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My Magazine of
India

vol-26

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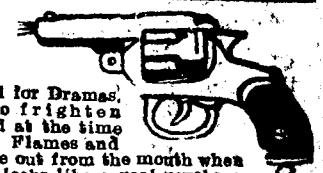
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OF INDIA

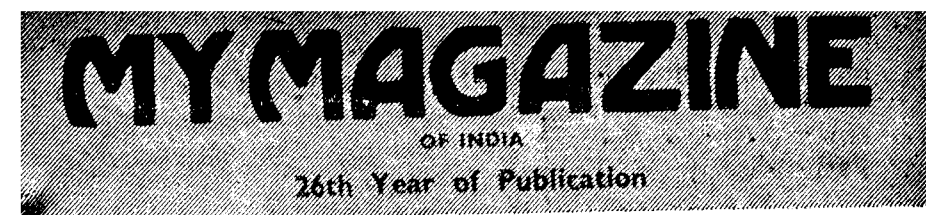
Content

1st January 1955
Vol. 26 No. 1



PEACE ON EARTH (Cartoon)	4
YEAR OF ACHIEVEMENTS	5
NEWS AND NOTES	7
THE COVER	9
CHILD OF DESTINY (Serial Story)	10
THE ELEPHANT COMMITTEE!	15
ONE IN A MILLION	17
DAMSEL IN DISTRESS	18
PRECEPTS FOR PRACTICE	24
'TWIXT THE TWO!	26
SLIPS AND SLAPS!	3
DEEPAK'S DISCOVERY	3
HERE'S FUN!	36
FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE!	33
A DRIVER IS FLOORED!	42
GLEANINGS	44
YOU ASKED FOR IT!	48
UNFAIR TO THE FAIR!	50
TYRANNY AT HOME	55
RESOLVED ON THIS DAY....!	65
THE ELUSIVE BEARD!	68
SOUND AND SHADOW	74
BOOKS-AT-A-GLANCE	80
NINE O'CLOCK IN DELHI!	81
OUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS	84
AQUARISTS' CORNER	86
FUSS IN A BUS!	89
WONDERFUL FEAT!	93
A MARRIAGE TO ARRANGE!	94
THE STORY OF CROSSWORDS	97
MYWORDS No. 38—Clues	102
.. —Entry Form	103
.. 39—Clues	104
.. 37—Prize Winners	105
RESIGNATION	108
COMMENTS ON C.C. No. 34	110

All the names and
characters appear-
ing in the stories
and skits in this
Issue are entirely
imaginary and any
reference to living
persons is purely
coincidental. —Ed.



Year Of Achievements

IN more senses than one, we are ringing out the old and ringing in the new. On all fronts our country is marching forward; the pace has been set for a Socialist State. Shortly, under the two Five-Year Plans and the various Community Projects, 700,000 villages will be lifted out of the rut and humming with activity. The Finance Minister has promised twelve million additional jobs before the end of the Second Plan period.

By and large, 1954 must be regarded as a year of progress. Seasonal rains and bumper harvests have solved the country's food problem that vexed and worried the nation for nearly fifteen years. In all the States rations were abolished and the free movement of foodgrains has been permitted. Some surplus States are even seriously considering the possibility of exporting large quantities of their produce to foreign countries. For achieving this target of self-sufficiency the country is eternally indebted to Rafi Ahmed Kidwai who died in harness as the Union Food Minister. He it was who wiped out the stigma that while India's prestige abroad was soaring, the economic crisis at home was steadily deteriorating.

The immediate future before us is, of course, of greater concern and the problems posed require careful thought and attention. The debates and decisions of the Lok Sabha provide clear pointers about the shape of things to come. The Marriage Bill, now placed on the Statute Book, aims at the creation of a classless and casteless society. During the recent economic affairs debate the picture emerged of a Socialised State with rigid Governmental control over the production and distribution of wealth. Notwithstanding repeated assurances, private enterprise is feeling apprehensive that its scope

and sphere of activity will be gradually restricted. A more cautious and wise policy seems called for. Capital is already shy and Government with its present limited resources cannot nationalise all existing undertakings.

Let us briefly touch on the outstanding events of 1964. The liberation struggle in the French Settlements was bitter and prolonged and many who led the pro-merger movement were harassed and exiled. France under the new Premier, M. Mendes-France, felt the pulse of public opinion and made a commendable decision to abandon the Settlements. Accordingly, a pact was signed by the Delhi and the Paris Governments, effecting a *de facto* transfer of power. The Settlements today have been constituted into a separate State with a Chief Commissioner taking his orders from the Centre.

Goa unfortunately is still groaning under the foreigner's heel and a regime of repression is in full swing. Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Premier, has even threatened to go to war with India on it is our ear the darkest hour is just before the dawn and Goa will be integrated with India before long.



We wish
all our Readers,
Contributors,
Advertisers,
and Agents,
A Happy New Year

With the cease-fire in Indo-China, peace descended on the earth for the first time since 1939. That there is now no war in any part of the world is a thrilling thought. For the first time in our history, the Prime Minister of China paid a visit to India and the five principles enunciated in the Nehru-Chou En-lai Declaration to-day serve as the sheet anchor of co-existence and world peace.

It is regrettable that despite the recent Agreement in Delhi Indians in Ceylon continue to suffer hardship; they are denied the citizenship rights that are legitimately their due. In South Africa the plight of our brothers is still worse and they face the threat of segregation, deportation and even ultimate extinction. Mr. Strydom, Dr. Malan's successor, has already announced his intention of intensifying *apartheid* and extending it beyond the borders of the Union. A racial conflict on a colossal scale appears inevitable.

News and Notes

Tito's Visit

Of considerable and far-reaching significance was Marshal Tito's State visit to India. This was the first time since the attainment of Independence that the head of a European country came to this country. Notwithstanding the geographical distance that separates these two countries, there are several things in common between them. Like Pandit Nehru, President Tito believes in the dynamism of a non-alignment policy. He had to do some tight-rope dancing to fight off Nazi tyranny on the one hand and resist the Russian blandishments on the other.

When Marshal Stalin asked Tito to visit Moscow, the latter simply refused to oblige. Since then the President has been pursuing a bold and independent policy. He is receiving assistance from the Democracies on the distinct understanding that no political strings are attached to such aid. Under his rule, what was a peasant country has become rapidly industrialised.

As a result of conversations between the President and the Prime Minister, a joint statement was issued from Delhi, affirming the principles of co-existence. Both the statesmen declared their belief that the lowering of world tensions would be an essential prelude to the development of collective peace. They also repudiated the erroneous conception that a 'third bloc' or 'third force' of non-aligned countries was being created. Their aim simply was to widen the area of peace both in Asia and Europe.

The survival of civilization itself would depend on it.

It would not be out of place to refer to Pandit Nehru's statement at a gathering of Congressmen on the effects of the recent hydrogen bomb explosions for test. Quoting scientists, our Prime Minister disclosed that the explosions had brought about climatic changes in the world and that "if another six took place, then plant, animal and even human life might also be affected in slow degrees." If an experiment could cause all this, he wondered, what would be the extent of destruction wrought in an actual war?

It was, therefore, in the fitness of things that the two leaders met to extend the area of peace far beyond Asia also.

No Shirking

Addressing a meeting of officers, engaged on the Rural Industrialisation Scheme in Mysore State, Dr. M. Visvesvarayya emphasised that the aim of all development schemes and programmes was to raise the people's standard of living. That naturally implied more production and to secure this people had to work hard. Rather stinging was his criticism of our people's general slackness and slothful habits. Pointing out that countries like the United States made tremendous progress because of hard work on the part of the people, the distinguished speaker said, "We are afraid of hard work in this country. We try to do as little work possible, and avoid working hard. To

work hard is a patriotic duty. That will get a good return not only for the individual but for the country as a whole."

Among our leaders Dr. Visvesvaraya is one of those who practise what they preach. Fit and strong in his ninety-fifth year, this industrial wizard gives himself to hard and unremitting work in the cause of the country.

United Front

We welcome the formation of a United Democratic Front in Andhra State to fight against the Communists who have set up 170 candidates and are misleading the electorate with all sorts of promises. The Congress, the Praja Party and the Krishikar Lok Party have arrived at an agreement on the election programme. The three parties will conduct the electioneering campaign on a common platform though each will carry its respective symbols.

After the elections, it is proposed, the successful candidates will form themselves into a party to be called "The United Legislature Congress Party" and will work under one leader. The main aim of the Front is to defeat the Reds who present a serious threat to the stability and progress of the infant State. Non-Communists are fully alive to the danger. If the vote is split, their opponents will infiltrate into the Legislature in overwhelming numbers. The elections in Andhra will decide the fate of the entire South.

New High Commissioner

Srimati Vijayalakshmi Pandit has assumed charge in London as India's High Commissioner. Noting the fact that she is the first lady envoy ever to present her

credentials at Buckingham Palace, newspapers there have extended to her a warm, glowing welcome. "Few are better fitted than Mrs. Pandit," remarks *The Times*, "by capacity, by experience and — it may be suggested — by inclination to draw even closer together the two countries, which she loves." We are sure that Srimati Pandit will more than convince the people of the United Kingdom that India entertains no ill-will or hatred against her erstwhile rulers, that East and West can really meet on common ground and get on together. We wish her well in her new assignment.

Chinese Cultural Delegation

Now in Madras, entertaining thousands of citizens, is the Chinese Cultural Delegation, headed by Mr. Cheng Chen-to, Vice-Minister for Cultural Affairs of the People's Republic of China. It is touring India to present new China's art in the sphere of music, dance and opera and thus strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries. The colourful shows that they have staged in our City have evoked a fresh interest and admiration for Chinese drama and we are all thankful to the Delegation for the rare opportunity afforded to us. The souvenir issued by the City Reception Committee is attractively got up and presents a pleasing study of Chinese art and progress. Speaking in Bombay at a reception, Mr. Cheng Chen-to said that the Chinese were not narrow nationalists and that they very much wanted to study Indian art, music and drama. We have no doubt that the Delegation will be welcomed and acclaimed in every city and town which it visits.

Trends In Pakistan

There is bright promise of a new chapter of cordial relations between India and Pakistan. That is as it should be. The meeting between Pandit Nehru and Mr. Mohammed Ali and the friendly and enthusiastic talk they had had at DumDum are of happy augury. In Pakistan itself, political trends are more encouraging and reveal strong democratic forces at work.

The Cabinet includes two liberal leaders, Dr. Khan Saheb and Mr. Suhrawardy. These two are known to be stalwart champions of the common man, and they will not remain in office if they are not entrusted with the key portfolios. Mr. Suhrawardy, we are sure, has obtained an assurance that the ban on the United Front will be lifted and that the party system of government allowed to function in East Pakistan.

The Cover :

To the Westerners, dancing has a purely physical appeal. To us, however, dancing is a divine art and has a spiritual significance. It is part of a religious ritual. Bharata Natya, the best and the most unaltered of our ancient dance traditions, was till recently part of the pooja or worship offered to the God or Goddess in the temple. Lord Nataraja, the Divine Dancer, has a shrine at Chidambaram unequalled for its magnificence.

It is this worship of the Lord through the dance divine that is drawn attention to by the picture on our front Cover Page. In the background is Lord Nataraja in the *Tandava Nritya* pose. And the charming girl in the foreground is doing obeisance to the Lord through a piece of Bharata Natya. The *Veena*, a musical instrument in the left-hand corner of the page, is a symbol of music.

Gratifying, indeed, is the fact that the Ministry of Education of the Government of India has taken effective steps to popularise and preserve this ancient and admirable art.

In the same spirit but in a different manner, *My Magazine of India* dedicates itself on this New Year Day to serving its

It is time that general elections were held and a Constituent Assembly convened again to draft a constitution reflecting the true will of the people. As *The Times of India* says very aptly, "The curse of Mullaism must be kept out of politics and a secular State that assures equality of status to citizens, irrespective of their religion, is the best guarantee of stability."

A Veteran Leader

In Mr. Shafee Mohammed the country loses a veteran Congress leader who strove valiantly in the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity. During the non-co-operation days he was a staunch follower of the Mahatma and fought for freedom. His sudden death leaves a void in Indian politics which it is difficult to fill.



patrons in a better and newer manner than ever before.

Through its scintillating stories, fascinating features, authoritative articles and pleasing pictures, *My Magazine of India* too, like the girl on the Cover Page, will dance its way into the hearts of the thousands of its readers. This is not just a New Year resolution but a definite and deliberate dedication to delight and dazzle.

BETWEEN sips of tea and in an atmosphere pungent with the smell of tobacco, the two friends continued to converse well into the night. The rest of the inmates of the house had long since gone to bed. The stillness that reigned, accentuated by the inky darkness outside, created an atmosphere that was congenial for conversation and made everything around seem melancholy.

The older youth was Brian Lacey, a lad of twenty-four, tall in stature and frail in physique. His face must have been rounded when he was but a boy in slacks but, with the passage of years, it now looked thin and elongated. His hair, which was cut short and combed back, gave prominence to the broadness of his forehead. His eyes, which must have once been black and sparkling with the buoyancy of youth, now looked tired and listless. His nostrils were large and distended and his lips full and sensuous. Nevertheless, there was something about him that struck one as uncommonly attractive. Perhaps it was due to the two



dimples in his cheeks which showed faintly whenever he smiled—dimples which must have been prominent and attractive when he was but a lad in his teens.

The other boy was Colin Andrews, twenty years old. He was shorter than his companion by about four inches, robust and athletic, with a fine pair of well-shaped legs and eyes that were bright and sparkling. A long, straight nose, a forehead that was flat and smooth and a complexion that was many shades brighter than his friend's, gave him an air of distinction.

By profession, Brian Lacey was a clerk in Messrs. Brandon and Company—if being a clerk could be termed a profession. In his spare time he turned out little trinkets like brooches, rings

and locket which he sold for a small profit to supplement his income. But neither the one occupation nor the other brought him enough to keep himself and his family above want. His father had died many years ago and, being the eldest child of the family, he was compelled to break a very successful career at school and search for work in order that his mother and his younger sister might not go starving. His mother was in her fifties. His sister Priscy, as she was called by all who knew her, was in her fifteenth year. She was tall, pleasant, even pretty in many ways.

COLIN ANDREWS was more fortunate in his domestic life. He was a radio mechanic in a reputed firm and he spent his leisure hours in painting in oils. He painted on canvas, on cloth and on paper—a gift which he had inherited from his mother. Besides himself,

there were three other children in his family: an eldest daughter and two more boys older than himself. The Andrews family were pretty well-off. The eldest girl had married a successful doctor and had gone to live up north with her devoted husband. Colin's two elder brothers were the family's main concern. Frank and Duncan were distinct failures in life. Both were dull-headed, and were well on their way to becoming first-class wasters. Try as much as she could,

...between sips of tea and in an atmosphere pungent with tobacco, the two friends continued to converse well into the night...



Mrs. Andrews couldn't bring the two boys round and this was a great blow to her motherly pride. She was a very capable woman, careful in the management of her house and very understanding. Her daughter, Maureen, took after her, both in temperament and in intelligence, but it was in her youngest son, Colin, that she took the greatest pride.

As for Mr. Andrews Senior, he imagined himself endowed with intelligence of a high order and none in his household deemed it wise to dispute this. Under the wise counsel and good example of his mother, Colin learned to give his father every respect so that the old man, always profuse in his praises for his children, gave his youngest son the greatest share.

FOR several reasons, Brian and Colin were drawn together in inseparable friendship, but the strongest reason was that the two boys found that their views on most matters were often identical. Somehow, still nights like this tended to bring back memories more vividly than ever and both companions found relief in recounting to each other their past experiences.

"What about waking up Sydney to go for some more tea, Brian?" Colin asked.

"That's easy!" Brian answered and went out forthwith, taking the empty jug with him. When he came back a minute later, he was smiling to himself.

"You know, Colin," he said, "that fellow Sydney is a beggar for tea! He was snoring just now dead to the world, mind you, but the moment I mentioned tea

he shot out of bed and was off in a jiffy!"

Sydney was a homeless but respectable fellow whose sole occupation in life was to go on errands for people in return for a small bite or two. He had found shelter in Brian's house and had been with the Laceys for nearly two years now. He was a strong fellow, with a leathery weather-beaten face and a perpetual grin on it that Brian often found rather irritating. Though he had ensconced himself into the Laceys' house, he was out of it for the greater part of the day, doing odd jobs for this or that family in town, carrying food, washing clothes, going to market or chopping wood. The truth was that he possessed the devil of an appetite, and, in order to satisfy it, he had necessarily to ensure a fair supply of rations from as many houses as were in need of his services.

THERE was a small tea-shop at the corner of Maynard Street, where Brian lived, which was kept open throughout the night and which was a favourite haunt of Sydney's. Whatever money people gave him was put aside by him for tea-drinking. Colin's frequent visits to Brian's house meant a constant supply of tea while both friends were engrossed in conversation, and for every trip he made to the tea-shop Sydney was assured of a cup for himself. He made his way to this shop now in his bare feet, his eyes heavy with sleep; but once there the sight of the life-giving beverage jolted him into wakefulness so that he covered the distance home in double-quick time. With his usual stupid grin, he deposited the jug on the table, gently removed the

cups, washed them and poured out tea for Colin and Brian. Then he stood aside, his hands folded in front of him, and fixed his eyes on the jug in which he had taken care to leave a large mouthful for himself.

"Is there anything left there, Sydney?" Brian asked, knowing fully well that there would be.

"Just a little," Sydney told him.

"You can gulp it down and go off to sleep. I'll clear the things myself."

BY the time Brian had given this command, Sydney had already gulped the tea down without much ado or ceremony and departed. A minute later he was fast asleep again, snoring loudly, with his body screwed up in an uncomfortable position.

"Doesn't he ever look for a decent job?" Colin asked, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"He doesn't need to," came the reply. "He's the town's handy-man and he is satisfied if he earns enough to buy himself his tea and cigarettes every day."

"He drinks, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he does—whenever he gets the chance. But I don't think he would buy himself a single peg

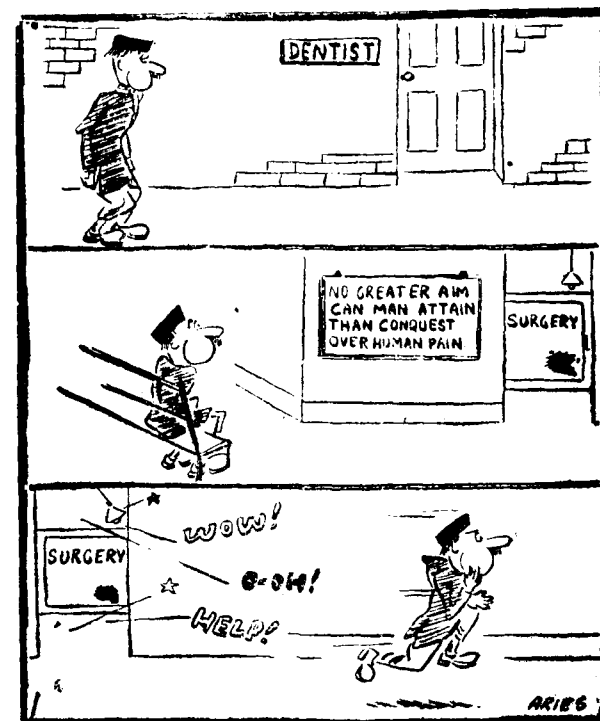
out of his own money unless he had enough to spare for such a luxury. But it's very seldom that he gets drunk and he doesn't crave for it."

"Quite a unique type, isn't he? No responsibilities, no cares, no worries."

"His stomach is his only worry! He eats like a bull and is lucky to get enough. I've never known him refuse a plateful, no matter what time of the day or night it is!"

"Has he any relatives?" asked Colin.

"Yes, a nephew who lives very close by but he doesn't care to own him. That doesn't worry Sydney. He's incapable of any feeling of remorse or anxiety."



"I suppose he's illiterate?"

"Certainly. Nothing else could account for his lack of any interest in life."

"I almost wish there were more people like him in the world. Anxiety has often been the cause of much misery. Don't you think so?"

BRIAN now assumed a grave expression. He stiffened in his seat and bent his body forward a little. It was plain that he was about to say something important and Colin knew his moods too well to interrupt him just then. Brian rested his right hand on the arm of his chair. His eyes were now half-closed. A faint smile played around the corners of his mouth.

"Yes," he began, "give a man education and you give him food for thought. Our own lives would have been easier to live if only we were incapable of thinking deeply. What a curse it can be sometimes! To lie down and think, to find no logical explanation for the hurts inflicted by others on oneself, to dream about one's

ideals and to hope for their realisation, to stake one's honour, one's reputation, one's last hopes on something that represents the sum total of one's happiness—in a word, Colin, to think, and think, and think—and then—only to find all one's dreams razed to the ground by a single stroke, as startling in its suddenness as it is insufferable and cruel in its import—that, indeed, is the greatest blow that can ever befall one.

"And yet, without this faculty for thinking, we would be so different from what we are—just like those very people we despise so much!"

IT was during moments like these, when Brian harangued against man and mankind, that Colin too unburdened himself. He had forgotten the cigarette he held between his fingers while Brian spoke. He puffed at it steadily now and flung it hastily away. Then he took one more cigarette from the packet and tapped it on the box of matches.

"What you say is true, Brian," he began, lighting his cigarette at the same time. "I would not feel about Philo the way I do now if only I could keep myself from thinking of her. Looking back on that affair I cannot recall a single instance where I did anything which I felt would hurt her in any way. Even when I found myself in the company of friends who were bent on mischief, I always thought of how she would take it and checked myself. There were many girls with whom I could easily have had enough sport to gloat over afterwards, but I resist-

(Continued on page 92)



BOY (to Librarian): "The dog? Oh, yes, he's here to help me wet my thumb by licking it whenever I wish to turn the pages."

THE ELEPHANT COMMITTEE!

The following excerpts have been made from the remnants luckily left by a family of white ants who have taken a fancy to probe into the mysteries hidden in the labours of a Committee, comprising two gentlemen and one lady, appointed by God-knows-whom-and-when, for the purpose of presumably enquiring into the elephantine potentialities of our country. Whether the Committee made a report or not is not known. If they had made it then the white ants should have feasted on it too. Regarding the members of the Committee nothing is clear. It is guessed that one of them, the President, may be a retired Judge or Magistrate and his name is Jalabula. Miss Mano (must be a contraction for Manovilas) may be a budding politician and Dubdub might have something to do with elephants.

