return to the spot where they were born, although they were not born in the air.

A baby was born in the cabin of a motor lorry near Leicester while the driver raced for hospital with the unconscious mother. He had discovered the woman lying on the roadway and had lifted her into the cabin. A few minutes afterwards the child was born.

The girl born in 1922 in a London Tube train had a reminder of her birthplace incorporated in her Christian names—Thelma Ursula Beatrice Eleanor, the initials of which make "Tube."

Hundreds of people have been born at sea, but how many can claim to have been born in a war-ship? The first on record took place in the cruiser *Danae* while she was open for public inspection at Auckland, New Zealand.

Registration Problems !

To commemorate her unusual birthplace, the child was called *Danae* and as a memento the ship's officers presented her with a beautifully bound edition of the "Legend of Danae," together with a gold brooch bearing a reproduction of the ship's coat of arms.

Births in trains often raise registration problems. Railway time-tables have to be referred to so that the parish in which the train was travelling at the time of the "happy event" may be ascertained.

As the Flying Scotsman sped northwards during December, 1949, a woman gave birth to a baby. Railway officials carried the mother into an adjacent dining-car which was later registered as the official birthplace.

On the Stage !

A smoke signal by the father of a 36 oz. baby born on the Channel islet of Jethou about six years ago was seen across four miles of sea by a man at St. Peter Port, on Guernsey.

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KANCHRAPARA—BENGAL

went out for a walk. She fell ill and at 4 a.m. her baby was born.

Her husband climbed to the top of the islet and lit a fire. He damped it down and signalled with the smoke.

The man who saw the signal sent a doctor to the islet. Later the baby, wrapped in cotton wool, was brought by motor launch to a hospital in Guernsey.

Fred Wright, an English comedian who died in America in 1928, aged fifty-seven, was born on the stage—literally—during a performance in which his actress mother was playing.

"My mother played the first two acts and I was the third," he used to quip.

There died in Birmingham, in 1897, a railway guard named Donald McKenzie who was born on the battlefield of Waterloo.

His father was serving in the 79th Cameron Highlanders and the birth took place shortly after his mother had carried her husband's body from among a heap of the dead and dying.

Up in a Lift

The stork came to Mr. and Mrs. Erang Walko, an American couple, in a snowdrift just four years ago.

While they were driving six miles from their farmhouse during a heavy snowstorm, their car became snowed up. Mr. Walko, with the help of another motorist, was carrying his wife towards a near-by house when they stumbled and Mrs. Walko fell into a snowdrift.

It was there that a seven-pound baby girl was born to the Walkos. They gave the girl a nickname which has stuck.

It is "Snow-white."

Central African Airways are to have special propellers fitted to their new fleet of 'Viscount' 700D airliners, which they have on order from Britain. They are the new de Havilland hydro-matic constant-speed feathering propellers, which are seen fitted in this picture on a 'Viscount' airliner. These propellers have been developed by de Havilland's and incorporate highly modern features for safety, reliability and efficiency. The new propeller has square-tipped solid duralumin blades, and among its features is a hydraulically operated pitch lock, which instantly secures the propeller blades in the angle at which they are operating should there be a loss of oil pressure to the propeller controller.



the propeller blades in the angle at which they are operating should there be a loss of oil pressure to the propeller controller.

One of the oddest-ever birth-places was a 6-ft.-square lift at a Sussex hospital earlier this year.

It suddenly jammed forty ft. up while the father was in it with his wife who was on her way to the maternity ward. They were in the lift for more than half an hour before engineers were able to force open the door and a nurse could squeeze through—just in time to deliver a 5lb. 9oz. girl.

Sweetheart's Pursuit

While on leave from his ship, a good-looking young German seaman named Albrecht caught the eye of a pretty American girl, Valda. They chatted. Within an hour they were head over heels in love.

They met every day. As they sat under the stars on the night before his ship sailed the girl revealed that she was immensely rich. Albrecht was shocked. He had always vowed he would never marry a rich girl, believing strongly that a moneyed marriage always spells unhappiness.

Reluctantly he told her: "You are far too rich for me, dear. We must part, but I still love you." The surprised, disappointed girl could only agree, for she realized that he was in earnest.

Port to Port

But she resolved that night to follow his ship from port to port and somehow make him change his mind. Sometimes she missed him in a port; when she did see him they kissed and sighed, but always he repeated: "You are too rich."

When she heard later he had gone in his ship to Hawaii, she chartered a 'plane, but arrived two hours after the ship had re-sailed. Then her father fell suddenly ill

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 Jhansi—Medicine Supply Company.
 Jaipur—Jaipur Med. Hall. Public Med. (Hall)
 Jubbulpur—Virgmal & Sons
 Jagraon—Dila Ram & Sons
 Kashi—Singhania Medical Store
 Kolhapur—D. Popular Pharmacy
 Kanpur—Yasho Asgarwal. Weston Rd.
 Ludhiana—Kundan Pharmacy. Jai Singh
 Lucknow—King Medical Hall. (Bros.)
 Madras—J. Balabhai & Co. 200, Subhas Rd.
 Mathura—Sarin & Co. Lahiri & Co.
 Moradabad—Chandi Prasad & Co.
 Meerut Cantt—Modern Medical Stores
 Moga—Satyapal & Co.
 Monghyr—Rajyan Medical Hall, Behwan
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 Raipur—C. P. Med. Store. Bairang Med. (Store)
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 Surat—Dalal Bros. Chemists. O. N. Bros.
 Sholapur—Pioneer Pharmacy
 Saharanpur—A. Kitchner & Co.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY, AMRITSAR

and she had to return home to America, writes a British weekly.

Her father recovered and Valda resumed her quest. She traced the man she loved to Hamburg where, having left his ship, he was unemployed and looking for a job.

Her Trick

Valda tried a new method of winning him. She sent him a wire which ran: "Darling, I demand as compensation for a broken heart immediate marriage."

Albrecht smiled when he read it. He knew he was beaten.

Recently the wedding bells rang for the two lovers. But, as a concession to him, it was a quiet, inexpensive wedding and even the cake was not very rich!

In the air-conditioned laboratories of the Federation of Malaya's Veterinary Research Institute in the suburbs of Ipoh, Perak, Dr. A. G. Brooks and Mr. K.C. Teoh carry out a sterility test of vaccine to ensure that it is not contaminated with other germs. The Colonial Development and Welfare Fund contributed to the cost of the Institute which has been built on 33 acres of land. Malayan and British experts not only perform their highly skilled research duties but find time to hold refresher courses for field staff. They are constantly investigating animal diseases and producing vaccines and sera to prevent them.



New-Look Umbrella!

If you see a pretty girl carrying a square shaped umbrella one rainy day this season, don't be surprised. For the four-cornered umbrella is already proving popular on the Continent and may soon be seen in Britain, says a writer in a British periodical.

According to its German inventor, it has many advantages over the round-shaped umbrella. When it's carried by a woman, for instance, its shape makes it impossible for the rain to drip from it down her escort's neck!

And he says that when his new-look umbrella is shut up, it's more convenient to carry.

New kinds of umbrellas, however, usually have a short life in Britain. Somebody once introduced a "gamp" with a little window in it through which the holder could look and so avoid collisions with other umbrella users, but I haven't seen one for years.

Jonas Hanway, who is buried in Westminster Abbey, succeeded in popularizing the umbrella, but they were considered "unmanly" in Britain.

Hanway was jeered at when he paraded the streets of London 200 years ago carrying an enormous silken "brolly." Small boys followed him and threw stones. Yet he persisted for thirty years, and his example was eventually followed.

American Novelty

In America to-day you can buy an umbrella bicycle. The umbrellas are fitted so as to protect the rider from rain or sunshine.

An umbrella-borrowing bureau was opened in Brussels some years ago. Subscribers paid an annual fee and received a metal token stamped with an index number which they always carried about with them.

When it rained suddenly, the subscriber could borrow an umbrella from any of the bureau's many agencies in Brussels which included tobacconists' shops, restaurants and big stores. All he had to do was to hand over the token which was returned to him when he returned the umbrella.