Mr. J. whose evidence is recorded below is obviously a temple trustee.

President: "Why do you want an elephant for your temple?"

Trustee: "It attracts crowds, devotees!"

President: "All crowds are not devotees?"

Trustee: "Some evolve."

President: "The elephant helps in that process of evolution."

Miss Manovilas: "What has the elephant to do with evolution?"

Dubdub: "We are digressing, Mr. Trustee. Surely it is the deity that should attract more crowds and devotees, is it not?"

Trustee: "So does the deity. The elephant is one instrumentality for the purpose, a costly instrumentality, of course, but nevertheless a sound instrumentality."

Next comes the evidence of a circus proprietor.

President: "I am told that you feed the elephant with straw."

Circus Proprietor: "Yes, with plain ordinary straw."

President: "Has it enough vitamin contents to nourish an elephant?"

C.P.: "Vitamins or no vitamins, nourishment or no nourishment,

an elephant must be fed with something."

Miss M. "You think straw is sufficient to keep the elephant's body and soul together?"

C.P.: "The straw keeps the body; we keep its soul."

Pushpam Parijatham, a cinema star, gives evidence.

President: "Why do you keep an elephant?"

Pushpam Parijatham: "It is my whim. It is my fancy."

Dubdub: "You are keeping the animal as a pet and using it for riding. Am I right?"

P.P.: "You may think what you like."

Miss M: "What is your view on keeping an elephant?"

P.P.: "It is jolly nice."

President: "Is it not terribly costly?"

P.P.: "Oh, no, a trifle. A thousand rupees per month or so."

Dubdub: "How do you feed your pet?"

P.P.: "Rusks, biscuits, sweetmeats, ovaltine, coffee, tea, peppermints, chocolates. All good things."

BY R. BANGARUSWAMI

The next individual who offers evidence is somewhat of an elephant expert.

President: "Will you tell us what is wrong with our elephant population?"

E.E.: "Nothing is right with them. During the past three decades their girth, their strength, their intelligence, their character their beauty, all have gone down. Their average weight has gone down by 25%, their average character by 31.2% and their character by as much as 5% and so on and so forth. Their average expectation of life has been reduced by 13 years."

Miss M.: "What is it due to?"

E.E.: "A variety of causes, madam, of which I would give the place of importance to their contact with man and this thing called civilization. I know of a tubercular elephant, the animal catching the infection from its mahout!"

An elephant enthusiast beams in with his note of optimism to restore the state of equilibrium lost by the remarks of the elephant expert.

President: "Is there a future for elephants?"

E.En.: "If the elephants have no future, nothing in the world has any."

Miss M.: "I am told that you keep an elephant farm. How many are there?"

E.En.: "200 animals belonging to fifty varieties—the world's best specimens."

Regarding the other evidentiary matter recorded we must ask the white ants who have digested the material. As I said they have also in all probability eaten the report made by the learned Committee. If, however, in my further search and research I manage to snatch some portions of it at least, I shall, with your leave, place it before you on some future occasion.

Dubdub: "You must be entertaining some ideal, we suppose."

E.En.: "The golden age of elephants will come one day when every house will have an elephant, an elephant bigger and more beautiful and healthier than the pachyderms of today."

A mahout boy steps in.

President: "Your age?"

Mahout Boy: "I don't know my age."

President: "Do you know to read or write?"

Mahout Boy: "No, sir."

Dubdub: "What is it you know?"

Mahout Boy: "I know my elephant like an open book. I can read its mind quicker than many people can read their books. The big animal will obey my orders instantly."

Miss M.: "Who taught you this art?"

Mahout Boy: "I just learnt it myself watching my father at his work. We don't go to school for this purpose, madam."

A scientist doing research work in the making of bombs is next examined.

Miss M.: "What is the place of elephants in the atomic age?"

Scientist: "To be blown to smithereens in the next war."

Dubdub: "What is your solution?"

Scientist: "Shoot them beforehand and be rid of the bother."

One In A Million

YES, he is a character, unique, I would say. He is one in a million. His novelty is so refreshing that it is like a cool morning breeze. His sense of humour is exhilarating. His conversation is lively and he spills new ideas every time. I say all this about Mr. R. Subba, B.A. I saw him last year at Tirunelveli. But even after I have said all this, you can know nothing much about Subba. It is only a little I have told you.

Subba is weak in health. He will be at the most five-foot-four in height. He weighs no more than seven stones. He dresses shabbily. His hair is unkempt. I have never seen him use a button. His eyes water perpetually. He is nervous and afraid. I stayed with him one night in a hotel at Tenkasi. He screamed half the night complaining about ghosts.

Subba is so simple a creature by nature that he is incapable of the effort to appear modest. "Am I plain or vain?" he asked me once and I could not restrain myself from saying: "Subba, you are plainly vain." But human nature is varied and complex in its make-up. It has got to be. How dull life would be if it were not so!

Who could, with all his frailties, think of Subba as a bad fellow? His sense of humour makes ample amends for every one of his faults. His character can never domineer but it attracts. "Why should you ever call a Railway Porter as Porter? Better you call him Porten. This English language has no discrimination. I have to call a learned man a Librarian instead

of Librarian." This is the trend in which Subba would proceed for hours.

Subba would sing English notes in Carnatic tunes to the riotous merriment of his friends. He would sit with his friends on the riverbed and address mammoth public meetings with imaginary audiences, imitating every political leader he has seen or heard.

By K. RAJAGOPALAN

He always manages to carry dirty clothes with him wherever he goes. "The dhobi has never come in time in all my life," he says. He would purchase half a bar of soap and be-soaping for endless hours.

His reading and tastes are peculiar and even absurd. He would begin a book by reading the last chapter first! He would graze like a goat and always carry with him brilliantly confused ideas.

WITH all his endless eccentricities and peculiarities, Subba is always backed by friends and has endeared himself to everybody in the village. He can make people laugh, though most of the laughs are at his own expense. But he does not mind it. He is perhaps like Boswell who never minded being laughed at. When others were laughing at him, Boswell wrote *Life of Johnson* for which the world remembers him today while those who laughed at him are entirely forgotten. Subba is, indeed, the most unforgettable character I have met.

* In Tamil, a word ending with 'n' is a mark of disrespect. *Asar* (he) shows esteem and regard. *Asan* (he) shows scant courtesy. Ed. M.M.

MOHINI was not a beauty. Her complexion was somewhat darkish. But she had charm enough to attract attention. Well-featured, healthy and trim, she had poise and a ready smile, which was radiated by a merry twinkle in her dark brown eyes and dimples on her cheeks.

She hummed a lively tune as she retired to bed. She was bubbling with happiness for she was in love with Ashok, who had that evening called her charming, angelic and infinitely lovable.

She smiled as she recalled the above, and many other moments

"I am glad you like it," said Chandi Dass leaning over her. "Let me help you fasten it."

She obliged.

"That is fine!" he said, surveying her. "You look grand. Here, see it for yourself."

She glanced at the looking glass her father gave and smiled. He was right.

"You are very kind," she said turning to him.

"God be praised," he added. "You are very lucky, Mohini."

Dimple In Ditties

BY NARENDRA NATH

of harmony, moments of glorious ecstasy. Suddenly she grew thoughtful. She became superstitious. She feared lest her cup of happiness should overflow and get drained. Too much of everything was bad. Would she also come to grief like her aunt before her? She shuddered and prayed a little. It was time she restrained herself. She wished she were sad; it was her sincere desire. She pinched herself to feel if it really pained. It did. She felt better and tried to compose herself to sleep.

"Lovely," she said in admiration, examining the necklace closely. "Simply wonderful. It must have cost you a fortune, father."

Shamlal would have swelled with pride....."

"Shamlal?" she asked, raising her brows in surprise.

"He is a friend of mine," he explained. "He is a moneyed man and has big business. His wife died six years ago. I have offered him your hand."

SHE caught her breath. It was a bombshell. Slowly and mechanically, she unfastened the necklace and handed it to her father. Tears welled up so that she could hardly see. She ran to her room and bolted the door. She cried without restraint till sobs choked her. When she calmed down a little, her mind raced towards Ashok.

She needed him most. They belonged to each other. She went over to the window facing the road and looked out. Ashok was coming. He looked happy. Before she could warn him, he strode past her room. She longed to meet him but her courage failed her. She sank into the chair and hid her face in her hands.

The door was opened by Chandi Dass. Ashok was surprised a little. He expected Mohini as usual. The meeting was brief and pathetic. Ashok left the house perhaps for ever.

Mohini was sitting by the window, waiting for Ashok to pass by. She had not long to wait. She caught her breath. He was not the lively, handsome Ashok she had known.

"Ashok!" she called between sobs.

He looked at the window for a moment, hesitated and turned away. Mohini flung herself on her bed and cried her heart out. How long she wept no one knew. She refused to open the door to Chandi Dass. She complained of headache and wished to be left alone.

She quite appreciated her father's point of view. She was five when her mother died. Chandi Dass was heart-broken. From then onwards he concentrated all his affection and kindness on her. She was obliged to him for the



care and tenderness bestowed on her. She was equally devoted to him and obeyed him. But that did not mean she should sacrifice her love and live miserably and mutely with a man who was old enough to be her father. Life without Ashok was dull, barren and devoid of pleasure. Her soul was tormented. She was alone—terribly alone. She was impatient to meet Ashok and feel his magnetic touch. She yearned to be near him and feel his warmth. Suddenly she got up from her bed. Her mind was made up. She started dressing.

ASHOK was none the better for the experience. He loved Mohini dearly. She was the centre of his dreams. He remembered the day when he saved her from drowning and conveyed her home. Chandi Dass was in tears and profuse with his thanks. Since then he was a

welcome and frequent visitor; and yet he was rejected by her father because he was poor, had no name. Perhaps the poor did not love; they had no right. And the rich? Well, they could make, pretend and even purchase love.

PRESENTLY, there was a sharp rap at the door. He listened and switched on the light. Another rap. He got up and opened the door to Mohini. She had a bag in her hand. With her came a blast of cold wind. She closed the door behind her. Ashok could hardly believe his eyes.

"At this hour of night?" he asked.

"Yes," she said quietly placing the bag on the table. "What is wrong about it? I am quite safe here. There is no time to lose," she appealed. "Make haste, I



ONE GIRL (to another): "That radio drama about bald heads was simply wonderful, wasn't it?"

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am in distress. I would rather die than marry another. You alone can help me. I am yours, body and soul. You can make or mar my life. Let us leave this beastly place."

She knelt down and caught his feet. "Give me some place here."

Ashok lifted her up and drew her close.

"And your father?" he asked.

"I HAVE no father," she replied sadly. "I had a mother. She died. There is no one there to look after me. I am uncared for." There were tears in her eyes.

"Crying like that won't get us anywhere," he pleaded, wiping her tears. "You will only make yourself ill. We must talk it over with your father."

"No use."

"That is the only solution, Mohini. I must have his consent. No false step. I won't bring disgrace to you or your father. No, I can't do that. You have already risked too much by being here. Let me escort you home."

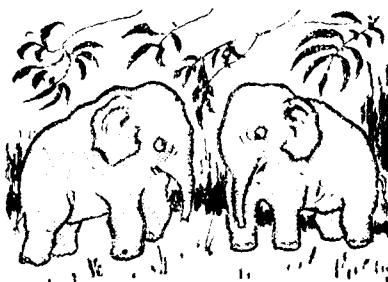
Mohini was greatly disappointed.

"You saved me once," she said slowly. "I thought you would protect me always. I had great faith in you. But you have shattered it and with it our lives and dreams — dreams so sacred to us. You were my only hope. But what is the use now?"

And before Ashok could utter a word or prevent her, she opened the door and was lost in the darkness outside. Ashok stood dazed for a moment. Then he sprang into action. He ran after

her. A chilly blast greeted him. The night was dark and cloudy. Mohini was nowhere to be seen. He called out her name only to be mocked at by the high wind. He accelerated his pace and was soon running towards the river, hoping to catch up with Mohini. He would not let her commit suicide. He ran faster still. Suddenly he stumbled against something and fell into the middle of the road, hurting himself badly. He made an effort to get up. He did not notice the car coming at a great speed. He was unaware of the impending danger. The driver saw him but it was too late.

A CRY of horror escaped Mohini's lips. She woke with a start and sat up shivering in her bed. Her eyes were terror-stricken. How she sweated! Her heart was beating violently. She looked round; she was in her room, to be sure. She could hardly believe her eyes. She touched her bed; it was real. She felt her pillow; it was all wet. Slowly it dawned on her that she had been dreaming. So the necklace story was all a dream; her Ashok was safe. She heaved a sigh of relief. What a nightmare! But then she wanted to be sad; she had asked for it!



"I have hardly eaten these ten days. Don't I appear lean?"

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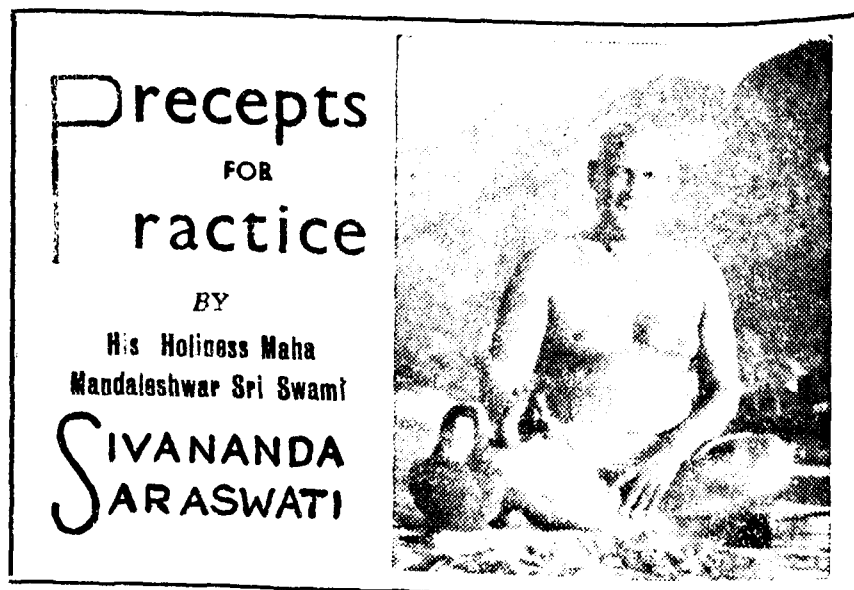
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It is not desirable that you should do anything in a sudden outburst of enthusiasm or disgust. You must first acquire the necessary qualification. You should equip yourself with *Viveka* and *Vichara*. Then your progress will be very rapid. Selfless service should be your watchword. Love and serve all.

Joy, peace, bliss, and all auspiciousness have taken refuge at the Lotus Feet of the Lord. Man, whose eyes are blinded by ignorance, seeks them in the shadow, the essenceless *Samsara*.

Go to a big factory. Watch. The huge machinery is just an inert mass of steel. The one switch hidden in a small case somewhere in a corner is the real doer. The whole factory is set in motion by just turning on the little switch. What appears huge to your external vision has really no strength. It is nothing and has no intrinsic value of its own.

It is the Lord's Power that works through all. Therefore, surrender to His Will and rest in peace. He will look after you. You need not at all worry.

The best medicines for regaining of one's lost health are: the practice of *Yoga*, control of the mind, *Japa*, *Kirtan*, *Swadhyaya* and *Vairagya*. You may also take a course of *Brahmacharya Suddha* and *Chyavanaprash* for some time till you regain physical strength.

But you must turn to God and aspire to realise Him. Then only is even physical health worth possessing.

People like you in the cities and towns are the real prop of the generation. You must equip yourself with all the necessary knowledge of both life and the Hereafter and thus become a ready instrument in His Hands. When you are fit He will surely utilise you for the benefit and uplift of the generation.

Take the case of a man who complains that there were some reverses in his business. Does he know His Plans? Does he know enough to judge His Wisdom? None of us know His Plans. What we should do is to resign ourselves to Him and dedicate our sorrows and happiness to Him. Work incessantly for Him. Serve, love and give. Sing His Name, day in and day out. Be alive in His Consciousness and then you live every moment.

Joy, Bliss, Immortality — these are your birthright. Never swerve from the path of Truth. This is your birthright. This is your real nature. This is no monopoly of the dwellers of Himalayas or the Saints only. It is the birthright of everyone.

All students in a class do not pass in the first division. There are people with different standards and different degrees of comprehension. In order that the Divine Wisdom may reach all, the great teacher Sri Vyasa Bhagavan has written the *Puranas*. Your business is to rightly understand them and make the best use of them.

In a bazaar you will see so many things for which you have no use. But then why do you blame the shop-keeper for it? He keeps them because there are some who

go in for it. Even so the different kinds of *Yoga*, the different *Puranas*, *Agamas*, *Nigamas*, philosophies, etc., have their own utility. For the right man all systems are useful and necessary. Why should you count pebbles on the river bed? Your business is to drink water if you are thirsty.

Start your spiritual life right from this moment. Sing the Names of the Lord. Love everyone with *Narayana Bhav*. A flood of light will pervade you. The Divine Hand will lead you safely to your goal.

You cannot lack will power. But perhaps you lack in the capacity to develop the hidden power within you. You should awaken it by regular spiritual *Sadhana*. Find out one of the evil qualities that have enslaved you.

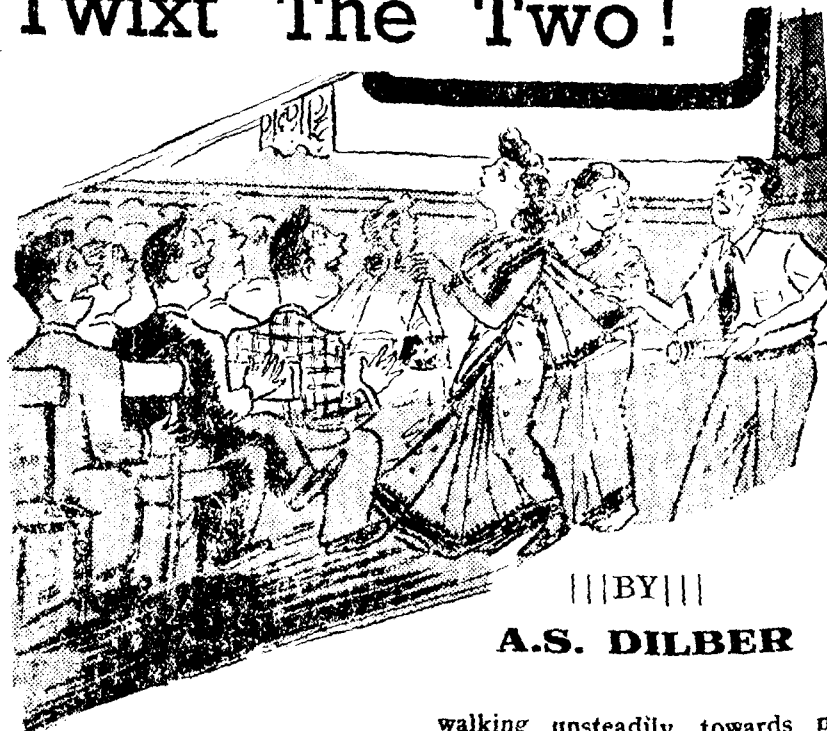
34th Birthday

The inmates of the Divine Life Society at Ananda Kutir, Rishikesh, celebrated the 34th Birthday of Sri Swami Venkatesananda, Editor of *The Yoga Vedanta Forest University Weekly*, on 26th December, '54, in a fitting manner. The Birthday Committee presented a Souvenir Volume, commemorating the occasion, to Sri Swami Venkatesananda.

Anniversary Celebrations

The Shencottah Branch of the Divine Life Society celebrated its first anniversary on a grand scale on 19th December, '54. Sri T. Lakshmana Perumal, District Munsiff of Tenkasi, presided over the function. Bhajans, sankirtan, satsang and speeches were the highlights of the celebrations.

'Twixt The Two!



|||BY|||

A.S. DILBER

I WAS sitting in a corner seat of the theatre, as was my usual habit. The picture had just started and the hall was as quiet and dark as a miser's den. The story was one of those highly romantic island love tales that make you go alternatively hot and cold. The hero and heroine, bronze specimens of Hollywoodian bodily proportions, were lying on a soft spring-bed of roses and other wild flowers, crooning love-chants to each other that would have given grandma a serious attack of heart-sickness.

A slight sound of approaching steps at my right made me turn around just as the jungle lovers were getting ready to gather each other in their arms. Three shadows loomed out of the darkness,

walking unsteadily towards my seat. One of them had a small torch which tried vainly to pierce the gloom with its feeble light. I concluded he was an attendant, employed in the theatre. The other two who walked behind him seemed to be women. I could hear clearly the sharp tap-tap-tap of their high-heeled sandals and just discern their rounded female forms in the dark. The light of the torch travelled to the two vacant seats next to me and the women, at a sign from the attendant, came forward to take their places. I pulled my legs back to let them pass, but the space was too narrow and I felt the soft material of their dress gently brushing against my knees as they crossed over to their seats. As they sat down, one beside me and the other next to her, I turned my attention back to the screen.

The romantic scenes and situations on the screen were pale shadows before his own full-blooded romantic anticipations. And the girl of his heart was the very one he had spurned!

Things had started to happen over there. The lovers, who had seemed so gentle and full of spiritual love a moment ago, were trying their best to smother each other in their heavy embraces. They looked more like amateur wrestlers than anything else. The heroine, though her eyes were half-closed with the ardour of the moment, held her lord and master in a tight half-Nelson grip that would surely choke him to death if she kept it up for longer than a minute. But the descendant of Adam, undaunted, was forcing his panting lips upon hers as though he wanted to push his head into her rosy-tipped mouth.

MY young flesh responded automatically to the scene and I squirmed comfortably in my seat. In doing so my left knee happened to contact something soft and warm. The next instant the woman drew away her leg and my knee was left alone as before.

"Sorry," I murmured to my companion, as soon as I had got over the shock.

She did not deign to reply to me. Her silence aroused a little anger in my heart. Did she think that I had done it deliberately? Who did she think she was? Hedy Lamarr? I stared at her in the darkness, trying to make out her size, shape, colour or age. After a minute I gave it up and turned back to the screen.

The lovers were still at it. The woman had released her Nelson hold and now gripped her superior half in a back-breaking judo lock.

Strange to say, her eyes were still half-closed.