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Facts for

More Returns From Phosphates

When phosphates are added to the soil, the full value of this plant-food is not realized on the crops grown. This is so because a major part of the phosphates get converted into insoluble and unavailable forms in the soil. Usually, crops are able to make use of only about 10 to 12 per cent of the quantity of phosphates added.

Lately, two new methods tried at the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, New Delhi, makes a greater quantity of phosphates available to plants, thus raising the yields of crops.

It was found by one method that mixing superphosphate with about 20 to 50 times its weight of compost or farmyard manure and applying the mixture to the field permitted a greater return from the phosphates. By the second method, even better results were obtained by 'composting' the superphosphate with actively fermenting organic refuse. This is done by spreading the superphosphate powder in thin layers of about one-fourth inch thick over alternate layers of about six inches of mixed cattle-shed refuse or other compost material. The heap or trench so filled up is allowed to ferment for the usual period of four to six months after which the manure is well-mixed and applied to the field. The compost ferments quicker and better if cattle urine or ammonium sulphate is added to the refuse.

Farmers

This method can also be used for 'composting' rock phosphate and bone-meal, which contain insoluble phosphates. However, these fertilizers should be ground to a fine powder before 'composting' them.

At the Institute, four to six months after fermenting these fertilizers it was found that 50 to 70 per cent of the insoluble phosphates were converted into the more soluble forms plants could absorb.

Three Simple Rules About Green Manure Crop

Farmers have come to realize the value of ploughing in a green manure crop before a grain crop is raised, and the practice is gaining popularity everywhere. Yet, the full benefits of green manuring cannot be had unless farmers follow three simple rules in the application of green manures, crop scientists point out.

The green manure crop should be used at a stage when it is still succulent and not yet turned fibrous. Secondly, a period of six to eight weeks should elapse between the ploughing in of the green matter and the sowing of the next crop. The other equally important rule to be followed is to see that enough moisture is in the soil to allow the green matter to decompose and the next crop germinate. If too little rain is received, the field will have to be given irrigations to satisfy this condition.

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THE train was racing along at sixty miles an hour and Robinson was dozing in a corner of his compartment when he was disturbed by a fellow-passenger rushing along the corridor.

"Excuse me," said the excited individual, "but is your wife a rather stout woman, wearing a brown costume and a red hat?"

"Yes," replied the astonished Robinson. "What's all this excitement about?"

"Excitement!" exclaimed the other. "The excitement is that she's just fallen out of the train!"

"Heavens!" shrieked Robinson. "Don't stand there doing nothing. She's got the tickets. Pull the cord!"

Same Number

"I want the same number as I had yesterday," said the old lady in the telephone box. "I don't remember it, but you'll remember we had trouble over button 'A.'"

Woman to Woman

"And your age?" asked the woman lawyer.

"About the same as yours," replied the woman witness.

Relevant Query

"Darling, if you marry me I'll satisfy your smallest wishes."

"And what do you propose to do about the big ones?"



THE class was having a general knowledge lesson. The master turned to Jenkins, noted for the ease with which he wriggled out of tight corners.

"What is the ratio?"

"Ratio," replied Jenkins, "is proportion."

"And what is proportion?"

"Why, sir, proportion is ratio."

"Well, what are ratio and proportion?"

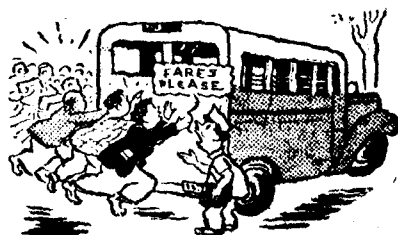
"Sorry, sir, I can only answer one question at a time," replied Jenkins, with cold dignity.

Horns Mistaken!

A wrestler had spent a long evening with friends at the village inn. They showed him a quick way home across the fields, forgetting that the local bull was loose.

The bull attacked, but found itself gripped by the horns and lugged about the field until it managed to free itself and bolt.

"Pity I had those last two drinks," said the wrestler. "I ought to have got that chap off his bike."



Real Difficulty!

An Aberdonian wrote to a Birmingham firm asking them to forward a packet of shaving paper. He omitted, however, to enclose payment. The reply from Birmingham referred him to page 445 of the firm's catalogue, where it was distinctly stated: "All small orders should be accompanied by a remittance."

The Aberdonian replied by return:

"Dear Sirs,—If I had possessed a catalogue with 445 pages I should not have ordered any shaving paper."

Romantic Recipe

A sweet young thing stepped up to the counter of the chemist's shop and shyly asked to see the manager. When that individual appeared, the girl blushed prettily.

"I wonder," she said, "if you would read this letter for me. It's from my fiance—he's a doctor!"

Diplomat

"Dad," said the small boy, "what is a diplomat?"

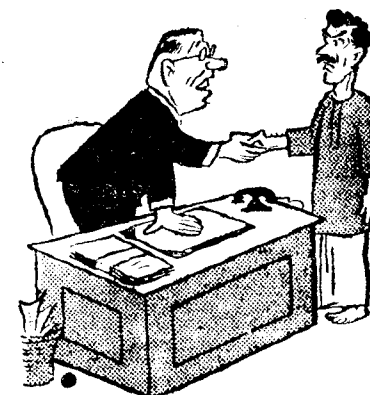
"A diplomat," replied the indulgent parent, "is a husband who can convince his wife that she wants an umbrella when she thinks she wants a genuine pearl necklace."

The Cheat

"MacPherson's a cheat and I'm not playing golf with him again."

"How's that?"

"Well, how could he find his lost ball a yard from the green when it was in my pocket?"



BOSS (to employee): "I sent for you to congratulate you personally on your refreshing suggestions as to how I should run the office and distribute the income. Good luck and good-bye!"

So Long!

Zoo Visitor: "Does the giraffe get a sore throat if he gets wet feet?"

Keeper: "Yes, but not for a week after."

"Upset!"

"I was upset when Gerald kissed me last Sunday."

"Why, hasn't he kissed you before?"

"Yes, but not in a canoe."

Practical Girl!

"You'll really marry me, darling!" exclaimed the enraptured young man. He proceeded: "And when we are married the dark clouds will roll away, the sky will . . ."

"Don't make it a weather forecast . . . Kiss me," said the practical girl.

Misunderstood!

A howling baby sat in his perambulator while his father pushed him along.

"Now, James, control yourself," the father said in quiet tones. "Keep calm."

A woman who had been watching said, "I congratulate you, young man. You know just how to speak to babies, calmly and gently. So much better than shouting at them." Then, leaning over, she said to the child in the pram, "So you are James?"

"No," corrected the father. "His name's Peter. I'm James!"

Worth More

"Lend me five pounds," said the first fellow.

"Lending," said the second man, "often spoils friendship, and ours is worth more than five pounds."

"All right—make it ten."

Matter of Credit!

A convict about to be released was taken to see the prison governor.

"I am sorry," said the governor, "but owing to an error you have been kept in prison a week longer than you should have been."

"Well, don't worry," said the prisoner cheerfully, "just credit it to my account."

How Could She?

"Ethel, I'm ashamed of you. I saw that Frenchman in the hall kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you stop him?"

"I couldn't—I can't speak French."

Without the Hat

"Do you know, dear, my husband says I look ten years younger in this hat."

"Really! And how old are you?"

"Thirty."

"No, I mean without the hat."

Elephant's Trick

"The genuine ivory carvings you sold me last week turned out to be imitation."

"I can't understand it—unless the elephant had a false tooth."

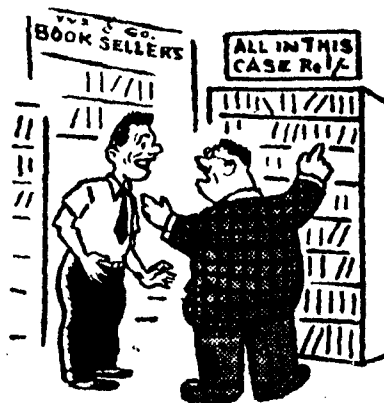
Such an Effect!