I shifted the position of my shoulders to the other side of the seat to have a better look. For a moment my heart stopped beating. For my shoulder had melted into a warm haven of gentle softness. It lasted for a second. Then the woman hastily shoved herself to the other end of her seat.

"**S**ORRY," I muttered again, shocked at the suddenness of her movement in getting away from me. This time I could not stop the anger which was gathering like a black cloud in my heart. She hadn't bothered to reply to me on both the occasions. She hadn't even turned her face towards me to acknowledge my apologies. She probably thought I was a fiend who habitually molested women in dark places. My mind went numb at the thought and I glared wrathfully in her direction.

But she continued to ignore me, sitting as near to her other corner as she possibly could and leaning far away from me. My heart started beating wildly. A hundred curses rose to my lips like obedient servants at the clap of their master's hands. The blinking prude, I thought. I'll show her!

From that time, the love-scene on the screen was forgotten. I started enacting a little comedy of my own whose funny aspects, nevertheless, failed to strike me at the moment. I would watch the woman like a hawk circling over its victim. As soon as she would

forget my presence and relax naturally in her seat, I would fake a movement and endeavour to touch any part of her person as though by accident. The result was always the same. Like a frightened hen she would jerk herself away and leave me chuckling. And thenceforth I even refrained from apologising. Revenge is sweet!

THIS went on until the interval. When the lights came on I rubbed the smug, satisfied smile from my mouth and turned an innocent face to have a glimpse of my victim. The next moment I nearly jumped out of my seat in horror at the spectacle I beheld. If my breath hadn't suddenly choked my throat I should certainly have let out a yell that would have brought down the roof of the theatre upon my head! As it was I had a hard time keeping my eyes from popping out of my head.

To say merely that the woman was ugly and plain would be the grossest form of under-statement yet attempted in the history of the world. To say that she was as ugly as a toad would be tempting the poor creature to sue me in the courts for a personal affront and injury. Toads are ugly enough no doubt; even they will admit it themselves. But, as they may well point out, they have their charms. And this woman had none.

Her appearance was made even worse because of the contrast it afforded to the glorious creature who sat beside her. One could not dream of a more unlike pair. The second one was a young and buxom lass with silk-black hair and big flashing eyes smiling con-

tentedly at the world. Truly a vision of delight! I drank in her every curve and line. I was so stunned by the beauty of the damsel that for a happy moment I forgot the presence of the ugly one. She must have been watching my admiring gaze at her young companion with apprehension and perhaps a little jealousy. Anyway, she suddenly grabbed the young one's fair arm and muttered roughly, "Let's go out for the interval, Neena. It's hot here."

NEENA! As I watched their receding backs I tasted the sweet name in my mouth like a bar of chocolate. I repeated it to myself. The whole interval passed like eternity. I dared not leave my seat. I wanted another glance at her before the picture started again. I prayed that she might come back soon. I looked at her empty seat which had the honour of touching her and wished to take its place!



DOCTOR: "There is nothing wrong with you, my dear man, and that is what is worrying me!"

The interval was over at last but she did not come. The light in the theatre went off and darkness enveloped me. I could just make out the line of her little seat and every second I looked back at the darkened door to see if she was coming. My heart was beating madly and my pulse would have made a doctor jump out of his skin. The film was forgotten and I never found out what happened to the jungle lovers.

AT last! The curtain of one of the doors was pulled back, allowing in a little outside light and two dim human shapes. This time they came on without any assistance from the attendant. The clear tap-tap-tap of their feet sounded like heavenly music to my ears. I wanted to jump with joy and rush to greet them; yes, even the ugly one, for wasn't she the friend and companion of the most wonderful damsel in the world?

I controlled myself, however, and nearly unhinged my eyes trying to focus them on one of the almost invisible figures approaching near my seat. On they came, straight as an arrow. They brushed lightly against my knees again, but this time a thrill of pure delight passed through me at the contact of the silken garments. As they took their seats, I closed my eyes and a sweet, smiling face rose out of the darkness to make me forget the sad world.

A slight pressure on my left hand aroused me out of this blissful state. I awoke, as it were, to the reality of this sordid world. At the same instant I realised that the woman's arm was resting against my own on the wooden

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partition of our seats. The ugly sight of the woman who had sat next to me before the interval exploded in my mind and I hastily removed my arm. I made the movement as rudely as possible and half expected her to apologise as I had done. No word issued from her lips, but I felt some satisfaction from the fact that I had at last succeeded in humiliating her as much as she had done to me.

I soon forgot her and immediately my mind flew off to contemplate the angelic beauty by her side. I did not glance even once at the screen, but was occupied in imagining the strangest and the most fascinating adventures with the fair maiden.

SOMETHING soft touched my knee. I came out of my dream-world again and jerked away my leg with some amount of firmness. This sort of thing, I thought to myself, would not do. What was the matter with the ugly witch? At first she had shied away from me as though I were a devil, and now here she was trying her best to touch me in the dark. Perhaps, I thought, vainly, that the good survey which she had had of me during the interval had changed her attitude towards me. Who knows? Maybe I even appealed to her sense of romance. I shuddered at the thought, and, moving over to the other end of my seat, huddled myself up.

Time passed very swiftly. In an absent-minded way I noted that the woman beside me was moving about restlessly; a few times more she managed to bring her hand in contact with mine, but I always pulled myself

away and let her get a dose of her own medicine.

THE film was over at last and, amidst a thunderous volume of jungle music, the lights were switched on. I blinked my eyes and the first thought that came to my mind was to have a nice look at my dream girl. I turned my head slyly. The next moment I nearly dropped dead upon my seat! I raised my arms in agonised despair. If I had any strength left in me I would have used it up in tearing out my hair by their roots! If I had a wish in my heart it was to suddenly disappear from the face of this cruel world.

With despair and desolate longing wringing my heart, I looked again to make sure. But I need not have had any doubt. The woman sitting next to me, the creature who had occupied my next seat after the interval, was that most beautiful and gorgeous-looking girl whom I had been dreaming of throughout the second half of the film!



WRITER (to publisher): "My new novel is something of an autobiography. The hero is a writer who kills his publisher!"

SLIP and SLAP!

By
BABA
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E

Union Finance Minister, Sri C.D. Deshmukh, announces that it is planned to end unemployment in 10 years, to double per capita income in a generation and bring about the even distribution of wealth and income.

Excellent!

But there are certain things too good even to dream of. It is even dangerous to have such dreams because the realities would be killingly disappointing.

* *

What a fuss we had about raising the age limit of marriage: such Reform ardour! Such sharp debates, such angry discussions, such frank abuse; the storm of it all ends in the limit being "raised" to what it was.

The limit was "raised" without any increase in the limit. So all that fuss was a sober storm!

* *

Governor-General Mr. Ghulam Mohammed of Pakistan had discussions with the Awami Leader Suhrawardy about the political situation.

Discussion was preceded and followed by Lunch.

Excellent example that way of prefixing and suffixing all discussion or deliberations in Assemblies, Councils, Cabinets or wheresoever earnest work has to be done.

Else why should Lunch news be mentioned in the Press so faithfully?

A Madras Minister informs the Legislature that the whole Cabinet is God-fearing; that the Saivite Ministers smear *vibhuti* and the Vaishnavites put on *namam*; and two of them perform "pooja" daily."

Surely, Governor Sri Sri Prakasa must see to it that the whole Cabinet is awarded at least a "Parama Vir Chakra," if not a Bharat Ratna.

Of course, great will be their recognition in Heaven in spite of what you hear about the doings of some of them.

* *

Why a pact for mutual security between U.S.A. and Chiang? Is U.S.A. now insecure? Or, Chiang Kai-shek, for that matter? If insecure, is it a political or bodily one?

Well might the wolf make a security pact with itself to protect itself against the lamb and perfect the security pact by swallowing the lamb for security.

* *

"So, that is true Democracy!" exclaims Mr. Shantilal H. Shaw, Labour Minister, Bombay, who was defeated by Mr. Allah Bux, hotel keeper, in election to Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee.

"Minister's crown

Must tumble down

And in election be equal made."

The common man or "man in the street" must take interest in the Five Year Plan. He now holds out his empty hand to get: no, he must stretch it to give: that is what the Finance Minister wants him to do for the Five Year Plan.

* *

"Get slim or get out" is the order of the U.S. High Command to all American troops now stationed in Europe.

But whose fault is it? Were the men given the necessary "P.T." as F.M. Lord Montgomery called it, "Physical Training"?

But, if that were applied to Cabinet Ministers, how about Premier Churchill, with a barrel-belly? I cannot recall such a rotund Premier after Lord Salisbury.

* *

The first Governor to visit the Laccadives, as Lord Mayo was the first to visit the Andamans, is Sri Sri Prakasa.

Sri Sri Prakasa says the Laccadivians badly need road, medicine and education. What about the slums in his own capital?

I would only tell His Excellency, "Look at the slums nearest your Raj Bhavan, and be wiser."

* *

"Crimes are rare in Laccadives." Yes, that only reminds us of what a notorious pirate said, after diligently plundering the islands of the Hebrides, "I robbed the islands as thoroughly as I could; but could hardly get six silver pence." That means scope for crimes cannot be so inviting even to the best marauding talent.

Looks as if that is very nearly the situation in the Laccadives too.

* *

Members of Legislatures have the privilege of getting out information by their interpellations: that is Privilege. But they indulge in making statements which cannot be supported or substantiated by facts.

They should not: that is Responsibility.

But too often Legislators think that is also a Privilege by which any statement, gross or exaggerated, can be made.

But who is to bell the cat?

* *

U.S.A. is worried over the questions: who is to use the A-Bomb, Soldier or Politician? That means the use of A-Bomb is decided upon.

"To use or not to use?" that is the question any Peace lover would pose.



RICKSHAWALLAH (to pal) "The contractor Sahib is very strict, you know. The vehicle broke down but he insists the fare will be paid only if I carry him the rest of the distance!"

DEEPAK, a wealthy, young merchant, lived in the suburbs of the city to be free from the noise and dust. He came to Bombay from the Punjab about six years ago and established a firm of 'Estate Agents.' By his careful handling the business flourished. His happy smile and pleasant features drew numerous friends to him. With all that, he was a bachelor and when alone seemed to be deeply thinking of something and brooding over it. Could it be that he was in love and felt too shy to talk about it? Nobody knew, but from his habits one could gather that he was not a man of that type.

Deepak took great interest in his business and was regular in attendance. His office staff liked him much for being always kind and gentle with them. They had occasion also to notice that brooding mood of his, but could do nothing in the matter except divert his attention to some business activities when they found him glum and morose.

One morning, while on his way to his office in his luxuriant car, he stopped near a shop to buy some knick-knacks for his residence. With the change in one hand and parcel in the other he came to his car, threw the bundle inside and carelessly shoved the change into his right-hand pocket and was about to drive when a girl in ragged clothes called out, "Sahib, sahib!" She came running to him holding out a

four-anna coin and told him that it had dropped out while he put the change into his pocket.

Deepak had never felt so moved as he was now. It was amazing that a beggar girl should return a four-anna piece found on the road. She must be perfectly honest: she should be given something better in return. He took the four annas from her and asked her who she was, where she came from and where her parents were.

"SAHIB!" replied the girl. "I have no one except an elder sister lying ill on the pavement. We came from Lahore. My brother left us and ran away somewhere and our parents missed us on the road. My sister and I beg and eat. She is very sick today and so I came by myself."

Deepak took her in his car and asked the girl to direct him to the place where her sister was lying. On reaching there he found that under a corrugated sheet kept slanting against a wall on the pavement lay something covered up by sack cloth. He went near and felt the covering and noticed that it was a young woman inside who was shivering. He did not know what to do but his charitable heart prompted him not to leave her there unprotected.

The girl had informed him that her sister had nothing but water to drink and that even this had to be brought in soaked clothes from a tap and squeezed into her mouth, for want of vessels.

Deepak was choked with grief and looked from the huddled mass to the girl standing by. He did not know what sort of help he should give. Neither was he able to speak. Suddenly a thought struck him. Why not leave them at a Hospital and get them treated at his own expense? He thought for a while, then put them in his car and drove them to his Doctor's residence and Nursing Home. On arriving there he arranged with the doctor to have the girl examined.

The doctor was surprised to see the two dirty-clad girls brought to his fashionable, up-to-date



[34]

Nursing Home. But he could not prevent Deepak from doing so as he told the doctor that he would defray all the expenses arising from treatment, accommodation and necessary changes of clothing to make them look like respectable human beings. The Doctor agreed to this. Deepak then left the place to attend to his business.

THERE he was confronted with another important problem and that was to leave Bombay for a week's tour of Poona, Bangalore and Madras. He informed the Doctor of this sudden change in his programme and left.

On his return from the tour, he rushed up to the Nursing Home to see if the girl was well. To his surprise he was told that the patients he had admitted had left the Home the day previous, leaving behind all their new clothes supplied to them. What they wore when leaving was also a mystery. The Doctor said he had already informed the police and instructed them to search for them as he did not know whether they had done it of their own free will or not. This was really a shock to Deepak.

HOW stupid of them to leave such a happy place as this and run away, he thought. Of course, the Nursing Home was also partly to blame for having let them go out without permission. He did not mind paying the bills as it was solely done in charity, thinking them to be honest. What clandestine connections they had outside he did not know. He had no occasion to speak to the elder girl. The doctor knew nothing more about them than their names which were given out as Shyama and Shabnam for the elder and younger, respectively.

Well, he thought, let the matter lie and if he comes across them again he would find out all about it.

The next morning, while on his way to the station, he noticed a crowd arguing over something with a couple of policemen and in the midst were also a few women and children. He stopped his car, got out and to his surprise saw the two girls there. The policemen were trying to take them to the station, while the crowd defended their rights, saying they had done

(Continued on page 62)

[35]

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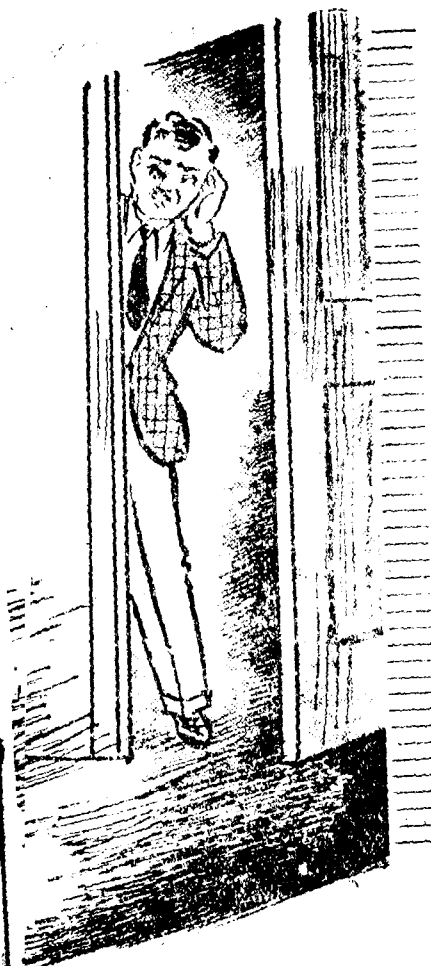


CAROL trembled slightly under the stress of the moment but, reassured by Garth's firm touch on her hand, his brown eyes looking into her own, she repeated the Vicar's words steadily, her clear young voice carrying to the back of the rowded church.

"I, Caroline Jennifer, take thee, Garth Theodore, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from

this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

A shaft of early spring sunshine poured through the stained glass window above the altar as Garth made his vows and placed the ring on Carol's finger. The sun



BY PHYLLIS LODGE

glittered on the massive gold candle-sticks and lit the array of flowers, while Carol's auburn hair, flowing from beneath her lace head-dress, was bathed in its golden light.

The murmurs and movements behind her seemed very remote as she walked beside Garth to the vestry, aware only of the man she loved beside her, his lithe figure so near that she could almost feel

his calm breathing, while the scent of his carnation came fragrantly to her nostrils.

Her mother's bright smile barely hid from her the depth of emotion she felt as they kissed. Her father embraced her tenderly, after which she was greeted teasingly as "sister" by Garth's younger brother, Michael, his best man. By his side stood her bridesmaid, the pretty young cousin, Sylvia, holding Carol's gloves and flowers, and smilingly looking on.

THE bride's face was radiant as she moved slowly down the nave, her hand resting lightly on Garth's arm, the music of Tannhauser's "Wedding March" swelling out from the organ loft to the friends and villagers waiting at the porch.

How often had she dreamed of this moment, the culminating point of her happiness since Garth, at long last, had asked her to marry him!

There was a warmth in the homely laughter and greetings of the little band assembled outside the church to which they responded whole-heartedly.

On their way to her parents' home for the reception, Garth was the first to speak.

"Quite happy, darling?" he whispered.

"Perfectly, Garth dear ... perfectly!" came the reply.

As they entered the house, Carol gazed delightedly round the room now prepared for their wedding reception, her eyes dancing from end to end of the polished table, and presently resting for a while on the floral decorations, the beauty of the flowers enhanced by the brilliance

and sparkle of polished silver and glass.

But Garth had eyes only for his young bride and her loveliness as, very gently, he took her in his arms, careful not to crush the satin of her gown. In the fervour of his kiss was no gentleness but a deep longing, which was echoed in Carol's own heart.

THEY had waited so long ... so much longer than they need have done if Garth had only realised that the difference in their ages was no barrier between them. She had loved him from her early adolescence, when he had taught her to ride. The strength and masculine grace of his athletic figure as he rode over the downs

how wrong it would be for him to make demands on her heart.

"But I love you, Garth," she had said, importunately. "I'll always love you. There can never be anybody else."

"I don't doubt your love, Carol. But, think ... think! Here am I, already thirty-eight, and you ... you are so young and lovely, my dear. It would be unfair ..."

"What has the difference in age to do with love, Garth?" Her interruption had possessed of the assurance and vehemence of youth that defies argument. "I love you and you love me ... you know you do! Oh, Garth, dear Garth, I want you so much!"

with her brothers exercising the horses from his Riding School, or as he competed in the Point to Point and Gymkhanas, made him a hero in her eyes. In the Riding School, he had treated her as a young sister or cousin, but her adoration had grown with the years.

It was at the last Hunt Ball that he had confessed he loved her, his defences lowered by her glowing beauty, her proximity as they danced together, the lure of the lilting music, and the magic and mystery of a full moon shining over the undulating downland, when he led her out on to the balcony.

After his passionate kiss, he had held her from him, told her

After a long silence, he smiled quietly, indulgently.

"CAROL, it isn't that I don't love you. I do ... dearly. I'm telling you, I am old enough, yes, to be your father."

"But ..."

"Wait, Carol. Listen, please. You've said there can be no one else for you. I believe that and accept it. But, without tying you in the least, I promise you that, if you feel just the same about me when you're a little older, well, I'll marry you."

Now, just after her eighteenth birthday, the promise was fulfilled, the interval, that had seemed

so endless, forgotten. Her happiness was complete.

THE rapture of their honeymoon, in which they seemed to live in a dream world, through which other people came and went like unreal, shadowy figures, had to be curtailed to ten days, as the hunting season meant, for him, extra work at the stables.

"I'll be glad to help you, darling," Carol assured him, on their last evening in London, as she leaned against him with his arm around her, gazing down on the busy life of Piccadilly from the window of their hotel suite far above. "I always helped father with the farm books, remember."

Garth smiled down at his young bride.

"My wife is not going to pore over books," he declared, tenderly. "A clerk can manage that while we spend more time together out with the horses." His voice deepened as he spoke, reminiscently. "Out on the downs in the early morning, my darling, when the mist is just clearing from the valleys, riding along the cliffs, watching the sun rise over the sea. And in the evenings, after the day's business, we'll ride across Fallowdown and watch the glory of the sun setting over the breast of the hills."

Bending to kiss her lips, Garth paused as she returned his smile, rapturously. "Then, on cold autumn mornings, when the wind is chill, we'll ride through Beacon

(Continued on page 57)



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A DRIVER IS FLOORED!

== BY ==

P.

Balagopal

KANNAN was just another ubiquitous bus driver. He exhibited an unusual exuberance when he was young. He had always studiously cultivated an air of self-importance and looked haughty. He tried to preserve it. His prolific moustache, carefully arranged over his voluptuous, half-hidden, upper lip with a touch of vaseline and screwed up at both ends with an upward twist, eclipsed any moustache worn by any other bus driver.

But alas! he became very touchy about his seat at the wheel as a driver. He was possessed of the feeling what a careless twist or turn of the wheel with his little finger could do to all those lives in his care. To him passengers were but lives entrusted to his care, as long as they were in the bus. "Be he a Minister or the highest civil servant, I am the supreme dispenser of his fate for the moment." This was how he figured it out.

Added to this, the up and down journeys of Kannan's bus had for years helped the villagers *en route* to determine the "correct" Indian Standard time, even if some of their battered old clocks had stopped to chime. The sight of his bus used to send some schoolmasters, already late, striding in a flurry.

When buses were still scarce on country roads, a passing maiden with a pot balanced on her head would pause to have an eyeful of this modern machine. This inflated Kannan's pride still more. In his conceit, he would shoot up an



amorous glance of approval, and one hand would glide over his moustache. He would persuade himself blindly that she couldn't have paused and stared so long at the bus. The real reason was that he had caught her eye—the splendid he-man, the supreme dispenser of the passengers' fates and, above all, the man at the wheel of an 'inscrutable' engine.

I knew Kannan in the pink of health and youth. His arresting looks and well-groomed moustache must have sent many a maiden heart fluttering. I was aware also that he gave free rides to some girls who were crazy about him.

Kannan's conceit knew no bounds when he sat together in the front seat with a Sub-Magistrate or Sub-Inspector. He fell into conversation with them and

was never slow to do so. He exchanged low whispers with these exalted fellow travellers, craning his neck and pressing his face close to their ears. There was much amazement in the bus. But Kannan in his exultant mood felt more elated during these moments and never gave a thought for the smaller fry whether on or off the bus.

After many years of service Kannan was on the rocks. It was his drink habit, now threatened by Prohibition. He disappeared from his usual bus on the usual route. He had left for a border town near Pondy. He thought he could still get his drinks during his trans-border trips. But someone came too soon.

He was clapped behind iron bars for bootlegging. And what was worse, he was kept under the watchful eye of a former Head Constable, who later on became Superintendent of the Jail. Kannan had been notoriously uncharitable to the smaller passengers once. Incidentally he had given this H.C., turned Superintendent, a raw deal once upon a time. Kannan had made the gravest of all mistakes in sternly refusing a front seat to this man. It was now the Superintendent's turn for retribution in all its fury.

I SAW Kannan again after many years, grovelling on his belly before one of his one-time passengers. Worn, weary, lean and emaciated, his moustache only a grey reminiscence of his hey-day, drooping like a "weeping willow into a murmuring brook," he cut a very sorry figure.

I came back convinced that life couldn't have held a better moral for Kannan or for any one else. ++

Secret Belief In Mascots!

MOST brides awake smiling and happy on their wedding morning. But an attractive eighteen-year-old blonde from North Wales, who had planned to wed in Liverpool, wept and could not be comforted when she awoke on the great day a few weeks ago, writes Norman Inglis in *Tit-Bits*.

For she had suddenly remembered that the silver locket belonging to her great-grandmother which she intended to wear "for luck" during the wedding service had been left behind at her home a hundred miles away.

What should she do? She quickly made up her mind. She must have that locket. And, if it was to prove a real luck-bringer, she felt she must fetch it herself.

From the Liverpool hotel in which she was staying she hastily rang the nearest airport and begged: "Please, please, I must hire an aeroplane at once to fly to Wales."

Within a very short time a 'plane was got ready. The bride's mother tried vainly to dissuade her from taking all that trouble to obtain the "mascot" she was so determined to wear during the wedding service.

Friends offered to fly to fetch it for her while she waited at the

hotel. But the pretty young woman was adamant and took off in the 'plane only two hours before the ceremony was due to start.

Meanwhile, the bride's father had telephoned her home and arranged for the locket to be sent by fast car to meet the 'plane when it touched down. The locket was handed over to the young woman.

On her return flight in the thirty-seater aircraft the now happy bride changed into her wedding dress. The 'plane landed and she dashed to a waiting car which sped to the church, arriving only a few minutes after the ceremony was due to begin.

Wearing the locket, and with her eyes aglow with happiness, she said later: "I just had to get it. It has tremendous sentimental value."

Three people out of five, it is calculated, have a secret belief in mascots.

Sometimes so-called lucky mascots are the most trivial things. When I visited New York Stock Exchange a few years ago I noticed that nearly every American stockbroker used mere stumps of pencils.

"Nobody here is ever seen using a long pencil," one told me. "Somehow our pencil stumps seem

to bring luck. When the stumps became too small to use, some of us preserve them carefully in our offices."

It was the boast of a famous diamond merchant that for many years the destinies of his firm were controlled by an enormous sapphire which was bought by his grandfather.

The merchant kept the sapphire in a special safe until he died, always carrying the key himself and bringing the sapphire out only once a year — for five minutes.

But after his death the sapphire was sold. At once misfortunes overtook the business. The directors decided to buy back the sapphire — and trade was brisk once more.

During the war many of our troops carried or wore mascots. One Scot always carried in his pocket a miniature gold shoe, a family heirloom, and used to say

he owed his safety to it. He declared that an ancestor had carried it at Culloden and come unscathed through the battle.

The Scot's story was laughed at by another soldier who, for a joke, took the mascot from him while he slept and put it in his own pocket.

That night a German patrol attacked the Scots' outpost. Bullets rained on the Scotsmen. The owner of the mascot was killed at once. The man who had "borrowed" it escaped without a scratch.

The composer Handel rarely sat down to write unless he had in his pocket a pebble which he picked up when he was a boy.

Motorists, stage stars, film stars, jockeys — many carry mascots of some kind. Speedway riders have confessed to taking a quick glance sometimes to see if some small personal mascot is in its place as they hurtle to victory — or defeat.

Queer Facts

On Mt. Shasta, California, Mountain Climber Dan O'Neill, 34, slipped and fell on the snowy slope, escaped with only minor cuts and bruises after a 40-m.p.h. head-first slide of nearly a mile, because "I kept my head, used my toes as brakes and steered with my fore-arms."

In Natchez, Mississippi, Secretary of State Heber Ladner, addressing the League of Women Voters, solemnly began: "It thrills my soul whenever I come to the historic city of Vicksburg," discovered that he had begun reading the wrong speech!

In Liberty, Kentucky, the *Casey County News* advertised: "To the person who is so destitute as to be forced to take two lengths of garden hose and a sprinkler from the lawn of the First Christian Church — if you will call at the pastor's study, he will give you the five-year guarantee for the hose, your dinner, and any religion that may rub off on you."

In Ludlow, England, Postal Clerk Edward O'Sullivan was chosen to attend classes in the detection of forged money orders, returned to his office and forged £94 for himself!

A well-known footballer never went on to a pitch without tucking his pretty sweetheart's cambric handkerchief into his shirt. He lost his mascot towards the end of a cup final, but when he discovered the loss he didn't worry.

"The handkerchief helped me to score in the first half," he said, "and as that was the only goal, we won the match. But to-night I must ask my girl to give me another mascot. I'd hate to play a whole match without one."

Crocodiles Are Most Treacherous

One of the few men who have been caught by a crocodile but who have lived to tell the tale is Father Widlake, writes *Answers*.

Father Widlake is on the staff of a mission forty miles from Salisbury, Rhodesia. While swimming in a river a crocodile seized him by the left thigh. He splashed and shouted, and the croc let go temporarily. Then it came to the surface, saw its victim was still unaided, and returned to the attack, gripping the priest by the lower leg.

By this time Father Widlake had reached a rock, to which he clung. The croc could not get at him and gave up. A surgeon spent two hours cleaning and stitching the priest's wounds.

On land, crocodiles are often shy, turning tail and diving to safety at the faintest human scent. In the water they are extremely cunning, and no man is a match for them as their strength is enormous.

About fifteen years ago a 20-foot crocodile took three men on a trip in the Australian Gulf, of Carpent-

aria. One of the men had shot the croc about twenty miles from the mouth of the Leichhardt river. It tried to clamber into the boat, but became entangled with the stern rope. A servant also became entangled and was pulled overboard feet first.

Then the crocodile made off, towing the servant and the dinghy. The two other men in the boat kept up a barrage of rifle fire, but with a crocodile there is a limited killing area, and for a time the brute was not fatally wounded.

Maddened by pain, it plunged towards a tributary, and as it got into the shallows one shot reached a vital spot.

The servant was rescued, half drowned and with a broken leg.

An African woman in Southern Rhodesia once found an effective way of dealing with a croc which seized her.

She bit its snout — and it fled. Apparently a lot can be done if one keeps one's head, in a double sense!

But the most amazing story of all tells of an old Rhodesian fisherman. While fishing in a pool, in 1922, a crocodile seized his right arm.

He only escaped because he was able to draw his sheath knife and stab the brute in both eyes, whereupon it left him and he escaped to the bank. He eventually recovered, but at the cost of his arm, which had to be amputated at the shoulder.

Even this terrible experience did not make him cautious. Fishing again in the same pool, he was again caught by a big croc. It seized him across the back and by

he left arm. A companion attacked the brute with a spear, forcing it to release its hold, while the fisherman saved himself from being dragged under by entangling his legs in his fishing-net, which was fastened to the bank.

He was taken to hospital and lost his left arm.

One day the fisherman disappeared from his home. His wife explained that for some days before his disappearance he was strange in manner. He refused to eat or speak, except to say that the crocodile was calling him and that he must go.

His family tried to prevent him leaving the kraal, but he struggled and rushed to the pool and jumped in. He was immediately dragged under by a crocodile.

A policeman camped by the pool, and one day he shot a huge croc, blind in both eyes and with many scars on its body. When it was skinned and opened up, numerous

leg and arm bracelets, buttons, and other metal articles were found in its stomach. Some of the buttons were identified as similar to those on a jacket worn by the lost fisherman.

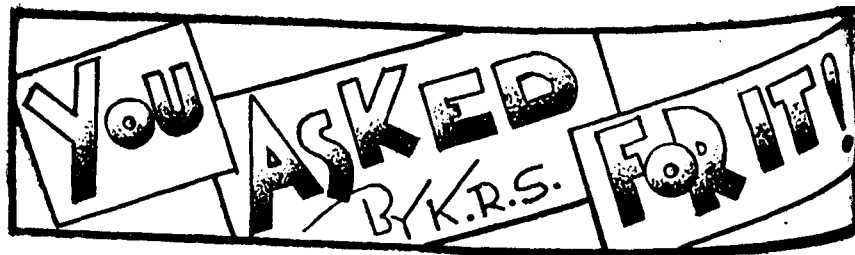
Banana for Health

There is no reason why we should scorn the apple, even though it is not as good at repelling the medico as the proverb would have us believe. *We like apples*, and that is a very good reason for eating them. But don't let us pretend, even when they're plentiful that they are storehouses of nutritional wealth.

The banana is a better food. Weight for weight, it contains about four times as much builder, more carbohydrate, and gives eighty-three calories for every 100 grammes. It is richer in most of the salts. It contains not only a respectable quantity of Vitamin C, but some Vitamin A and B as well, says a British periodical.



The smallest size registered envelope and the two types of ordinary envelopes bearing embossed postage stamps of the reign of Queen Elizabeth II were put on sale at all Post Offices in Great Britain as also the three larger sizes of registered envelopes, with the new stamps. The designs of the new stamps are based on a sculptured profile portrait of the Queen, within the petals of Tudor Rose, by Mr. Cecil Thomas, O.B.E., F.R.B.S.



C.R. Lakshmi, Madras-6
Q.—What is Life?

A.—Not for mere death but to achieve something, to be somebody.

Kongovi Raghavendra Rao, Nellore
Q.—What is the difference between the stars in the sky and the stars of the films?

A.—The celestial unlike the terrestrial are far removed from the vulgar gaze and scandalous gossip of morbid men and women.

Mathukumalli, Nellore
Q.—Do you believe that the present day films are spoiling the children?
A.—Undoubtedly, for they are produced by men whose business is to encash on the entertainment they offer to the emotionally starved adults through the exploitation of the most primitive and potent sex appeal. There are honourable exceptions, fortunately.

Kancharla Adinarayana Rao, Madras
Q.—At present my age is only fifteen but even at this small age I try to become a famous lecturer. Is it possible?
A.—Why not? You are likely to become a Minister quite soon if you can lecture on anything to achieve nothing.

P. Dhananjaya Patro, Berhampur
Q.—Why is it that the Communists are generally known as "Reds"?
A.—For they see danger in everything that is not Communist. And remember, red indicates danger!

Kansarla Adinarayana Rao, Madras-21
Q.—Who is the foot-ball champion for India?
A.—Any Communist. He is an adept at penalty shots!

Prakash Narain Raina, Simla
Q.—Young men think old men are fools but old men know young men are fools. Now, what is your opinion?
A.—Age scores for it has the scars.

M. Venkata Rao, Madras 3
Q.—How far can a common middle class man reach the goal?
A.—As far as he can kick the ball of his ambition with the dexterous foot of perseverance.

—Why does Sri C. Rajagopalachari always wear black glasses?
A.—So that he can view the torrid political scene quite coolly.

T. Bhaskara Rao, Gunupur
Q.—The background of every human act is nothing but only self-interest. Correct?
A.—Quite. And when it is projected into the foreground of opportunities that success is built on the sure foundation of others' sweat and tears.

Gumma Pullamma Dhevi, Ongole
Q.—I am appearing for the Matriculation Examination in March, '55. My husband is very angry. Is it good or bad?
A.—Bad for him, good for you. Education for a woman can never be a crime in any clime.

P. Lakshmana Reddy, Nellore
Q.—What is your opinion about the Andhra Rashtra elections?
A.—Absolutely necessary now to let us know the Andhra people's party predilections.

Kumari Deepak, Delhi
Q.—Why are men faithless?
A.—These emotional Oliver Twists keep asking for more because of either necessity or perversity or promiscuity.

Mathayil Aravind, Punkunnam
Q.—Vyshinski's dead body was cremated. Is it the custom of the Soviet people to burn their dead?
A.—It is only when they are very much alive and kicking that the Communists like to go underground!

Narasimha Rao Chatti, Waltair
Q.—Who is the greatest diplomat in the world?
A.—He who has all the in-laws and is liked by them!

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. 29—0—0
Rayasam Krishnamurthy, Revenue Inspector, Harpanahalle, Bellary.	...	Rs. 1—0—0
R. Madhava Iyer, News Agent, Autoor, Tirunelveli.	...	Rs. 2—0—0

MODERN man has always been a Chinese puzzle to me. Incidentally,

UNFAIR TO THE FAIR

I wonder why an insoluble riddle is called a Chinese puzzle. Why not call it an Indian puzzle or a Ceylonese or a Burmese or an Indonesian one? Or, for the matter of that, why not call it a British puzzle or a French or a German or an Italian one? Why not call it, say, an American or a Russian puzzle? I think that the description "Chinese puzzle" is really due to British muddle-headedness or swelled-headedness.

Whatever that may be, the real Chinese puzzle, the really unsolved, never-to-be solved, absolutely inscrutable and insoluble mystery is the modern man. And even in his mental make-up, the most absolutely Chinese portion of the Chinese puzzle is the way in which he admires or pretends to admire the most vain, selfish and self-worshipping of God's creations, viz., the modern woman.

Even in that exclusively Chinese area of his mental make-up positively the most Chinese portion—terra Chinata, so to say—is his own vanity in which the modern Adam outdoes the modern Eve.

It is rather difficult to understand why the Americans have been calling the most terrible of the hurricanes which burst on them by the endearing appellation 'Hazel.' Is it an instance of a process of coaxing and cajoling, similar to the Hindu's calling Tuesday which is supposed to be an inauspicious day by the endearing name *Mangala vara* (auspicious

day) or describing Saturn as an "Iswara" (Saneeswara)?

"Hazel" took a toll of hundreds of lives and caused nearly a billion dollars' worth of damage to property. It is said that the super-clever and super-scientific American mind did its best to watch, foresee, control and curb the vagaries of Miss Hazel. The weatherman at the Meteorological Department was able to sight her as soon as she made her appearance!

MANY potent scientific geniuses tried to prevent her operative power. She was discovered in the Windward Islands on 5th October, 1954, and her progress through the Caribbean was watched with unclosing eyes by the U.S. Navy planes. Miss Hazel did not like such close and harassing surveillance and hence decided to dodge it by resorting to sneaking and zigzagging tactics. She danced a dance of destruction like the Goddess Kali. She swirled north, ripped through Haiti, then tore into the Bahamas and crashed into the American mainland at Myrtle Beach in South Carolina.

From there she dashed straight north through South and North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York State. She did not forget Washington. Then she eased off into a mere cyclone when she entered Canada. In the U.S.A., she took a toll of 114 lives during her 200-mile path of destruction. 1,500 buildings were destroyed



and ten thousand others were damaged.

Earlier than the arrival of Hazel, her elder sister Edna had come on 31st August but she did not execute such a variegated or tempestuous dance as Hazel did later on in October, 1954. What passes our comprehension is why these hurricanes were called Edna and Hazel! Why were they not called Tom and Dick or Frank and Harry or Harry and Dwight? The American women duly protested against such masculine libel. The male officials replied that a hurricane is like a woman, and a woman is like a hurricane.

I do not know if they meant this as a compliment or if they spoke with the tongue in the cheek. They said that they adopted the alphabetical order in their chris-

tening. The first name given was 'Alice' who struck Mexico on 25th June and caused severe floods in the Rio Grande. Then came 'Barbara' on 30th July. She was a baby dancer and petered out in the Caribbean. 'Carol' hit on the mainland in the last week of August and was a dark and menacing beauty.

On 2nd September, 'Dolly', the gentle, fair and bewitching dancer, came but she danced on the ocean and kept clear of the mainland. But 'Edna' who danced between September 6 and 12 killed 66 persons and caused half a million dollars' damage. 'Florence' arrived dancing on September 12 but caused only a ruffle. 'Gilda' came on September 26 and was as gentle as Florence.

H. S. Rama Swami Sastri

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But 'Hazel' was a mad, furious and destructive siren. She came on the wings of a tempest which sped at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. Fortunately the scientific wizards had given due warning and every one took cover. It is said that despite the warning and daring to disobey it, a few U.N. correspondents who had scheduled their annual dinner and, what was more, had parted with ten dollars each in advance for such a feast, felt that their tongues were watering and had an inner urge for food which was more tempestuous and compulsive than Hazel's potency.

I AM told that they survived Hazel's wrath somehow and enjoyed their dinner, so dearly purchased and so daringly sought, to their hearts, or rather their stomachs' content. The less adventurous spirits sat gloomily before their television sets gasping over the furiously destructive dance of Hazel. Hazel sped north and met another dancer over Lake Ontario. Both had a pleasant conversation and became gentler and slowly disappeared into Canada.

But even while she grew gentle she created fear and terror. Toronto with a population of 1,200,000 persons was isolated by rain and storm. Rivers and streams over-ran their banks. Rescue workers in Toronto estimated that in a single street twenty-five persons had been drowned and that the property damage in that area was estimated at 100 million dollars.

One guess is that all these attentions by feminine dancers are really due to the diabolical per-

versities of the masculine mind. We are not told if this is a feminine guess or a masculine one. But we are reminded of the comment of two atomic physicists that "the annual explosion of a couple of atomic or thermo-nuclear bombs anywhere on the earth can upset the pressure systems of the globe." Is that the truth?

THIS is not the only insult by men to the fair sex whom he pretends to admire and revere and worship in the accredited occidental troubadour style or the accredited oriental *Shakti-devotee* style. Man, especially in America, is a devotee of personal adornment, a slave of cosmetics and frequents the beauty parlours called barber's shops (in dignified language, shaving saloons, and in flamboyant Tamil words, *Mudi Alankara Nilayam* or *Mudi Thirutham Agam* in pure Tamil).

The Census Bureau at Washington announced that the barbers' shops in "God's Own Country", as it is called over there (U.S.A.), report an income of \$178½ million for last year. The income last year from the beauty parlours exclusively used by the fair sex was a million dollars less. Thus the mere male spends more on hair cuts than the divine female spends by resorting to beauty parlours. The cock is vainer than the hen, preens himself often and crows again and again and ever louder every time.

From England comes the story that schoolboys adopt "Edwardian" styles and wear long hair. The headmaster of a North London secondary school said: "They look silly." The National Hairdressers' Federation encour-

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age the boys to become long-haired and achieve a feminine comeliness. It is announcing competitions to go to the International Hairdressing Competition at Brighton with the object of selecting "Mr. Britain."

I EXPECT that very soon we shall have not only a "Miss Universe" but also a "Mr. Universe." It is likely also that the Martians who are said to be coming in Flying Saucers and prying into the secrets of the terrestrial wise men and women of Gotham may drop their secrecy and openly compete at the Universal Hair-dressing Competition at Brighton. And yet the vainglorious man who is even more vain and more avid of personal adornment and attractiveness than woman has the barefaced audacity to taunt woman with vanity and say not only, "Frailty! Thy name is woman!" but also "Vanity! Thy name is woman." I would like to ask Eve: "The Unfair Sex is decidedly unfair to the Fair Sex, is it not?"



A recent photo of Her Royal Highness Princess Anne.

Tyranny At Home

|| BY ||

Orr-
Bee



I CONFESS I am not an ideal husband. But with all respect, I submit that my wife, Kumuda, is not so perfect as she fondly imagines. But, now, with advanced Female Education, or Female Culture, if you like to call it so, she has every right to hold what good opinion she pleases about her esteemed self. (I just want you specially to note with what regard I speak of her. That is very important to what I wish to say about Kumuda later on.)

I had always held that men, too, every man in Independent India, had a right to think, as every Englishman does, that his home is his castle, that he is absolute master and that there is none or ought not to be any, to dispute his right within his castle.

It was with that implied idea that I let myself be dragooned into matrimony, though I was then

a man on a pay far below one's ambition.

But facts rarely coincide with fancies; the wider the gap, the greater the irony of real life.

I RECEIVED the news that Kumuda had passed her Inter Exam. with distinction and that among her subjects were Natural History, Physics, Chemistry, etc. That was not bad, I thought, because I was not a particular lover of History and Logic (does a woman need a training in logic or 'loquence?) or Maths which was the thorn of my pre-college days. But what I thought was that it all was for something useful. Well, we shall see how it turned out.

For the first few years, so long as the mother was with us, I did not know what co-existence with an educated wife meant.

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By the time mother left us to look after our concerns in the village where the recent *bhuda*, *go-dan*, *sampath-dan* and what *not-dan* were rendering village life and village customs unsteady or even unsafe, and we had a boy of three years as the first pledge of our wedded life, then began Kumuda to make me feel as poignantly as I could that there were very sharp limits to the extent in which a man can entertain the idea that a man's home is his castle, etc.

I HAD been a pet of my mother, as I was her only son. She would never let anybody, not even my father, rouse me from my bed, be it 8 or 9 in the morning. My mother was not unaware of "Early to bed, then to be fed, then to read" and so on. But she said there was no sense in making even the wisest saying hold good universally. That was in reply to my good and kind father who felt the force of the good old adage, but never had the unchivalrous attitude of doing anything that would displease my mother.

But, alas, Kumuda, what did she care for my mother's opinion, and for the regard my father showed to my mother's feeling, though he differed from her?

It was hardly seven as the Sun was coming up.

"Get up, dear," she said.

The word "dear" was so jarring, because the tone of the military caution or command was quite a contradiction—a veritable oxymoron, though she osculated me with a very impressive kiss as

(Continued on page 64)

For Better, For Worse! (Continued from page 41)

Woods, with the only sound the trotting of the horses will make through the fallen leaves."

"What a lovely prospect," Carol murmured softly. She sighed. "I can't imagine you without your horses—and riding."

Laughing contentedly, Garth agreed. "Neither can I. They're my life. All my life till you came into it and now—no man deserves so much."

Next day they left for home. A light rain fell as Garth drove the car through the outskirts of London, Carol warmly wrapped in a rug beside him, as he concentrated on the road ahead.

But road conditions worsened. After half an hour, the rain turned to sleet. This eased up eventually, and it seemed as if they would be fortunate and have a spell of improved conditions, as indeed they did until the latter part of the journey. Along the coast road leading to Windblow, Garth's home, a driving mist blew in from the sea.

THEY were almost home when it happened. A heavily laden van came out of a side turning, only a few yards ahead of the car. Garth braked hard and slammed the gears into neutral, but it was too late.

Carol felt a blinding flash of pain as her head was jerked violently forward—then backwards.

What occurred afterwards became a kaleidoscope of sounds, of shouting and confusion till consciousness left her.