Customer: "Do you recommend this sleeping mixture?"

Chemist: "Yes, madam. We give away an alarm clock with every bottle."

Warning!

The following appears on a notice board near the stepping stones across an Irish river: "If this board is under water the ford is impassable!"



"In that case, I shall pay you one rupee and take all the books!"

WE had just finished the first

round of Connaught Circus for the evening. We turned into

Queensway. My friend Bali was with me, and he knew for certain that once I entered Queensway I would make a bee-line for the India Coffee House. And he was right. As we were sipping our coffee I asked my friend rather in continuation of a stray thought passing through my mind, "I say, Bali, do you know the real significance of Holi?"

"Well, you can say it is a celebration heralding the Spring, if such a season exists in our country," he replied.

"To me, Holi will always hold a special significance. If ever you want the most impossible favour from me, you can ask for it on the Holi day. In fact, that day will be the festival of the resumption of my love life and married life which happen to be the same in my case."

Bali came out with his inevitable "What is the big idea?"

"Shall I tell you?"

Immediately he was on his guard. "I know, you are out to bore me with another of those inexhaustible 'experiences' of yours!"

I denied. "No, this is a real life story. You can verify the whole thing from my wife, Sabitha."

My friend gave in. "All right, let us move out of this place and

INTERLUDE

seek a secluded corner in some park; and mind you, you cough up the money for the bill, as I am to give you

the benefit by listening to your story."

I paid for the coffee and we came out, had our usual *meeta pan*, bought a packet of cigarettes and walked around to the park.

For two years our friendship was in its early stages. Later on it developed into a deep mutual attachment. Naturally, at that time, Bali was not conversant with the details of my personal life.

He lay down full length on the grass and I sat by him and commenced my story.

It all happened during the last winter (I began.) December was drawing to a close and it was very cold. As Delhi-wallahs will bear me out, it was quite a pleasant time of the year. You could do almost anything and enjoy it. You could take a walk well covered in woollens, go round Connaught Circus for a gay spell, if you like. If you are not one of those 'moralists' who confuse between one's character and one's habits, you could just relax indoors in an easy-chair, a glass by your side, a novel in your hands and lift your elbow once in a while. Of course, the glass has to contain something stronger than orange juice. Or, you

could go to some exclusive restaurant where there is no music, no hula-hula dance, nor aerobatics by an exiled Egyptian princess,

BY
AMEES

Sabitha and I were doing the last-mentioned item. You should know that at that time we were engaged to be married. Sabitha is a gem of a girl, absolutely 'tops' in good humour. If at all there was a kink in her nature, it was that she was rather given to romantic spells once in a way. Knowing guy that I am, I understood that it was nothing but some fanciful notions which she got out of reading all kinds of sentimental and romantic novels. What these left unfinished was completed by the inspiration she drew from the many Hollywood films she saw.

I KNEW this also — that she liked me enough to remain my *fiancée*. She has often described me face to face as "You are quite a hero, Ramesh, in spite of that beak of yours." In fact, this was the turning point in my life since when I stopped bothering about how to grow a less sharp nose. Well, that was the set-up when, as I told you before, we were sitting in one of those exclusive restaurants with a pot of tea between us. I mean, the position in a nutshell was that I liked Sabitha and she liked me. Mind you, I do not use that dangerous word 'love.' Her parents were quite unconventional and gave her freedom to do as she liked.

So it was that I did not show any surprise when she darted her looks at a fellow sitting two or three tables ahead. Nor did I have any idea that this was going to develop into what you might call a delicate situation in the near future.

"Do you recognise some long lost cousin in that washed-out chap over there?" I asked her.

"Don't be so critical. You are no paragon of beauty yourself," she retorted.

"What is there extraordinary about him that you should stare so? He looks melancholy and solemn."

SABITHA put her hand on my arm, tightened the grip and her face was animated by what the novels would describe as 'rapture' or 'felicity!' "Look at his eyes,



his face... his eyes, I mean!" she murmured.

"I am looking, but I see nothing special," I grunted.

"Don't you find something unusual in it?"

I was getting not a little peeved and said, "You mean, he has the *Annapoorna* look?"

In spite of the rapture or whatever it was she was in, she was curious enough to ask, "What do you mean by that?"

I WAS happy. I thought I had diverted her attention away from this pest with the wretched look. So I began a rather windy explanation. "There are the secretariat blokes. It is the month end. 'Deshmukh trouble' looms large in the horizon. And the blokes, surreptitiously counting the change in the trouser pocket itself, decide

'No boy, not enough! I think it is Mrs. Munshi's subsidiary food canteen for me.' The look of resignation in those blokes' faces I would define as the *Annapoorna* look."

MY efforts were in vain. Sabitha snapped. "Oh, shut up. Why can't you stop being jealous for a moment?"

"Me jealous!" I cackled and lifted my shoulders in an elaborate shrug.



92

The Husbands' Boycott

"LILY, dearie."

No answer.

"Lily, Lily," in a bit louder tone.

No answer.

Deen grew a bit annoyed; then he shouted the full name of the wife, "Lalitha, Lalitha!"

No answer.

Deen had just come from office after quite a gruelling day of a dreadful heap of duties. He must have his evening cup of tea from Lalitha's hands. So he began to change his dress; and the ceremony was always gone through with a cigarette.

The cigarette was nearing the end; he had changed his dress. Perhaps, after the cup of tea, he would take Lalitha for a bit of shopping. But, then, where was Lalitha?

"Muni," he called the maid. "do you know where Lily has gone?"

"Sir, Amma has gone out; she is not here; I saw her go out. She asked me to take care of my work and do it properly. I am, therefore, attending to my work. As she has gone out, she is not here. But she will come, she will surely come, that is, when she comes back, she will be here, though she did not tell me where she was going and all that."

The maid's information was far from throwing any light whatsoever on the question of Lalitha's whereabouts. It was just after the pattern of the replies that

are given to interpellations in the Legislative Assembly where the object is to reply without answering the question.

Deen sat for a moment. He thought, he worried; he resolved finally.

Lightly dressed, he rushed into the nearest hotel and gulped some tea. With a cigarette to soothe himself, he came out into the verandah at the entrance of his house.

MOHAN of the opposite row had also just returned on his motor-bike. He put the bike in its narrow coop, ran in, pulled off the motorist's accoutrements, changed his dress, ran round his pretty large bungalow in search of Komala, his wife, and found himself in the same situation in which Deen found himself after he too came home. Mohan couldn't find his wife.

Mohan was a little more of an assertive man; perhaps his motor-bike habit made him more manly and adventurous than the man who met mankind on the same footing trudging along the streets.

Mohan came out, stood in the portico, saw Deen, went near his bungalow gate and said, "Deen, will you send Komala from your place? You see she is so taken up with games with your wife that she does not notice that at this time I get back home just for a change of dress before I get away for my hockey. In fact, the Big Bull Club is playing against ours and I have a tremendous

responsibility in the game. Komala spends too much time in your place which she can make better use of here."

"LOOK here, Mohan," replied Deen annoyed at Mohan, because he thought that he accused his wife as the cause of Komala's neglect of her duties at home. "Look here, Mohan, I did not speak to you what I felt about Mrs. Mohan's visit to my place just out of courtesy. But now that you started it yourself, let me tell you that I shall not ask your wife to leave my house. Surely, it is for you to see that she is with you when you return from office. In fact, I have had to forego my wife's help because your wife was very keen about a game of chess with my wife. Anyway, I would have you understand things correctly. Did you ever find my wife at your place?"

"I beg pardon, Deen. Surely, no offence is meant. Whether sister Lalitha detains Komala, or it is the other way, we two fellows shall not blame each other. No, no, Deen, far from any offence, please. Only I asked you to send Komala for a minute or two."

"That is not courtesy to any lady visiting my place," replied Deen.

"No harm done when I asked you to do it," requested Mohan.

"Can you not hint to Mrs. Deen to send Komala?"

"No, I can't."

"Why not, Deen? What has come over you today? Why, you are in a combative, snappy mood," spoke Mohan trying to soothe Deen.