When she opened her heavy eyes, someone was near her, but for a time everything appeared out of focus. She remembered the sounds that had pierced her brain, the sudden confusion, the cold mist, and ... where was Garth, what had happened?

"Garth! Garth!" she struggled to cry out, but could only whisper his name.

THEN she saw that it was her mother's strained and anxious face leaning over her, that she was lying in bed—in a hospital ward.

"Garth," she whispered again. "Mother dear, I'm all right, don't worry. But—Garth? Is he ...?" she almost choked.

"You'll see him later, dear," her mother smiled, tremulously. "Try to sleep now. You've had concussion and must rest."

Clasping her mother's hand, Carol closed her eyes. Garth was safe. That was all that mattered. She would see him soon.

Not until later did she learn the truth. The driving side of the car had received the full force of the impact. While Carol had sustained only concussion and shock, Garth, in another hospital, was to lie for many weeks between life and death.

In due course Carol was fit to return home, a sad, pale, little figure, very different from the happy girl who had left London a few short weeks before, eager for the return with Garth to Windblow.

When at last she was allowed to visit her husband, Michael

drove her to the hospital. "You must expect rather a change in him, Carol," he warned her.

"Tell me, Mike," she said, her lips trembling. "he's getting better, isn't he?"

Michael hesitated. "The doctors—grand chaps, they are, be sure of that, Carol—are hoping to save his damaged leg, but," he glanced quickly at her, then went on, "they can't be sure—and he knows it..."

"Poor darling," she whispered, stifling a sob.

PALE but resolute, she entered the private ward with an aching heart. The Sister had warned her that at all costs she must remain calm and not to prolong her stay beyond a few minutes. Michael waited at the door as Carol, a forced smile on her lips, approached the bed.

Garth lay swathed in bandages, one leg encased in a cage that rose above the level of his head, his face wan, his sunken eyes staring unseeingly into space.

"Darling," Carol murmured, and bent to kiss his lips. "You're getting better, slowly but steadily. We'll soon be together again."

Garth looked up at her dully, then feebly shook his head. Speech was difficult. "I hope not, Carol. For your sake, my sweet... for your sake, I hope not."

Carol knelt beside the bed.

"You *must* get well. To lose you now, life will be over for me." Her voice shook. "I need you. I'll always need you."

Turning away his head, he whispered, "You're young."

Carol. You'll be better off without an old crotch like me."

The Sister beckoned. Blindly, Carol went out into the corridor. Michael, greatly moved by her distress, led her out to the bright sunshine which seemed to mock her lost happiness.

He waited until she regained a measure of self-control, then said: "He's not fighting back, Carol. That's what the doctor said."

"I could see that," Carol looked at him through tear-filled eyes. "And can understand. If he loses his leg and is unable to ride again, he feels life will not be worth living. Oh, Mike, I know so well what it would mean to him!"

"You're wrong, my dear," Michael said, earnestly. "It's *you* he's thinking of. He fears you'd tire of an invalid husband."

Carol looked at him, her face drawn with anguish.

"How little he knows me! How can I make him realise how much he means to me? What can we do, Mike? What can we do?"

TIME passed, and slowly Garth recovered. In spite of himself, his physical stamina had its way, though it was over three months before the doctors held out any hope of saving his leg, and that without certainty of curing the paralysis that had set in.

Carol, now fully recovered, her glowing health and beauty restored, visited him frequently. In his helpless state, her youthfulness, her vitality, the loveliness of her, seemed a very denial of his power to hold her, to keep her as his own. Yet, as his health steadily re-asserted itself, he could

not bear the thought of losing the love she had given so freely.

He listened jealously to her accounts of how Michael was helping her with the books, of an evening, while he carried on the Riding School in Garth's absence, of how Carol regretted she could not visit him more often until he was transferred to a Nursing Home nearer Windblow.

ONE afternoon, Garth seemed less inclined than ever to respond to her efforts to cheer him. He watched her maturing figure in the bright flowered dress she wore, her heart-shaped face, the golden sheen of her hair.

"I don't expect you to tie yourself to me, you know, Carol," he said, unable to keep the bitterness from his voice. "Mike is better company for you than I."

To hide the hurt in her eyes, she turned and glanced out of the window.

"**H**E'S coming up the drive now," she said, keeping her voice bright with an effort. "Do be more civil with him today, darling. Besides," she managed a gay laugh, "he's bringing a belated wedding gift, he told me."

Michael came in, grinning cheerfully, and carrying a compact but somewhat heavy case, rather like a portable radio set, which he placed with considerable care on the bedside table.

"I was going to hang on to this till you came home," he said, a little diffidently. "But," he paused, searching for the right words, then added, quickly, "thought you needed a refresher course, old man."



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Puzzled, Garth watched him open the case, revealing the neat lay-out of the tape recorder. Michael wasted no time, but switched on the mechanism.

INTO the quiet room came Carol's clear young voice, its passionate sincerity perfectly reproduced, followed by that of another, dimly remembered, deep-toned:

"I, Caroline Jennifer, take thee, Garth Theodore—to my wedded husband—to have and to hold—from this day forward—for better—for worse—for richer—for poorer—in sickness—and in health—to love—cherish—and to obey—till death us do part..."

Garth had started up with an exclamation, the colour mounting to his wan cheeks. Carol now leant over him, tenderly cradling his head in her arms. "For better, for worse, my darling! that is what we vowed, remember?"

The music of Tannhauser's "Wedding March" filled the room as Michael manipulated the switch, then stood staring out of the window, to allow Carol and Garth time to be aware only of each other.

Garth lay back on his pillows, holding Carol's hand to his lips. Looking into her eyes, he found there not the soul of a young girl but that of a mature woman ready and willing to share the burden of his days.

"My sweet, what a fool I've been! But I'll soon be out of here now. I'll get around O.K. on my one good leg in time. It'll be a delight watching you ride alone till then," he grinned, with a flash of his old spirit. "but I'll

not be jealous of my lovely young wife."

"You'll have no occasion to be," Carol replied, briskly. "I won't be riding myself for a time. The baby might not care for it."

"Baby?" Garth queried, a new note in his voice.

"Of course!" said Carol, with assumed nonchalance.

"Darling!" Garth appeared overwhelmed, then smiled. He touched her hair, then held her face tenderly between his two hands, and looked wonderingly into her eyes. "What a brute I've been! Can you ever forgive me? And now... I didn't know... I didn't guess..."

"We have so much to live for, Garth dear, and... and there is nothing to forgive," Carol murmured, as she kissed him.

JUST then, Michael stepped over to the bedside. Garth looked startled for a moment.

"You here? I thought we were alone, my lad!"

"Remember me?" Michael said banteringly and grinned. "I have some importance, you know. I'm the expectant Uncle!"

Not So Bad

They had been dancing, and were chatting in the interval. "There is nothing I dislike more than a flirt," he said.

"Oh," she smiled, "And what about men who flirt?"

"That's not so bad," he replied. "We have so many excuses; women are so pretty."

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Deepak's Discovery

(Continued from page 35)

nothing to warrant police interference. Nobody knew about the Nursing Home affair on which the police tried to detain them. The police, on seeing Deepak and knowing him to be a very respectable business man, took the girls to him for his opinion. The girls looked frightened on seeing him and tried to escape but the Constables prevented them from doing so.

HE asked them to get into his car and not to be afraid, as he was not going to rebuke them for what they had done, but only wanted an explanation regarding their previous conduct. On finding that he was friendly, the girls got into the car and were driven to his house. There he questioned them.

"How thoughtless of you both to leave that place where you were looked after so well and take to begging again? Are you really professional beggars or can you explain why you did so?" he asked.

"Sir," replied Shabnam, "we didn't like the idea of your spending so much money on us after we were well and able to look after ourselves. We simply hated the idea of being a burden to you."

"No, no," asserted Deepak, "there is something more behind this. Why don't you let me into the secret?"

"Honestly I have nothing more to say than what I have explained," said Shabnam.

"Do tell me something about yourselves before you came to Bombay," insisted Deepak.

By this time the car had stopped in front of Deepak's residence and the three went in.

"As far as I can remember," said Shabnam, "my grandfather

rich but sickly man and suddenly lost all his money. When he died he left my father and all of us poor at Lahore. After partition we tried to escape. Where my parents and brother are we have no idea. With a little money we came to Bombay."

She suddenly noticed a group photo on the wall and pointed her finger excitedly at one in the group and said, "There! There! That's my father, that's my father!" She looked at Deepak, expecting him to show her where he was.

DEEPAK looked from the girls to the photo and back a couple of times in intense surprise. He paused awkwardly and for a while his mind and memory were working furiously. He remembered about that four-anna coin and thought these to be honest but poor. He recollected then all the facts as to how his grandfather had manipulated the accounts of the Joint Firm of which the girls' grand-father was a partner and showed no balance due to their father after the old man had died. So all the money he was trading on was mostly the girls' and he resolved to return it to them and be free from the secret grief and guilt he was suffering from.

"Well, my dear girl," said Deepak to Shabnam, "I now understand the mystery and also who you are. Mostly, all this money that I have is yours and you can have it at any time you please. You may permit me to stay here if you care to, or I will find lodging outside."

Oh, God! Could this be true? Were they only dreaming? Both the girls pinched themselves and rubbed their eyes in wonder. "No, no!" they cried. "We can't leave you. Show us how to live better. Please don't leave us." ❖❖

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Tyranny At Home (Continued from page 56)

she called me in her sharp tone to get up.

"Kumuda, please don't disturb me. Don't you see what I am doing?"

"You, doing? You, busy doing? Dear, what do you take me for?"

"Did you ever see mother disturbing when I was in deep sleep?" I asked.

"Well, did mother have a boy who might be spoiled by your bad example?" she replied.

"Bad example! To whom?"

"What about our Anand? Why, tomorrow he will get up two hours after his daddy. Never, sir, never, so long as I know my duty to my son shall it happen."

"Do you insinuate that my mother did not know her duty? That she made a bad boy of me? Is that what you mean?"

HER reply was no speech, but honest, simple, direct action. She brushed aside my blanket; she caught hold of my right arm, decently healthy as Kumuda was, and lifted my unresisting corporal concern and drew me out of my bed.

I did not know what to do, to laugh or to scowl.

I confess I do not know how I looked but there was my father's lesson. On such critical occasions, he remained silent. I had my coffee, so did Anand and so too Kumuda.

Nor did she stop there. Dress I must as neatly and tidily as she thinks what is neat and tidy.

"Why worry about my dress?"

"Tidy daddy, tidy son," was her reply.

Nor am I free to "fine how my or how little I please. Her blessing subjects for her I, and what bits she had picked up from "Domestic Science" were all hurled against me. And if I protested, out came the formula: "Ill fed daddy, ill fed sonny."

OCASIONALLY, in moments of indignation, I used to contemplate about the Law of Divorce. I only contemplated; I never seriously meant any mischief.

But, now, the "cruel" mistress of the home had drilled me into the habit of an obeying husband. My old idea of "my home, my castle" does not so much come up, even in the periphery of my imagination.

Perhaps it is after all not so bad to have a well-obeyed wife, because she thinks you are an institution worth her while to keep you fit.

Wise Counsel!

Youth: "Now, on this ring I should like you to engrave: 'For my darling Muriel.'"

Jeweller: "Would it not be better to have simply: 'For my darling'? You see, sir, it will be at least a week before we can let you have the ring."

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Film Star Bakasuri: "Fans write to me about my expanding waist-line. To begin with, I shall not touch potatoes two days in the week. One laddu less a day will decidedly keep the fat away. To be sure, I will slim down if I walk round my garden every morning."

Politician Boreswami: "Since people hiss and boo when I talk and newspapers ignore me, I shall cut down my speeches to one hour hereafter. I shall go by the watch from now on."

Hotel Owner Howdappa: "Since business has become dull, I am determined to attract more custom by increasing the allotment of milk in the water and spraying a little ghee on the dalda-made sweets."

Postman Garudappa: "When a money order is delivered I will never give change for the last rupee and will not scratch my head or pause for baksheesh."

Rice Merchant Pulimootai: "Since rice is plentiful, I will give up the war-time practice of mixing stones. Hereafter, I shall be content with slipping in not more than three measures of bran into every bag of fifty."

Railway Guard O'Whistler: "Why the heck am I to blame for the dashed delays of the blasted Express? I will write to the Board demanding to know why all the railway clocks are going so fast. I will settle the question once and for all, by Jove!"

Stenographer Stunner Sundari: "I will use the subtlest perfume to complete the conquest. That fool of a Manager does not admit my spelling mistakes and smiles every time. Don't I hear wedding bells?"

Gambler Gangunath: "The last shirt, the last bet, my horse will be the first best. Guindy or Bangalore or Bombay, the goddess of fortune must come running to me. That was the astrologer's prediction ten years ago. My money is gone but not my hope. I shall touch that sucker of a new neighbour for a loan. I won't fail, I tell you."

Surgeon Yamakant: "When working in hospital nobody questioned when all my patients made a point of no-return. The hospital bosses only insisted that my operations must be successful, no matter whether the patients died. At least one patient of mine shall survive my artistic hacking, I am resolved."

Bus Conductor Karappa: "Passengers accuse me of deliberately withholding their change and making a tidy bit every day. The truth is that I remember the balance due only after they have got off the bus. Hereafter, on at least one day a week I will not collect additional fares from vegetable vendors for their baskets and will earmark a hundredth part of the day's excess fares for the temple hundi."

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I have lost my health totally through eight years' constant bad habit of youth. I am worried and depressed always. I am a complete wreck. I look pale, depressed and distressed and avoid the company of friends and co-workers. Always I repent for my past mistakes. Proposals were put forward for my marriage, but my good luck or bad luck, I was rejected on all occasions by the other side on the plea that I am poor in health. There cannot be a more shameful occasion for one in life than this. Had anyone else been in my position he would have committed suicide long ago.

"I am going from bad to worse every day. I am always sad and gloomy, tired and exhausted. I have consulted all in my power, but none is capable of curing me. Please take this case only if you have enough courage, confidence and experience, otherwise leave me in the hell, leave me as I am. I am tired of treatments. By abundant loss of energy all my bodily organs such as stomach, liver, nervous system etc., have been utterly mutilated. I am very lean and thin, a bundle of bones. My mind is always occupied by various fears and apprehensions. I see my future dark and dreadful. Whenever I think of my future I hid my face and weep for hours."

Now Cured, Healthy, Happy. He wrote so many other things like these, but to cut it short, he was finally cured by this new treatment and was also married soon. He wrote several letters describing the progress of his case. In one he wrote: "My marriage took place on the 24th. It is only your encouragement, sane advice and sympathetic treatment that has pushed me so far. Indeed you

have done for me which no one else would have ever been able to do." Then he tells how he was successful in his married life, and continues, "I am now quite all right Had I not chanced to write to you I do not know what would have been my fate. It is no exaggeration to say that you have saved me from suicide. I cannot even dream of rewarding you for what you have done for me but still I dare to ask you for anything I can do for you. This is simply out of gratitude"

Then after six months he wrote asking for advice about a disorder of his wife, and in that letter he also wrote:— "You would like to know my condition and how I am now. Your treatment is nothing but a wonder, it put me on the road to life again. Now that more than 6 months of my married life are over, I tell you that my married life is successful and happy, as I could never imagine then. Really you have saved my life. Now I have no trouble of any sort. My general health also is now all right. I am grateful to you for all this."

— (Sd.) M.N.L., Amritsar.

His case, which runs into 8 pages, is given fully in the above free book, and also many more such cases of ruined health in full details. This book has given a new life to hundreds of such hopeless youths. Write a card to-day for this book now sent free. Write your age, and disease if any, so that Dr. Singh may advise you.

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"GOOD HEAVENS! Another one!" exclaimed my friend Madhav, sorely, staring glassily ahead of him and in his pre-occupation nearly upsetting his tea. Following his gaze, my eyes settled on the figure of a middle-aged fellow with a colossal beard who, bursting in at the entrance of the tea-shop, was making for a seat at the farthest corner. I am bound to say that the contemplation of this boulder was not a thing calculated to enrapture the soul. Turning to Madhav again, I observed that he was still engaged in staring at this bearded chap as if the latter were the worst thing that could have happened to him. I saw that it was high time I instituted a probe.

"My dear fellow," said I, sipping my tea, "why do you persist in looking at that man as if your worst fears were realised?"

"Just take a look at his beard," implored Madhav, finishing his tea at a gulp and resuming his contemplation of the bearded bloke.

Honestly, it was hardly my idea of spending a pleasant afternoon, staring at a fearful mass of hair. I had really wanted to celebrate this evening with Madhav, who had just then returned from Bombay after a long absence. Anyhow, just to appease his tortured soul, I decided to undergo the ordeal. Laying down my cup reluctantly, I addressed myself to the trying task of contemplating the beard a second time. Well, anyway, except for the impression that I was taking in a figure that for reasons of its own insisted on lying hid behind a haystack I was not conscious of any improvement in my opinion of the man's exterior. The fellow was entirely beard, whiskers and moustache.

THE ELUSIVE BEARD!

by Dawood Adam

"He is a colossal mass of hair," I observed. "Wouldn't stand much chance in a beauty contest, I'll bet."

"My God!" cried Madhav in deep anguish. "How many of them are there on the face of this earth?"

"Take it easy, dear fellow," I said soothingly. "We all have our cross to bear in this life. Still, it's not as if that bally beard were a death's head or something."

"It is something more than that. It brings back to my mind all the horror of my recent struggle with a more outrageous beard belonging to that brother-in-law of mine who lives in Bombay."

"Tell me all about it," I urged eagerly, my interest thoroughly worked up by my companion's extraordinary statement.

"It's quite a story. And a fearful one at that. Are you sure you won't faint half way through the narration?"

"I'll try not to. Go ahead now."

WELL, said Madhav, this in-law cove, husband of a cousin of mine, had, before his marriage, been entirely beardless, though I recollect the existence of a measly moustache of sorts somewhere on his map. Then, in the second year of their marriage he sprang this beard on his wife. He gave up shaving his face.

With the passing of each day his face took on a more gruesome aspect. Even without a beard he

could easily have vindicated his kinship to the gorilla, what with a massive figure and a frightfully hairy body. And why he should have considered the addition of an awful beard as extremely necessary to his well-being is more than I can tell you.

His wife was the one who was most affected by the repellent influence of the beard. What with



... repellent influence of the beard ...



having to come into close contact with it every day of her life, it jarred upon her sensitive soul not a little. She pleaded with him to return to civilization by getting rid of it. But he would not part with it for the world. He seemed to have at last discovered that the secret of happiness lay in possessing an obnoxious beard. I could not tell you whoever put such a ghastly idea into his head. He just started growing it and, once having started it, went right ahead without looking back.

HE ignored the protests of his best friends. He discounted the tears of his wife. He sneered at the remonstrances of his well-wishers. He persisted in strolling the neighbourhood by strutting about in that horrid beard. He spent his whole time trimming, petting and coaxing it. Meanwhile, his wife, completely engrossed in casting about for schemes of putting an end to the menace, had at last hammered out a way. This was to bribe the barber to shave off her husband's beard the next time he dropped in at his shop. But this scheme eventually proved a wash-out owing to the barber's getting cold feet at the eleventh hour.

Her next attempt was to accidentally set fire to the cascade while striking a match to light his cigarette for him. Even this endeavour blew out a fuse because, happening to smell disaster, he had ducked at the nick of the moment, thus contriving to steer his beard to safety. After this there was a lull for some days. She seemed to have resigned herself to the inevitable.

Then, one fine morning, she blew into my room and started to shed tears.

"Oh, Madhu, save me!" she sobbed.

"Take it easy, old girl. I tried to soothe her. What's up? Anything serious?"

One look at her had convinced me that what she wanted more than anything else in the world was a padded cell in some sort of home and a couple of good keepers to see that she did not set the place on fire, so crazy did she look. You just can't imagine the disastrous potentialities of a beard such as adorned her husband's facade.

"He's going to Kalvan to-night," said she, "to attend his nephew's marriage. You must follow him, Madhu. Take the scissors with you. You should find it all plain sailing disposing of the beard while he is asleep in the train. You know, the train does not arrive at Kalvan till well in the morning. He wouldn't know who did it."

I WAS appalled. Much as I loved my cousin I felt I had to draw the line at this, for, being a very frail chap, the idea of provoking a brother-in-law of colossal dimensions did not appear attractive to me. The effect he generally had on me whenever he appeared was to make me want to slide into a cellar and lie low till they blew the All-Clear. I told her plainly I didn't like the commission.

"But it's easy," she protested. "Think, Madhu. You needn't go and sit on his lap and ask his permission to destroy the shrubbery. Just find out which compartment he gets into, and you can travel in an adjoining compartment until, say, eleven o'clock. You know, being an early bird, he's sure to get to sleep before ten."

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And after eleven you can sneak into his compartment and get to work on the beard. And the moment you've finished with it you could step right down from the train, and then run back home."

"THE trouble with you is that you think they are running a special train to-night to carry just me and my dear brother-in-law and nobody else. You are overlooking the possibility of there being other passengers, taking a keen interest in the proceedings."

"Pooh-pooh, Madhu. What if there are any passengers? Surely, you're not going to grudge them a little happiness? For, you must know that long before your scissors had made their debut the passengers would have had about enough of my dear husband's beard, and



TIMID BOSS (to bullying employee):
"I may remind you, Mr. Gundanna, this is the thirteenth increment that I am giving you in the course of a year!"

consequently, would only be too glad at the total disappearance of it.

"They wouldn't dream of waking him up only to deny themselves a treat. And in case you are afraid of their spilling the truth to him after your escape, well, then, not knowing the relationship between him and you, they would not be able to tell him that his brother-in-law was the culprit would they?"

It has been rightly said that sudden misfortune has the effect of lending sharpness to the intellect. As a rule, I would never have credited my cousin with so much resourcefulness. Anyhow, the prospect now appearing a trifle brighter, I thought I wouldn't mind obliging a loving cousin.

THE train, true to its usual wont, crawled forward indolently. But I didn't mind it in the least, for my brother-in-law, whom I had been shadowing like a born detective, was in the adjoining compartment. And, what was more, he was all alone, and when last seen, a couple of hours back, had been preparing to go to sleep on his seat. I don't know why it was, but people somehow seemed to fight shy of my in-law's compartment. Perhaps it was the beard. Anyhow, the circumstance was an ideal one for the kind of job I had on my hands. No prying eyes, I mean. Nor any poking noses, either.

So it was with a pretty light heart that I slipped into the in-law's compartment at about 12 o'clock, the train having obligingly pulled up at a wayside station at this time. Here, again, luck favoured me. It was pretty dark in

my bearded relative's compartment owing to something having gone wrong with the electric switch—a development I felt a great deal thankful for. Feeling easy and self-confident, I tiptoed to where my victim lay asleep and, greatly reassured by the welcome sound of a prolonged snore, I at once proceeded to establish contact with his beard. Whipping out my scissors I set to work on it and, in less than five minutes, had succeeded in clearing the jungle. Providentially, the train was now executing a feat of slow-motion, and, taking time by the forelock, I jumped out unhurt, and made a bee-line for home. Who can defy the will of Providence?

THE next day (concluded Madhav) when my brother-in-law returned home that darned beard still adorned his facade.

"What?" I cried, amazed.

"Yes. It appeared that I had set to work on the wrong beard, after all. Before my entry into his compartment that confounded brother-in-law had, for no apparent reason, changed places with another bearded fellow—as hairy a bird as himself as he told me later—whose existence I had never suspected."

Best Method

"My dear, I saw a perfect darling of a hat to-day."

"Oh, how thrilling! Did you buy it?"

"No, not yet. I must pick out a more expensive one for my husband to refuse to buy, so we can compromise on this one."

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Unique Chorus Line!

WHILE not recommending a pas-de-deux with a pachyderm as a pastime to be pursued with persistence, Marge and Gower Champion agree that a dance with elephants must be experienced to be appreciated, writes Rick Ingersoll.

"It's colossal!" bubbles Marge.

"It's the biggest thing that ever happened to us!" enthuses Gower.

"And it's over," sigh the couple who risked their famous feet to become the first dancers ever to share the Terpsichorean spotlight with a dozen elephant damsels—80,000 pounds of them.

This cataclysmic choreography took place for M-G-M's *Jupiter's Darling*, a new Cinemascope musical in Eastman Colour with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound, in which the Champions co-star with Esther Williams, Howard Keel and George Sanders.

It was whipped into shape by Marge and Gower and with the co-operation of Tessie, Big Babe, Sharon, Jeanne, Big Jenny, Little Jenny, Wilma, Carrie, Louise, Baby Burma and Moulin, the bouncing belles who formed Hollywood's most unusual chorus line.

Affectionately known as "the girls," ten of the elephants ranged in age from 25 to 80, stood an average of eight feet in height and weighed approximately 8,000 pounds apiece. They were recruited for their film debuts from the Cole Brothers Circus after an extensive six-month search. Baby Burma, 4 year old, and Moulin, 18 months, drafted from a Hollywood night club, stood and weighed, respectively, 4 feet 6 inches and 900 pounds, and 3 feet and 450 pounds.

The girls were signed for *Jupiter's Darling* primarily because of their aptitudes, but particularly because of their amiability and delicate delivery of dance steps.

Exciting Assignment

Between them they could perform a front foot-dance, a hind-leg stand, a three-legged hop, a waltz, a lone-mount oblique, a walking long mount, a merry-go-round—and a shimmy.

Until they became associated with the Champions, however, their talents in Terpsichore were for the most part confined to solos.

The trail of training the girls is not one which the Champions are likely to forget. To the contrary, it is fondly regarded by the

pair as the most unusual and exciting assignment of their careers.

"But I lost seven pounds," says Gower.

"And I gained two," laments Marge.

Doing the choreography for a lengthy dance routine with elephants, they explain, consumed their energies, thoughts and activities for more than three weeks.

"And Marge takes out her nervous energy in eating—while I can't touch a thing," says Gower.

Speciality Highlighted

Working hand in hand with Dance Director Hermes Pan, the Champions began their construction and design of the routine by auditioning each of the girls. No chorus cutie was ever considered more carefully.

"We lined them up," says Gower, "viewed them from all angles and then watched the steps each could perform."

"Tessie could twirl" adds Marge, "so we made a mental note and passed on to Wilma, who waltzed. After finding that Sharon could shimmy, we devised a situation in which each would present her speciality."

"We adapted our actions to theirs," continues Gower. "When we found Burma could do a three-legged hop, we inserted a step in which the three of us would hop to music. The same with Jeanne's cake-walk."

Since the formation of their dance team, the champions have stressed the fact that each routine they perform must have a reason and be based on an idea.

* GLOW-WORTH! *

Back in the days when Rita Hayworth was married to Orson Welles she was emotive before the cameras, when a make-up man yelled, "Hey, Miss Hayworth is sweating. I gotta put some more make-up on her face."

Whereupon Orson Welles strode over to him, spun him around and barked: "Don't ever use the word sweat in connection with Miss Hayworth. Horses sweat, other people perspire, but Miss Hayworth glows!"

"We've never liked to dance just to be dancing," says Gower, whose knack for a distinctive type of informal dance act has won him acclaim as a choreographer as well as performer. "So with the approval of Director George Sidney and Producer George Wells, script writer Dorothy Kingsley devised a scene in which I, as one of Howard Keel's soldiers, show Marge, a slave to Esther Williams, through the elephant compound."

"The elephants have, according to the script, been used to transport Hannibal's armies across the Alps. I explain the benefits of an elephant's existence to Marge—and in song and dance attempt to convince her we two could be happy living the life of an elephant."

"Then," says Marge, "song Writers Harold Adamson and Burton Lane wrote a tune expressing Gower's feelings entitled appropriately—*The Life Of An Elephant*."

The girls, the Champions discovered during rehearsal and filming of the number, were extremely intelligent and adaptable to their environment.

"They picked up the routine very quickly," says Gower, who attributes the reason to their fondness for music. "By rehearsing them over and over and repeating the steps we had in mind for them to do, they picked up the rhythm of the song and learned what each count and beat of the music stood for."

The number, which begins with each of the pachyderms presenting its own particular speciality, continues until all elephants are performing simultaneously, at first individually, then as teams and all together.

The Exceptional Partner

"For the merry-go-round, two elephants put their front feet on the backs of two others who stand on platforms and walk in a circle," says Gower.

The routine is climaxed with a long-mount oblique. The ten largest elephants stand in a line, each with its left foot raised and its trunk encircled about the neck of her next-in-line. This is followed by a walking-long-mount in which each of the girls places her front feet on the back of the one in front and marches off the scene.

While Gower danced with all the elephants during the sequences, circumstances enabled Marge to perform with but 11.

The exceptional partner—Wilma.

"Elephants are sometimes jealous animals," smiles Marge. "Wilma had her eye on Gower and wouldn't let me come near—her or him."



Laughing their blues away are Ann Blyth and Howard Keel in *Rose Marie*, an M-G-M Cinemascope offering.

Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are now exhibiting their films with a new sound system called the Perspecta Stereophonic Sound. While prints have this Perspecta Stereophonic Sound, they can be used in theatres not equipped for stereophonic sound without any adjustment. What does this Perspecta system do? It enables a theatre to reproduce multi-channel stereophonic sound without the necessity of using prints on which sound tracts have been recorded magnetically. It causes the sound to emanate from that point on the screen from which the dialogue, music or effects

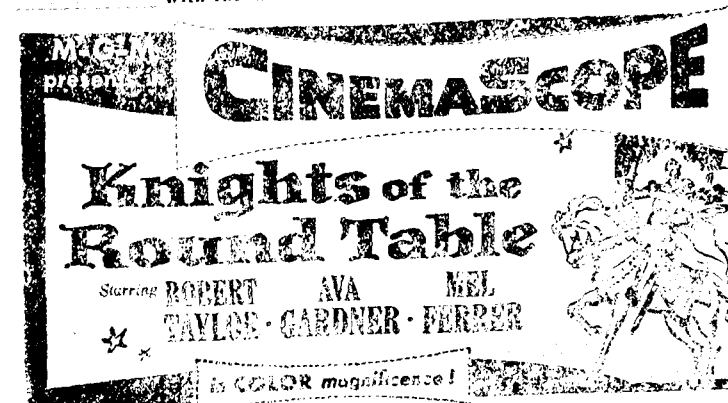
appear to emanate. Thus, if a character is speaking from the left-hand side of the screen, the sound will emanate from that portion of the screen image. If that character while still talking moves from the left to the right of the screen, the sound will follow his movement. If an orchestra is portrayed on the screen, sounds of the various instruments are made to appear to emanate from the approximate positions of the respective musicians depicted on the screen. The effect created is comparable to that experienced by a listener in an auditorium in which a live orchestra is actually playing on the stage. In the case of all pictures, Perspecta Sound adds a realism not otherwise attainable.

The New Midland

The New Year's gift to film fans in the City was the re-opening of

the Midland theatre. It was closed for several months to undergo vast structural changes so that it could be equipped with the latest in cinema showmanship—wide screen for Cinemascope pictures and the Perspecta Stereophonic Sound system. On 20th December '54, the Management of Midland Theatre and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Ltd., invited a select gathering including the press and prominent men in the film industry. Sri. K. Kamaraj Nadar, Chief Minister of Madras, presided. *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* was screened. The full scope of Cinemascope, the colour by Technicolor, the magnificent music in the picture which proved the perfection of Perspecta Sound system were well appreciated. If the Midland Theatre could also be air-conditioned, then a long-felt want of the film fans in the City would have been satisfied.

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Marathi Play Staged In National Drama Festival

Bhau Bandki, by Kaka Saheb Khadilkar of Poona, was the play which was selected for representing the tradition of historical plays in Maharashtra, for the National Drama Festival. Directed by Sri Keshavrao Date and presented by the Marathi Sahitya Sangh, the play was staged in Delhi recently. The play deals with a tragic phase in Maratha history, the murder of Narayanrao Peshwa. After the death of Madhavrao Peshwa, Narayanrao, his minor son, is installed on the throne as his successor. Raghobaada, the brother of the former peshwa and a hero of many battles, is keenly disappointed. Anandibai, his insatiably ambitious wife, decides that her husband should usurp the gadi.

The administration in the State is hard put to find the money for paying the salaries of *garadees* who man the Peshwas' artillery. The treasury is all but empty, and the *garadees* threaten to revolt. Raghoba and his wife decide to exploit this confused situation. Raghoba promises the *garadees* an early payment of the arrears in their salaries if they would arrest Narayanrao and keep him under detention. Anandibai, who does not believe in half-hearted measures, goes one better and orders the assassination of the young Peshwa. Ably assisted by her personal attendant she carries through her nefarious plan.

The copy of written orders falls into the hands of Ramshastri Prabhune, the Chief Justice of the State, who is renowned for his impartial dispensation of justice.

It does not take him long to discover that the order was forged. He, therefore, rules that Raghoba and his wife should hang for their heinous crime. Accordingly, the Council of Ministers led by Naar Phadnawis, the great Marathi statesman, ordered their arrest. Raghoba and Anandibai, however, manage to escape and seek asylum with the East India Company. The widow of the assassinated peshwa gives birth to a posthumous son who is then proclaimed the new peshwa.

New Year Releases In South

Miss Amma, Vijaya Productions' Telugu social under Prasad's direction, is ready for release this month. Savithri, Gemini Ganesan, S. V. Ranga Rao, Thangavelu, M. N. Nambiar and others are in the cast.

Kaveri, Krishna Pictures' Tamil picture, will be another release for the month. Directed by A. S. A. Swami, the picture has in its cast Sivaji Ganesan, M. N. Nambiar, N. S. Krishnan, B. S. Veerappa, R. Balasubramaniam, Lalitha, Padmini, Ragini, Kuchalakumari, Angamuthu, T. A. Mathuram and others.

Nalliravil Nadindadu, Revathi's Tamil social, will be screened this month. P. K. Saraswathi plays the heroine.

Menaka, Kasturi Films' maiden Tamil offering, will also be screened this month. Lalitha, C. K. Saraswathi, M. S. S. Bagyam, K. R. Ramaswami and others are in the cast. Direction is by Sri V. C. Subbaraman.

Open-Air Theatre In Madras College

The Vivekananda College in the City which has already achieved for itself an enviable distinction in the educational field has now won a place of pride in the cultural field also by constructing in its compound an Open-Air Theatre. This Theatre was recently declared open by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar before a distinguished gathering. He revealed that even though the Govt. of India had offered to give grants to various Colleges for building such theatres none of the Colleges except Vivekananda College had done anything so far. The construction of the Open-Air Theatre in such quick time was due to the enthusiastic co-operation given by the students. Vivekananda College has rendered a service which should be equally

emulated by other Colleges in the various Universities of our country. Sri P. V. Rajamannar, Chief Justice, presided over the function.

Prevention of Objectionable Dramatic Performances

The Madras Government recently enacted the Madras Dramatic Performances Bill, 1954, into law. This Bill was moved in the Assembly, referred to a Select Committee and voted in the Assembly and the Council after lengthy debates within 3 weeks of the sitting of the Legislature. The Act prescribes varying punishments to those who produce, act in and exhibit to the public objectionable performances. Plays that would in its class or sectional hatred, wound the religious susceptibilities of the people, etc., come under the prohibited category.

Dance Debut

Exquisite pieces of Bharata Natya dance formed the major part of the dance debut (*Arangat*) given last month by Kumari Sakunthala at Rasika Ranjani Sabha in the City. Daughter of Dr. V. N. Sharma, the Founder and Principal of Children's Garden School in Mylapore, Kumari Sakunthala impressed the audience with her fine footwork, exquisite gestures, expressive emotions and admirable agility. She is the disciple of Srimathi Danamanickammal. *Alarippu*, *Jathisvaram*, *Sabdam*, *Varnam* and *Tillana* were the classical pieces enviably executed by this young danseuse. Sri T. V. Subba Rao presided over the function.



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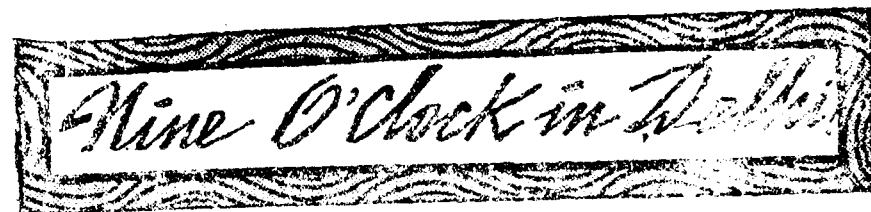
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BOOK REVIEW

How The Great Religion Began (By Joseph Gaer. Published by The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 301, Madison Avenue, New York 22, U.S.A. Price 25 cents or Re 1-8/-)

It is unfortunately only too true that modern man, be he a Hindu or Christian or Mohammedan, has not the same deep knowledge of his own religion as he used to have. And another peculiar thing is that he is either a fanatic believing in the superiority of his religion over others about which he knows next to nothing or merely leads a kind of religious life with hazy notions about other world religions. One may not have the necessary time to go in for a comparative study of the religions of the world for professional pre-occupations preclude such a pursuit. To all these types, this Signet Key Book offers in a simple and succinct manner useful information about Buddhism, Jainism, Hinduism, Taoism, Confucianism, Shintoism, Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. The author goes in for several popular (at times they are almost hearsay) stories to illustrate the developments of several of these faiths.

In several cases one cannot help feeling the inexcusably flippant references, especially the titles given to certain chapters. The bits of delightful confusion here and there help the reader to feel he ought to learn more about the really historical development and that way the book does immense good. Being primarily meant for Western readers, we should ignore the many defects of details or their over and under-statements. The sole distributors for this book in India are M/S India Book House, 44, Cawasji Patel Street, Fort, Bombay-1.



MATHEMATICALLY the difference between nine and ten is the same as that between ten and eleven. Nine is the terminus of single digits and the domain of double digits starts from number ten. Nine has its own characteristics. It may be multiplied by any number, but the total of digits of the result is either nine or a multiple of nine. But this is not a story of numericals. Nor does it in any way relate to police demarcation between persons 'marked' number 9 and 10 under the criminal procedure code. The clock indicates the difference of one hour between nine and ten which reduced to minutes comes to sixty. The purpose of these few lines is to describe what is generally seen in our national capital during these really hectic sixty minutes in the morning.

It need hardly be mentioned that Delhi is a city of office-going people. At about 09.00 hours at least a thousand hands anxiously press their cycle tyres to find out if they are sufficiently inflated while many housewives prepare meal for their husbands, which is partly taken at home and partly brought to office to serve as tiffin during the lunch break. Thousands stand in endless queues waiting for buses which are not quite sufficient to cope with the rush hour.

The peons, too, don their white liveries; some twirl their moustaches

while others put *talak* on their foreheads and get ready for the foot-march. Those owning automobiles see to it that their vehicles are road-worthy. The departure from home is often marked by a prayerful mood. Those expecting promotions or hoping for a first prize in a crossword competition do not forget to bow before the picture of their favourite god or goddess and ask for favour or fortune and promise distribution of sweets if the anticipated result comes through. Before leaving there is an affectionate farewell scene with the child who generally insists on being taken round for a joy ride on the bicycle. The 'Babujis' are often reminded to return home early after office hours because shopping is to be done.

Finally, every one makes a last minute check-up of his identity card, keys, fountain-pen, etc., etc.

ABOUT 09.15 hours one can see small intermittent streams of human heads emerging out of circles, squares, triangles, rectangles, by-roads and lanes and merging themselves into the bigger 'highways' and roads. Soon afterwards an almost unending cavalcade can be seen wending its way towards the Secretariat Campus which consists of the Central Secretariat buildings, war-time rows of hutments and 'Princely Houses' where most of the offices are located. There on the road

they go like a caravan, people of all ranks, some on foot, some paddling on their push-bikes, some on slow-moving tongas and still others in streamlined buses.

ONE sees all sorts of people, wearing dhotis and kurtas, pants and pyjamas, in multifarious topis and multi-coloured pugrees. There is no brand of cycle, from Hind to Hercules, which is not represented just as there is no model of car which cannot be traced out in this 'procession'. Whether it is Minto Road or Market Road, Tughlaq Road or Turkman Gate, the mind of almost every one you come across is occupied with one thought, i.e., to reach office in time.



The provision for medical and public health programme under the Five Year Plan amounts to Rs. 59.55 crores. Out of a total expenditure of Rs. 43 crores on medical programmes more than 50 per cent will be on hospitals and dispensaries and nearly 40 per cent on medical education and training. The maternity and child health programme includes the development of rural and urban training centres for nurses and midwives. Photo shows some rural people receiving treatment at the maternity centre in Bendri village, Raipur Community Project Area, in Madhya Pradesh.

Here and there may be found not an insignificant number of female clerks conspicuously dressed in gorgeous saris or salwars, mostly on cycles; they are as much a trusted functionary of the office machinery as their opposite number. The jawans and junior commissioned officers, too, with their shining brass belts and polished shoes, do not lag behind any one in this respect.

WHAT happens during the journey period is equally interesting. There is hardly any topic of international, national or even local importance which is not discussed. Every Ministry of the Government of India, from External Affairs to

the Estate Office, gets its due share of support as well as criticism, if not for any other reason, to while away the time. The tonga-wallah takes pride in tackling ticklish State problems while his passengers discuss the poor quality of rice and wheat supplied in the local market and lack of medical and educational facilities.

The elders often narrate their exploits of good old days and criticise the poor standard of new entrants. The juniors, on the other hand, accuse them of showing lack of interest in their own work and taking a prejudicial view of their "case work" thereby blocking their way of promotion. The peons invariably complain of maltreatment at the hands of their superiors. These talks continue with unabated vigour until the office premises are reached.

BY about ten o'clock the traffic stream begins to thin and roads start looking comparatively deserted. This is the time when most of the offices are about to start working. The peons manage to reach office a few minutes earlier to dust the desks, salaam 'babus' and 'sahebs' and obsequiously usher them in as they enter their rooms. That is precisely the hour for chokras in canteens to get ready, since this has become a habit with almost every one to commence office work with a cup of tea. And then begin namaskars, aadaabs, hows and whys, patronising smiles and contemptuous frowns before one settles down with his pen and pencil in order to prepare the draft of the day.

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R. K. Madhav, Masulipatam

Our New Year Resolutions

WE often find, on the eve of the New Year, many of us making pious resolutions. But mostly they die ere they are born. We know very well even when we make them that we have the least intention of keeping them.

Our resolutions are something like our maintaining domestic accounts or writing our diaries. Neither of these are ever continued for a long time. You would have seen housewives buying nice account books, some as big as office ledgers, and start writing accounts in right earnest on the 1st of January. But it is rarely continued after a week or two. Mostly at the end of the month they try to recollect the past days' expenditure, but with little success, and when the husband goes over the accounts, if at all he does, he will find that the word 'miscellaneous' is used more often than any other word. Indeed, what a boon that word is to our housewives!

Writing diaries is no better. How many of us continue the habit of writing diaries after the first few weeks? Or even the first few days? On the New Year eve, many of us receive diaries as presents and some even buy them with great trouble and at some expense. But after the first month is over, mostly they are either used as dhobi account books or as paper slips or

they just lie in the drawer as an out-moded ornament.

Further, we find when we make resolutions that they are always not to do things which we like. It is mostly "I shall not do this" and "I shall not do that". As children we always want to do that which we are asked not to do. Even when we are grown up that tendency is always there. So when you say, "I shall not see cinemas any more", "I shall not buy sarees this year", "I shall not drink coffee, etc.", there is a little wonder that you break your resolutions at the first opportunity.

I CANNOT understand why we do not make resolutions such as, "I shall see only two cinemas a month", "I shall drink coffee only twice daily", "I shall buy sarees when they are absolutely necessary", "I shall have picnics only on Sundays", and so on. I then you are more likely to keep them. There is not the least use if we make resolutions which we have not the mind or chance to adhere to.

Further, if you really want to keep to your resolutions, you must make a habit of them. For example, if you want to get up early in the morning it is no good if you just think of it and then go to sleep. You must keep the alarm clock sufficiently out of reach from your bed, as there is always

tendency to stop it and sleep—and not wake up at the alarm.

IF for six days you get up early with the help of the alarm, on the seventh you will automatically get up even without the alarm clock. It then becomes a habit. Any act often repeated soon forms into a habit. But we should beware of one thing. It is much easier to get out of a good habit than a bad one. For instance, if you are lazy and sleep away for one day, it will become really impossible to get up early the next day. We need a strong will to keep a good resolution and a stronger one in order not to do the wrong thing.