"For the simple reason that Lalitha is not to be found in the house."

"You are a funny fellow. That is, Komala is not here because your wife is not here. Why not say that

and be done with it?" asked Mohan. "But where has your wife gone?"

"That is the very thing I would like to know."

"And I would, like to know, too," joined Mohan, "where Komala had gone."

Two gates away Ragho lived. He was on his way home. Finding Mohan and Deen chatting, he got down from his bike. "Hullo," began Ragho. "What are you two worried about?"

"Nothing very serious," said Mohan. "I have just come from office. I want to change and get into my hockey kit and I don't find my wife and Deen too is here standing not knowing where his wife too has gone. That is the worry."

"Don't mind it. But what about your tea? Have you had any? No, really? Come along, my sister is at home; she will give us some nice *gharam cha*. Do come."

He dragged both of them to his place.

"Narayan," called out Ragho.

"Sir."

"Narayan, ask sister"

"Sister, sir? Sister has gone out, sir. After mother went out, sister too. She told me she would be back by about 9 or soon after," interrupted the servant Narayan.

"Do you know where they went?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did they go? Do you want me to question you so many times? Why not tell me where they went and be done with it?" asked Ragho.

"Yes, sir. But you always tell me I must only answer to what is asked and never waste your time," answered Narayan who was warned against long-winded and unasked for answers.

by "Dillag"

"Where did they go?"

"Sister, sir, the young madam, if she hailed an auto-rickshaw and asked the man to go west; mother, sir, the big madam, went in the car and I didn't see which way the car went."

"What a pity! What shall we do? Why, we are as if we are stranded on an island. And you, Mohan, you look so miserable. What is wrong with you?" asked Ragho.

"Wrong, you ask? Why, I am to lead my team in the match! And I haven't the kit! It is already late; so unsporting to keep them all waiting. It is so shabby, you know."

VYASA RAO, the elderly neighbour, a welcome visitor in every home in the locality, came in.

"Why, good friends, you all look rather gloomy. What is the matter?" asked Mr. Vyasa Rao.

"We are all come back home, tired and jaded. None of our women are here even to help us with some tea. Things are getting from bad to worse," spoke Mohan.

"Really, really," said Mr. Vyasa Rao. "To speak the truth, my wife is not at home. You know I am about to retire, a bit old? How would things be with me when you chicks feel like that?"

"Something drastic must be done. At this rate....."

"Will you follow my recipe?" asked Mr. Vyasa Rao.

"Certainly," cried all the three.

"We shall boycott these women," said Mr. Vyasa Rao.

"How?"

"We don't get home tonight. That is all. We stay here, outside; take something from the hotel and spend the night out."

"That is the idea that will put some sense into these people. That is what the biologists call *survival*, the will to assert one's life."

It was about 10 o'clock. Mrs. Vyasa Rao came up. She looked daggers.

"What do you think I am for, to run after you from one door to another? I come running along to prepare hot *chapathis* and the dhal; and I have to search for you all over the world! Very good example for these youngsters. If I hate anything, it is a man growing lazy with the excuse of growing old. Get up, sir," said Mrs. Vyasa Rao, in a tone that the neighbourhood was not unaccustomed to.

Mr. Vyasa Rao was nothing if not a mass of good and sweet temper.

"Look at this woman, young fellows, how she makes out a case against me! Well, Anasuya, here I am coming for the *chapathis*. But, mind you, we are to boycott the home." And Mr. Vyasa Rao left.

As Mrs. Vyasa Rao was leading, rather dragging the supine and unresisting husband, she warned the wives of Mohan and others about the boycott scheme.

Each of them came and asked Mohan, Deen and Ragho to each give up the purse.

Mohan, Deen, Ragho and even Mr. Vyasa Rao, all promised to return to stick to their punitive resolve. Each heard the doors of the others bang so loudly that it looked as if they would not be opened till Doomsday. That was a warning to them all.

That is: the husbands boycotted the resolve to boycott.

fallen in love with Mr. Melancholy Face, as you would call him."

"But, does it mean that you have fallen out of love with me?" I asked, crestfallen.

"I love you still, but not in that way," she answered.

"In what way?" I wanted to know.

"I mean, not in the way as to wish to continue to be your *fiancee*."

THE scene had all the elements of the melodrama dished up in films. In fact, it was just such scenes for seeing which Sabitha and her like paid hard cash in cinema houses. But, let me tell you, I was feeling absolutely non-plussed. I mean, one does not expect this kind of so-called romantic tragedy to happen to normal Indian men and women. Here I was the accredited *fiancee*—an impeccable young man. And also here was Sabitha a normal girl with enough commonsense. But something had gone wrong. Without even a sense of shame she admitted she had gone crazy over a good-for-nothing fellow

whom she did not know from Adam. I could not think of anything to say. So I patted her hand and said, "Now, sleep on it and you will get over this passing fit of insanity."

We had nearly reached her house. With a pitying look at me she broke into a short run and entered her house. I wiped my brow and damned everything in the world, especially films and novels.

THE next few days Sabitha managed to avoid me. And as ill-luck would have it I had to be away from Delhi for about two months. I had to leave in a hurry. Though I had been to Sabitha's house before my departure, I could meet only her parents. They, poor dears, were politely sorry for me and felt very uncomfortable in explaining Sabitha's absence. To cut short their moment of uneasiness, I slipped out as early as possible.

As soon as I reached Jubbulpore I wrote to Sabitha. As I half expected and feared, no reply came. For a time I was feeling terribly disgusted with life. But

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Time, the great healer, does do some wonders and after a month I was in a more resigned frame of mind.

Thus the two months passed. I was posted back to Delhi. I travelled to the capital with mixed feelings. I wondered if Sabitha was engaged to Melancholy Face. Probably M. F. was already married. Then what should happen to Sabitha? Anyway it seemed a waste of time brooding over these things.

As the train pulled into Delhi station I was at the door of my compartment idly looking for any friend who might be on the platform. Imagine my surprise when I saw Sabitha standing at one end of it. Even at a distance she looked so charming and it was very pleasant to set my eyes on her again. But, in a moment, I recollected the gulf that stood between us. Probably M. F. was also arriving by this train. In a meaningless flight of fancy I was thinking how nice it would have been if M. F. was the only chap travelling in the first bogey and the first bogey alone had derailed—assuming of course, that the engine crew escaped with light injuries!

The train came to a halt. I climbed down and stood watching Sabitha gracefully but briskly walk along towards the rear end of the train eagerly peering in through the windows. I was debating within myself whether to submit myself to the torture of seeing her in company with M. F. or quietly make my exit. My God! Sabitha looked up in my direction, broke into a run and nearly dashed headlong into

me. She was almost sobbing, "Ramesh, dear! Please forgive me. I am so happy you are here."

Dazed though I was by the unexpectedness of the thing, I was none the less alert enough to catch hold of Sabitha's arm and murmur, "Dear, dear!" Meanwhile I realised we were becoming the cynosure of neighbouring eyes and so collecting my wits and my bag, I almost dragged Sabitha out of the station.

In the taxi I was too happy to speak coherently. I was content to hold Sabitha's hand and continue to be smiling like a brainless fool. Sabitha in her turn seemed to be overcome by the event and it was sometime before we realised that the taxi was nearing Sabitha's house. Sabitha woke up from her reverie and directed the driver to stop the taxi in front of her house. She got out and invited me to come in and have some breakfast.

BALI, who was patiently listening all the while, burst out with the remark, "I say, Ramesh, that mention of breakfast reminds me. I feel terribly hungry. Your story is quite interesting. But do you mind continuing it over dinner?"

I said, "Not at all. Come on. You can have dinner with us and hear the end of the story from my wife Sabitha herself. She arrived here only this morning."

Sabitha was, as always, in a very cheerful mood and was extra cordial to Bali about whom I had already told her. She quickly got up special dishes for the guest. My friend Bali being a chummy type, we got on famously. After dinner, I told my wife that Bali drank gallons of tea and she prepared

that beverage, too. Over tea Bali requested Sabitha to complete the 'so-called life story' of ours. Sabitha blushed very much and said "No" and asked me to do it. After some persuasion from Bali she agreed, after extracting a promise from him that he should not tease her later. I said to her that I had told Bali our story up to the time of our meeting at the Station.