Hence, form good resolutions—resolutions to have some fun; for, all work and no play makes Janaki an uninteresting girl. And to keep

to your resolutions, make a habit of them. Habit followed quickly gains in strength. It is said that the chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

So, let it be your New Year Resolution to sow a good act and reap a habit. Reap a habit and you reap a character. Keep a character and you build a destiny. ♦♦

Level or Heaped?

"I think those newspaper columns on cooking are wonderful for young brides. I saw a letter a bride sent in to one of them. She said, 'Dear Aunt Jane, In your recipe last week you said to use a tablespoon of water. Is that level or heaped?'"

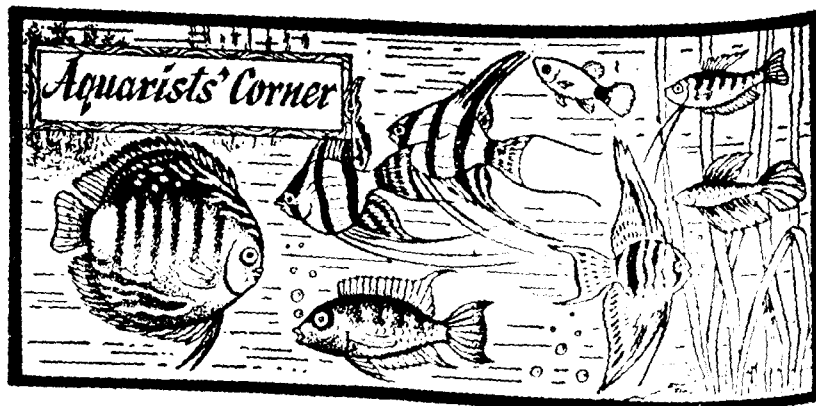
Free Offer!

Gentlemen (Young and Old) if you are suffering from any disorders arising from any ignorance, playfulness or otherwise, please write to me full history of your case and I will send you very efficacious medicine as sample free for trial, tried for the last 30 years, so that you may be fully satisfied with its immediate effects, and may not be deceived as at other places.

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By Indira Somasundaram



GAMBUSIA

THERE are a number of indigenous fish, like *Panchax*, *Cirrhina*, *Wallago*, etc., which feed on mosquito larvae, but none of these are as effective for general use as *Gambusia*, an American top-minnow which has been introduced in recent years into almost every country in the world where Malaria exists. Its name has been derived from the Spanish phrase "*Pescar para Gambusinos*" which means fishing for *Gambusinos*, that is to say, catching nothing. Yet these minute fish have become exceedingly well-known and very widely distributed.

There are two species of *Gambusia*. One is *Gambusia holbrooki*, indigenous from Florida to Virginia, and the other is *Gambusia affinis*, of the Mississippi Valley, Texas and North Eastern Mexico, now distributed all over Europe and in parts of Australia, Africa, India and the Far East.

The males of *Gambusia affinis* are much smaller (average size 1.5 inches) than the females (average size 2.5 inches) and may also be distinguished when mature by the

peculiar shape of the anal fin which carries a prominent spine.

The breeding season varies in different localities according to climatic conditions. In Northern India it lasts from March till October. *Gambusia affinis* is a viviparous species and each female may produce 6 or more broods during the season with an average of 40 (though experiments have shown 95) individuals in each brood. Fresh broods appear every month or six weeks during the season. The fishes arrive at sexual maturity in four or five months.

GAMBUSIA AFFINIS has all the qualities required for larvicidal purposes being small, hardy, extremely prolific, worthless as food, susceptible to few diseases and adaptable to all climatic conditions and considerable degrees of pollution and salinity and capable of flourishing in confined waters. It has a habitat corresponding to

that of larvae, viz., alertness and tendency to push into emergent and floating vegetation and a high food preference index for larvae in natural surroundings. It is a surface feeder and is specially attracted by prey which is moving. It is not apt to become a nuisance when introduced into a region. In fact, it is so good that for a time it was thought to be the only answer to the Malarialogists' prayers.

SINCE 1928, when a consignment was brought from Italy by Dr. B. A. Rao of the Mysore State Health Department, *Gambusia* have been acclimatised in India. A stock is maintained at the Malaria Institute of India, 22, Alipore Road, Delhi, from where they can be had free of charge. A small number may be sent through post or by passenger train but it is more satisfactory to send a man to fetch them.

Gambusia can withstand the difficulties of handling and transportation. In the tropics they may be successfully transported in various types of claypots, in about 100 can be transported in a kerosene tin. In order to avoid undue mortality a special type of apparatus is used. A glass container (an ordinary sweet-jar) is fitted with a tight rubber stopper pierced at its centre by a glass tubing for the air to come in. A piece of wire gauze is tied at the outer hole of the glass tubing. The jar is filled about 3/5 with water and about a dozen *Gambusia*, including at least 2 male fish, are released into it. About 200 larvae are added to it as food for journey along with aquatic vegetation and enough algae to avoid splashing.

Every care is taken to avoid overcrowding. The jar is placed in a wooden case, the two opposite sides of which are hinged to the base. On to either side, at a place where the neck of the jar comes to rest, a wooden process is attached so that when these sides are brought in position they hold the jar intact.

It has been determined that the females of *Gambusia* are the most effective predators of Anopheline larvae. Males take only half as much food as the females.

BECAUSE of their great importance in the anti-mosquito work it is necessary to breed them in malarious areas. Any small pond will serve the purpose of hatchery but all larger fishes which prey upon *Gambusia* must first be removed. This may be done by seining with a fine fish net or draining or by adding bleaching powder (about one ounce to 100 gallons of water). This is mixed with water in a bucket which is then lowered into the well or reservoir and moved around in water to ensure even distribution. All the fish soon come up to the surface whence they can be removed by a hand net. It is better to wait for ten days after this before introducing the *Gambusia*.

A more convenient form of hatchery is a cement tank or a number of such tanks as at Malaria Institute of India, Delhi (10' x 10' x 2' to 3'), with slanting floor, constructed above the ground level and situated in such a way as to be partially shaded from the sun, with an outlet pipe at the base for draining and another at the top to

By S.R. Malhotra

prevent overflowing in the monsoons. The inner end of these should be fitted with perforated discs.

In the corners of the tank earth should be placed and a variety of plants should be introduced. The tall water-weed, *Sagittaria*, may be conveniently planted in one of the corners of the tank. This gives good protection to the small fry. *Ancharis* is another common Indian aquatic plant which is an excellent oxygenator. *Spirogyra* and other algal plants should also be introduced.

IN order to supply food, larvae and pupae of mosquitoes and other insects must be added. Earthworms, chopped-up blood-clot obtained from the slaughter-house and parched rice are also suitable foods but should be sparingly used in small tanks as they tend to foul the water. Once the tank is established, daily feeding is not necessary but in larger tanks the fish probably multiply quicker if an additional food supply is made available during the breeding season.

It will usually be found necessary to remove over-exuberant growth of aquatic vegetation periodically which hinders the inspection and capture of fish and might even enable the mosquito larvae to escape.

Owing to the restricted food supply and lack of shelter most of the young fish are devoured by the parent fish, which will themselves eventually die. Therefore, it is advisable to screen off one corner of the hatchery tank with a movable wire-gauze sheet, the mesh of which will admit the young fish

but exclude the larger cannibalistic parents.

It is inadvisable to attempt to rear local fish in the same hatchery tank which is used for *Gambusia*. The Murrelet (*Ophioccephalus*) is a menace in this way. If one or two of this or other predatory species are included while introducing the mud from the neighbouring tanks, they prey upon *Gambusia* and may exterminate them altogether. Removal of these predatory fish is often a very difficult task.

Gambusia affinis flourish in wide ranges of temperature and no season appears to be unfavourable to their survival although the fish are less active during the cold season. In certain places in the extreme North it is doubtful whether *Gambusia* will survive the winter under natural conditions.

SHOULD it be found that *Gambusia* do not survive out-of-doors under natural conditions, it is better to carry them to indoor aquaria. This is done by taking a glass or other container of about 5 gallons capacity. Not more than six fish are kept in this. Some aquatic vegetation and some food consisting of aquatic insects, mosquito larvae and earthworm is also to be added. The water is to be changed every second or third day and this indoor aquarium is to be exposed to the sun for 2 to 3 hours daily.

No Use!

"Listen to reason," said his friend, "why don't you take a taxi home?"

Great tears welled up in the drinker's eyes as he replied: "Shno use, pal, shno use. My wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house."

Fuss In A Bus!

OF COURSE, when they say that wise men love solitude and silence and quiet, I understand. But to me it is too much to be away from my own set of goodly, hearty fellows with their pins and pricks and their pawky humour. Give me some jolts, some noise and something out-of-the-usual: that makes me more fit to be law-abiding and dutiful.

That is why I quite relish the rush and the push, the curt and pert remarks and replies in the crowded buses to-day. You actually rub your shoulders against your brothers; you feel every man in the bus is your nearest kith, kin and skin. I really enjoy the blunt and brusque humour of chat and cross chat in the bus as you actually hang on the strong strap.

I was in a bus, which was as full as it could be; there were the standing ones who were actually resting on those who were seated. So, one who had to bear the load of a leaning passenger naturally cried out, "People do not seem to know any manners."

That was the first shot!

"It is only people who do not know any manners that make such remarks," was the reply from a gent who thought he could not let that remark go unchallenged.

"Those who think they know manners are the very ones that don't know manners; they don't

know that they don't know manners," came from one behind the speaker concerned.

"Rudeness is the rule of the day," cried an old gent on the lengthy seat.

"Good sir, give rudeness, get rudeness; give respect and get respect," replied his neighbour.

"You seem to be young. That is my complaint. You don't get what you give. Look my young friend, at that gentleman there standing. As he moved up he trod on my toes; one of them is bleeding. Is that getting respect? Let me get home unhurt! Keep respect for yourself," the old gent complained.

"WHY, sir, your age must tell you that such things are not to be taken seriously. One has to rough it out, sir; it is a pity you haven't the mood for such unintentional sport," remarked the neighbour.

"Sir, you presume too much. You want to teach me! What the dickens has one to rough it out for when you are bleeding? You seem to have very strange ideas; and you are just like the young colts, full of such ideas."

The old gentleman had not finished when the bus stopped. In came half a dozen new entrants.

I wondered where there was room for these new-comers. The

conductor was shouting that there was no room. But these new ones had squeezed themselves in. And who could push them out? So the bus moved on.

"People have no pity," said one of the new-comers.

"You didn't have any when you rushed in," said one who was pushed aside.

"Don't you see I have to get to my place as you want to? Surely, the bus is not a private affair!"

"Nor is the bus yours. But you seem to be a thorough stranger to what is known as comfort," the aggrieved one remarked with a bitter smile.

"I KNOW better than you do about comfort, convenience and all that stuff. Your don't look like one who knows comfort!" was the retort.

"I can't bandy words with vulgar people. I know one when I see one."

"Unless you are yourself vulgar, you can't make that remark."

"Don't be insolent!"

"I am afraid I have to teach you how to behave. I shall certainly do so, if you need it."

"I have taught good behaviour to many before you. Keep your good behaviour to yourself." So saying the speaker got up from his seat, evidently meaning to do the teaching, by physical force.

Nor was this the only pair of passengers about to translate

words into deeds. All over the bus, tart retorts were freely passing athwart and across.

So that, even to my love of a life of rough hurly-burly, it looked like a bit too warm, and, I should not have been surprised if a smart exchange of fist courtesies had taken place.

The bus stopped and before the Conductor cried out, we saw something strange.

ABOUT middle age, a very dignified-looking lady, a Hindu, by the *kumkum* mark on the forehead, got up on the step. With a kind word of apology, with a kind look, and above all, with a gentle smile, she slowly moved in.

The passenger nearest moved as much as he could. The one pushed did not object, as he saw why he was pushed.

"You can come in, madam," said one.

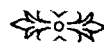
"Here is a seat," said another.

"You can have this seat if you like it," said a third.

In fact, it looked as if the bus was full of vacant seats where just a few seconds ago there was a petty pandemonium with all the demons let loose. And what was the metamorphosis due to?

That one smile!

That is, One Smile of Woman makes mankind mild, as sure as "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."



[90]

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JAMADHAGNI OUSHADALAYA

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CHILD OF DESTINY

(Continued from page 14)

ed the temptation a thousand times over. I wanted to give myself to Philo clean and wholesome as the proof of my love for her.

"WE spent many happy hours together, talking of the time when I would be her husband and she my wife. She promised me so much. She swore to me that she would be faithful. She was a good girl, Brian—at least, I thought she was. Nevertheless, I devoted all my energy to the task of moulding her character in order to make her my ideal. She responded magnificently. There were times when she did certain things that displeased me but they were few and far between and then she would cry on my shoulders when I reproached her, promising never to do anything to hurt me again. But, gradually, those lapses become more and more frequent. She begged of me to trust her. She renewed her pledge to be faithful to me forever. But she knew she was hurting me. Oh, yes, she knew it all right!"

For a moment he stopped speaking and his looks became sad as he thought of his lost love and all that she had meant to him.

Brian had all this time been conjuring up in his own mind the picture of a laughing face, the memory of which he treasured deeply in his breast. Colin's words touched a chord which affected him deeply and he looked at the younger boy with keen interest.

"And then?" he asked.

"And then," Colin went on, "the whole thing happened so suddenly, I couldn't get over it for weeks."

"ONE evening, when I went to meet her, as usual, instead of Philo I saw a little girl, about ten years old, standing by the corner of Jones Lane, our favourite rendezvous. She had a letter in her hand and she was gazing at me with a hesitant sort of look on her face. I knew Philo must have sent her and I felt terribly distressed at the thought that Philo must be ill and had sent me a note to tell me so."

"Philo asked me to give this to you," the girl said and I had hardly begun to tear open the envelope which she had thrust hurriedly into my hand when my little messenger bolted as fast as her little legs could carry her. Brian, I never felt so very wretched before. I knew something had gone wrong. (To be continued)

Wonderful Feat!

A CIRCUS manager was worried when, at the very last moment, he discovered that one of the trapeze rings was damaged. He sent for the circus carpenter, but the latter, on inspecting the damage, refused to undertake the work.

"It's much too high up," he said. "I'll only do it if you get at least five men to hold the ladder and if you fix a safety net."

This was agreed, and the carpenter climbed up 60 ft. and began to repair the ring.

The job seemed to take a long time and at last, the manager shouted up: "How much longer are you going to be?"

"Oh," replied the carpenter, "one more smack with the hammer, and I'll be down."

The blow descended; he threw away the hammer and suddenly flew at a trapeze bar, caught it, swung back, fell into the net, bounced back again, caught the trapeze bar and finally got on to the ladder and climbed down.

The manager was delighted. "Well, that was wonderful!" he cried. "Why didn't you tell me you were an acrobat? I'll give you a good salary if you'll do that turn every night."

"Not on your life!" replied the flustered carpenter. "Do you think I'm going to hit my fingers with that hammer every night?"

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Skin-Tex PL Czechoslovakia	2 2	7 8

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Washable Paragons (Thick)	Rs. 1 0	3 12
" (Transparent)	1 6	4 0
" Latex Condom	1 6	4 0
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A Marriage To Arrange!

MATCH-MAKING is as old as humanity. Marriage-brokers have figured in the affairs of mankind from time immemorial. Particularly in an ancient country like India the history of match-making is admittedly more illustrious and hoary.

The attributes of a marriage broker generally vary from quarter to quarter, depending on the person who is holding the floor. He has a bland, smiling exterior, oozing goodness and benevolence. But there is more in a marriage broker than meets the eye. In fact, with a pardonable exaggeration, one might say that he has the courage of a Quixote, the narrative power of a Kalidasa and the hopefulness of a Micawber. His mastery of human psychology is amazing. He is one of God's good men, always

BY

SUBHASH J. RELE

itching to do good to the community. In spite of persistent rumours to the contrary, he is most human. He has a touch of generosity but it is often generosity at the other man's expense. And there's the rub!

YOU never can guess what a marriage-broker is up to. He has more than one card up his sleeve and takes pride in it. Any change of tactics on his part is wholly unpredictable. It is essential to be affable to him. That any one should dislike him is incredible. Taking you into his confidence, he assures you that you will never find a more trustworthy and forthright marriage-broker than he. He tells you with a smug pride that the marriages he negotiates stand up better and have a greater durability.

He then reminds you of the innumerable marriages he had arranged last year of which you are utterly unaware. He informs you with an air of surreptitiousness that he has a sixth sense, which means that he has an inkling of the



HUSBAND (to Wife): "Very good news, dear. You need not prepare the meal for the guests, after all. They have postponed their visit to next week!"

shape of things to come. You look up at him wondering all the while about his extraordinary powers. You find an unknown mystery in his large staring eyes and big side-long glances. For a while you feel jealous of his ability to 'talk shop.'

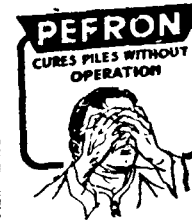
Then, smiling at you graciously, he tells you that he has learnt that you have a son or a daughter to marry off. In a minute, he sizes you up and before you have a chance to open your mouth he pours some home truths into your reluctant ears. With his characteristic orthodox style, he puts forward a proposal before you. You try not to look self-conscious and apprehensive. You mutter something unintelligible, implying that you are not interested at present. This doesn't deter him, for he is made of a sterner stuff. He is persistently intruding and gets on your nerves. You try your utmost to evade answering his intimate queries. But when he leaves you, you feel terribly pleased with yourself. In fact, you feel the importance of being earnest.

Some marriage-brokers maintain parlours or bureaux which bear a bizarre appearance. Parents register the names of their daughters with these brokers. An insignificant registration fee is charged and the parent is assured that he should no more worry about his daughter's marriage.

THE meeting of a boy and girl usually takes place in the house of the bride-to-be. A girl is asked to serve tea to the lad and his parents, if they are present. The marriage-broker then bends sufficiently to whisper something into the ears of the young man. A few questions are asked of the girl for her directly to answer. The

GET RID OF PILES

No Operation Necessary



Piles take root due to intestinal defects. Spicy food-stuffs, very rich diet, under-nourishment and constant constipation, gastric irritation and chronic indigestion give rise to this

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tions intelligible to the girl and,
consciously or unconsciously, helps
the girl and the parents to answer
them. After some formal discus-
sion regarding the further move,
the meeting terminates in the most
dignified manner and everyone
saunters out in whispering under-
tones.

THE marriage-broker has an
extraordinary knack of finding
out which side of his bread is but-
tered. He is the last person to be
bothered about the consequences
of his act. He, however, strongly
disapproves of both parties getting
on intimate terms with each other.
He invariably loses both his
appetite and temper when he
learns that some negotiations
regarding the marriage are being
carried on behind his benevolent
back. But he seldom loses his
temper and prefers to please all.
No wonder that in spite of his
well-founded notoriety in some
circles, he is in demand every-
where. With so many calls on his
time it is not surprising that he
should be an awfully busy man.
He always appears busier and more
pre-occupied than he usually is.

Whatever the hazards of match-
making, the marriage-broker has,
without doubt, added subtle
flavour to it. The difficulty lies
in assessing his value in terms not
of money but of his services to
the community. For parents of
daughters he brings tidings that
open to them the unknown and
boundless vistas of sunshine.

I would refer to him as an insti-
tution rather than as an individual
and I cannot think of any other
single public institution whose
utility to mankind is so high as that
of the marriage-broker!

MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA
readers do not need to be
reminded of the amazing
success and popularity of *Mywords*
—they speak for themselves. But
how many know the story of how
crosswords began? Also, do any
realise that this year marks the
30th anniversary of their begin-
ning?

Although the anagram, the acros-
tic, the diamond and the word
square ran regularly in mid-Victor-
ian periodicals for the amusement
of children, scant notice was ever
taken of them by adult readers.

That was, until Arthur Winn
devised the crossword puzzle from
a vague recollection of something
he had seen in the *London Graphic*,
feeling that here might lie the
germ of a really popular feature.

THE STORY OF CROSSWORDS

Thus the first
crossword puzzle
devised by this
U.S. journalist
appeared in a sup-
plement of the
New York Sunday World on 21,
December, 1913. Though Winn
continued to devise further cross-
words, using his original shape and
variations of it, and though the
Sunday World continued to run
these weekly, no great attention
was paid them. The advent of
World War I, too, a short seven
months after Winn's initial effort,
helped to delay popularity.

The true birth of the crossword
craze began in January 1924, when
an aunt of Richard Simon, who had
just entered the publishing busi-
ness with a friend, Max Schuster,
suggested that a book of crossword

puzzles like those that had appear-
ed in the *Sunday World* might be
worth a try. She had found their
solving fascinating.

The embryo publishers took a
gamble on her whim. Hiring a
small office and a typewriter, and
calling themselves the Plaza Publi-
shing Coy., they devised a number
of crosswords and eventually publi-
shed them in handy book form.
The rest is history!

THOSE books took the U.S. by
storm! Americans simply went
crazy over them. They sold 35,000
copies in the first six months. By
1937, sales had reached the stag-
gering figure of 436,000 copies!

The crossword had come to stay,
and the now world-renowned book
firm of Simon and Schuster found
itself quite soon on Easy Street.



The complete
story of the suc-
cess of these
books and the
marked effect
they have made

on the sale of dictionaries, the
changes they have made in human
life, and in travelling habits can
never be fully told.

U. S. newspapers and magazines
were quick to realise the drawing
power of these puzzles and soon
had added expert setters to their
staffs. At the peak of the craze,
university students were solving
crossword puzzles set in Latin by
their tutors—the University of
Kentucky actually established a
crossword course in its department
of engineering. A professor at
Princeton offered a prize for a
crossword puzzle having two diffe-

lent correct solutions. Ministers made their congregations remember texts by erecting crossword blackboards and inviting the faithful to puzzle out the text before they commenced to preach.

SO violent had the craze become that an athletic director publicly deplored the demoralisation of his football squad by the tantalizing puzzles, and some Broadway theatrical managers were reported to have found their chorus girls missing their cues on the same account.

Even famed Tin Pan Alley did not escape. Songsmiths there hammered out a hit tune "Since Ma's Gone Crazy Over Crosswords" for addicts to hum as they worked on the puzzles. Poor Mah-Jongg, until then a very popular pastime,

had been hit below the belt and everywhere else!

THE craze spread. British newspapers like the *London Evening News*, the *Daily Mail* and the *Sunday Dispatch* were soon running them. Then, in 1929 the staid *London Times* decided to row in with the rest, and so make the picture complete.