Sabitha began to relate the rest of the yarn.

You see, when Ramesh left Delhi I was in a 'restive' mood. I had the guilty feeling that I was doing a great injustice to him. But, at the same time, I could not get over my infatuation for Melancholy Face. I was not bold enough or unmaidenly enough to seek an introduction to M. F. However, I was running into him here and there and my heart seemed to go out to the owner of the dreamy eyes.

And days passed. In March, one evening, I had been to a film with a friend and after the show we dropped in at the 'Volga' to have a cup of coffee. And whom should I see there at a table near the entrance? It was none other

than Melancholy Face—actually I should call him the ex-M. F. A grin as big as the Himalayas was spread over his face. His gums were showing under the strain of the stretched mouth. Gone was all the melancholy from those eyes. As a matter of fact, the eyes appeared to be watery and especially vapid. The picture he presented was comparable to a monkey who has been given the gift of an extra large basket of peanuts—only the comparison may set any decent monkey wild! At that very moment my heart made a somersault and came back to the place and person that it should belong to. As Wodehouse would often put it, 'The scales fell from my eyes.'

As we ordered coffee my friend Geeta expressed her surprise that there should be such a rapid change of mood in me after entering the restaurant. I laughed happily and was enjoying the sight of Melancholy Face and laughed still more at the thought that he still could have the title M. F. Geeta followed my eyes and asked me if I was interested in the chap. "Not even for all the chocolates and ice creams in the world," I said and asked her casually if she knew him.

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To my surprise, Geeta said, "Yes, I do. I know him through his sisters. You know, it is rather a funny case. The chap was going about for months together with a grouse against the whole world. All because a molar was troubling him. He was feeling too nervous to go to a dentist. And only two days before all of us teased him so much that he went out and had it extracted. He seems to feel much better after it."

Well, concluded Sabitha, I don't think I need say that right then I took a vow not to be unfaithful to Ramesh even in thought.

"Don't I see it!" I said, chuckling.

Bali was very much amused too.

I WAS beaming all over and bursting with pride and happiness. But Bali told me, "Snap out of that grin, my boy! I still don't follow what the whole thing has to do with Holi."

Sabitha intervened saying, "Holi day was the day of my disenchantment. It was on that day I saw the new M. P. and realised that all that appears melancholy is not romance."

And Bali sang:

"Angels sometimes have feet of clay,
Dandies too may have tooth decay."



GIFT FROM THE BLUE! — (Continued from page 45)

"Tickets?" asked Mrs. Rao, puzzled. "What tickets, Meena?"

"Why, the tickets you posted to me, with that note warning me not to disappoint you."

MRS. RAO suddenly stopped in her tracks and eyed the Desais suspiciously. Mr. Rao himself appeared mildly interested.

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Rao, "but are you pulling my leg? Because, if you are not, I must tell you I never sent you any tickets."

It was a smack in the eye. The Desais almost reeled under the blow.

"You never sent any tickets?" faltered Mr. Desai. "Then who could have sent them?"

Suddenly the truth of the whole situation flashed across his mind. He felt sick. He shouted for a taxi and when it came, jumped quietly in and, dragging his wife in, ordered the chauffeur to drive like the blazes.

Leaving Mrs. Rao completely baffled and staring after them, the Desais sped away homeward. They had only gone a couple of furlongs when Meena suddenly broke into a sob. She shared her husband's fears, it seemed.

"Oh, dear," she moaned, "I am terribly scared."

"Don't cry," he admonished, placing an arm round her shoulders and trying to soothe her. "No use crying. I knew all along that some dirty trick was being played."

"Yet," she said, between her sobs, "you insisted on my leaving all my jewels behind."

He did not say anything. Besides his wife's valuable jewels, there was also a lot of money, about four thousand rupees, in the big steel trunk at home.

"Our cook has probably been sleeping all the while," he said. "Or perhaps she has been doped!"

"Oh God!" cried Meena in a cold sweat.

PAYING off the taxi, Mr. Desai rushed into the house. Meena hot on his heels. As he suspected, he found the young cook sound asleep in a sitting posture on the sofa in the front hall. "Drugged!" he whispered, and hastened to the bedroom where they kept the steel trunk. "And she is wearing your sari and blouse!" he said. He paused at the door. Low voices floated from within. And the lights were on!

"Who's there?" shouted Mr. Desai, perspiring freely.

Two young men in shirt sleeves popped out of the room.

"Oh, Ramu! Kailash!" cried Meena enraptured. "What a surprise! You boys gave us quite a jolt. We thought the house was being systematically burgled!"

"Sorry we couldn't come to the play, sister," said Kailash. "We were kept at an old pal's. We only arrived this morning. Our luggage is at this chap's."

"Why," Meena began, "was it you two who mailed me"

"Yes, yes," broke in Kailash and Ramesh in the same breath. "First thing we did when we arrived. Meant to give you a surprise!"

Same old mischief-makers, thought Meena delightedly. Mr. Desai breathed a sigh of relief. ee

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- The more elderly a person, the more is he likely to dislike this. (ROT or ROW?)
- Curiously enough, an aggressive person's friends seem to be those who are — (DIFFERENT or DIFFIDENT?)
- When hubby is — the wife would do well to cease nagging him. (MULE or MUTE?)
- Most young men seem to lack this these days. (AIM or VIM?)
- Elderly person who is — is apt to make children feel tongue-tied. (TEASE or TENSE?)
- The sterner a father, the less likely is he to get this from his children. (LIB or LIP?)
- Man who takes one in a hurry usually has cause to repent at leisure. (BRIBB or BRIDE?)
- Man who seldom feels — about anything is likely to achieve nothing. (SORE or SURE?)
- Many a man would not have become a henpeck if he had known her — before he married the wife! (WELL or WILL?)
- It will be in vain to attempt to change the nature of this person. (CHEAP or CHEAT?)

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One-Error Solvers Share First Prize!

RESULT OF MYWORDS NO. 39

In MYWORDS No. 39, no All-Correct Entry was received. Hence, in accordance with the Rules & Conditions governing MYWORDS Competition, the First Prize amount is shared by the One-Error Solvers and the Runners-up Prize amount is shared by the Two-Error Solvers.

The Competition Management received Rs. 835-8-0 by way of Entry Fees in MYWORDS No. 39. In conformity with the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition, Rs. 285-2-8, being 33 & 1/3 per cent, was deducted from the amount received. The nett amount of Rs. 570-5-4 was again divided: Rs. 427-14-0 for First Prize winners and Rs. 143-12-0 for Two-Error winners on a 75 and 25 per cent basis to be in conformity with the amount originally fixed as the target, viz. Rs. 7,500 and Rs. 2,500. Printed on Page 72 is the Chartered Accountants' Certificate regarding the actual amount received as Entry Fees.

Thus, 7 Competitors who were able to submit One-Error Entries share the First Prize Amount of Rs. 427-14-0, each getting Rs. 61-2-0.

46 Two-Error solvers share the Runners-up amount of Rs. 143-12-0, each getting Rs. 3-2-0.

Appearing below are the full names and addresses of the 1-Error and 2-Error Solvers. The number shown in brackets indicates the number of shares won by a Competitor. The Prize Amounts declared as won by the Competitors are subject to Scrutiny Claim Rules and Conditions.

The Last Date for receiving Scrutiny Claims is 8th March, 1955.

Scrutiny Claims received without the Scrutiny Claim Fee will be ignored.

The First Prize and Runners-up Prize Amounts will be sent to the Competitors on or before 11th March, 1955.

ONE-ERROR SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 61-2-0.

JANAKI BALLAVA RAIGARU, Scout Organiser at Goudbada Sahi, P.O. & Dt. PURI.

KRISHNAN V.S., 269, North Car St., TUTICORIN.

MOHAN GUPTA J.P., 3/62, Lawley Hospital Lane, P.O. COONOR.

MORRIS H.P., Jetty Supdt., Boat Jetty, QUILON.

SREENIVASA RAO A.G., Y.M.I.A., Royapettah High Rd., Mylapore, MADRAS-4.

SRIRAMAMURTY M., Agent, Oriental Life Office, YELLANDU, (Khammameth Dt., Dn.).

YUSUF MADRASWALLA, 20, Errabalu Chetty St., MADRAS-1.

TWO-ERROR SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 3-2-0.

AGRAWAL H.N., c/o Modern Press, Raipur; Ambadas Mahadeo Drah-mukh, 47, Anandashram, Naupada, Thana; Ammajamma H. (Mrs.), 128, Karur Rd., Railway Colony P.O. Erode.

BHAT C.I., Post Karhi (Vaikunta) Taluk Honavar, N. Kanara; Bhatnagar B.S. (Dr.), Alira pur, via Dobad; Bijoy K. Nag, 40, Keshab Sen St., Calcutta-9.

DAS J.A., Physical Education Teacher, 3, Mission St., Tanjore.

TYENGAR S.M., Asst. MGT.M. Chettiar High School, Madras-7.

JANAKIBALLAVA Raiguru, Scout Organiser at Goudbada Sahi, Puri; Jyotindra Narayan Misra, c/o Bhawans-prasad Misra, Near Christianpara, Sambalpur.

KRIPA Shankar Misra, Tahsil Sadar, Shahjahanpur, U.P.; (3) Krishnan V.S., 269, North Car St., Tuticorin; (2) Kal-karni G.S., General Stores Cash, B.L.R., Khargpur.

LAKSHMINARAYANA V., 4/1, Kallath Benji Lane, Ramakrishnapur, Howrah; Louis Pitchai S., Kelappalur P.O., Tanjore.

Perundurai, Coimbatore Dt.; Lourdu-samy A. Writer, St. Joseph's Industrial School Motor Dept., P.B. No. 6, Trichy. (1) AHASAN S.D., Draughtman, DEM's (N) Office, C.Ry., Jhansi; Majumdar N.C., 84/3, Beltala Rd., Calcutta-26; (5) Mohan Gupta J.P., 3/62, Lawley Hospital Lane, Coonoor; (2) Montalegre A.D., Telegraph Office, Sholapur; (2) Morris H.P., Jetty Supdt., Boat Jetty, Quilon; Muir S. (Mrs.), L. 19, Loco Block, Waltair.

PANNALAL Sharma, Store Clerk, C.Ry. Loco Shed, Bhopal; Patnaik L.V.N., Kottagraharam, Vizianagaram.

2) RAJAGOPALAN R., 2/88, 5th Road, Venkatapuram, Ambatur.

KARADA Balakrishnan (Mrs.), c/o P.E.S.C. Ltd., Ponnamaravathi P.O., Pudukkottai;

Sabli Bhushan Sahoo, Patna M.E. School, P.O. Swampatana, Dt. Keonghar, O. Assam; Savitri Devi R. (Mrs.), Krishnapuram (Vill.), Pamidi Post, Anantapur; Shetty A.N. General Merchant, Gokarn, N.K.; Singh Chouhan G.N., Audit Clerk, 289/18, Hansajipet, Adoni; Solomon S.S. (Miss), Anakkhan Bldg, Room 23, Opp. Police Hospital, Bvculla, Bombay-8; Subbaraya Setty A.V., Eswaran Koil St., Kollegal; Subramanian R.T., 3, Saras-wari Sadan Plot 13 East Sion P.O., Bombay-22; Suryadeviprasad Sinha, Nagargawan Vill., P.O. Puranchapra; Champaran Dt.; Swaminathan C.L., F & C Osler (India) Ltd., New Queen's Rd., Bombay-4.

YUSUF H. Madraswalla, 20, Errabalu Chetty St., Madras-1.

MYWORDS No. 40

The attention of Competitors is drawn to Clue No. 2 in this Competition. This Clue has two blanks for which two letters have to be filled up—viz., ER or ID.

In the blank space in each line marked 2, 3 etc., to 24, both the letters (ER or ID) have to be mentioned in one of two ways, either side by side or separated by a diagonal line. For example: One way:— ER or ID. Another way:— E/R or I/D.

SCRUTINY CLAIM RULES & CONDITIONS

Each of those Competitors who believe that they have won a Prize in MYWORDS No. 39 and it is not stated in the List of Prize Winners published in this issue that they have won such a Prize or that the shares they are entitled to are incorrectly stated in the published List of Prize Winners may demand a Scrutiny provided such a Scrutiny Claim is made within 8 days from the date of publication of the List of Prize Winners in My Magazine of India of 1-3-55 and the Claim is accompanied by a Scrutiny Fee of Rs. 3. The Scrutiny Fee can be paid either by Money Order or crossed Postal Order payable to MYWORDS No. 39, My Magazine of India, 52, Broadway, Madras 1. The Scrutiny Claim and P.O. or M.O. Receipt as evidence of payment of the Scrutiny Fee should be sent by Registered Post only. Scrutiny Claims received without the accompanying Scrutiny Fee will be ignored. In the event of a Scrutiny Claim proving correct, the Scrutiny Fee will be refunded. The distribution of Prize Amount will be automatically re-adjusted in case a Scrutiny Claim is substantiated.

Fill up the Blank spaces in the Claim Form printed below and send it with the Scrutiny Claim Fee.

Covers containing such Claims should bear "Scrutiny Claim" marked prominently on the top left corner.

Name Competition No.
No. of Entries sent
No. of Entry Forms sent
Claim for: 1st Prize / 1-Error / 2-Error.
Scrutiny Fee Paid by P.O. / M.O.
Number of the P.O. / M.O. enclosed

MYWORDS COMPETITION No. 41 OFFERS

Rs. 10000

CLOSING DATE IN MADRAS 7-4-55.

FIRST PRIZE - Rs. 7,500

FOR 1 & 2 ERRORS Rs. 2,500

FOR EASY WIN & QUICK RESULTS

SUBJECT TO RULES & CONDITIONS

CLUES

1. Few people realise how difficult it is for a newcomer to the film field to make a — (BIT or HIT?)
2. It has now become imperative for statesmen to ensure a worthwhile — in the world if humanity is not to be wiped out. (PEACE or PLACE?)
3. If some men behave like this with women it is because they think they will best attract their attention that way only. (BOOB or BOOR?)
4. Person who can be easily — cannot be a success as a businessman. (GALLED or GULLED?)
5. Man whose wife is — usually has to bravely face embarrassing situations. (DOLL or DULL?)
6. People in our country seem to give greater attention to this now than ever before. (DRESS or PRESS?)
7. The future can never appear to be — to person who has a practical nature. (BLACK or BLANK?)
8. This person is seldom a success in life. (DREAMY or DREARY?)
9. The rather aged person who has married a second time would find it difficult to — the young wife. (ABUSE or AMUSE?)
10. If many adolescents experience a longing to — romantically it is to a great extent due to the influence of the films they see. (LIVE or LOVE?)

Entry Form of MYWORDS No. 41 will be published in the 15-3-55 issue.

PERMUTATION PERMITTED

Permuted Entries are accepted with effect from MYWORDS No. 40. The Competitors, however, should clearly mention on the Entry Form the Bankers and the Clues which are permuted. For example, if a Competitor wishes to send Entries for 6 Clues fully permuted then he should mention the 4 Bankers clearly in the Entry Form and mark the 6 Clues he is permuting and state that he has permuted those 6 Clues in 64 Entries. Competitors who are unable to get our Entry Forms can send the Entries (indicating permutation or fully working it out on a plain sheet of paper). Competitors should please note that Entries sent permuted are fully covered by the permutation. For full permutation we give below the number of Entries to be sent:

1 Clue fully permuted	(9 Words Bankers)	...	2 Entries
2 Clues	8	...	4
3	7	...	8
4	6	...	16
5	5	...	32
6	4	...	64
7	3	...	128
8	2	...	256
9	1	...	512
10	No Bankers	...	1024

BOOK REVIEW

Love Against Hate! (By N. K. Pandey. Published by Samir K. Das for the Society of Defence of Freedom in Asia, 12, Chowringhee Square, Calcutta. Price Rs. 6/-).