Austrian, German and Dutch newspapers were the earliest of the European Press to adopt crosswords, while Dutch firms, at the peak, actually advertised in crosswords, and associated them with their sales.

During 1925, one British newspaper was offering a first prize of £ 5,000 for the correct solving of its crossword puzzle, possibly the

largest ever. At the moment, *Everybody's*, a British long-established weekly, is offering £ 800 as a first prize, with £ 200 as consolation money. Then in India, what reader of *My Magazine of India* doesn't know what valuable prizes are to be won by solving *Mywords*!

The Australian Press soon followed in the wake of British newspapers and by 1931 a Brisbane syndicate was actually conducting a crossword puzzle competition with substantial prizes.

GLOOMY pessimists in the U.K., of course, soon after their introduction, foresaw the end of the crossword before very long. Others, too, denounced it in scathing terms. But it continued merrily on its way, even after the first few hectic years of the craze. Leading men, among them Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir Austen Chamberlain, P. G. Wodehouse and Lord Russell of Killowen, avidly attacked them. The last-named proudly boasted that he solved a particularly difficult *Times* crossword in exactly thirteen minutes. Then, a few months back, cables announc-



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—Miss Aimai, Secunderabad.



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Won Rs. 1787: I won Rs. 1787 in Crossword Puzzles. I am free from debts and my financial position is very much improved than before. Your Charm is really Great and Divine. —Miss Karanth, Bombay.

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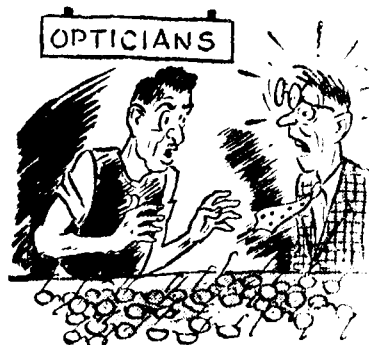
SABHAR CHEMICAL WORKS, 1/1, DOCTOR LANE, CALCUTTA—14

ed that Princess Margaret won a £3.3.0 prize for solving a crossword in a British paper.

A CROSSWORD puzzle cannot be solved before it is set. Just how does a setter go about the job? Actually, there is not a fixed formula and no set rules.

The late Powys Mathers who, as "Torquemada," set hundreds of crosswords for the *British Observer*, was among the greatest authorities on these puzzles. He maintained that a crossword must be solvable yet, at the same time, it must stretch the muscles of the solver. He further stated that the clues of which the setter makes use could be roughly divided into two main kinds: 1. The clues which depend for solution on knowledge or research, literary, historical, geographical, and so on. 2. The clues which consist mainly of purely pun, or playing with the words required, or with those employed in the clue itself.

Torquemada subdivided the second class into twenty groups, and the cryptic, the aristocrat of crosswords, belongs here, as does



OPTICIAN: "Oh, my God! I have mislaid my specs!"

the alternative, the form mostly used in *Mywords* contests.

As to design, most setters, after devising the first few words, use blind squares as required, at the same time striving for balance and symmetry. Mostly, a design is worked out from the centre and a preponderance of two and three-letter words is avoided. But, here again, there is no fixed formula, and individual setters use different methods to achieve results.

Most setters work on several puzzles at a time, thus making for a selection of words and designs. A word discarded from one puzzle may nicely fit into another. One Australian setter rarely sets less than fifty or sixty puzzles at a time.

THE average crossword puzzle uses a square either 11 x 11, 12 x 12, 13 x 13 or 15 x 15. These squares give respectively 121, 144, 169 and 225 spaces, and the average number of words required for their solution is again respectively 24, 45, 48 and 56. One mammoth crossword used by the *New York Times* used a square 23 x 23 with 529 spaces, requiring 84 words for its solution. Generally, two, three and even four words more are required across than down.

Why is it that the solving of puzzles, which has been practised to a greater or lesser extent since the dawn of history, should have waited until the year 1924 before it became a universal pastime?

Psychologists maintain that crosswords could not have flourished in the past, because the general level of education, even ten years before, was much lower than in

1924. Further, their practice costs nothing, requires no special physical dexterity, no unusual equipment, the listing of no rules. A lead pencil and a pocket dictionary are all that is necessary to solve the average crossword.

ANOTHER psychologist offered as a most potent reason for the amazing popularity of the crossword that its solving satisfies all of those ingrained, instinctive, wants of man—activity, amusement, curiosity, co-operation and constructiveness—all satisfied merely by printing letters in the proper squares! With the cash contest, too, additionally, the spirit of keen rivalry is introduced, together with the attraction of monetary gain.

In spite of the cynic who referred to them as a "household pest in ten letters," and despite Mrs. Jean Ouelle, an elderly French

woman who some years back was alleged to have attacked her husband with a hammer because she "couldn't stand him and his crossword puzzles any longer," crosswords have meant a lot of fun to a lot of people.

They have helped, most definitely, to widen the scope of human learning and to enlarge our vocabularies in a pleasant, provocative and persuasive way. They have helped, too, to boost the sales of newspapers, periodicals, dictionaries and kindred text-books in no uncertain manner.

AS Torquemada once put it: "This solving of crosswords, this challenging search for the right word, has now become as much a part of the nation's character as bad prose and good grills."

Well, after all, he should know.

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For details about Key Solution, Prize List, etc., please see Page 104

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CLUES

1. It's easy for woman to make a ——— of jealous lover. (FOIL or FOOL?)
2. Man should be very careful when he finds wife is excessively ——— (CUTE or MUTE?)
3. Behaviour that is really ——— is usually excused if it is from one we have a fondness for. (HAUGHTY or NAUGHTY?)
4. How tough it must be for man to ——— a different life than the one he's habituated to since long! (LIKE or LIVE?)
5. The frustration of many husbands is usually due to wives who ——— a lot to have their own way. (CRY or TRY?)
6. Women are usually more tolerant than men of person who is ——— (BORE or SORE?)
7. Sensible people will usually avoid a ——— full of scandal. (CHAP or CHAT?)
8. Our youth seem to have rather ——— ideas about political matters. (MILD or WILD?)
9. Host will have an anxious time when he finds one of the guests is a ——— (BOOB or BOOR?)
10. Man who has all the social chances is bound to have many ——— to admire him. (GALS or PALS?)
11. Communists seem to think that theirs is the only ——— political outlook. (SAGE or SANE?)
12. Parents' anxiety to know what a man ——— is understandable when daughter is keen on marrying the man. (HAS or WAS?)
13. The really wise cannot but pity person who places ——— above everything else. (PELF or SELF?)

Entry Form of MYWORDS No. 39 will be published in the 15-1-1955 Issue.

Mywords No. 38:

- CLOSING DATE.** Friday, 7th January, 1955 is the Closing Date in Madras for MYWORDS No. 38. Date of receipt and not date of posting of Entries will be taken into account.
- KEY SOLUTION.** The Sealed Cover containing the Official Key Solution of MYWORDS No. 38 which is in the custody of the Madras Branch of The Punjab National Bank Ltd. will be opened in the presence of the Manager of the Bank on the day following the Closing Date. It will be published in the 15th January, '55 issue of *My Magazine of India*. The Key Solution certified by the Bank will also be published in the following daily papers: *The Hindu* (Madras) of 10th January, '55, *Free Press Journal* (Bombay), *Hindusthan Standard* (Calcutta and Delhi), and *The Tribune* (Ambala) of 11th January '55.
- PRIZE LIST.** The List of Prize Winners (which may be abridged) will be published in the 1st February, 1955 issue of *My Magazine of India*. The First Prize and Runners-up (1 & 2 Error) Prize amounts will be sent on or before 11th February, 1955.

First Prize For Three!

RESULT OF MYWORDS NO. 37

In MYWORDS No. 37, the Competition Management received Rs. 1725-12-0 by way of Entry Fees. In conformity with the Rules & Conditions governing this Competition Rs. 575-4-0, being 33 & 1/3 per cent, was deducted from the amount received. The nett amount of Rs. 1150-8-0 was again divided: Rs. 8-2-14-0 for All-Correct winners and Rs. 287-10-0 for One-Error and 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 107 is the Chartered Accountants' Certificate regarding the actual amount received as Entry Fees.

Thus, 3 Competitors who were able to submit All-Correct Entries share the First Prize Amount of Rs. 862-14-0, each getting Rs. 287-10-0.

20 One-Error solvers and 107 Two-Error solvers share the Runners-up amount of Rs. 287-10-0. Each One-Error solver gets Rs. 7-0-0 and each Two-Error solver gets Rs. 1-6-0.

Appearing below are the full names and addresses of the All Correct and 1-Error solvers. For want of space full addresses of the 2-Error solvers are not given. Instead their names and places in alphabetical order are published.

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.

If any Competitor feels he has won a Prize and it is not stated in the published List of Prize Winners that he has won such a Prize or that the number of shares won by him in the Runners-up category has been incorrectly stated, then the Competitor should demand a Scrutiny of his Entries by preferring a Scrutiny Claim on the form printed on page 106.

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

ALL-CORRECT SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 287-10-0.

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ALA PRASAD SHARMA, Postman No. 10, Head Post Office, Bhopal, C. Ry.

ANNA LAL SHARMA, Store Clerk, Loco Shed, Bhopal, C. Ry.

ONE-ERROR SOLVERS. Each Awarded Rs. 7-0-0.

KARAJU Ramadas, 294, Usmanasahib, Nellore.

LAPRASAD Sharma, Postman No. 10, Head Post Office, Bhopal.

HAKE Laxman Deorao, Tophakhana, Jattu Khalifa's Wada, Ahmednagar.

GANESH Prasad Srivastava, Ram Mohan's Hata, Kanpur; Ghanshyam Goyal, c/o Don Bhai Dave, 6, Jalori-ki-Bass, Jodhpur.

INALA Rama Rao, Loading Inspector, Dwarakanagar, Kakinada.

MAJUMDAR N.C., 84/3, Beltala Road, Calcutta-26; Mohan Gupta J.P., 3/63, Lawley Hospital Lane, Coonoor.

NARSIAN R. P. Mrs. (Dr.), Pimpri Colony, Pimpri, Dt. Poona.

(2) PANNA Lal Sharma, Store Clerk, Loco Shed, Bhopal.

RAMANATHA Rao A., 6, Visweswarapuram St., Madras-14.

(2) SALVI R.S. (Mrs.), c/o Navbharat Trunk Mart, Ranade Road, Dadar, Bombay-28; Satyendra Chandra Das, Wireless Inspector, Siliguri Jn., W.B.; Sukumar M.P., Puthuvoth House, Telli-cherry; Sundaram N., Room No. 40, Patel Hall, IIT, Kharagpur; Suryanarayana Rao N., 87, Pandy Bazaar, T. Nagar, Madras-17; Syed Mohammed Masud, 3, Tantibagan Lane, Calcutta-14.

VARANASI Vykunta Vasulu, Main Road, Jeypore, Orissa.

TWO-ERROR SOLVERS.

Each Awarded Re. 1—6—0.

ABRAHAM M.E., Kottayam; Antony Samy R., Pavor Chatram, Tirunelveli.

BABY Indira; Nizamsagar P.O., Dn.; (10) Bala Prasad Sharma, Bhopal; Bhatia R.D., Satara; Bhatt B.M., Bombay; Bhargulata Oza (Miss), Baroda-2.

CHARI G.V.R., Wellington, S.Ry.

(3) DAHAKE Laxman Deo Rao, Ahmednagar; Deshpande Manohar Gopal Rao, Sholapur.

ESWARA Murthy C.S., Mysore;

GHANSHYAM Das Saxena, Mathura, U.P.; Ghanshyam Goyal, Jodhpur; Goldsmith E. (Dr.) Bongaigaon, Assam; Govind Singh, Ranikhet.

HARISH S., Secunderabad.

INALA Rama Rao, Kakinada; Inamti H.S., Bangalore-4; (2) Irdhyam Arokiaswamy, Sholapur.

JAMSHED Framji Jalnawalla, Deulgaonraja, M.P.

KAMALAM Christian (Mrs.), Singapore-19; (2) Krishnaiengar M.N., Mandya; (2) Krishnamurthy V.S., Madras-1; Krishnaappa P., Mercara; Krishnaswamy R., Salem.

LAL H.M., Kairana, U.P.; Lourdasamy A., Trichy.

MAHALAKSHMI S.S. (Mrs.), Hassan; Mahebir Prasad (Dr.), Khagoul; (4) Majumdar N.C., Calcutta-26; Manutai Bakshi (Mrs.), Jabalpur; Marakatham Sastri C.K. (Mrs.), New Delhi; Mary Masilamani (Miss), Madras-8; Moidin Sahib G.S., Ernakulam; More-shwar D., Kothare, Viramgam.

NAGARAJU N., Hassan; Nalini Yeswant Pinge (Miss), Bombay-4; Nani-kram B. Khubchandani, Bombay-7; Narasimham P.L., Khargpur; (3) Nathamuni Naid D., Ongole.

(11) PANNA Lal Sharma, Bhopal; Patpatia J.S., Simla-1; (2) Pradhan R.M., Cuttack-1; Prakash Narain Raina, Simla; Prem Narayan Mathur, Delhi.

RAJAM R. Krishnan (Mrs.), Bombay-37; Rama (Miss), Devlali; Ramachandran G., Nellikuppam; Ramakrishna Aiyer P., Tirvandrum; Ramanathan C.K., Calcutta-28; Ramamurti S., Kumbakonam; Rama Rao J., Berhampur; Rama Varma V., Bombay-24; Ruchandani B.K., Gandevi, W.Ry.

(2) SALVI R.S. (Mrs.), Bombay-28; Salvi S.R., Bombay-28; Salvina John (Mrs.), Roorkee; Sekar A.C., Faizabad; Shanker Rao Deshpande, Secunderabad; Sharma V.L., Nagpur; (3) Sundaram N., Kharagpur.

TRILOKI Nath Sareen, Allahabad-1.

(2) UMASHANKAR H.R., Hospet.

VARMA R.K., Tripunithura; (3) Venkata Rao N., Kollegal; Venkatasubramanian I.S., Chingleput; Vithal Sharma Rao Kamble, Hubli.

(2) XAVIER A.F., Mhow.

(2) YUSUF Madraswalla, Madras-1.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS' CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that we have checked the accounts of MYWORDS Competition No. 37 and find that the total collections received by way of Entry Fees in respect of this Competition are Rupees 1,725-12-0 (Rupees One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-five and Annas Twelve only).

Dated 15th Dec. '54
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SCRUTINY CLAIM RULES & CONDITIONS

Such of those Competitors who believe that they have won a Prize in MYWORDS No. 37 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 1-1-55 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. 37, My Magazine of India, 32, 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 Squares entered	
No. of Entry Forms sent	
Claim for: 1st Prize / 1-Error / 2-Errors.	
Scrutiny Fee Paid by P.O. / M.O.	
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WHEN Kamu was bedridden, Chandru took her illness as a passing phase. But when she did not recover even after a month, he was terrified that things might go worse and called for a very able doctor. His suspicions were confirmed when the doctor said that Kamu had contracted bronchitis and required better nourishment, careful treatment and some one to attend on her day and night.

Chandru felt a mile-deep fall of the earth from under his feet. He was but a poor clerk in a commercial firm and he could hardly make both ends meet with the salary he got. Where could he go for the extra money needed now? Nor did his wife own any jewels that he could pledge or sell. He was naturally very worried and wore a sad, depressed look in office. The work he was entrusted with was already too much and he now felt it burdensome. To get some rest and relief, he decided personally to request the Manager for a week's leave, although he had his doubt whether leave would be sanctioned.

The Manager's bell rang and the peon rushed to Chandru to inform him that he was immediately required by the Manager. Chandru could not foresee the cause of the summons, as usually the Head Clerk, Krishnamoorthy, would be called.

By LAKSHMI

"Mr. Chandru," shouted the Manager, "I had high hopes about you and never expected that your progress would be so unsatisfactory. Last month's returns, Head Clerk says, have not yet been submitted to Head Office. By tomorrow evening's post you must send them, otherwise you had better seek a job elsewhere!"

TWO Years back, Chandru had joined the firm and when he was directed to learn his work from the Head Clerk, Krishnamoorthy, he found in him an egotistic bloke who knew nothing save the art of singing in praise of himself. The young man was fed up but he had to disguise his real feelings. Krishnamoorthy thought he found in Chandru a good match for his daughter, Saroj, who had everything except beauty and a good complexion. As Chandru knew Kamu well and loved her for her accomplishments, he gently expressed his inability to Krishnamoorthy to marry his daughter. The Head Clerk was naturally infuriated and his feelings were wounded when he later on got Chandru's marriage invitation. He was boiling with anger and hatred, to say the least, and biding his time for revenge.

It so chanced that, due to worry, official work and pre-occupation, Chandru's work fell in arrears and the Head Clerk found an opportune

moment to whisper a complaint to the Manager about the young man. Chandru felt that his request for a week's leave would certainly not be forwarded by the Head Clerk.

After mature deliberation, he decided to resign his job.

KAMU'S condition had deteriorated and an old woman, his neighbour, who was attending on her, requested Chandru not to leave Kamu even for a few minutes. Next morning he posted his resignation letter to office with reasons that as he had to attend on his ailing wife and the required leave not being sanctioned, he had no other go but to quit. By the time his resignation letter reached his office, he got the following memo from his Manager:

"We have sanctioned you a week's leave preparatory to your immediate transfer to Bombay promoting you as a Manager. A cheque for Rs. 300/- is attached hereto to cover your T.A. expenses.

"A few alterations have to be made in the returns prepared by you but the Head Clerk has been instructed to finalise them."

With overwhelming joy, he took the note and cheque to his wife to convey the news about his promotion and assure her that he had obtained sufficient money to secure the best treatment for her. He touched her forehead. God! Her body was ice-cold, eyes staring. The young wife had passed away in her sleep!

Squareword No. D-38

Comments on Sunday Standard's SQUAREWORD No. D-38 could not be published as the Advance Pull was not received till the moment of going to Press. The Comments will be published in the 15th January 1955 Issue

— "Spotter."

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ACROSS

1. " — that can be easily obtained is rarely worth very much." MEDAL, METAL?

Metal is not obtainable for all nor easily at that. Medals are usually awarded only to those who show exceptional ability or courage. That is why they are so coveted. If they were to be easily obtained, then they are seldom worth very much. Back MEDAL.

2. " — for test-match should naturally be taken good care of." TICKET, WICKET?

Ticket for test-match is no doubt very valuable but the "good care of" in the Clue indicates something more than mere care for the safety of the Ticket. For any cricket match, the pitch or Wicket should be taken good care of and much more so should it be when a Test match is to be played. WICKET scores.

3. "Self-respecting people will never descend to —" BRAWLING, CRAWLING?

Even those with the greatest sense of self-respect are likely to descend to Brawling occasionally. But such people can never descend to Crawling, abjectly beg for favours, cringe. Bet on CRAWLING.

5. "There's little sense wasting time arguing when the other man's obviously —" RIGHT, TIGHT?

"Obviously" is the pointer here. A person is either Right or wrong and not just "obviously" Right only. When a man is obviously Tight, looks or appears to be quite drunk, then there is no sense in arguing with such a person. Vote for TIGHT.

12. "Fellow who looks — would stand poor chance of getting job as hotel commissioner." SEEDY, WEEDY?

Hotel commissioner should have to be a very alert, brisk person. Seedy looking,

dispirited, listless person stands poor chance of being selected for the job. While a good build is preferred, a man will not be rejected just because he is Weedy, lean as a weed. Back SEEDY.

13. "It's usually the most ahead papers that do the most — SCOOPING, SNOOPING?"

Snooping means to go about sneak to behave like a spy. It is the snoop mongering type of paper, yellow job that will snop and not others. But the most respectable paper that has ahead policy will score over other having reporters for Scooping news. News before others can give it. SCOOPING scores.

14. "Some of the most beautiful poetry is that which expresses a somewhat — philosophy DREAMY, DREARY?"

What is Dreaming philosophy only? Compiler can say! And he will be always in saying that some of the most beautiful poetry is that which expresses Dreary philosophy. As the Clue cannot be ignored, permute both DREAMY and DREARY.

15. "It may be difficult to follow the arguments advanced by — speaker." RABID, RAPID?

Even though a speaker may be Rabid foolishly obsessed by certain ideas, furious, it will not be difficult to follow speech. But if he is Rapid, quick in speech then it may be difficult to follow him. Enter RAPID.

DOWN

1. "You need lots of stamina to stand the pace of a gruelling —" MARCH, MATCH?

Not all matches require stamina. I about chess? Reject Match. Any March is an exertion and a gruelling one is very much exacting. To stand its pace one requires lots of stamina. MARCH wins.

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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

giving you this certificate of your high knowledge in preparing the Life Reading, which you forwarded me some months ago, which has proved true; and I have watched the results which are to my utmost satisfaction. Moreover, I have found you the only Astrologer of the type who takes keen interest into the affairs of his clients.

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4. "— are usually common sights in large BLOCKS, CLOCKS?"

These days Clocks are fairly sights even in villages and are no n. of large cities. Blocks, groups of are rather common features in any city but are quite uncommon in cities or villages. Back BLOCKS.

6. "— from distant country it likely to be fairly expensive." WINE, WIRE?

Wire or telegram from a distant country is bound to be very expensive and not just likely to be whereas Wine imported may be expensive. It depends on duties, etc WINE wins.

7. "In the interests of safety no lorry should carry load that is — heavy." TOO, TOP?

Top doesn't make much sense here. In lorries load is always spread on the area behind the driver's seat. Too much of a heavy load will affect safe driving. Enter TOO.

8. "Man who feels his case is hopeless may not care to — in lawsuit." APPEAL, APPEAR?

To Appear in court will not cost him much. But to Appeal will cost money and if he feels his case is hopeless, man may not care to do so. Bet on APPEAL.

9. "Those who have struggled to attain it — know that success doesn't come easily." WELL, WILL?

It is difficult to make a choice here. So, permute both WELL and WILL.

10. "Certain types of flowers don't last long once they're —" CUT, OUT?

Out from where and how? Reject it. Once Cut from the tree or plant, some flowers, unlike other types, don't last long. Vote for CUT.

11. "Man who doesn't pay wages regularly must find it difficult to get — workers." ROUND, SOUND?

Even workers who cannot be called Sound, reliable, will be difficult to engage if man is notorious for irregular payment of wages. What is really pertinent is that the man can't get Round the workers to do and work at all, even though they might still be under him. ROUND wins.

— "SPOTTER".

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