This booklet, divided into three sections titled "Love Against Hate," "Means and Ends," and "Towards the Gandhian Goal," explains the purpose behind Vinoba Bhave's Bhoodan movement and its place vis-a-vis the Communist Party's programme and its possible outcome. The idea of Bhoodan movement was born, ironically enough, in the Telengana area of Hyderabad, a hotbed of Communism, on 18th April, 1951 when Ramachandra Reddi of Pochampalli village donated the first 80 acres of land to Vinobaji. Through the movement, Vinobaji could achieve to an appreciable extent what the Communists could not do all along. The author feels that only Vinobaji's movement can successfully root out Communism in our country. "The Bhoodan movement," the author explains, "is not to be viewed in isolation as an agitation to affect the transfer of property from the rich to the poor. It is merely the outer form of the movement. Its inner significance is to revolutionise our whole attitude towards life and society..... We have learnt very greatly how to control nature but we have forgotten how to control ourselves..... In the days of old, when Israel was threatened with destruction the false prophets prophesied comfortable things but the true prophets summoned the people to sack-cloth and ashes.

And the true prophets of today, like Gandhiji and Vinoba Bhave, have been bidding us to remember our sins and repent them, instead of assuring us, as the Planners of the New Social Order are doing, that we have only to turn the next corner to reach the Utopian Land."

Swami Sivananda And The Modern Man (By Sri Swami Omkarananda. Published by The Yoga-Vedanta Forest University Weekly, P.O. Sivanandanagar, Rishikesh. Price, Re. 1/-).

The writings of several outstanding leaders of thought about the problems facing the world and their link with the future have been remarkable for the grasp and treatment of the problems. It struck Sri Swami Omkarananda, a close disciple of Sri Swami Sivananda Saraswati, Founder President of the Divine Life Society of Rishikesh, that Swami Sivananda's views on the conclusions arrived at and theories put forward by the writers referred to, like J.W.N. Sullivan, J. Toynbee, Dr. Alexis Carrel, Aldous Huxley, Dale Carnegie, Somerset Maugham, Freud, etc., etc., should be made known to the scholars of the world. He had, therefore, chosen from Swamiji's own writings passages germane to the topic in the manner of questions and answers. We mention some of the topics just to give you an idea of the subject matter: "The Limitations of Science," "Psycho-Analysis," "Rationale of Miracles," "The Razor's Edge," "A Mentor for the U.N.O.," "Freudian Theory of Dreams," etc. This handy book helps us to understand the working of master-minds.

Second Thoughts:

SQUAREWORD No. D-39

CLOSING DATES: For Hand Delivery Boxes. 5-5-55.
All Posted Entries. 8-5-55.

ACROSS

4. Previous choice of EAT is confirmed.
5. It is better to permute both SINGER and SINNER here.

7. Humorous sense cannot make one insensitive to insult. Snub. The alternative word SNOB suits better.

12. There is nothing doing but to permute both NOT and NOW here.

13. It is occasionally only that the *Waiting* will be worthwhile but "often" it means wasting. Bet on the word WASTING.

15. SLOW is the better word.

16. Contrary to previous choice of Dense, I would advise permuting both DENSE and TENSE.

17. The "shock" in the Clue clearly makes a case for OWN only.

18. Not only what *He* shouldn't but none of us should say. I prefer WE.

DOWN

1. The ordinary person may check belongings after *Firing* servant but the "careful" man will do so even before *Hiring* servant. Back *HIRING*.

2. Patting will not be so objectionable as fondling. Enter *PETTING*.

3. Choice of HAS is confirmed.

6. RILING still holds good.

The Advance Pull of SQUAREWORD No D-40 was not received till the moment of our going to Press. Hence, we are publishing Second Thoughts on SQUAREWORD No. D-39 as the Closing Date is 8th March, '55.

Comments on SQUAREWORD No. D-40 will be published in the 15th March, '55 issue.

— *Spottier*.

8. There is no reason to change previous choice of VIM.

9. I feel BRAVE is better.

10. Put down means to reduce what is being spent. It may be the very minimum being spent. But to Cut down implies what is already being spent is too much. This will be resented. Vote for CUT.

11. By oversight the word *Whine* was mentioned as an alternative in the previous issue. The alternatives are *Shine* and *Swine*. By knowing employees' weaknesses, boss can act tyrannically, behave like a *Swine*. Back *SWINE*.

13. WELL still scores.

14. Reject *Doom*. Thinking there's going to be a swell *Boom* period speculators will buy shares foolishly and finally court losses. *BOOM* should be a sure bet.

Acknowledgment

MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA has pleasure in acknowledging with thanks the receipt of Calendars, Diaries, etc., for 1955 from the following gentlemen and concerns:

Addison's Paints & Chemicals Ltd.,
Madras 11, Permanent Wall
Calendar.

Dunlop Rubber Co. (India) Ltd.,
Wall Calendar-cum-Album of
Rajput, Kangra & Moghul
Paintings.

Nelson & Co., Sheet Calendar.

United States Information Services
Pictorial Sheet Calendar.

Vummidi Ramiah Chetty, Guruswami Chetty & Co., Madras,
Table Calendar's Refill.

Krishnaveni Ink, (National Products Syndicate), Madras,
Sheet Calendar.

Madras Auto Service Ltd., Madras,
Sheet Calendar.

The United Printers Syndicate
Ltd., Broadway, Madras, Sheet
Calendar.

Madras Type Foundry, Sheet
Calendar.

Lakshmi Calendar (Sri Lakshmi
Press), Madras, Daily Tear
Sheet Calendar.

Madras Rubber Factory, Errabalu
Chetty Street, George Town,
Madras, 2 Picture Calendars.

Messrs. Sivasankara Press, Madras,
One Sheet Calendar.

V. Perumal Chetty & Sons, Madras,
Sheet Calendar.

T. Chelvaranga Mudaliar & Sons,
Madras, Sheet Calendar.

K. C. Mathews & Co., Chemists &
Druggists, Kozhancheri P. O.,
(Travancore). 2 Picture Calen-
dars.

Usha Trading Co., Drawing &
Painting Material Specialists,
Dadar, Bombay-14 (G. I. P.),
Small Table Sheet Calendar.

R. K. Madhav, Masulipatam,
2 Diaries.

Sovani Ltd., 23, Girgaon Road,
Bombay-4, Sheet Calendar.

S. Rajagopala Iyer, News Agent,
Mayavaram, 1 Sheet Calendar.

Swadesi Type Foundry, Chintadripet, Madras, One Pocket
Diary.

Star & Co, 216, Wall Tax Road,
P. T., Madras, Daily Tear
Sheet Calendar.

LOST HAIR

Regained

WITH

RAMTIRTH (REGD.) BRAHMI OIL

RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM,
BOMBAY, 14.



YOGIC Classes are regularly conducted from 7.30 A.M. to 9.30 A.M. & from 6 P.M. to 7.30 P.M. at the aside address. Lectures at 10 A.M. on every Sunday.

TO BE HEALTHY AND TO KEEP FIT ask for our attractive chart (map) showing YOGIC Asanas which will be sent on receipt of Money Order for Rs. 1/12. These Asanas can be easily performed at Home.

COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD No. C-37

PRIZE OFFER: Rs. 50,000

Closing Dates: For LOCAL ENTRY BOXES, 5-4-'55.
POSTED ENTRIES, 6-4-'55.

ACROSS

1. "Men who spend too much time over — aren't likely to make much progress in life." CARDS, CARES?

Cares is too vague a word to risk backing. The Cares of a military general in campaign or of a big business executive do occupy much of their thinking and do help to much progress. So, reject Cares. The game of cards as a passing pastime is not bad. But when it becomes such an obsession that men spend too much time over it, then they are not likely to make much progress in life. Go in for CARDS.

2. "Good — seldom fail to attract attention these days." FEATS, FLATS?

"These days" goes ill with Feats. In the past as well as now Feats do attract attention. But Flats were not known say 50 or 75 years ago. They are a modern metropolitan necessity and good ones seldom fail to attract attention "these days." Bet on FLATS.

4. "Really good — is always pretty strong!" COFFEE, COFFER?

Beware of this Clue meant to trip you! Strong coffee is always good but really good Coffee need not be always pretty strong. Even light coffee can be really good. Really good Coffey, treasury or safe where lot of money, valuables, etc., are kept is always pretty strong in construction, etc. COFFER scores.

11. "It is apt to get on our nerves when we have to dine out with someone we can't —!" BEAR, HEAR?

We will now dine out with someone we can't Bear. So, reject Bear. When we have to



dine out with someone we can't Hear, one who is deaf, it is apt to irritate us. Vote for HEAR.

12. " — may easily bring happiness to thousands." BOOK, BOOM?

It is rather difficult to assert that a Book may "easily" bring happiness to thousands of people. But a Boom, sudden prosperity in business circles, etc., may easily, effortlessly bring to thousands happiness for they will have lot of money. Bet on BOOM.

13. "Obviously a — room is not a suitable place for spirited children to romp about in!" TIDY, TINY?

Tidy can easily land you in a trap. If the Tidy room is not suitable because the children are spirited, as they would throw and break things, will an untidy room be suitable for them? "Obviously" is the pointer. It is clearly evident that it is not the tidiness or untidiness of a room that matters but its size. A Tiny room is not

NOVELTIES in BEAUTY PRODUCT

Bleacho: Whitens Black Skin.
Cold or Vanishing
Cream each ... Rs. 2/-
Powder " " 2/-
Liquid " " 2/-

Film Stars Shyama, Lalita, Monica highly speak of 'BLEACHO'.
"DRY QUICK" Liquid Face Powder Rs. 1/-

RED BLACK CREAM
For Pimples, Scratches, Pains, Sprains etc. Rs. 1/-
SPERTON CREAM
for Wrinkles. It tones up loose and stretched portions of body. Gives strength to nerves. Packed in collapsible tube. Rs. 3/-



Baldex Hair Cream for dandruff and falling of hair. Rs. 1/-

Bustifrice: Shapens the loose busts. Rs. 3/-

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Blackol (Kola Tel): Blackens hair. Rs. 2/-

11 o'clock Hair Oil: Cools the head and lengthens hair. Rs. 1/-

Suraiya Hair Oil. Rs. 1/-

Zulf-i-Vijyanti Hair Oil: Rs. 1/-

"Forget-Me-Not" Hair Oil Rs. 1/-

Scents: Rashk-i-Chaman Rs. 1/-
Meena Kumari " 1/-
Night Queen " 1/-
Press-Me-Not " 1/-
Mid Night " 1/-

Beauty's Love Charm: In collapsible tube. Rs. 1/8/-

Scentawax: Concentrated perfume diffused for rubbing on the face to give it a smooth touch. Its effect remains for several hours. It is used by



men as well, after each shave. 6 in a box. 2/-

Scentabs: Perfumed Tablets. Tie up one to your kerchief. It imparts nice smell at all times. Packed in glass tubes. Each tube Rs. 1/-

Fitna: Semi solid perfume. Rs. 1/-

Steno Shampoo: Cleans the scalp and the hair; keeps head perfumed for several hours. Powder Rs. 1/- Liquid Rs. 1/-

Redex: Keeps your cheeks red, smooth and scented. Rs. 1/-

Bed Time Floral Water: Hermetically sealed in ampoules. Cut one ampoule and wash your hands & face at bed time and have a scented sleep for the whole night. 6 ampoules in a box. Rs. 2/-

Hair Fixers:

- (a) Pepsu (Hair Fixer). Rs. 1/-
- (b) Black Fixo.—Fixes hair and blackens it. Rs. 1/8/-
- (c) Steno's Brilliantine. (Greasy) Fixes your hair and gives it a glossy touch. Rs. 1/-

Depl Hair Off (Scented): Removes hair in two minutes. Powder Rs. 1/- Liquid Rs. 1/-

Apparatuses:

- (a) Cleo—Reddens cheeks by vacuum method. Use it for a few minutes daily. Rs. 12/8/-
- (b) Universal Nose Shaper—It shapens and corrects all types of ill-shaped & deformed noses. Selling in America and Germany at very fancy prices. India price Rs. 15/- only.

Wanted Agents for places not represented.

STENO HOUSE AGENCY
Steno Buildings
P.O. Steno House Agency
AMRITSAR

"If a customer wants to take open delivery of the goods, he may please order out to our local Agents, if any, in his town, (vide list in our other advertisement appearing in 'My Magazine of India' page 81.)"

I stable as the spirited children should
ve enough space to play in. TINY
uld win.

14. " — may sometimes be
seen cut in two at the end of a
line." WORD, WORM?

What is the line at the end of which a
Worm may be seen cut in two? There is
no clue even to keep us guessing at least
Reject Worm. It is true that a Word may
sometimes be seen cut in two at the end
of a printed or written line by using the
hyphen. Enter WORD.

15. " — sometimes provide
useful fuel." BOGS, LOGS?

Logs, bulky pieces of wood, are always
useful as fuel and not "sometimes" only.
Bogs, marshy places, sometimes provide
useful fuel in the shape of the weeds, etc.,
growing in it. Go in for BOGS.

DOWN

1. "Scarecrows are seldom
needed when there are no — in
the fields." CROPS, CROWS?

Scarecrows are kept to frighten away not
only crows but other birds also. Hence,
reject Crows. No farmer would keep a
scarecrow in the fields when there are no
crops, undoubtedly. Back CROPS.

3. "It would create very bad
impression at interview if applicant
for job looked as if he could do with
a good —!" SHAKE, SHAVE?

In spite of the mark of exclamation at
the end of the Clue, I feel Shave is too
much to put up with here. No applicant
would go to an interview with stubbles all
over his chin! Shake here means pulling
up. If applicant looks frightened or dumb
or dazed indicating he needs a good Shake,
it would surely create a very bad impres-
sion. SHAKE scores.

5. "The more fashionable the
ladies' beauty parlour the more
expensive the — there, of course!"
WADES, WAKES?

Waxes indicates only one particular kind
of beauty treatment, viz., curling of the
hair. Not only this but other beauty
treatments also obtain in a beauty parlour.

And the more fashionable the place, the
more will the Waxes (services here) be
expensive. Back WARES.

6. "Absolute reliability is what
we all expect from a good —"
DAILY, DAIRY?

"Reliability" can refer not only to the
quality of the product but also to the effi-
ciency of the service. Viewed this way,
it is difficult to choose between the alter-
natives. Hence, permute both DAILY and
DAIRY here.

7. "India's policy is to ensure
honourable — among the world's
great nations." PEACE, PLACE?

No greater proof is needed about our
country's goal of peace among all nations
than the efforts made by our leader Nehru
to bring peace in Indo-China and his latest
efforts to prevent Formosa trouble turning
into a world war. Place will not be so apt.
Vote for PEACE.

8. "Man who — money often
has miserable face!" LOSES,
LOVES?

Man who Loves money will have a
greedy and crafty face and not a miser-
able face. When a man Loses money he is
bound to feel unhappy and his face will
show his feelings. LOSES scores.

9. "Those who are themselves
sincere are usually the first to —
lack of sincerity in others."
DETECT, DETEST?

Being merely sincere cannot enable a
man to be the first to Detect insincerity in
others. Reject Detect. His sincere nature
will make a man immediately Distrust,
loathe, insincerity of others. Enter DE-
TEST.

10. "Colonial powers can no
longer hope to — confidence of
the peoples of Asia." REGAIN,
RETAIN?

We had no confidence in the English till
they gave us Independence. Now we have
confidence in them. It will be the same in
the case of other colonial powers in Asia.
Such powers like France can no longer
hope to Retain the confidence of the peoples
of Asia. Vote for RETAIN.

— "SPOTTER"